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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

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John H. Newman

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VIII. BOSTON, JULY, 1882. No. 1.

"Green Erin, a land both old and young,—old in its Christianity, and young in its hopes of the future. It is a nation which received the faith before the Saxon set foot on the soil of England, and which has never allowed its light to be extinguished in its heart."—*Cardinal Newman.*

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Observes the *Dublin Freeman's Journal:* Undoubtedly the artistic event of the year for Catholics has been the publication of the magnificent etching by M. Rajon, of the portrait of Cardinal Newman, painted by Mr. Ouless, R. A., shortly after his Eminence's elevation to the Sacred College. The painting was exhibited at the last exhibition at the Royal Academy, and attracted wide attention as the masterpiece of an artist of whom, five years before, Mr. Ruskin had already said that "all his portraits are vigorous and interesting." From the chorus of praise which greeted this particular work, one quotation will suffice: "In the art of portraiture," said a leading article in the *London Times*, "no school is superior to our own. The great names of Reynolds and Gainsborough rank with the highest, and in our own days portraits might be mentioned — especially that of Cardinal Newman, by Mr. Ouless — to prove that in this branch of art the present generation has not lost its power." And the art critic of the same paper (the late Mr. Tom Taylor) in his notice of the exhibition, after asserting, "among the examples of portraiture by academicians and associates in a room which contains the best works of Millais and Watts, there is none to stand comparison with W. W. Ouless's," Mr. Justice Manisty goes on to declare "even more remarkable is his portrait of Cardinal Newman, into which the painter has thrown his best strength."

The reproduction of so historic a work was a matter of moment to the public in general, and to the Catholic public in particular; and it was decided to spare no cost upon it. The original painting could only be in the possession of one person — the Cardinal himself, — and the only copy of it made in oils by Mr. Ouless has gone to Oriel College, Oxford; but there are hundreds of Catholics, as well as others who are not members of the Church, by whom a copy of the work would be regarded as a household god. Etching — the most delicate and artistic form of engraving —

was decided on as the process for the desired reproduction, and the greatest etcher in the world, M. Rajon, was engaged to execute the work at the cost of upwards of a thousand pounds. From his copper-plate (in size 22 inches by 16) impressions have now been printed, which, for beauty and literalness, have not been excelled in modern art. To every one of these may be applied the words which Cardinal Newman addressed to the subscribers who presented him with the portrait reproduced: — "It is indeed most acceptable to me, and a very thoughtful kindness, that you should have proposed to provide a memorial of me for time to come, and a memorial so specially personal, which years hence will bring back vividly the remembrance of the past to those who have known me, and will carry on into the future a tradition of what I was like, to the many who ever saw me. . . . .In carrying out your purpose you have had recourse to a man of widely-acknowledged genius, whose work now finished is generally pronounced to be worthy of his reputation, and is found by competent judges to claim more and more admiration the more carefully it is studied."

The Story of his Life as told by an English Protestant.

"The Story of his Life," as told by Mr. H. J. Jennings, is an instructive and edifying chapter in biography. As we recorded at the time when the book was announced, the Cardinal disapproved of the undertaking, and declined to look at the proof-sheets. We think that, judging and speaking in the abstract, his Eminence was right in his decision; for surely no conspicuous public man is called upon to give or refuse his imprimatur to what any one may be pleased to write of him. It is not everyone that has the Emperior Charles V.'s fancy for fitting himself in his coffin during his lifetime. While, however, we sympathize with the Cardinal's *à priori* determination, the perusal of Mr. Jennings's brochure enables us to agree with Mr. Gladstone's verdict that Dr. Newman will approve of the book now that it has appeared. It is, in truth, a candid, carefully compiled, and appreciative register of the opinions and actions of as gifted, cultivated, and conscientious a man as England has reared for many a day; and it is impossible but that such a record must carry its own charm bound up within its own covers. The volume contains over 150 duodecimo pages, and it is divided into nine chapters. It is enriched with three likenesses of Dr. Newman taken at different periods of his life — one in his Anglican robes, one in his Oratorian dress, and one — the frontispiece — in his Cardinal's hat and attire. Mr. Jennings's volume supplies, also, a facsimile of the Cardinal's small, clear, print-like handwriting, and we can vouch for the fidelity of the copy, from personal letters to us from the Oratory, which we possess and prize. The Cardinal was born in London in the year 1801, and consequently he is now a man of over fourscore years. He was reared in, and early imbibed, strongly marked Evangelical opinions. In 1824 he was ordained in the Anglican ministry. In 1845 he renounced the faith of his parents, and was received in his Oxford glebe into the Cath-

olic Church. In the beginning of 1846 he quitted Oxford, and for the following thirty-two years he never saw the place he so devotedly loved, "excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway." In the same year he visited Rome, and on his return to England he was directed to establish in Birmingham the since most celebrated Oratory dedicated to St. Philip of Neri. The first home of the Oratory, in 1848, was in Alcester Street, Birmingham. In 1852 it was moved to its present habitation at Edgebaston, in the outskirts of the town, and it was there that Father Newman had as a pupil the present Duke of Norfork, the lay head of the Catholics in England.

Very shortly after the establishment of the Edgebaston Oratory, Dr. Newman was ordered to Dublin to found and open the Catholic University, and this great work accomplished, he returned again to Edgebaston. In 1879 Father Newman was advanced by his Holiness, the present Pope, to the high dignity of the Cardinalate, having been previously, in 1877, elected an Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, which he revisited in 1878. These are the leading events in the Cardinal's long and eventful career, and such has been the influence attending all the great movements of his life, that on each of the foregoing steps and stages a separate treatise might be written. Mr. Jennings tells how, in his youth, the Cardinal was a playmate of Lord Beaconsfield, and in his college years the intimate of Archbishop Whately, and Keble, and Cardinal Manning, and the elder Froude, and Oakley, and Ward, and Mr. Gladstone. He gives a fair and spirited account of Newman's Oxford life and influence in Oxford; of his Littlemore Monastery; of Tract XC.; of his resignation of his Fellowship and living, and of his conversion to Catholicism. Mr. Jennings, we think, scarcely makes enough of the incident of the Oxford Censure on Tract XC., which was surely one of the most memorable passages in the whole tractarian movement, and in Dr. Newman's ecclesiastical and academic life. The author, we think, also scamps and dismisses too curtly, Father Newman's sojourn in Dublin in connection with the foundation of the Catholic University. He is fuller on the Father's monastic life at Edgebaston, and these chapters are extremely edifying and interesting. He gives an entire chapter to the Achilli scandal prosecution, in which Dr. Newman was worsted with costs amounting to £12,000, which were subscribed and paid up by Catholic loyalty and sense of right. Mr. Jennings recites also the Kingsley episode, which may be said to have benefited mankind by leading to the publication of the immortal "Apologia," and he quotes with evident relish Dr. Newman's crushing reply to Mr. Gladstone's peevish and passionate "Vatican" pamphlets. It was in this reply that Dr. Newman foretold that Mr. Gladstone would one day be sorry for that effusion; and how fully the prediction was realized no one need be told who remembers Mr. Gladstone's visit to Dublin and the report of his "peccavi" to Cardinal Cullen. The last chapter describes with much eloquent pathos Father Newman's "Sacred Purple" life at the Oratory, concluding,— "There he lives in the ripeness of a rare

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

July 11. 1874

John H Newman

old age; vigorous in mind, devout in spirit, and content to know that his fellow-countrymen understand him at last,— that they respect his motives, and admire his sincerlty." *Diu vivat.*

"Lead, Kindly Light."

On returning to England in July, full of fierce thoughts against the Liberals, whose success fretted him, he came as one impressed with the idea that he had a mission. This feeling, indeed, had haunted him abroad. When he lay ill of a fever in Sicily, he firmly believed that he should be spared for the work in England. "I have a work to do,— I have a work to do," he sobbed out in the weak moments of his convalescence. It was on his homeward journey that he wrote the well known and beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light." This journey had been fruitful in poetic inspiration. Newman, from the time he left Falmouth — December 13th, 1832 — to June 27th, 1833, when he was at Marseilles, on his way home, wrote in all seventy-nine poems, of which forty-three are stated to have been written "at sea," or "off" various places near which the vessel was lying. On six days he wrote two poems each day, and on five days he wrote three each day. From the first to the thirteenth of June ten poems are all dated from Palermo, and next in order comes "Lead, kindly Light," which was written "at sea" on the sixteenth, under the title of "The Pillar of the Cloud." Respecting this hymn some controversy has arisen of late years as to the meaning of the last two lines:—

> "And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Dr. Newman, on being himself applied to a year or two ago to explain exactly what was meant by these "angel faces," made the following reply:—

"The Oratory, January 18, 1879.

"My Dear Mr. Greenhill,— You flatter me by your question, but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when home-sick or sea-sick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

"Yours most truly,

"John H. Newman."

A Rumor Corrected.

About the year 1862 there were many rumors afloat to the effect that Dr. Newman was unsettled in his views, aud that he was not happy in the Church of Rome. These he thought fit to answer by declaring that he had never had one moment of wavering of trust in that church ever since he had been received into her fold. "Protestants," he added, in a vein of humorous sarcasm, "are always on the lookout for some loop-hole or eva-

sion in a Catholic's statement of fact; therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction if I can, I do hereby profess *ex animo*, with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No, the net is broken, and we are delivered. I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left the land flowing with milk and honey for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

Personnel of the Cardinal.

A pleasant writer in the *London World* has given such a complete sketch of Dr. Newman's habits about this time, that some passages of it are worth quoting:—

"As Dr. Newman's days grow fewer, they grow longer. He has ever been an early riser, and now from five in the morning until an unknown hour at night he is busily engaged in redeeming the time. His first two hours are given to devotion. Shortly after seven he says his Mass — usually for some years past in the chapel of the Bona Mors — in which the souls of the founders and Catholic benefactors of his old colleges at Oxford are always remembered. At about eight o'clock he appears in the refectory, where he breakfasts in silence, after the custom of religious houses, attacking meanwhile the pile of correspondence which awaits him on the table. Then his own room receives him, and until half-past two or three in the afternoon correspondence, study, and the duties involved in the government of the house and school engross him. An hour or two in the afternoon is given to exercise, for he is still a great pedestrian; the community dinner is at six o'clock, and on days when his turn comes round 'the Father' girds on the apron of service, and waits upon his brethren, not himself sitting down until they are served. All eat in silence, only broken by the voice of the Lector, who from the pulpit in the corner reads first a chapter from the Vulgate, then a chapter of the life of a saint, and lastly, a portion from some modern work of general interest. When dinner is over, questions in some department of theological science are proposed by him whose turn it is. Each in succession gives his opinion, ending with the usual formula, 'But I speak under correction.' Then the proposer sums up, and the Fathers adjourn to a neighboring parlor, where coffee is served and the pent-up flood of conversation bursts forth,— the play of wit and fancy, the wealth of anecdote and reminiscence, the tender glances at the past, the keen remarks on the public events of the day, the shrewd practical observations on their own domestic and personal concerns. In all of which the Superior fully bears his part, as much at home here as among his graver pursuits, his clear musical voice interposing frequently to add the contribution of his *mitis sapientia* to the genial hour, which recalls to one the description given of the first Oratory over which St. Philip Neri himself presided, 'the school of Christian mirth.' Perhaps the two things which most strike the visitor among these ecclesiastics are their thoroughly English tone, and the liberality, in the highest sense, of their views. So passes Dr. Newman's life in his Birmingham home, its tranquil course broken at rare intervals by visits to old and cherished friends, chiefly of his Oxford days, or by retirement to a tiny country house of the Oratorians, a few miles distant, at Rednal, round which is the little churchyard where they are buried.

It is a pretty little spot, well away from the smoke and din of Birmingham; and here Dr. Newman will sometimes spend days in absolute seclusion, whether seeking rest from prolonged labor or unbroken time for more assiduous toil. It was here that the most closely reasoned of his works, the *Grammar of Assent*, was composed; but the books with which the walls are lined bear evidence that lighter literature is not disregarded. Miss Austen, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Gaskell, are favorite authors with the great theologian. Of modern English poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and Crabbe are highly valued by him, and are constantly read. Music, again, has ever been a solace to him, and has been lovingly cultivated. Most educated men know the passage in the Oxford *University Sermons* in which 'the mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions we know not whence,' produced in us by the great masters of musical sound, are described in words of majestic eloquence which it would be hard to parallel. As might have been expected, the man who could write thus of music is himself no mean musician. A story is told — we know not with what truth — that on one occasion a Protestant Boanerges visiting Birmingham sent a pompous invitation to the great convert to dispute publicly with him in the Town Hall, to which Dr. Newman replied that he had small skill in controversy, and must decline to enter the lists with so redoubtable a champion; but that his friends credited him with some power of playing the violin, and that he would be happy to meet his challenger at a trial of strength on that instrument."

This seems a convenient place for enumerating one or two of Dr. Newman's more conspicuous traits. His method of life, for years, has been of the very simplest. Those who have been privileged to visit him in his own little room at the Oratory have been struck by the comparative bareness of its furniture. His bed, hung all round with curtains, stands screened off in one corner; a little square of carpet occupies the middle of the apartment; there are no evidences of luxury save those afforded by the presence of books; simplicity prevails on every hand. It is characteristic of this distinguished man that he cares nothing for the treasures of this world. His life has been one of severe self-discipline. It would have been no difficult matter for him to have surrounded himself with the material evidences of refinement, and some, at least, of the purchasable comforts which, in the ideas of most men, go so far in contributing to mundane contentment. There is nothing of the kind, however, in the surroundings of Dr. Newman's home life. He loves, and has always loved, plain and homely ways, retirement from the busy haunts of men, the pleasures of contemplation, and the rich delights of a scholar's occupation. In the unique library of theology possessed by the Oratory he finds society and counsellors. Nor has age caused his diligence to wane. In these latter years, when the allotted span has long run by, he has got through more work than many a fairly industrious man in the prime of life. Up till quite recently — I believe up to the present time — he has assisted at the monthly examination of the more advanced boys at the Oratory School. A year or two ago he found time from the more serious duties of his position to revise Terence's licentious but witty comedy *Eunuchus*, and to make it acceptable for pres-

entation by the pupils without sacrificing any of its diverting quality; and last summer he effected an equally decorous transformation in the case of the *Phormio;* performing the task of purgation with an ingenuity and taste worthy of his reputation as a finished classical scholar. The interest of the latter of these presentations was increased by the fact that he wrote for it a prologue in terse and elegant Latin, and in equally pithy and pointed English as well. The English version may be quoted as a specimen of his scholarly recreations at the ripe age of fourscore:—

"What Attic Terence wrote of old for Rome,
We, in our Northern accents, lisp to-night;
What heathen Terence spoke to heathen ears,
We speak with Christian tongues to Christian men;
Doing the while this service to the Bard,
That the rare beauty of his classic wit
We by our pruning make more beautiful.

O happy art, which Terence never knew,
But they have learned, who aim in everything
To choose the good, and pass the evil by!
These, as they pace the tangled path of life,
Cleanse from this earth its earthly dross away,
And clothe it with a pure supernal light.

Neighbors and friends, what I have more to say —
It is not much — concerns our actors here,
Fresh, tender souls, and palpitating hearts,
Boys, who, though boys, essay the parts of men,
And are the first within this Catholic fold
To represent a classic comedy.
Be kind — they strive with no inglorious aim;
Where they do well, applaud; and if in aught
They shall come short, be mild and merciful.

Prologue enough; let Davus enter now,
And lend his ear, while Geta tells his tale."

All who have been present at these occasional performances by the Oratory boys will recall the Doctor's quiet enjoyment of the acting, and the simple, unostentatious manner in which he has entered into the humors of the Latin comedians. His kindness, indeed, has always been notable. Not long ago a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had formerly had an epistolary controversy, happened to be in Birmingham, and took occasion to call upon him. He was greeted with the most graceful of welcomes, and spent, as he told a friend, one of the most delightful hours of his life. Dr. Newman has the rare faculty of making every one with whom he comes in contact feel the influence of his sweetness and geniality of disposition. It has often happened that the children of the Birmingham Catholic Schools have obtained leave to spend a day at Rednal, near to which the Fathers of the Oratory own a few acres of hether-covered hill on the Bromsgrove Lickey range. In the bracing air of this picturesque seclusion the youngsters enjoy themselves thoroughly. On one occasion — it

was in 1874 — one of the schools had this privilege, while Dr. Newman, according to his wont, was seeking repose at Rednal from the monotonous and wearing cares of the Oratory. So delighted was he to have the opportunity of ministering to the happiness of these little children — the sons and daughters, most of them, of poor people — that he went out to meet them, conducted them through the little chapel and house, the pleasure-ground, over the mountain side, and on to its very top, his face beaming with joy, and his manner as complaisant as if he had been showing the attention to the children of nobles.

Dr. Newman has always taken a singular interest in young people, and has striven to add to the happiness of those, whether pupils or otherwise, with whom he has come in contact. This has been to some extent the natural outcome of an exceedingly amiable disposition. In no man of conspicuous mark in the world of thought has the combination of "sweetness and light" been more strikingly exhibited. He recalls in all things his own definition of a gentleman, which, while it reflects the gentleness and consideration for others which characterize his own conduct, is such an excellent example of his grace of literary expression, that some of its sentences are worth embodying here :—

"The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease, and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is destiny. If he engage in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it."

The Oratory Bm
April 9. 1881

Cardinal Newman begs to
thank Mr Donahoe for a copy
of his Magazine for March. He
has found it full of matter and of
interest.

He believes Mr Donahoe did
him the favour of sending him
a number of his publication
some time since. As he had had at
that time a bad illness and had a
pressure of work upon him, he fears
it was not acknowledged, and he
begs Mr Donahoe to accept his
apology for the omission.

ANGLO-SAXONISM.

"We are an Anglo-Saxon people." Who says so? Why nearly every one. Well, allow me to beg the pardon of nearly every one, and to tell them that while, of course (and we say it in courtesy), we do not accuse them of conscious deliberate falsehood, we must be allowed to say that they are making (of course unknown to themselves) a very egregious mistake. Yes, — a mistake, and nothing more. If it were anything more, it would be, in plain terms, a downright lie. But "nearly everyone" never means to lie.

We *were* an Anglo-Saxon people, at least in numbers, when we started into independent life. But, mind you, that was a very long time ago. If, to-day, we are a nation with the big N as a capital letter of a very capital notion (or let us say idea), we are by no means a nation of Anglo-Saxons, either in numbers, traditions, tastes, principles, manners, — or in anything else whatsoever; and whatsoever is a very broad word.

If we are a nation, and not a confederation of many States and peoples, we are a nondescript; and no one can clearly define the exact meaning of that right curious word. Just like our English language, to the shores of which drift emigrant-words from almost every land into the nation, come men from every clime. Hence our language is full of irregularities, as is our nation. Perfect regularity of our language is a long way off. So we reckon, is national or political homogeneity. It may come some day, but that day, like the Millennium, will be a long time putting in her appearance. Spanards and their descendants, — Portuguese and theirs; French and theirs; Italians and theirs; Scandinavians and theirs; Chinese and theirs; Hebrews and theirs; Sweeds and theirs; Celts and theirs; our colored friends and theirs; — all these peoples in themselves and descendants (forming the far larger part of the population of these United States) are not certainly Anglo-Saxon, they prefer not to be so nicknamed. For nicknames are odious, — very indeed.

Nor is our civilization Anglo-Saxon. It is rather mixed. For what is civilization, — a long large word, pretty to pronounce, but not quite easy to define? It is the outward, visible development of the inner life and natural temperament of a people. What the branches, leaves, flowers, fruits, etc., are to the tree, such is civilization in relation to any people. If you like it better it is the natural (or unnatural) evolution of the peoples life. Our civilization is mixed, because in it are the various forces of many different kinds of people from many different nations. These forces or elements are still in solution. They have not yet perfectly blended, and it will be a long time before they do blend; when they shall blend, no living man can tell the resultant.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has had its merits put to the test in many countries and in various climes. Pure Anglo-Saxon civilization,— indeed the purest, for the strong element of Christianity was in it, and the realest

(if I can use the word) for indomitable Anglo-Saxon will and energy were in it, — stepped from a ship bearing a pretty name (is there anything like a pretty name to cover unpretty things?) on to Plymouth rock (let us not use the big R) and stepped from the rock, on to the land, and began straightway to evolve itself, the evolution was rapid, and though it was curious we must suppose that it must have been natural. In that country there were Indians, — primitive people, — neither smart nor shrewd, but very simple. They and their forefathers had been born there; they had the simplicity to think that the Great Spirit had given them that land as a home. Well, they were not pure enough in their ideas of right for the Anglo-Saxon Puritans. Presto! the Indians were driven away. To that country came the Anglo-Saxons differing from the *May-flower* folk; their faith had not the fragrance of the *May-flower*. It annoyed with its scent the delicate nostrils of the God-loving Puritans. Presto again, — those people were banished. Then that pure Anglo-Saxon civilization fell in great fear of witches. Ashes can do no harm, so they burnt the witches. So much for the beginning of Anglo-Saxon civilization in the Northeastern part of the United States. Negro slavery was then first introduced. It paid well for awhile, but as soon as the profit and loss account showed constantly increasing deficits, then slavery was abolished. Of course the slaves were set free? Of course they were not, — that wouldn't pay.

In that Northeastern civilization were hatched most of the fanaticisms of this country, both of the religious and political kinds. Nor was it that civilization that abolished slavery, for the men of that civilization were in a minority in the army of the North, and especially in that part of the army which operated in the Southwest, under Gen. Sherman, for after all it was his soldiers, — whose ranks were filled with Irish and Germans and their descendants, — who brought Gen. Grant luck and the South their loss, and assured for the colored people their emancipation already proclaimed.

Anglo-Saxon civilization had a glorious field in India. The world knows its history there,— and that history is an infamy. Go to Ireland and test Anglo-Saxon civilization. Ah! ha! but it did evolve itself there. It would be a calumny to say that that evolution has, from the beginning, been infamous; for there is not a word in Anglo-Saxon vocabulary that could describe the merciless barbarism hidden under the mask of England's policy towards as noble a race as ever trod the earth. They trod it too nobly for Anglo-Saxon eyes, hence they were trodden under Anglo-Saxon feet.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has been tried in its beneficences in South Africa. Every scholar knows its shameful story there.

In the history of that civilization, written on thousands of pages, you read "*Vae Victis*"; and it claims Anglo-Saxon dispensation from God's law,— "Thou shalt not steal."

The *purely political* elements of that civilization which survive in this country are unrepublican. And it is all bosh to call England "our mother country." Other countries have given more of their children to this coun-

try than ever England did. We are not her Anglo-Saxon daughter across the seas, by any means. In the beginning, yes,— and with some right she did call our people daughter; though when the daughter took it into her fresh, young heart to become the bride of liberty, the loving mother for seven long years, to say the least of it, treated her daughter a little harshly, and even then gave only a forced consent to the daughter's desire. Now, somehow, that daughter, whom more than a hundred years ago she claimed as her own, has, and God knows why, grown almost barren, and bids fair in another generation to become altogether and incurably so; while those people and their descendants who are not Anglo-Saxons are having and raising very large families. Somehow such is fact,— and God knows why.

The Irish and Germans and their descendants, and generally the people all over the South, on account of the small number of divorces, which is due to conjugal fidelity (and not practising certain mysterious Anglo-Saxon preventives), are rapidly increasing in numbers, and their large number of children show, and numbers tell,— yes, tell more than one thing. Anglo-Saxonism! bless the mark! The sooner that word in its relation to this country is dropped, the better. Drop it, and be done with it. "Our mother country England"! The majority of the people of this country respectfully decline the honor of such aristocratic parentage. This, and this alone, is the mother country of her own children, and the foster-mother of all the children whose cruel mother countries drive them away from home. Did we not have our own troubles at home? Indeed we did. The children of nearly every country do. Yes, children nursed at the breast of the same mother fell out with one another. It was in anger. We could not agree. We each thought we were right. (I have a private, unalterable opinion of my own on that point.) We fought battles, and killed one another. The quarrel lasted four years. The strong North got the better of the poor, brave South. We had to stop,— and we did. Were the children of the South banished? No. But sooth to say, our stronger brother North did not tell us to go; and yet though we stayed and promised to behave ourselves, he was afraid (what a shame!) that we would not keep our promise. So, still in anger, he sent down South, or he let them come South, hard, heartless men, to watch us. They came. They treated us fearfully, as if we had no rights at all. How we suffered, God only knows! But we did behave ourselves, though we would never say that we were in the wrong,— and never will.

But all that is over now. It will never happen again. The mother country has spoken,— these are her words: "I am the mother, and all the States, North and South, East and West, young and old, are my own children. And every State has all the rights of majority. I will never interfere with those rights. I will respect and defend them without any partiality for one more than for another. But I will never let any State leave my protecting arms, for I am the mother of them all." A. J. R.

Biloxi, Miss.

STAR OF THE SEA.

A MOST interesting occurrence is narrated by the French *Journal de St. Malo:* "On October 18, 1881, the ship *Alfred*, coming from Newfoundland, was overtaken by a violent storm; suddenly a severe squall occurred, and a huge wave swept the deck. The crew were promptly at work, but their exertions seemed unavailing. Then the men fell upon their knees, and made a vow to her so beautifully called the "Star of the Sea." Their prayer is heard, the peril disappears, the vessel is saved. Wednesday, Nov. 9, early in the morning, eighty seamen, young and robust looking, met at the door of the Cathedral of St. Servan. These were the *Alfred's* crew. They were simply clothed with white duck pants, and a white shirt, without shoes or hats; they took up the line of march, barefooted and bareheaded, and went from St. Malo to Dinan, towards St. Iouan. After an hour's walk they reached the altar of the Madonna of St. Iouan. A Solemn Mass was celebrated, when all received Holy Communion, and evinced their gratitude for their very remarkable preservation." This pious custom is not unknown in our Atlantic cities, where frequently foreign sailors visit the Catholic churches, to thank heaven for their preservation from the perils of the sea, through the power of the Queen of Heaven.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-tossed Church — all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair,
For the empire of sin — it had never been there;
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother, but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, Sweet Star of the Sea!

Earth gave Him one lodging; 'twas deep in thy breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest;
His home and His hiding-place both were in thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

O! blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast;
For the heaven He left He found heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

So worship we God in these rude latter days;
So worship we Jesus, our love, when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother! deep night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy light;
For the darker the night is, the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A STORY OF KILCARRICK.

By Victor O'Donovan Power.

CHAPTER I.

THE OAK PARLOR AT KILCARRICK.

An old parlor in an old Irish country house, a ruddy fire, with a crowning oak-log hissing and sputtering, roaring up the wide chimney, a February storm, howling and sobbing around the house and booming in the chimney-stacks, and, now and then, during lulls of the blast, a deep thunderous crash and roar, the sound of the billows on the rock-bound beach a quarter of a mile away.

How delightfully cosey the old oak parlor looked on this wild wintry night. The lamp had not been lighted, the crimson curtains were drawn comfortably across the shuttered windows, and the fire-light leaped up and down playfully, casting queer shadows of the occupants of the room on the dark brown panelling of the wall.

The occupants of the room were, it seemed, enjoying themselves mightily; for they were all laughing and chatting, and the merry ring of young voices chimed in pleasantly with the low sweet tones of a voice that was no longer young, the voice, indeed of "grandmamma," who was sitting in a big arm-chair over there in the shadow, and whose small form was now and then revealed for a minute or two in the fitful firelight.

Three young people, the eldest of whom was twelve, were gathered up in various comfortable attitudes upon the big hearth-rug, and a slender, pale-faced girl, of about fourteen, you would say, was lying back in another arm-chair, nearly opposite to grandmamma.

The pale-faced girl was not talking much, but she was listening to the gay prattle of her two little sisters and brother, and whenever grandmamma's low tones came in among the other voices, it was pleasant to see how the girl's pale little face lighted up, how her dark eyes flashed, and what a tender smile trembled about her lips. For they all loved grandmamma, and, young as they were, each one of them would, I think, lay down quite willingly his or her little life, for the sake of that small woman buried in the big arm-chair over there in the shadow.

"I wonder," said the pale-faced girl, during a pause in the conversation, "what will Miss Wylde be like? And I wonder how we shall get on with her when she comes?"

"I wish she wasn't coming at all, I do," said Freddy, one of the children; "I'm sure she will be as cross as the cats! Miss Quinlan was, anyhow, and so was Miss McConkey."

"But all governesses are not like poor Miss McConkey, dear," said Mrs. Fitzgerald. "Miss Wylde writes an exceedingly nice letter; and now, children, make up your minds to be very good and very obedient, and do everything Miss Wylde tells you. Won't you?"

"We will, indeed, grandma," said the younger of the two little girls promptly, whereupon Master Freddy also responded, though not quite so promptly—

"We will, grandma."

"And then, you know," continued Mrs. Fitzgerald, "Miss Wylde will be pleased with you all, and, never fear, she will not be cross."

"But," said the elder of the little girls, a timid-looking little thing, with flaxen hair and pretty blue eyes, "but, grandma, perhaps Miss Wylde is *always* cross, — cross, you know, because she *likes* to be cross, like Mrs. Flanigan!"

Mrs. Flanigan was the dairy-maid, illustrious by reason of her argumentative powers.

"Poor Mrs. Flanigan," said grandmamma, "she cannot always control her temper, but she really doesn't

mean what she says, and I hope none of you, children, ever tease her, or come in her way. I am beginning to suspect *you*, Freddy," adds Mrs. Fitzgerald, in a terrible tone, fixing her dark-blue humorous eyes on her ruddy-cheeked little grandson, "I am beginning to suspect *you!*"

"Why, grandma?" asked Freddy, opening his big black eyes as wide as they would open.

"I think you make your way into the dairy for a spoonful of cream, now and then," said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"Indeed, if he does, it is very seldom," put in little Rosa, she of the flaxen hair.

"I think Freddy is Mrs. Flanigan's pet," she added, anxious to exculpate her brother from the ignominous charge; for Rosa and Freddy were sworn allies, always played together on the sands, and sat together at table, and walked hand-in-hand together when they were on their "good behavior" on Sundays. And a pretty little pair they made; Freddy, with his sturdy figure, his ruddy cheeks, his black eyes, and his curly black hair; Rosa, so slender and fair and fragile, her pretty flaxen ringlets tossed about her neck, her eyes the color of wild violets,

There was a pause now, and the storm filled up the break with its prolonged moan and shudder. The big log wheezed and sputtered and hissed, as the flames curled around its brown body. The children were, perhaps, tired of talking, and little Meg — a ruddy-cheeked little girl, like her brother Freddy — had, it appeared, fallen asleep, and converted Master Freddy's back into a temporary pillow.

The pale girl in the chair was gazing, gazing far into the heart of the red embers. I wonder what she saw there? Her dark eyes had a dreamy look in them, her lips were slightly parted. Sometimes she coughed, and the cough was hard, and short, and unpleasant to the ear. Did this cough, and the alternate pallor and flushing of the thin little face, bode aught of ill? Mrs. Fitzgerald winced and shivered involuntarily when that dry little cough sounded in the silence of the room.

"Norah, dear," she said, at last, as if anxious to divert her own thoughts from a painful matter — a matter which had become terribly tangible of late — "where did you put that letter which came for your grandpapa this evening?"

"Bonnie's letter, grandma?"

"Yes, dear. I gave it to you when Johnnie Sweeney brought it from the village. I dare say your grandpapa will be back very soon now."

"I left it on his dressing-table," said Norah. "He will go up there as soon as he comes in. I dare say he will be here — Talk of an angel, grandma! — the car is coming," she added, as the sound of approaching wheels came to her ears through the storm.

A few minutes later Dr. Fitzgerald entered the fire-lit parlor, his white hair tossed by the winds, a big ulster wrapped about his tall straight figure; for, though an old man now, over sixty, indeed, he yet preserved not a little of the erect carriage and old-world grace of his younger days.

"Upon my word, Mary," he said, to his wife, "I feel myself getting too old for this kind of thing. I have got such a windy buffeting this blessed night as I shall never forget!"

"It is a terrible night, indeed, Hugh. My goodness! listen to that. What a storm! Was it by the cliff road you drove?"

"Faith, it was a case of Hobson's choice," said the Doctor good-humoredly; "I was over with old Mrs. McBride, of Rathnahinch, — that woman, by-the-way, always fancies she is in the last gasp. Faith, I have no patience with her at all, at all! Now, to-night, for example, she *would* persist in striving to impress upon me, whether I liked it or not, that she shouldn't be alive in the

morning. And the same woman, you know, will bury the whole of us!"

"I think you'd better take off that coat, Hugh," said the little woman, "I shall have tea up in no time. Freddy, get a candle for your grandpapa. And that reminds me, Hugh, there is a letter on your dressing-table from Bonnie Dunraven."

"*Is* there, indeed? Poor child! Poor Bonnie!" said the Doctor.

"Johnnie Sweeney brought it from the village. And isn't it strange, I was dreaming about Bonnie last night," continued Mrs. Fitzgerald, "and I thought she came to live with us, as we wanted her to do when her poor mother died; but she was not the same Bonnie, somehow. She was very cold, and grave, and distant, and the children couldn't get on with her at all, and they had a tremendous 'shindy' one day, and then — such a ridiculous thing — she turned into that queer old Miss McConkey, who was a governess at Mrs. Osborne's until last December."

"Dear, dear, dear! Well, dreams go by the contrary, you know," said the Doctor, as he went out of the room.

By the time he returned the lamp was lighting, the old parlor looked as warm and cheerful as you or I could wish, the old-fashioned flowered tea-service was on the table, and the teapot — muffled up in a big red and black "cosey" — had been placed inside of the fender, together with a dish of potato-cakes, "grandmamma's" own manufacture.

"Now, let us see what Bonnie says," said the Doctor, going over to the fire, and standing with his back to the blazing log.

It was a rather long letter, and the Doctor read it twice over, from beginning to end, before he made any comment on its contents.

"Poor, dear child!" he said then, his kind eyes glowing, a quiver in his voice. "Poor Bonnie! I wish she had come to us a year and a half ago. I think she has got enough of governess life, however, and so she is coming at last."

Whereupon he read her letter aloud for his wife:—

"ASHBROOKE, SURREY,
Feb. 20th, 18—.

"MY DEAR UNCLE HUGH, —

"When you and Aunt Mary offered me a happy home at Kilcarrick, last September twelvemonths, I did not avail myself of the tempting proposal, and the reason was, as you know, because I thought I should be able to earn my own bread as a governess, and I knew you had quite enough of anxiety and care, without an additional load to carry.

"Well, uncle, I find (for I may as well plunge into the matter without more ado), I find, I say, that I *cannot* live here any longer. I cannot get on, even tolerably, with Mrs. Ashbrooke and her daughters. I suppose they would say that they cannot get on with me. Anyhow, I have come to the conclusion that the best thing for all persons interested in the matter would be to part, and to part without further delay.

"Perhaps my Irish prejudices come in my way, and blind me, or, perhaps — But there is no use in considering all the possibilities. The one fact is, that Mrs. Ashbrooke has pained and insulted me to-day more than I can attempt to express in words, and I have decided to send in to headquarters my resignation.

"Now, uncle, here is what I would lay before you. Aunt Mary mentioned in her last letter that she was thinking of engaging a new governess for the young people. *I* know of a governess, now, who would, I am confident, suit the children. She is not very cross, and she is by no means a formidable personage. I think she would take an interest in the children which would go beyond the mere effort to cram so many adjectives, and substantives, and dates of history into their poor little brains *per diem*. What do you think of these recommendations? Will the lady suit? She expects to be free from engagements very shortly, and her name is Bonnie Dunraven.

"The writing of this letter has done me good, Uncle Hugh. Whenever I sit down to write to you, or Aunt Mary, or Norah, I forget Ashbrooke and its associations, and I am quietly transported from England beyond the Channel, to a certain dear old country house, called Killcarrick, on the Southern Irish coast. I listen, and I almost hear the lapping of the waves on the shingle below Liskeelan, and a vision rises before me of the blue sea, and the blue Irish sky, and the rugged cliffs, and the old orchards of Kilcarrick, with their old bearded, twisted, crazy-looking apple-trees! No wonder I love that place.

"Well, uncle, I shall say no more now,

for the present, until I hear from you. Give my fond love to Aunt Mary, and to my little cousins. I haven't heard from Norah this ever so long. I hope she feels stronger these times.

"By the way, does Bob Grace often look in at Kilcarrick? I think it must be five years since I saw him last. He has the Dispensary now, has he not?

"Good-bye dear Uncle Hugh. Don't forget to write to

"Your always affectionate niece,

"BONNIE DUNRAVEN.

"P. S. — I have just had a stormy interview with Mrs. Ashbrooke and her eldest daughter. I think I have given the ladies a tolerably fair specimen of what a county Cork girl *can* be when her blood is fairly up. They gazed at me in astonishment; but I — like a musical-box wound up — went on, and on, and on. I'm sure I don't know what in the world I said. The end of it was that Miss Ashbrooke led away her mother in a semi-fainting condition. The die is cast now with a vengeance! There is nothing for it but to make my bow with the best grace I can muster! — B. D."

"Oh, Hugh, write to her — or shall I? — by the very next post!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzgerald warmly. "Poor child! Just think of her having to mix with such people. And she never said a word about it before! — not a word. What a nice, natural, interesting letter she writes, Hugh."

"Very nice, and natural and affectionate," said the Doctor; "and what I like so much about it is, that she keeps up her good spirits, notwithstanding her circumstances. Poor Grace used to write just such a letter" (Grace was Bonnie's dead mother, and the old Doctor's youngest and favorite sister). "Of course, I will write to Bonnie immediately. A pity we did not get this letter two days ago."

"Before Miss Wylde was engaged?"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "When is she to come?"

"In about a week, she said. Do you know what *I* have been thinking, Hugh?"

"What, my dear?"

"Mrs. Osborne was talking to me the other day about engaging a new governess to replace Miss McConkey. Now I've just been putting two and two together, and I've been thinking that perhaps Mrs. Osborne and Miss Wylde may suit each other, and so affairs would be arranged very happily for all of us."

"Upon my word, yes! Just so, Mary," exclaimed the Doctor. "Never fear, *you* thought of an expedient! You are always a great hand at that sort of thing. Faith, I hope Mrs. Osborne will prove tractable," and he laughed pleasantly. "Well, well, well, and so Bonnie is to come to us after all. Do you know, Mary, I look upon Bonnie as being our own child. She is very like what her mother was, — very like poor Grace. She will be a daughter to us, Mary."

And then he sighed and fell a-thinking of his only daughter, beautiful Alice Fitzgerald, who, when only seventeen years of age, had, against the will of her father and mother, and all who loved her, married a scapegrace and scoundrel. It was a weary, miserable story, — a story that had best be forgotten, or, at least, allowed to rest undisturbed among the records of the past.

She was dead now — poor, self-willed, foolish Alice — dead after a most cruel experience of wedded life. Her husband had deserted her — he subsequently died abroad — some years before Alice closed her sad eyes upon life and its woes. She had come back to Kilcarrick — her old home — she and her four little children; and those who remembered the beautiful, passionate girl of a few short years before, could not believe, as they gazed on the worn, bowed figure, the pallid, weary face, the unutterable woe of the sad eyes, that these two women were, in reality, one and the same.

The old Doctor, as he looked into Norah's pale little face, traced there, at times, a resemblance to her dead mother; a faint resemblance, indeed, dwelling chiefly in the fleeting expression, and not in the features; for was not Alice's beautiful face "the fairest that e'er the sun shone on?"

The Doctor's kind eyes were now clouded, and, indeed, had not Mrs. Fitzgerald reminded him that "the tea would be spoiled and the potato-cakes cold," there is no knowing how long he would have remained there, his head bowed, his face saddened, as he rehearsed in memory the scenes of that by-gone time of sorrow.

"Well, well," he said, as he took his place at the table, and now his face was brightening up again, "I hope 'Cousin Bonnie' won't spoil you, children. I'm afraid we must insist on the use of a cane, eh, Freddy?"

"In that case," smiled the little woman behind the urn, with her dark blue eyes full of humor, "in that case I strongly suspect that the parts will be reversed, and that Freddy will be likely to become possessor of the weapon. When will you write to her, Hugh?"

"Immediately after tea, my dear."

"Oh, I am *so* glad!" said Norah, her pale little face flushing suddenly, her dark eyes brightening. "I have never met any one, beyond the household here, of course, whom I love as I love Bonnie Dunraven."

CHAPTER II.

WELCOME BACK TO IRELAND!

"THIS is your station, miss," said the guard, standing at the door of the railway carriage with a lamp in his hand.

It was a dark February evening, about a week subsequent to that night on which Mrs. Fitzgerald and the children had had their little gossip over the fire in the oak parlor of Kilcarrick. The wind was whistling around the corners of the lonely little station-house, but there was a ruddy gleam issuing from the small waiting-room, wonderfully cheering and inviting on this blusterous February evening.

"Oh, this is Ballydoonan, is it?" said a girl's fresh voice, from within the carriage. "Indeed I should have recognized it, but the night is so very dark that I couldn't very well see. Do you see any sign of a covered car anywhere?" she asked the guard, as she stepped out on the little platform, her arms laden with parcels.

"No, miss, I see no covered car, none as yet, anyhow. But there's a fire in the waitin'-room, miss, and you can go in there."

Then his face suddenly brightened, and he exclaimed —

"Why, you're welcome, Miss Dunraven! I didn't know you, miss. I hope you're well?"

"Oh, Edward Roche, is that you! I'm very well, thank you, Edward; I didn't know you, either, until now. Why, you've grown quite a man," she added, pleasantly, and then she passed on, and having seen that her luggage was all right, betook herself to the little waiting-room, where a fine wood fire was burning cheerily.

She laid down her shawls and parcels on a chair, and then went to the fire and held out her chilled hands before the warmth of the red coals and wood.

She was a slender, tall girl, and her figure looked singularly lithe and graceful in the comfortable gray ulster, which she wore. A pretty seal cap, with a veil, covered her bright hair, and there was an open frankness and quick intelligence and good-humor in her face which more than compensated for the lack of facial beauty; for facial beauty, let it be at once understood, was not one of Bonnie Dunraven's strong points. No doubt she had good blue-gray eyes, and it was well for her that she had, for otherwise she might have found herself in the category of downright plain-looking girls. But her eyes saved her. They gave a distinctive character to the whole face, and this character was so genial, so kindly, so frank and quick and intelligent, that you found yourself struck at once by Bonnie's appearance, whereas girls with aquiline noses, girls with dimpled cheeks and chins, girls with

swan-like throats and lips like rose-buds, failed to disturb your equanimity in the least.

"I wonder they haven't sent the car," Bonnie was thinking, as she warmed her chilled fingers before the fire. "What in the world am I to do if they don't send it? Could it be possible that they didn't get my last letter?"

By this time the engine had whistled discordantly, and the train had moved away from the platform; and now there was no sound save the hurtling of the winds around the little station-house, and the cheerful crackling of the flame amidst the dry wood in the grate.

Bonnie had the room all to herself; at least, so she supposed, until suddenly turning and glancing round (why she could not tell), she was a little surprised to behold a small, dark figure sitting on the narrow bench against the opposite wall. This figure was veiled, and so motionless that Bonnie felt a momentary sensation of nervousness steal over her as she looked.

"Won't you come over to the fire?" she said, then, in her frank, kind way. "You must be very cold over there, and there is quite enough of room here for two."

The figure rose — a small, girlish figure — and lifting her veil, walked across the little room to the hearth. Bonnie became aware of the presence of two dark-gray eyes, and a small sallow face — a face showing traces of singular beauty, now faded — and then the stranger broke the silence.

"I expected a car to meet me here," she said, in a clear, low voice, "and I see no sign of it yet. What a lonely place this is."

"It is not very lively, indeed," said Bonnie. "I am in exactly the same predicament as you are. I am waiting for a car, also, and, it seems, both of us are destined to be disappointed."

"I hope there has been no mistake," said the stranger; "if so, I'm sure I don't know what to do, as I am not acquainted with this part of the country at all. I've never been in the county Cork before."

"Oh, well," Bonnie replied, kindly, "if I can do anything for you, I shall be most happy. I am going to my uncle's house to-night, Dr. Fitzgerald, of Kilcarrick."

The small sallow face was suddenly uplifted, the dark eyes brightened.

"Dr. Fitzgerald, of Kilcarrick?" echoed the stranger; "what a happy coincidence. Why, *I* am going there, too!"

"Indeed! Then — I beg your pardon — but you must be Miss Wylde?"

"I *am* Miss Wylde! I am going to teach Dr. Fitzgerald's grandchildren."

"My little cousins. Come, we must be friends!" said Bonnie, extending her hand, which Miss Wylde took with a smile.

"How did it happen," Bonnie continued, "that we did not come together somewhere on the line. I have travelled from Dublin, but I certainly saw nothing of you until just now; and, by-the-way, you startled me at first. I am not particularly superstitious, but I did begin to fancy you were a ghost until you stood up."

Miss Wylde laughed at this, and her laugh rang pleasantly on the ear.

"I always feel a sort of dread of strangers," she said, in her low clear tones, "and although I really did feel very cold, I could not screw up my moral courage to the extent of going over to the fire."

"Well, I am not a very formidable stranger, am I?" said Bonnie, gayly; and, indeed, she did not look it, with her bright eyes and her frank expressive face.

"No. Not very," Miss Wylde responded cordially. "I cannot tell you how glad I am that I have met you, Miss Fitzgerald. I should feel quite *eerie*, as the Scotch say, were I here all alone, and nobody to meet me."

"Well, I am very glad that I've

met you, too. But I am not Miss Fitzgerald. Dr. Fitzgerald was my poor mother's brother. My name is Bonnie Dunraven."

"Your mother is dead, then?" Miss Wylde said, with a sad little inflection in her voice.

"Yes, I am an orphan, and an only surviving child," replied Bonnie, and as she spoke she was looking down into the small face beside her. How worn it was! What deep, dark circles were ploughed under the sad eyes. What story was written in that small girl-face, once beautiful, now a mere wreck? To Bonnie — who, however, did not flatter herself on being much of a physiognomist — that face had a story, and not a happy one.

At this juncture there was an interruption to the fireside *tête-à-tête*. A pair of twinkling blue eyes, set in a round whiskerless face, peeped in at the door, opened to their fullest extent with a broad grin, turned aside for a moment as their owner bawled something or other to some invisible personage outside, and then advanced goggling into the room.

"Welcome back to Ireland, Miss Bonnie!" exclaimed the full hearty voice of Pat Mulligan, Dr. Fitzgerald's coachman, occasional waiter-at-table, and general factotum at Kilcarrick. "An' I hope ye're very well an' sthrong, miss. I'm sure ye're kilt waitin,' but the mare fell lame, miss — sweet good luck may attind her! — an' only for that onlucky ivint I'd be here a full half hour ago, at the laste."

"Oh, we haven't been waiting very long, Pat," said Bonnie. (Pat Mulligan, meanwhile, was delivering some unintelligible greeting, accompanied with sundry nods of the head, and touchings of his hat with his whip, to Miss Wylde.) "And now we may as well be getting away, I think. I suppose you've brought the covered car, Pat?"

"Oh, bedad I did, miss. It's a rale could night. I'll take thim luggages from ye, miss," he added, indicating the parcels with a motion of the whip which he held in his left hand.

"Not at all, Pat. Go and see about our trunks, please, and get them on the car. I have one trunk, and a portmanteau, and — "

She looked at Miss Wylde.

"You will find my trunk on the platform," said the governess. And away went Pat Mulligan to execute his commissions.

They were at last seated cosily in the roomy old covered car, and were jolting away from the little station-house in the wild February night. Ballydoonan Station is about eight miles away from Kilcarrick, and, as the mare was lame, the drive was a tedious one. But, for all that, Bonnie enjoyed the sensation of jolting and bumping along in the wild night, with the lamps glaring on the hedges and on the narrow country road, and, by-and-by, the thunder of the sea booming through the storm. How Bonnie loved that sound! It ran through her veins like a strong current of electricity. Her old spirit — the spirit of her childhood, which she had almost thought dead — now revived, and struggled to its strength again, and vibrated in her voice, and sparkled in her eyes.

The two girls chatted away almost unceasingly during that wild drive. Bonnie spoke out just as she felt; told Miss Wylde of the old happy days and weeks which she had spent in Kilcarrick, of the long, lonely rambles by the cliff-paths, of the day-dreams on the sunny shingle below Liskeelan, of the wild romps with Bob Grace in among the bearded trees in the old orchards, then of her mother's death, and her experiences as a governess in England.

Anna Wylde listened, and, although she said little, Bonnie felt that a chord of sympathy was already vibrating between them. Moreover, whatever little Anna did say was, or Bonnie believed it was, characteristic.

She concluded, during that drive, that Anna Wylde had singularly strong feelings; that — with all her external calm — she was warm, and passionate, and impulsive. Of her own history Miss Wylde said absolutely nothing. She seemed to shun the subject with shrinking, sensitive dread. Bonnie, therefore, came to the conclusion that Anna Wylde had had bitter experiences of life, that mental sufferings, and not any merely physical ills, had left their cruel traces in the circles underneath her eyes, and the hollows of her worn cheeks.

By-and-by, as Bonnie gazed out through the window upon the lamp-lit road, she suddenly uttered a glad little cry, and her face flushed up with pleasure.

"We are nearly at the gate," she said, in a low, delighted voice. "There are the old oaks bordering the road — the dear old oaks — my old friends! Oh, Miss Wylde, I cannot tell you how delighted I am to be back again at Kilcarrick!"

And five minutes later, indeed, they had entered through an ancient moss-grown gateway, and were jolting along under the oaks, and beeches, and elms, towards the dear, old-fashioned house, which was now to become Bonnie's home.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

THE old house of Kilcarrick is long, low, and irregular. I do not know when it was built; but judging from the queer old winding staircases, and dark recesses, and low, broad window-seats of the interior, you would conclude that the gray old house, with its western side ivy-grown, and its surrounding orchards — each tree a hoary veteran — has seen many a year go by.

The front of the house faces south-westward, and as you stand upon the broad, shallow steps, which flank the great front door, you gaze across old trees and fields, and cliff-tops, to the glorious Atlantic, which stretches away, away, away before you, until the far-distant sea-line cuts against the delicate hues of the horizon.

The house is two-storied, and singularly picturesque by reasons of its twisted chimney-stacks, its quaint dormer-windows, the variegated ivy, which, as I have said, covers the western side, and the yellow and red lichens, and brown moss, and golden stone-crop, which tint the weather-worn slated roof.

The Kilcarrick orchards are rare treats to lovers of the picturesque. They stretch away behind the house in a westerly direction, and are separated from one another by grass-grown pathways, or *borheens*, over which the gnarled oaks and sycamores meet close, and form in summer-time a thick roofing of branches and leafage. As you wander along these old *borheens*, with their ancestral oaks and their adjacent orchards, what with the solitude of the spot and the green twilight which broods under the big trees, you seem to have left the world behind you altogether, or, indeed, to be stepping back into the dim days of old.

And then when you go in among the apple-trees, those impressions are intensified. Such apple-trees! How twisted, and gnarled, and bent, and grotesque are their trunks and boughs! The gray moss covers them with grizzled beards. Long, rank grass carpets the ground, and in spring-time you will find in these old orchards a rare wealth of pale yellow primroses, and wild blue violets, and wood-sorrel, with its white blossoms delicately streaked with lilac, and golden celandine, and the glossy leaves of the trailing ground-ivy.

What glad never-to-be-forgotten days Bonnie spent in and out among these old orchards long ago! How well she remembers — to this day — certain apple-trees which, by reason of some peculiarly grotesque forma-

tion, assumed an almost human personality in her child's fancy. There was "the Old Gray Woman," for example; the poor old gray woman, was she still alive? And what of the "Witch of Endor," a crazy-looking "Kerry pippin" tree, with two ragged arms extended as if in agonized supplication, and a poor old frame tottering in the last stage of paralysis, or was it bodily torture? Little Bonnie used, long ago, to fancy that the "Witch of Endor" was burning at the stake, and that those terrible outstretched arms were appealing for mercy.

There were many others, too — "Hump-backed Joe," and so forth. How well she remembered them all!

All these reminiscences crowded rapidly into Bonnie's mind as the covered car jolted under the old trees, bringing her nearer every moment to the house she loved.

At last they turned a corner of the drive, and behold! there was the old house looming darkly ahead of them, and a ruddy glow from the open front-door streamed out cheerfully upon the broad stone steps. And now quick little footsteps are heard. Children's voices ring out on the night air.

"Cousin Bonnie! Cousin Bonnie! Welcome home!"

Bonnie could never remember very clearly what followed. She had a confused recollection of clinging arms about her neck, and promiscuous kissing processes, and a warmth and big-heartedness of welcome which filled her bright eyes with tears. Matters did not begin to settle down into even comparative order and method until Bonnie and Anna Wylde had taken off their travelling attire, and had come down to the oak parlor, where a splendid wood fire roared up the old chimney, and the aroma of tea and hot cakes was in the room.

"I can hardly realize that I am actually in the oak parlor of Kilcarrick again," said Bonnie. "I fancy that I shall wake up by-and-by and find myself at Ashbrooke."

"And I can hardly believe you are here either," whispered Norah, whose pale little face was all lighted up as she spoke. "It seems almost too good to be true."

Mrs. Fitzgerald, in the meantime, was talking to Miss Wylde, and endeavoring, in her kind sympathetic way, to make the governess as much at home as possible. She perceived at once that Anna Wylde was not endowed with that easy reliance upon herself which carries so many people smoothly and gracefully through society. The governess was, indeed, painfully reserved and silent at first. She seemed to shrink, physically as well as mentally, from the unknown faces which surrounded her. It was no false pride nor gloom of temperament which occasioned this reserve, as Mrs. Fitzgerald very well knew. It was the extreme sensitiveness of Anna Wylde, a feeling which in her character amounted to almost a passion. Mrs. Fitzgerald, with her quick sympathies and her kindly Irish heart, discerned this very speedily, and was now exerting herself to the utmost to do away with it. And her efforts were crowned with success. By the time they had all gathered around the tea table, Anna Wylde felt as though a cruel load were removed from off her shoulders, and — with a strange gladness, a gladness toned down by the pain of her own childhood's memories — she joined in the laughter, and the homely, genial conversation of the others.

It was truly a happy tea table. The children were in high glee. Master Freddy had contrived to get near to Cousin Bonnie, and he administered a surreptitious pinch, now and then, by way of an effective indication of his presence. Bonnie acknowledged these small marks of attention by sundry wringings of the young gentleman's brown ears, whereat there was a great shout of laughter from the two little girls, to which outburst

Master Freddy cordially added the full force of his healthy young lungs.

But the great event of the night came round, when Bonnie quietly withdrew from the parlor after tea, and returned betimes laden with some mysterious parcels, which she deposited on the table, much to the interest and mental perplexity of the children.

What in the world, now, did these neatly-papered parcels contain?

Bonnie was smiling and looking very happy as she uncorded them one by one.

Then, at last, the glad truth burst on the children's minds. Cousin Bonnie had brought a present to each of them! And such was in fact the case. A prettily bound volume of old ballad poetry for Norah (who loved reading); a handsome and aristocratic-looking doll, with beautiful blue eyes and scarlet lips, for little Meg; an ebony work-box, fully furnished with needles, reels, thimbles, and so forth, for Rosa; and lastly, a wooden gun for Master Freddy.

It would do your heart good to see the delight of the young people over these priceless treasures. What a gratified quiet smile passed over Norah's pale little face as she fondly turned over the leaves of her book. How little Meg's bonnie cheeks kindled and glowed as she critically scrutinized the self-satisfied smile of the aristocratic beauty of the scarlet lips. As for Rosa, she was eagerly exhibiting the contents of the work-box for "grandma's" delectation, and Master Freddy had made off to the kitchen, whence sundry cries of dismay were presently heard in the parlor, and betokened that the maids were under the steady fire of the young gentleman's breach-loader.

"Why, Bonnie," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, who was now admiring Meg's doll, "all these things must have cost you a small fortune, my dear. What a pretty doll! But this splendid pink dress will not be very serviceable, I am afraid, for country wear. Eh, Meg?"

"Oh, no, grandma. I'll make another dress for her," said little Meg, promptly, whereupon she grasped the aristocratic beauty by the waist, and forced that lady to stalk, in a most undignified manner, backwards and forwards upon the table.

By-and-by they all gathered around the fire-side, and Bonnie found herself kneeling on the hearth rug, her chin supported on her hand — just as she was wont to kneel long ago. Were the past years realities, or was this a dream? And now when the old Doctor laid his wrinkled hand on the girl's bright hair, and turned her face towards him — to "have a good look at her," as he said — Bonnie began to almost believe that she had never been really in Ashbrooke at all, and that those two or three miserable years — during her poor mother's illness and death, and her own hard life beyond the Channel — were merely confused visions of things which had never actually occurred.

"You must be very tired and sleepy after all your travelling, my dear," said the Doctor, when he had taken that "good look" into his niece's frank face, "and you, too, Miss Wylde."

"I don't know about Miss Wylde," Bonnie responded, "but I can answer for myself that I am not the least bit in the world tired or sleepy. How could I? You can't imagine, Uncle Hugh, the new life which has been instilled into me since I stepped across the threshold of the front door. I feel five years younger, for one thing."

"Please God, you will always have a happy home here, my dear," said the Doctor, patting that small bright head of his niece's with a tender lingering hand. "You should have come to us a year and a half ago, Bonnie. We would have received you with open arms, my dear."

"Indeed, I know that too well, Uncle Hugh, but — but I thought I

could get on better than I did. I don't care to talk of it at all. Let us try to forget it altogether. I was not happy at Ashbrooke, Uncle Hugh. But it is all over now; and, thank God, I am young and strong, and able to enjoy Kilcarrick the more thoroughly by the very force of contrast, don't you see, uncle. After all, one can never fully appreciate home until one has lived elsewhere, and seen other countries, and mixed with other people. I shall never forget the pang of delight — a delight that was almost pain, uncle — which thrilled through and through me, when I caught sight of the Irish coast a day or two ago. I felt as though I could stretch out my arms and gather in that pale blue line of land to my heart. Oh, uncle, you can't fathom my love for Ireland and Kilcarrick, and you and aunt and the children, and the old orchards, and the old oaks, and the sea, and — and — "

She broke off with a little laugh, but there was something very like tears in her eyes now.

"I know, I know, Bonnie, my dear," said the old Doctor, still patting her head, and now his hand had a more lingering pressure upon her hair. "You remind me more than ever of your poor mother, my dear. You spoke like her then. Why, I have heard her talk so a thousand times. You are a Fitzgerald to the back bone!"

Bonnie looked up into her uncle's face as he spoke the last words. What a kind noble face he had, she thought. How tender, how honest, how handsome, too. What good, kind, gray eyes; what a broad, intellectual forehead; what open, genial expression in every feature. This man won you at once. You looked into his face, and you trusted him there and then.

The little talk between uncle and niece had been carried on in a very low tone of voice, dropping at times to a whisper; and, in the meantime, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Anna Wylde were engaged, at the other side of the hearth, in what seemed to be a rather earnest conversation.

Mrs. Fitzgerald had introduced to Miss Wylde the subject of Mrs. Osborne, and had explained all about Bonnie, and how she wished so much to be allowed to take charge of the children.

"You see, Miss Wylde," said the little woman with the dark blue eyes, and the black wavy hair so plentifully streaked with gray, "my niece's letter did not come until after you had appointed the day of your arrival. Now, of course, it rests entirely with yourself and your own wishes whether you leave us or not, Mrs. Osborne is a very nice woman, indeed, very ladylike, and all that. She is a little hyppish, you know," said the little woman with a smile, "and then she likes to be humored. But it is a harmless hobby, when all is said. And her children are very quiet, good little things; not like my wild Freddy, for example. I dare say you will see Mrs. Osborne to-morrow, perhaps, and then you can judge for yourself."

"I should be very sorry, indeed," said Anna Wylde, "to steal away Miss Dunraven's little charges from her."

"But you musn't decide upon anything contrary to your own wishes, Miss Wylde," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, who was far too kind-hearted to wish to secure profit for herself at the cost of another's unhappiness. "And now really, you must be very tired. You've had a very long journey. It is a shame for me to keep you here so late. And you, too, Bonnie. Why, neither of you must dream of getting up to-morrow for breakfast. You shall have your breakfasts in bed."

"Breakfast in bed, Aunt Mary!" exclaimed Bonnie, jumping up, as she spoke, from her kneeling position on the hearth. "Why, I intend to have a peep at the orchards, and a chat with Kitty Maguire and Mrs. Flanigan before breakfast. It would

never do to inaugurate my first morning at Kilcarrick in such a lazy fashion."

"Oh, it's all very well to plan out all that *to-night*," said the little woman, good-humoredly; "but, wait until we see."

And so, at last, they all said good-night, and were shut up in their rooms, and the business of that night was over.

Bonnie, however, did not close her eyes until the small hours. She lay in the old-fashioned bedstead in the cosey little room which she had occupied as a child, and had insisted upon getting now again. There was a pleasant gleam of fire-light in the room, and the storm howled without, and thudded at times against the window panes, and, to Bonnie, every sight and sound was keenly welcome and delightful.

No wonder she looked upon Kilcarrick as being her home. And what a happy home, too! She had no recollection of a happy home of her own, indeed. Her memories of early childhood were faint and few, and had long since arranged themselves into bald generalities in the girl's mind.

Her father was a gay spendthrift — "handsome Harry Dunraven," as he was called — by some — and he was perfectly conscious of his beauty, and his fine figure, and the graceful flow and variety of his conversation. He was not, in all ways, a bad husband, because he really loved — in his own selfish, frivolous manner — poor Grace Fitzgerald. But he was a reckless, happy-go-lucky soldier of fortune, and having lived like a young prince for a few brief years after his marriage, suddenly disappeared from society, and was heard of no more there. The man became a bankrupt. House, furniture, carriages — all were sold. He took to drinking — his only solace, I suppose, now — and died in less than a twelvemonth after his downfall.

His widow had happily a small annuity settled upon her for life, and she retired to a lonely seaside village, and there lived with her one little girl, until she, too,

passed,
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

Bonnie, therefore, had not, as others have, any fond memories of home to fall back upon in the after years, and dream of, during the long, lonesome nights, when the wind is wailing, and the rain is pattering, and when home and home's dear ones have alike passed away forevermore. She had never had a home, properly so called. She had never had any little sisters or brothers; one little brother, indeed, had died when a baby. The girl oftentimes longed — with a yearning longing — that he had not died. How overjoyed she should be to have a brother now.

Thus it was that Kilcarrick had always appeared to Bonnie's mind as a substitute for home; and by-and-by she forgot that it was only a substitute, and it grew into a glad reality. It was home: surely it was home. And her uncle and aunt — what father and mother could be kinder? As a child she had spent long weeks and months at the old house, and had, as you know, romped in the orchards, and made companions of the trees, and gathered "nunnies" on the shingle below Liskeelan.

All these old memories were thronging fast and thick into Bonnie's active brain, as she lay awake in her cosey little room, on this first happy night in Kilcarrick. By-and-by, her thoughts became strangely confused. Vague, conflicting visions flitted through her mind, of Mrs. Ashbrooke, and the stewardess on the English steamboat, and Pat Mulligan, and the "Witch of Endor" in the orchard. She shook herself up with a start, and then laughed at the absurdities which had gathered into her mind. But a fresh supply was at hand, and so Bonnie fairly succumbed to the irresistible.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Fitzgerald's prediction concerning her niece's early rising was literally verified. Bonnie, sitting up in bed in great pertubation of spirit the next morning, was horrified beyond expression to hear the deep-toned clock proclaim in measured strokes the hour of ten!

Well, the only thing for it now was to humble herself into the dust, and, with the best possible grace, strive to enjoy this temptingly browned toast and this creamy tea, which the triumphant little woman of the dark blue eyes had just brought into the room.

CHAPTER IV.

FAREWELL.

Mrs. Osborne and two of her little girls called at Kilcarrick the day after Bonnie's arrival, and, while the children amused themselves — in their own demure fashion — about the grounds, with Bonnie's little cousins, their mother and Miss Wylde were closeted together in the drawing-room, for a good half hour or so at least.

At the expiration of that time the little girls were called in, and presented to Anna Wylde by their mother.

Mrs. Osborne was a refined-looking, delicately-featured woman, with a sweet and gentle face, and the little girls resembled her. They were quiet, timid little things, and they responded to Anna Wylde's brief questions with a demureness and monotony of voice, expression, and attitude, painfully automaton-like.

Poor old Miss M'Conkey, their former governess, used to say that Mrs. Osborne and her children wanted, each and all, a thoroughly good shaking.

"They are very amiable and very good, and very kind, and all that — according to their light," she used to say; "but Lord bless you! they have no more life in them than so many moles!"

And she was not very far astray, indeed — poor desperate lady.

"Now, Lucy and Minnie," said Mrs. Osborne, in her soft voice, "you must both of you be very obedient and very attentive to Miss Wylde. She is coming home with us, and she will be very fond of you if you prove yourselves worthy of her regard; but if not, of course she must be very strict — *very*, and then you and she will fall out —" and so forth.

"Do you think you will be able to come with us now, Miss Wylde?" asked Mrs. Osborne, presently. "Of course, if it be not perfectly convenient for you to come to-day, the car shall be sent here any time you like."

"I shall be ready to go in ten minutes," Anna said, and then she withdrew to prepare for her departure.

She locked herself into her room, and set about arranging her trunk, which she had tossed up a little last night. She looked tired to-day, and her small sallow face was more colorless than usual. In her heart, she did not care to go to Mrs. Osborne's at all. She had been singularly won by this old house of Kilcarrick, and Mrs. Fitzgerald's kindness had sunk deep into Anna's heart. And the children, too — they were gay, natural, affectionate children, who were not afraid to speak above a whisper when asked a question. Anna felt that she could be very happy at Kilcarrick, and she yearned passionately after the peace of soul which life here seemed to promise.

But this was not to be.

How happy she had felt last evening, during that drive from Ballydoonan Station. She had thought then that she and Bonnie Dunraven should have such delightful talks together — such long, lonely walks by the sea — such confidences, perhaps. And how she longed for a friend such as this — a dear girl-friend — to whom she could speak out frankly and fearlessly, in whom she could confide so many things

which weighed heavily upon her desolate heart.

But this, too, was not to be.

With a heavy sigh Anna continued to set her trunk in order. She was not thinking much of what she was doing, and unconsciously she began to remove the articles from her trunk, one by one. Suddenly a small box fell from her hand upon the floor, and this occurrence recalled her thoughts at once. The box was a tiny writing-desk of satin wood and silver, and as Anna took it up in her hand she saw that the lock had given way, and the desk was open.

A singular change passed over her face as she looked into the open desk. A frown contracted her brows, her lips closed sternly, the expression of her eyes was hard and scornful. A small leathern case lay within the desk; Anna drew it out with shrinking fingers, opened it, and disclosed a photograph, framed in bog oak. She had almost forgotten this picture. Now, when her eyes fell upon it, the color died out from her cheeks, leaving her face grim and haggard in its pallor.

For a minute she gazed, with flashing eyes and lips compressed, upon the man's features represented there; then, with a low and bitter cry — a cry of suppressed agony — she clinched her small right hand, and struck, with all the strength she had, the face which gazed out at her from the picture. The frame was dashed to the floor, and the glass shivered to pieces.

At this moment there was a knock at the room door. Anna hastily flung the broken picture into her trunk, shut down the lid, and then unlocked her door.

Bonnie Dunraven entered the room.

"And is it possible, Miss Wylde," Bonnie asked, looking ruefully at the trunk, "that you are leaving us so very soon?"

"Yes, I was just packing up when you knocked," said Anna, and unconsciously there was a sad ring in her voice. "Mrs. Osborne is waiting for me in the drawing-room."

"I am very sorry you are going," Bonnie said, in her frank, simple way.

"You are not half so sorry as I am, Miss Dunraven."

They were looking into each other's faces as they spoke. Both were standing; Anna, with her small, slim figure, clad in black, her sad little face, her worn cheeks, and her dark gray eyes; Bonnie, so tall and graceful and happy-looking to-day, her bright, frank face so full of intelligence, her eyes, alone, somewhat clouded and saddened now.

For a minute they thus gazed at each other in silence, and then an irresistible impulse urged Bonnie to put her arm round the small black figure, and draw Anna near to her. Then she stooped and kissed her.

"You must often come to Kilcarrick, dear," Bonnie said, "and you and I shall see each other very often. Glenbride, Mrs. Osborne's place, is not so far away as you fancy. Only a few miles. That distance is considered nothing in the country — nothing. And you and I shall be always good and true friends. I like you, Anna. I may call you 'Anna,' may I not, dear? And you must call me 'Bonnie,' and — and — now this is *too* bad!"

For Anna Wylde had suddenly laid her head on Bonnie's shoulder, and was now crying with a suppressed passion and intensity of emotion, which shook her frail figure from head to foot.

"Now, now, now, now, now," said Bonnie in soothing tones. "I had no idea, dear, you disliked going so much. Indeed, I thought you were quite happy to go. You shall not go at all," she added suddenly. "You shall not suffer like this. And it is all my fault — upon my word. *Yes!* all my fault. I am a selfish wretch! There now, Anna dear, I will go this moment and tell Mrs. Osborne not to expect you. You shall remain here!"

"It is not that — it is not that," said Anna Wylde, in a low broken voice. "It is your kindness, Miss Dunraven — and it is so long since — since I have been treated like this. May God bless and protect you, Bonnie Dunraven!" she added, raising her tearful eyes and looking for a moment full into Bonnie's face. "Yes; I trust you. You are true. You will be my friend always. I believe it now."

"You may trust me, Anna. I will be your true friend, dear. Never doubt that. But you really must not go away with Mrs. Osborne. I shall arrange it all with her in a few words."

"No, Bonnie. I am quite happy to go, now. You have done wonders for me. I was afraid I should lose *you* by going to Mrs. Osborne's. Now I know better. Oh, Bonnie, I have yearned for somebody whom I could consider to be almost a sister to me, and — and I think I have found one, at last."

"And now, dear," said Bonnie, when they had talked on for some minutes longer, "I shall leave you alone to finish your preparations, and when you are quite ready, the servant shall carry down your trunk, and you and I will have a little stroll together down on the drive before Mrs. Osborne leaves. That is, if you wish."

Anna was, you may be sure, only too glad to agree to this, and so Bonnie withdrew.

Ten minutes later, the two girls left the house together, and walked down along the drive under the old trees. Anna had made her adieux to Mrs. Fitzgerald and such of the children as were to be found in the house; so the first wrench was over, and, with a dismal sinking of the heart, Anna was now leaving behind her the place where she had found peace and happiness — rare godsends, verily, in Anna Wylde's wrecked life.

It was a windy February day. A gray sky of torn cloud blurred with scudding rack. A gray sea with long lines of white foam streaking here and there the weary waste of turbid gray water. The wind moaned drearily in the bare branches of the mighty oaks and elms. The only bits of warm coloring, in this doleful picture of grays, and duns, and sickly whites, were the yellow and brown tints of the variegated ivy which grows on the western side of the old house, and the orange and lemon-hued lichens which dot the weather-worn slated roof.

Bonnie and her companion walked along briskly until they came at last to the ancient gate-way, with its moss-grown pillars and its general character of picturesque dilapidation. Here they paused and gazed across the fields and hedges to the cliff-tops, and the dun-ribbed sands, and the wide, weary ocean. There was something soothing to the troubled spirit in the infinity of that stretch of turbulent gray water. There was something invigorating in the measured upheaving of the surf, and the thunder of the breakers crashing in along the lonely shingle. There was something vitalizing in the keen salt savor of the air.

Anna's spirits rose; her eyes sparkled; her face brightened.

"How dark and troubled the sea is, to-day," she said? "What is wrong, I wonder, out there where the foam is dashing over that bit of rock. How angry it seems. After all, Bonnie, are we not all so many pigmies, with our pigmy sorrows and our pigmy furies? What is the good of our beating our miserable little allowances of flesh and bone against the iron cage of circumstance? It only draws blood, and enlarges our wounds."

"But bleeding is often recommended, you know, as a necessity of health," said Bonnie, who did not care, just now, to wander into the mazes of the abstract. "Now just look over there, Anna, at that rocky point which runs out into the sea. Aren't the waves splendid over there!

That is Liskeelan Point, and that great height — or promontory above, with the old tower on the summit — that is Liskeelan Head. When the tide is out, there is a charming little strand down there at this side of the Point — a delightful bathing place. By-the-way, do you swim, Anna?"

"Swim! No. Do you?"

"Like a stone! I'm only joking, dear. Yes; I really do swim — at least, it *was* one of my marine accomplishments; but I'm afraid I'm sadly out of practice now. However, I shall make up for lost time when the summer comes. Oh, dear! how I look forward to it!

"So do I, Bonnie. I think an old world sea-place like this must be almost a Paradise in summer weather."

"A Paradise without the 'almost,'" cried Bonnie, enthusiastically. "Oh, the long blue days, and the long blue evenings, and the soft, sweet, dreamy southern nights. I say 'southern,' because I always fancy I am in Italy — somewhere by the Mediterranean, or the Adriatic — on such nights as those I speak of."

"And I suppose, you fancy you hear

> Laughter and strum of guitars from the shore,
> And sonorous bass music of bells booming deep,
> From St. Mark's!

I hope we shall have many such nights, Bonnie. But I am beginning to be uneasy about your intense love for the sea. I feel jealous. I think when one loves natural beauty too warmly, one grows selfish toward one's merely human sisterhood or brotherhood, as the case may be. I think poets are always — or nearly always — hard-hearted people."

"'Hard-hearted'! You Goth! You Hun! You barbarian! Eat your words on the spot!" cried Bonnie. "A poet hard-hearted! Why, I could lie down and lay my neck under a poet's feet, and say — if I dared to speak at all, which I doubt — 'put your foot down on my neck and walk over it!' A poet hard-hearted! How could any human being with music in his soul be hard-hearted? And a poet must of necessity be musical. He must have an exhaustless living fund of music within him. He must have sympathy — genuine, thorough, sincere sympathy. He must be a god, and a god is not hard of heart."

"Well, Bonnie, perhaps I spoke in too narrow a way," said Anna, and now a strange hard look seemed to have come into her dark eyes. "Some day you may know *why* I have said what, to you, clearly seems heresy. You may, and you may not. Time will tell."

Bonnie looked into her companion's face with a sudden searching curiosity.

"Why not tell me now, instead of that vague 'some day?'" she asked. "You need not be afraid to speak out, Anna."

"No — no — no — don't dwell on the subject," said Anna, with sudden energy. "I don't intend to speak of it. Would you like to take up in your hand the body of the adder which had poisoned your blood, and sapped your life? I think not."

"Anna Wylde, I don't half understand you," said Bonnie, looking into Anna's face. "You are a contradiction. A few minutes ago you spoke of the pigmy woes of life. That was very philosophical, and very true, I suppose. But why do you disclaim your tenets?"

"You cannot judge me yet, Bonnie. Hold over your verdict for a while longer. Give me at least an impartial hearing, and then decide. Hush! here comes Mrs. Osborne's carriage. Oh, Bonnie, must we part so soon?"

"I wish Mrs. Osborne and her carriage, and her precious Lucy and Minnie were in Timbuctoo!" whispered Bonnie; and now the vehicle had stopped, and Mrs. Osborne's soft tones were heard.

"I'm *so* sorry to have interrupted your *tête-à-tête*," she said, graciously. "I wish you would come and spend

the day with us at Glenbride, Bonnie. Do. I am very anxious to hear some of your Scotch songs; my old favorites."

But Bonnie excused herself for that day, and Anna Wylde took her place beside the demure Lucy in the comfortable old carriage.

"I wonder you venture out, Bonnie, without warmer covering," said Mrs. Osborne. "I find the wind most cutting. Lucy, dear, wrap yourself up well. Little Frank has a heavy cold, and I'm sure I don't know how he got it. But the draughts in Glenbride are terrible at times. I hope you are not very much afraid of draughts, Miss Wylde?—" And so on.

"I shall not delay you here," said Bonnie, at last, anxious, indeed, to cut short this not singularly entertaining conversation. "Good-bye, Mrs. Osborne. Good-bye Lucy and Minnie. I shall soon — very soon — see you, Anna, dear. Farewell."

Then they were gone, and Bonnie stood out on the lonely road, kissing her hands, and smiling a little sadly, as the old carriage bowled smoothly along, and disappeared at last around the turn of the road.

And now a strange, sudden feeling of loneliness and depression came over Bonnie. Was Anna really gone, and was it possible that she could already miss her so very much? Five minutes ago she had felt, indeed, sorry to part from her recently-made friend; but there was nothing of bitterness mingled with her thoughts. Now this was changed, and the bitterness was veritably there.

It is always so, of course. While the friendly face is before our eyes, while the sweet tones are in our ears, while the chord of sympathy is actually vibrating from soul to soul, we are wont to accept such boons not very gracefully, and perhaps rather carelessly, on the whole; not appreciating the worth of our treasure — we don't think it a treasure at all, most likely! — not caring very much, perhaps, whether the friendly face, and the sweet tones, and that subtile chord are withdrawn, or whether they remain.

But when they are absolutely *gone*, then what a change! What wild regrets, then, and remorse of conscience, and what sudden clear insight and discernment, where, awhile ago, there were indifference and neglect.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.

And "the tender grace of a day that is dead" haunts us all through the long after years, when "the day" and "the grace" are alike dead and gone for evermore.

Bonnie, looking along the now deserted road, while the rumble of the carriage was lost, by degrees, in the thunder of the sea, knew, for the first time, what a true friend had gone away from Kilcarrick — what a dear sister — what a genial, sympathetic companion.

Well, she was gone; and it was not Bonnie's way to remain inactively lamenting over the inevitable. So, with a sigh, and one more glance along the lonely road, Bonnie was about to turn on her heel, and retrace her steps to the house, when a voice, well-remembered, though she had heard it last five long years ago, rang in her ears, and the next moment a man's strong hand was laid upon her arm.

To be Continued.

Rt. Rev. N. A. Gallagher, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio, was consecrated Bishop of Galveston, Texas, on the 30th of April. The ceremonies were of a most imposing character, and were participated in by one Archbishop, six Bishops and one hundred priests.

A colored Sisterhood of the Catholic Church has been established at New Orleans, the members of which devote themselves to the education of young girls of their own race.

MODERN CULTURE.

A Few months ago the daughter of an East Lockport man, who has grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "Female College," and recently she arrived home for the vacation. The old man met his daughter at the station, with the old horse in the delivery waggon. When the train stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car and flung itself into the elderly party's arms. "Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed, "I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip, and planted a kiss where it would do most good, with a report that sounded above the noises of the station.

"Pa, dear," said the young Miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man, with a puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond what?"

"Oh! no, pa, you don't understand me," the daughter explained. "I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat and muttered something, but the conversation appeared to be travelling in such a lonesome direction, that he pitched the horse a sounding crack, and the jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh! there is that lovely and consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiatess, as they drew up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you shou—I mean, I consider it far too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, and the rides—oh! the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man, as he reached for his third cup, "half full"—"but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't!" exclaimed the daughter reproachfully; "the rule of three! Grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine in art that have made my school life the bos—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The grocer and his wife looked hopelessly at each other across the table. After a pause the old lady said—"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady; "and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man rose abruptly from the table and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked—"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin'

BOSTON POST
The Representative Democra
Paper of New England

WHAT BOSTON PAY

Some surprise seems to
caused at the State House
the disclosure of the fact
of Boston pays all the bills
of Suffolk and that the
palities included in the
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erally admitted that in- ssness is caused by e force and a slug- e digestive organs. l care have their Sleeplessness the commonest nd women, and esults follow.

the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too much nonsense. Me and her consider we haven't lived sixty odd years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's going to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now, after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage, an' that symphony of twisted dough, you take an' dust up stairs in less 'an two seconds; so' peel off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long's your superlative pa an' your lovely and consummate ma's at this place."

Maria took right hold of the dusting rag, broomstick and other implements of "housewifery," and has been cured of her "excessively beyond" nonsense.

THE TIMIDITY OF ORATORS.— A writer asks whether artists, and especially orators, are peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain and to fear. He thinks that they are, and attributes it to an unusually sensitive organization. Peel, he says, owed his death to being unable to bear an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator describes Bishop Wilberforce as a "bundle of nerves," and as the most sensitive patient he had ever known. Orators, as a rule, show a painful anxiety about their own speeches, and toilsome uneasiness seems a condition of their success. A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in prospect of great ease. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with anxiety. The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights — one in which he was thinking what to say, and the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, "not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also; he began timidly, and, in many cases, he scarcely left off trembling and shaking even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech."

UNCLE ISOM ASKS THE SHOWMAN TO COUNT THE BOYS.— The other day a show came to Little Rock and was shamefully imposed upon by old Isom. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of "low-spirited" boys, grieving on account of financial depression. "Does yer youngsters want ter go inter de exhibition!" he asked. The boys responded in noisy chorus. "Well, come on, den. I uster be a chile myself, an' unlike de mos' ob men I haint forgot hit. Count des boys," he added, addressing the doorkeeper. The man began counting, and by the time the boys had passed in, Isom was walking around talking to acquaintances from the plantations. "Here," said the showman, "give me twenty tickets." "What fur? Does you think me a lottery agent?" "You passed in twenty boys, and I want the tickets or the money." "I doan owe yer no tickets, and I doan owe yer no money." "You're an old liar." "Looka heah, mister, yer'd better canvass this subject 'fore you flings out sich a invitation. I didn't tell yer ter pass the boys in. I said count'em. I'se always heard dat showmen is good of 'rithmetic, an' I wanted to satisfy myself. Yer say dar was twenty boys. I doan 'spute yer word, 'case I ain't no mathetician. S'posen I take a lot ob boys ter the cashier ob a bank an' axes him ter count'em, does that signify dat de cashier is gwine ter pass 'em inter the money room? No, sah! Go on back ter yer tent, for I sees a regiment goin' in." The showman remembering he had left the entrance unguarded, turned, when Isom ran away with an agility rarely exhibited in an old man.

LESS DISPLAY AND MORE MASSES.

Rev. A. A. Lambing.

THERE are some souls who are bound to us by closer ties of affection, who have a stronger claim than others upon us, or to whom we are under greater obligations; and these are naturally entitled to our particular attention. Parents, children, brothers, sisters, spiritual guides, or other benefactors, have a special claim of their own on our suffrages; and the law of charity, so far from disregarding that claim, rather enforces it. Beyond this, we are free to assist those upon whom our charity or the bent of our devotion may prompt us to look with the greatest compassion. It would be impossible to state, much less to comment upon, the varieties of this natural or devotional inclination. Suffice it to say, that so long as we act from motives of Christian charity, and with a view of promoting the honor and glory of God, we are in danger of making no mistake, at least no serious mistake.

But let us reflect on the course commonly pursued by those who act from the promptings of natural affection in regard to the dying and the dead. There are three objects upon which their affections may centre: the life, the body, and the soul of the beloved one.

The life, however precious, must terminate at some not distant day; for "it is appointed unto men once to die." The body, though gifted with beauty of countenance, symmetry of form, and strength of limb, is destined to moulder in the tomb; "for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." But

> "The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
> At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

We cannot fail to perceive at a glance that while taking proper care of the life and the body, the soul should be the object of our most tender solicitude. Why then do we so often neglect the souls of our friends to minister to their bodies? Alas, we too often neglect our own souls to minister to the gratification of our bodies! Let me draw a picture, familiar indeed to all, but still worth drawing. A person is taken sick, and although all is done that love and medical skill can suggest to prolong the precious life, it is to no purpose —death claims the loved one for his own. Tears flow, and no one would be so heartless as to forbid this tribute of natural affection. A coffin or casket is provided, as costly as, and perhaps more costly than, the family can well afford; notice of the funeral, with an invitation to the friends of the deceased to attend, appears in the daily papers; and when the time approaches a goodly train of carriages is drawn up in front of the house. Let us suppose there is a High Mass. An eligible spot has been secured in the cemetery, and the cortege moves from the church to the city of the dead. What are those who occupy this long train of carriages doing, as they are borne to the cemetery and back? Are they reciting the Rosary for the departed soul, — to every bead of which, when properly blessed, an Indulgence of one hundred days is attached, — or are they talking of the last ball, or the next picnic or excursion? Readers, what are you accustomed to do on such occasions?

There is no greater folly than costly funerals of the present day. It is a custom that exercises a tyranny over rich and poor alike. People will spend their money for a senseless display

that cannot be abolished too soon, while they will often refuse the merest trifle for a Mass for the repose of the poor tortured soul. I remember a poor widow coming to me one evening, four or five years ago, to beg a few cents to buy a loaf of bread for her starving children, "because," she said, "I gave the last dollar I had for a seat in a carriage at the funeral this afternoon." Had she neglected that act of vanity she would have been guilty of an unpardonable crime against a senseless custom; but had she given the dollar to have a Mass celebrated for the repose of the lately departed soul, the friends would, most probably, have failed to appreciate the charitable act. It is pride, not prayers, that please most people.

I have said that funerals, as they are generally conducted, are a meaningless folly; but they are worse. Few souls, as we have seen, enter heaven without having spent a time in Purgatory. Now, let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a soul in Purgatory is permitted to see the pomp which surrounds the interment of its former body on earth: the costly casket, the long train of carriages filled with thoughtless occupants, the funeral discourse so framed as not to hint even remotely at his faults, perhaps his scandalous negligences or crimes, the eligible site in the cemetery, the self-gratulation of friends on the large funeral, and the prospective monument to mark the spot where the food of worms is buried deep to prevent it from infecting the air. What a sight for the burning, tortured soul! And we call this a fitting expression of our affection for the deceased! Christian readers, reflect! All this is done for the perishable *body*, made from the slime of the earth; while the *immortal spirit*, the breath of the living God, is forced to look up from its lake of fire and contemplate the picture. This is but a supposition; for, in the mercy of God, the soul is ignorant of what transpires on earth, as St. Catharine of Genoa assures us, and is thus spared the additional torments which the folly and vanity of its weeping friends would inflict.

What has been done for the immortal soul? Death cannot relieve it; what has been done? Perhaps there was a High Mass; but I fear it will often prove a slender act of charity on the part of those who had it celebrated, if we deduct the part which they intended it should play in adding to the funeral pomp. Else, why do not people have a Low Mass on such occasions, when they cannot afford a High one? for all Masses are essentially the same. Could mockery be more painful than this? Were it done by the heathen, who have no knowledge of God and a future state, it might have a meaning, it might be pardoned; but among Christians, if they were what they should be, it would be totally inexplicable.

Considering the expense with which the funerals of even the poorest are usually attended, the plea of poverty cannot be urged in extenuation of our neglect of the dead. It is not unusual to see a funeral cost, even among the poorer class, from seventy-five to two hundred dollars, and frequently far more; and, at most, but five or ten of this, perhaps *not one*, has gone to the benefit of the soul. Custom has so enslaved people that those whose conscience upbraids them with their errors have not the moral courage to depart from the general usage. Yet, should it not be more consoling to bereaved relations to know that a Mass had been celebrated for the repose of the soul of their dear departed, than to know that one more person had sat in a carriage and talked nonsense in the funeral cortege? The reader must pardon me for using strong and plain language. I write to be understood, and to show the folly as well as the real uncharitableness of this abuse. If he is displeased on the first reading, let him reflect calmly and he will

probably find that his feelings of displeasure arise, not from the overdrawing of a picture, but rather from the very truth of a narration which he is conscious he cannot deny. We are frequently displeased with the truth simply because it is the truth; and I feel confident that such will be the case here. To the true Christian, faith and not fashion must ever point out the line of duty. And, supposing that a person bear no relationship to the deceased, but is only a friend, I think I have furnished him with sufficient motives, judged by their own intrinsic weight, for having a Mass or more celebrated for the repose of the departed soul

We must conclude that their is always means for having more Masses, and that there is never a fear of mistake or misapplication. But I have pursued this *motive* so far that I am loth to go further. The pious may wonder at me, and the indifferent may not read.

FIVE OBEDIENT HUSBANDS.

There were five of them together, and it was late. They had been drinking. Finally, one of them looked at the clock, and said:

"What will our wives say when we come home?"

"Let them say what they want to. Mine will tell me to go to the mischief," responded No. 2.

"I'll tell you what we will do. Let us meet here again in the morning, and tell our experiences. Let the one who has refused to do what his wife told him to when he got home pay for this evening's entertainment."

"That's a good idea. We will agree to that." So the party broke up and went to their respective homes.

Next morning they met at the appointed place, and began to tell their experiences. Said No. 1: "When I opened the door my wife was awake. She said, 'A pretty time of night for you to be coming home. You had better go out and sleep in the pig-pen, for that's what you will come to sooner or latter, anyhow.' Rather than pay for all we had drank last night, I did what she told me to. That let's me out."

No. 2 cleared his throat, and said: "When I got home, I stumbled on a chair, and my wife called, 'There you are again, you old drunken brute! You had better wake up the children, and stagger about the room for awhile, so they can see what a drunken brute of a father they are afflicted with.' I thought the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to obey; so I woke up the children and staggered around until my wife hinted to me to stop. She used a chair in conveying the hint. That let's me out."

No. 3 spoke up, and said: "I happened to stumble over the pan of dough, and my wife said, 'Drunk again! Hadn't you better sit down in that dough?' So I sat down in it, and that let's me out."

No. 4 said: "I was humming a tune, and my wife called out, 'There you are again! Hadn't you better give us a concert?' I said, 'Certainly,' and began to sing as loud as I could, but she told me to stop, or she would throw something at me, so I stopped. That let's me out."

No. 5 looked very disconsolate. He said: "I reckon I'll have to pay. My wife told me to do something none of you would have done. If you had been in my place."

"What was it?"

"She said, 'So you thought you would come home at last! Now, hadn't you better go out to the well and drink a couple of buckets of water just to astonish your stomach?' That was more than I had bargined for; so it's my funeral."

Don't try to get along without flannel underclothing in winter.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Cardinal Manning.

He found there were two Archbishops in Ireland who are total abstainers — the Archbishop of Tuam and the Archbishop of Dublin. The Archbishop of Dublin joined a total abstinence society in his diocese; and, moreover, he published the other day a most beautiful pastoral, inviting his people to join that total abstinence society, and there is one part of it in which he invites fathers and mothers to bring their children round about the cross, and consecrate them to total abstinence. He could also tell them that there were five bishops who were total abstainers. There is, first of all, the bishop of Ferns, then the bishop of Ossory, the bishop of Clonfert, the bishop of Kilmore, and the bishop of Achonry. He thought he could say that there were others who, if they were not strict teetotallers, would soon be so.

There were two things that he would wish them to help him in doing for Ireland. The first was this: There is a good priest who is building a memorial church in honor of the martyred Oliver Plunkett, the great Archbishop of Armagh, who was martyred in the year 1661 at Tyburn, in the diocese of Westminster. He had a profound veneration for the martyred Oliver Plunkett. He venerated him because he was a martyr, and because he was a pastor who, for the sake of his flock, and for the sake of the pastors of his flock, so that they would follow his example, became a total abstainer.

The other day a good Irishman, a friend of his own, came to him and told him this memorial church was going to be built, at the same time asking whether he could not help. He had answered that there were two churches to be built in the diocese of Westminster, but that his name would be on the list of those who venerate Oliver Plunkett, and he had made another promise that the next time he had an opportunity of speaking to the members of the League of the Cross, he would ask them to gather amongst themselves any small offerings in honor of Oliver Plunkett, and he would send them to Armagh with his own contribution. That would, he was sure, gladden the good priest in the work he had undertaken. He was also glad to say that the great movement for total abstinence, began by the Archbishop of Cashel, was going on all over Ireland. They knew that Scotland had got her Sunday Closing Act, and Ireland — after years of petitions and labor and toil, defeated over and over again, and he was sorry to say not by Englishmen only, but by some Irishmen who were the worst enemies of the Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland — gained the measure. But there were five great cities in Ireland that were exempted from the operation of the act; Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford. That act became law for four years, when it must come before Parliament again to be renewed, and there was an effort being made now to prevent its renewal; but he called upon them to make all the efforts in their power, not only that the act should be passed again, but that a similar one should be obtained for England. It is already the law of the land for Wales, and at this moment the Cornishmen are agitating to have a Sunday Closing Bill for Cornwall if they cannot get it for all England. He held in his hand the result of a canvass of the five exempted cities of Ireland. He found that in Dublin there were 34,506 householders who voted that when the act comes to be passed again, Dublin shall be included in it. How many householders were there found to vote

against it? There were 8,017, giving a majority of 26,489 for including Dublin in that act. In Belfast the householders voted 23,000 for, and 2,800 against, a majority of 21,000 clear; in Cork there were 9,171 for, and 1,490 against; in Limerick 5,292 for, and 632 against; and in Waterford there were 3,425 for, and 195 against. These were the views of the people of Ireland in regard to the Sunday Closing Act in the five cities which were not under that act. In the year 1877 the number of offences summarily disposed of — that is, the lighter offences tried by the magistrates — was 74,860 in the five cities exempted from the Sunday Closing Act, and in 1880, after the act was passed for the rest of Ireland, the number was 83,105 — that was to say, there was an increase in these offences of 8,240. In all the rest of Ireland there were of the offences, in 1877, 191,436, and in 1880, under the act, there were 156,751, being a decrease, in that part of Ireland under the act, of 31,417. He would give only one more fact. In 1877 the cases of drunkenness all over Ireland were 110,983, and in 1880 they were 88,848, showing a decrease of nearly 23,000 cases. He thought he had made out a sufficient case why they should do all in their power to take care that the Sunday Closing Act for Ireland should be renewed, and that when it is renewed the five cities he had spoken of should be included. His Eminence concluded an address, which was listened to with marked attention throughout, by appealing earnestly for support in the work of the League.

Our Guardian Angel of Keokuk, Iowa, Would Like to Know. — If the young men who lounge around the church doors after Mass are lost or waiting for their mammas.

Why the old ladies can't keep the accumulated gossip of the week till they get out of the church?

Why people with large feet and heavy, squeaking boots, always go to the front?

Why the church trustees don't build a shed for those people who run out when the priest begins the sermon, as the inclemency of the weather might be more injurious than the sermon?

Why all the people after Mass want to get out of the church at one time?

Why the people who come after the Elevation get mad because somebody else occupies their pew?

Why some folks don't bring their dogs to church. It is amusing to see the nervous man trying to persuade the canine to go out. It adds to the solemnity of the occasion, you know.

Why some people don't drop their half dollars harder into the contribution box?

Why some people don't bring their babies to church. It is nice to hear these little cherubs shriek.

Why eight persons don't get into a four-seat free pew?

Why some people don't get enough sleep at home?

Father Robert Fulton, S. J., President of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., will leave for the Northern and Eastern States on a collecting tour in aid of the parish debt of St. Aloysius, and it is likely he will not return till September next. By wonderfully good management and excellent financiering, he has reduced the onerous indebtedness more than one half, and now proposes to recruit his health, and while among his friends of twenty years acquaintance, to raise means wherewith to whittle the figures still further down so as to hasten the day when the parish will not owe a cent to anybody.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Wood was celebrated in Philadelphia on the 26th of April. There was a great audience at the Cathedral in the morning, and general rejoicing throughout the Archdiocese.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

It was the fashion some years ago, and occasionally occurs now, that in advertising for help, some thoughtless persons placed at the tale of the advertisement that no Irish need apply. An instance of this occurred some years ago in New York. A poor young Irish girl presented herself at the address indicated, furnished with the customary references. As she was exhibiting her papers one after another to the mistress of the house, the latter suddenly said:

"But, first of all, are you or are you not a Catholic?"

"Certainly, ma'am, I'm a Catholic, thank God!" was the young girl's reply.

"Then you could not have read the advertisement I put in the paper," replied the lady. "I absolutely will not have a Catholic in my house."

"Yes, I read your advertisement," humbly answered the young girl; "but what difference does it make, ma'am, whether I am a Catholic or not, if I am a good and honest servant and serve you faithfully. Try me, ma'am, and if you are not satisfied with me you can always send me away."

The lady made no reply to this wise and modest answer, but fixed her eyes on the young girl. Something in her simple and modest exterior attracted her, and she said:

"Well, you may come and I will make the experiment."

For many weeks the poor girl was subjected to a good deal of persecution on the part of the family and the numerous servants of the house; her religious practices were mocked and ridiculed in every way. But the young Christian's faith was invulnerable; her patience was equal to all her trials. Some months passed in this way, when an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the city, and two of the children were taken with it. This was the signal for a general stampede among all the other servants. The Irish girl alone remained at her post with generous, courageous fidelity; she watched the sick children day and night, lavishing every attention upon them with the tenderness of a mother until they were completely cured.

A few years later a new misfortune fell upon the family; a sudden failure carried off their fortune, and everything had to be sold.

There was a small piece of old family furniture in the house, which tender associations made very dear to the mother's heart. The young Irish girl knew this, and understood what it cost her mistress to part with it; therefore, though it brought a high price, she bought it out of her savings and placed it in the room of the mother of the family. When the lady returned, the first thing which met her eyes, within the four naked walls, was the cherished piece of furniture, which she supposed she had seen for the last time.

"How is it possible this is still here?" she exclaimed, quite pale and trembling with emotion.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the young girl, "it will never leave here, it is yours. I bought it for the pleasure of giving it to you."

The heart of a woman, particularly of a mother, is moved with even less eloquence than this. Her eyes filled with tears and she fell upon the neck of her servant, saying:

"Oh, what a beautiful religion is yours! Your heroic devotion to my children overcame me, but to-day has finished your work. It is ended. I am resolved to embrace your religion. I will be a Catholic."

Ancient Rome decreed a laurel crown for the courageous mortal who saved the life of a Roman citizen. Think you God will not reserve in

heaven a more beautiful, a richer, a more glorious, above all, a more durable crown, since it is eternal, for one who at the price of similar sacrifices shall have saved not the body but the soul of a Christian; even though the heroic soul to be crowned is only a poor servant girl?

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXX.

CIRCUIT RECOLLECTIONS.— RIGHT HON. JAMES WHITESIDE.

First acquaintance with Mr. Whiteside.— His effervescing manner.— His Dramatic Talents.— The Rupert of the Bar.— Contrast to his Brother-in-law, Mr. Napier.— Humor and Pathos.— Compared with other Orators.— His Career.— Extract from His Speech on the O'Connell State Trials.— The Cork Local Bar in 1838.— Mr. Forsayeth, the Recorder.— Joseph Scannell.— Francis A. Walsh.—Called to the Bar in 1836.— Settled in Cork.— Exclusive Practice in the Local Courts.— His Professional Ability described by Baron Richards.— His Hospitality.— Death.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Whiteside was in my law student days, when he was a member of the outer Bar. He was then engaged in the business usually intrusted to junior counsel. It was certainly entertaining to behold, as well as to listen to him, addressing the Court. His tall, sinewy frame, draped in the forensic robe; his large, massive head, covered by the orthodox Bar wig; his eager, earnest features working with energy, a satirical smile playing round his mouth, and the merry twinkle of the eyes denoting a spirit ready for fun, while his lips gave utterance to a flow of words that evinced an inexhaustible vocabulary. Then his long arms, how they worked one moment, revolving like the sails of a windmill, the next brandishing his brief like a knight's mace, now slapping the nearest bench as though to give force to his very emphatic words, and all this gesticulation, and energy, and argument, and vehemence, and effervescence about some trivial motion.

It could never be said of Mr. Whiteside, as Grattan said of Flood, "On a small subject he was miserable; give him a distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it; but give him a thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a jupiter." Mr. Whiteside made sad work with neither distaff nor the thunderbolt, for it was the same arm wielded both, and he made as much noise, and used as much force, and, perhaps, produced as much effect with the distaff as any less vehement junior would with the bolt of Jove. This indomitable energy, when backed and sustained by very excellent legal knowledge, both of the principles and practice of his profession, soon placed Mr. Whiteside in lucrative business in the Nisi Prius Court. He was constantly opposed in professional duties to his brother-in-law.* Mr. Napier, then, also, a rising junior, and going the same (the Northeast) Circuit. It was worth while to mark the contrast between these two able men. While Mr. Whiteside was all effervescence, reminding one of a mountain torrent after rain, foaming, seething, boiling, fuming, overrunning with power and impetuosity, Mr. Napier was cool as an icicle, quiet, smooth, calm, unruffled; the arguments of the one came roaring and tumbling like a mountain stream; the language of the other fell calm and waveless as a sheltered rill; but, as the old adage, "still waters run deed," the legal lore of Mr. Napier, and his clear and beautiful style of argument, which had all the lustre of a polished gem, was fully a match — and often more than a match — for the fiery vehemence of Mr. Whiteside, the Rupert of the Bar. For solemn argument in Court I much preferred Mr. Napier's manner; but for a rollicking trial at Nisi Prius no member of the Bar, in my time, could approach Mr. Whiteside. Mr. Holmes was very good, keen, ready, and satirical; Mr. McDonagh admirable in his adroitness,

*Mr. Whiteside married Miss Napier, sister of the eminent Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Joseph Napier, Bart.

his great knowledge of his profession, his cautious sagacity, and uniform yet studied politeness; Mr. Hatchel, a master of tact, displayed great experience as a common-law lawyer, with first-rate talents for cross-examination; Mr. Fitzgibbon, always perfectly profound, but slow and totally devoid of humor. As a learned friend once said, "It would take a cider-press to squeeze a joke out of him." Mr. Whiteside excelled them all. His manner was perfectly dramatic, and every art and effort that his abilities enabled him to use was enlisted in the cause of his client. Watch him! He pounces, like a falcon upon a pigeon, on some weak point in the case of his adversary. How terrible is his denunciation of the conduct pursued towards his deeply-injured client! Listen to the impassioned tones in which he pleads for justice against the wrong-doer, and you hear eloquence — true, genuine, fervid eloquence. It is not confined to mere words, though these are of the best, and plenty of them. No; his looks, his actions, his attitudes are all in harmony. He is convulsing the Court with laughter by his comic description of some part of the case of his opponent; and the expression of his face, the animation of his look, the shake of his head, are perfectly irresistible. You cannot choose but laugh. Lo! at a wave of the harlequin's wand he becomes pathetic; his voice is suddenly changed — the mirth vanishes, the laughter dies away, the orator's deep voice comes forth in mournful accents. His plaintiff tones awake an echo in your soul, and a tear moistens the eye and a sob falls on the ear. This is true eloquence — the spell that moves men's souls — and no one, I am persuaded, who ever heard Mr. Whiteside and was not prejudiced, could withhold from him the orator's crown. Truly indeed has it been remarked, "He has not the poetical imagery of Curran, his gorgeous drapery of thought, his blue and purple trappings glittering round the limbs of his fierce and fiery Pegasus, the deep Irish feeling, the Ossian-like wildness of his Celtic imagination; he has not the classical and philosophical language of Burke; he has not the vivid phraseology and sparkling wit of Sheridan, the glowing eloquence of Canning, the electrical flashes of Shiel, or the depth, breadth, and intellectual height of O'Connell; but he has splendid talents of his own, and a style of speaking that at once commands attention, because it is forcible, impressive, and well sustained throughout."

It can cause no surprise that talents such as these were soon recognized, and brought their possessor fame and fortune. Mr. Whiteside was in great request as Special Counsel, and his social qualities made him a favorite at the Bar mess when he was with us on the Munster Circuit.

Mr. Whiteside was a native of the county of Wicklow, born in Delgany, where his father was rector, on the thirteenth of August, 1806. Having been a most diligent law student, he was called to the Bar in 1830, and received the silk gown of Queen's Counsel in 1842. Perhaps his greatest legal oration was for the traversers, during the O'Connell State trials in 1843, though his speeches in defence of Smith O'Brien and in the Yelverton case were also very remarkable. In 1851 he was elected member of Parliament for Enniskillen, and soon was a distinguished supporter of Conservative politics in the House of Commons. When Lord Derby became Prime Minister in 1852, the two brothers-in-law — Napier and Whiteside — were Attorney and Solicitor-Generals. When Lord Derby again became Premier, in 1858, Whiteside was Attorney-General, and in 1859 was returned for the Dublin University as colleague to Mr. Lefroy. He continued a very leading member of the House of Commons until 1866, when he was appointed Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, Ire-

land, on the resignation of Chief-Justice Lefroy.

He continued to preside on the Bench for ten years. He died in Brighton, whither he went for change of air, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1876.*

The Cork Local Bar.

Beside, and in addition to, the barristers who usually went round the Munster Circuit, in my time, there were some others who formed a Cork Local Bar. These consisted chiefly of Mr. Forsayeth, the Recorder, Mr. Joseph Scannell, and Mr. Frank Walsh, Professor of Law in the Queen's College. Mr. Forsayeth was the chief in position and practice. Called in 1824, he looked the wise and erudite lawyer. He discharged with great ability the duties of the Recorder's Court of Cork, and not only hailed with pleasure the preparation of my "History of the Munster Circuit," but kindly went to much trouble in seeking for materials for its construction. He always was well prepared in Court. His questions to witnesses seldom gave rise to objections or discussions. He was master of the law when any question of law came to be argued, and as justly popular with Bench and Bar as with his fellow-citizens. Mr. Forsayeth continued to discharge the duties of Recorder until the close of the year 1877, when he died; but, mindful of the want of a law library for the use of practitioners, he made the following bequest:

"I give my law-books, at No. 8 Morrison Quay, to Philip William Bass, James Lane, Sylvester Gillman, Thomas Babington, Atwell Hayes Allen, to hold as trustees for the benefit of the members of either branch of the profession who reside in or near Cork, or shall practice there as barristers or solicitors, subject to such rules as to admission as the trustees think proper."

This valuable donation comprised over 1,500 volumes of moder ntext-books and reports. The Mayor of Cork for 1878, an eminent solicitor, William Virling Gregg, convened a meeting of the solicitors of the County and City of Cork, which was held in the Solicitor's Room, in the Courthouse of Cork, when a scheme was brought forward, which, with the approval of the Munster Bar, was to carry out the late Recorder's legacy.

Mr. Joseph Scannall, another of the Cork local Bar, was a gentleman of considerable ability, but not a very profound lawyer. He had no pretensions to eloquence or legal arguments, but was always prepared for his work. He was careful, accurate, and modest, and fought his cases in a very business way.

Frank Walsh, the most popular member of the Cork Local Bar, was an exceedingly able man. Our acquaintance began in our student days, when we dined together at the King's Inns, in Henrietta Street, and the flow of jest, anecdote, song and speech which delighted his fellow-students, drew around his hospitable board in Cork a large circle of friends. He was son of a medical practitioner in Cork, and, in remote times, his ancestors filled judicial offices in the Province of Munster.

Possibly a desire to reach the position of this learned Judge induced young Frank Walsh to become a member of the Irish Bar. In his school-days Cork possessed a treasure in the shape of a school-master — the learned and accomplished Martin John Farrell. At his seminary most of the Catholic youth of the city and county obtained the priceless blessing of a good education, and one of the most gifted of the many gifted natures of the beautiful city attending this school was Francis Andrew Walsh. Those who shared the lesson with him remember with pride his poetic effusions, which soon gained him the title of Poet-Laureate of the school, and the composition of some

* I contributed a memoir of the Lord Chief Justice to the *Law Magazine and Review* for May, 1877.

poem of more than ordinary excellence was sure to be preferred as a claim (usually allowed) for a holiday.

In the literary societies of Cork the young law-student sharpened his intellect, and found the use of his tongue. I cannot overrate his talents as a speaker. No one excelled him in versatility or in ability. Whatever the subject demanded, be it grave or gay, lively or severe, he was ready — his vocal armory had a supply of weapons suited for the purpose of attack or defence, and his language was quite adapted to the case. If an adversary was to be laughed out of court, Frank Walsh poured forth playful criticism, light raillery, sparkling wit; was the case one demanding serious argument, he was calm, self-possessed and dignified; was the occasion one needing the heart to be stirred, he was energetic, nay, was passionate in his tones.

It was my happiness for many circuits to have lived on intimate terms with him, when his genial nature and manly virtues made every one his friend. He was called to the Bar in 1836. He settled in Cork, and his professional talents soon gained him full employment. In the local courts throughout the various sessions' towns in both ridings, the Recorder's Court and the Spring and Summer Assizes found him in large and lucrative practice. That such an ornament to the Bar should confine himself to a Province when he could have had the kingdom for his client, was often a source of regret to his friends, and judges going the Munster Circuit for the first time, having no previous acquaintance with Mr. Walsh's ability, were always taken by surprise.

Baron Richards told me his experience in these words: "I well remember the impression Mr. Walsh made on my mind when I heard him first. I was trying a mercantile case of great importance in Cork; there was a very able Bar at both sides. Mr. Walsh was junior for the plaintiff, but did not do much, except examine some witnesses. The case for the defendant closed earlier than was anticipated, for both the plaintiff's senior counsel were absent, and one of them was to have replied for the plaintiff. Mr. Walsh modestly asked me to postpone the case until one of the seniors could be procured, and I was disposed to yield, knowing the difficulty of a junior under such circumstances, especially with a very serious case; but the Assizes had already been much protracted; jurors were impatient at being kept from their business, and the defendant's counsel insisted on Mr. Walsh going on. They knew him better than I did, and rather laughed at the notion of his modesty. He had not uttered two sentences before I felt relieved. Mr. Walsh was perfect master of the case. He had law and facts at his fingers' ends, both were placed before the jury in the most lucid order, and his speech was replete with a beauty of expression and power of language I never heard surpassed. He got a verdict, and many a time have I had the pleasure of hearing him afterwards."

His house in Marlborough Street, Cork, was the resort of the members of the Munster Circuit who enjoyed his agreeable society. Here I have met Mr. (now Lord Justice) Deasy, James O'Hea, and his talented brother, John, one of the best magistrates and jurors in Ireland, Michael Barry, Quintin Kennedy, Denny Leonard, John Bennett, and Father Mat Hugan, who enlivened our excellent fare with wit and humor. Music also we had. Mr. David A. Nagle, Mrs. Walsh's son by her first husband, then a youth, was a most accomplished pianist, and John O'Donavan a splendid performer.

When the Queen's College of Cork was forming its staff, Frank Walsh became the Professor of Law, and his ability was soon recognized. He continued to give the students the benefit of his talents, and his clients his professional aid, until the Spring Assizes

of 1852, when he became seriously unwell. His excellent wife attended him, and the ablest physicians were unremitting in their efforts to restore him to those who loved him, but in vain. He died in August, 1852, widely and deservedly lamented.

To be Continued.

A BRAVE DEED REWARDED.

Every year, on the occasion of the National Fetes, the Belgian Government makes a public distribution of rewards to persons who have performed remarkable acts of courage in good causes. Among those who were rewarded this year was a little boy of nine. Genin, — that was his name, — while playing in a field, saw a little girl fall into the Roman. Without knowing who the child was, he plunged into the river, and after some trouble saved her. She turned out to be his own sister. Not content with having rescued her from death, Genin, like a good-hearted little boy, wanted to shield her from the punishment she had deserved by playing too near the water, contrary to her parents' orders. So he took the blame of her disobedience on himself, and received a beating from his father. The little girl, however, could not bear to see him suffer in this way, and afterwards told the whole truth, which was corroborated by the evidence of an eye-witness. The facts then became public, and young Genin was summoned to Brussels to receive a national recompense. He was of course loudly cheered as he stepped up to the platform, and M. Rolin Jacquemyns, the Home Minister, in pinning a medal to his breast, called him a little hero.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Father Michael Mueller, in his work on the "Sacrifice of the Mass," narrates a very pathetic incident that occurred on board a vessel which sailed from Ireland a few years ago. The emigrant ship was full of passengers, and set sail with a favorable wind; the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly. But suddenly the heavens grew dark. A fierce storm arose; the winds howled around the vessel, which was hurried on, on, till it was dashed against the rocks. The wild surging waves rolled over and split it in two; part remained suspended among the rocks, and the rest sank with those on board beneath the waves, far down into the depths of the sea. The storm continued to rage for several days. At last, when the wind had subsided, some hardy fishermen, who lived on the coast, rowed in a skiff to the wreck. They entered the remnant of the vessel still suspended between the rocks. They opened the cabin door. They heard distinctly the wailing of a child, and rushing in they found a little baby lying upon the breast of its dead mother. The child was sucking the blood which oozed from a large wound in the mother's breast. She had died of cold and hunger, but amidst her fearful sufferings she did not forget her child. She took a sharp knife, and with the wonderful love of a mother's heart, made a deep gash in her breast, in order that her child's life might be preserved by drinking her own heart's blood.

The director of the Ring Theatre in Vienna has been sentenced to four months imprisonment, and two other officials to four and eight months' imprisonment each, for contributory negligence resulting in the burning of that theatre. They will also be compelled to pay 6,087 florins to the sufferers by the fire. The punishment is little enough, but it ought to give a hint to our tribunals which invariably return a verdict of nobody to blame in such disasters.

Don't try to get along with less than eight or nine hours sleep.

Don't sleep in a draught.

LAST MOMENTS OF TWO ENGLISH HISTORIANS.

Venerable Bede and Lord Macaulay, among writers of English History, stand out with peculiar distinctness. The former was the father of the history of our native land; the latter threw into his history fascination and a charm as to beat out and out the most fashionable novel of the day. Famous though both these writers be, it is impossible to read the closing scene of their life on earth without experiencing, in the case of St. Bede, an enthusiastic glow of fervor, and in that of Macaulay, a deep, indescribable sadness.

The gift of holy faith crowned all the other gifts nature had bestowed on St. Bede. Not a barren belief, indeed, was his; but a faith lit up by the purest and warmest rays of divine charity. St. Bede loved God, and he loved his neighbor for God's sake. His heart responded to the love of Jesus Christ, and the contemplation of the love of his Saviour, as manifested in our redemption, mastered him, ruled him, influenced him, and was the motive, the end and aim of all the actions of his life. To find in his writings, therefore, a Christian spirit, to drink in along with his knowledge the sweet breath of Christian love that breathes in every page, is looked upon as a matter of course. St. Bede is a saint, and hence we are not surprised to find his writings redolent with the fragrance of sanctity. St. Bede was the child of Holy Church, and having learned from that Divine Mother how to live, he learned from her likewise how to die. To the last of the long years he passed on earth, he retained the buoyant spirit, the glad heart of Christian youth. And, as his eighty years seemed but a day of perpetual Spring, sunny, bright and fresh, so his departure from this world resembled nothing so much as the gorgeous setting of an autumnal sun. Whether we read of the saint's life or of his death, we experience delight and pleasure.

How different in every respect was the modern English historian! It was Lord Macaulay's misfortune to be born and bred a Protestant, and both in life and death, he is a fair sample of what Protestantism produces. No Catholic can read his biography without a painful consciousness of the absence of that divine fire Jesus Christ brought on earth. If it ever touched his heart, he kept the secret admirably. We do not think that the tiniest ray of supernatural love can be discovered in any of his recorded writings or sayings. This absence of the heavenly flame, can be accounted for only on the ground of his religious persuasion, for otherwise, his natural disposition was very attractive. He had a warm, unselfish heart; he loved to do a good turn, and never forgot one done to himself; he was devoted to his family. In the last respect, he displayed a tenderness of affection that could hardly be surpassed, and reading his life, in spite of ourselves, we are drawn to love him for the love he bore his sister. Animated by lofty aspirations, spurred on by an honorable ambition, nevertheless, throughout a brilliant career and a most splendid success, the bright star that drew him on seems ever to have been to provide for, and render those happy, who held the dearest place in his heart. But, if Macaulay believed that the Son of God loved him, as we Catholics believe; if he believed that the Son of God took upon Him our nature in order to become his friend; had he realized that for his sake and out of pure love to him the Son of God lived a life of sorrow and died a death of shame; then, surely we should hear from his lips, we should see traced by his pen, the sweet

name of Jesus. Surely, now and then, there would have dropped from his eloquent lips, or from his graceful pen, some little expression of gratitude, some faint sign of love, to disclose to us the secret of his heart. And, as the shades of death began to close around him, there would be seen, peeping out amid the gloom, a hope at least, if not an ardent longing, to see his Lord. Nothing of this sort is discernable from his written life. He foresees the end approaching; he knows that he is about to die; yet he never speaks of Jesus Christ who died for him; he never speaks of heaven; never speaks of the judgement to come; only bewails the parting from his beloved ones on earth; the cutting of the bands which bound him to his kindred; the duty of bearing up manfully; of not showing the white feather: of getting into his "little narrow crib, like a weary factory child." That is all. It seems as though the grave was the end of all things. It seems not to have struck him that there is

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,"

and that the grave takes nothing except the tenement of dust

"As garments by the soul laid by."

Now how can we reconcile this fatal blindness in one of Macaulay's vast intellect and highly developed powers of appreciation of whatever was right and fitting? He was far from being insensible to the good fortune he had made for himself, or the many blessings he enjoyed even as an invalid. In 1852 he writes: "My reason tells me that hardly any man living has so much to be thankful for." Again, in the same year: "I have very little to complain of. I suffer no pain. My mind is unclouded. My temper is not soured. I sleep sound, I eat and drink heartily. Nothing that care and tenderness can do for me is wanting." Once we find him wishing to die and the wish is expressed in words as near an approach to prayer as anything recorded by his biographer; not that he "desired to be with Christ," but in order that he might escape the anguish of weeping over the death of his friends. "'God grant,' he writes, on the first of January, 1858, 'that, if my dear little circle is to be diminished this year by any death, it may be mine! Not that I am weary of life. I am far from insensible to the pleasure of having fame, rank, and this opulence which has come so late.'" In the February of the year of his death, Macaulay expresses the view he took of the supreme moment when the soul returns to Him that made it. He says: "I have thought several times of late that the last scene of the play was approaching. I should wish to act it simply, but with fortitude and gentleness united." He regards everything from an earthly point of view; never once does his mind pass beyond the material form and try to frame a notion of what will be found in the world of spirit. Nay, that thoroughly materialistic theory, the outcome of Protestantism, which considers the grave, and not the "home eternal in the heavens," as our last resting place and the close of all sorrows as well as of all joys, seems to have satisfied the religious instincts of his highly cultured mind as sufficiently as it does the bulk of uneducated Englishmen. "I feel as if I were dying of old age," he wrote, only nine days before his death, "I am perfectly ready, and shall never be readier. A month more, of such days as I have been passing of late, would make me impatient to get to my little narrow crib, like a weary factory child." And six days later, he gave utterance to a thought which almost implies a doubt about there being a "hereafter." "The day before yesterday, I had a regular fainting-fit, and lay quite insensible. I wish that I had continued to be so; for if death can be no more —" And then Macaulay breaks off, as if himself afraid of stating plainly the hor-

rible doubt and wish that flashed across his mind.

The above then reveals to us the disposition of mind with which a great man and a good one, as far as purely natural virtue confers goodness, regarded the mystery of human existence. To do one's duty, to live uprightly, to achieve a name, to leave behind a work of worth enough to endure, and then to die and be laid in the grave and there all to end; such would seem to be the sum total of all one's duties on earth. Not a thought on the future life. Not an aspiration to the God who made him. Not one act of grateful love to Him Who poured out His life's Blood to redeem him. Nor do we see any other explanation than that this is the outcome of Protestantism. Macaulay was not an unbeliever. He professed to hold the doctrine of the Triune God as taught in the Established Church. He put his trust in his Redeemer. He looked to Jesus Christ for salvation. But he had as much faith in these divine verities as Protestantism can give, and that is, as Cardinal Newman expresses it, just enough to inspire "a decent reverence for the Supreme Being," but not enough to lead one to contemn the things that are seen for the sake of the things that are not seen.

Let it not be supposed that we wish to cast dirt on the memory of this eminent historian. We do not blame him; we blame the "persuasion in which he was brought up." It is assuredly not altogether an impossibility that there was some fault on his side. It is difficult to wholly exonerate from censure a man endowed as Macaulay was with a great mind, a mind trained and enlightened by a liberal education, and who lived a period of fifty-eight years, with exceptional opportunities of studying the Catholic Church, whose grandeur and incomparable history baffled his judgement, captivated his imagination, and forced from him the confession, that that church is unique in the history of the world, and yet, who remained content to risk his immortal interests on the mere chance of being in the right. By the conception he formed of the Catholic Church, as exhibited in his essay on Ranke's history of the Popes, Macaulay, as far as our fallible judgement goes, certainly cuts from under him the last ground of safety, that of invincible ignorance. However, it is not our place to judge any one. It is pleasanter, and much more in harmony with our own wishes, to give him the benefit of the doubt, and to trust, that, notwithstanding appearances, he was innocent of formal sin against the known truth. It is pleasanter to cast the blame on the religion of his birth. He was not responsible for being born a Protestant.

The end, however, is the real proof of the matter. Protestantism failed to teach this great man his duty to his God, failed to teach him to seek for help from heaven, failed to guide him to the feet of his Saviour, there to find solace and help, light and counsel, "in all time of tribulation, in all time of wealth, in the hour of death, in the day of judgement." And so the end came and found him as far as ever from the thought of Jesus Christ. If the life of Lord Macaulay makes our heart sad, what shall we say of his death? It was on the twenty-eighth of December that he breathed his last. A good deed marked the close of his life. That very morning "he mustered strength to dictate a letter addressed to a poor curate, enclosing twenty-five pounds; — after signing which letter he never wrote his name again." Then the cloud fell on him. Troubled by affection of the heart and feeling incapable of serious occupation, he sought relief, as he had often done before, in a novel. Late in the afternoon his nephew found him in the library, "sitting, with his head bent forward on his chest, in a languid and drowsy reverie. The first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* lay un-

heeded before him, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of "Lovel the Widower." When his favorite sister heard the report of his state, she hastened to his house, to learn from the tears of the maids, who ran crying out into the darkness, that all was over. "We found him," writes his biographer, "in the library, seated in his easy chair, and dressed as usual: with his book on the table beside him, still open at the same page. . . He died as he had always wished to die; — without pain; without any formal farewell; preceeding to the grave all whom he loved; and leaving behind him a great and honorable name." We can well understand the grief of his sisters, the void his death made in the hearts of those on whom he had lavished all the wealth of his love, all the fondness of his noble and unselfish nature. We can understand too that they felt a satisfaction in knowing that he had died as he wished to die. But to our eyes the picture of his departure is one of indescribable melancholy. Macaulay's death is not the one we should choose. We could not say, "let our last end be like his."

But from the mournful spectacle of a Protestant death-scene, let us cast our eyes on that of the Father of English History. See the close of venerable Bede's life, whose delight from early boyhood had been in the "law of the Lord." With affections warm, mind clear, zeal unabated, he contemplated the approach of death as the day of his espousal, the commencement of true life, the beginning of real joy. To comprehend all the blessedness of our holy faith, the whole letter of Cuthbert, an eye-witness of St. Bede's end, must be read. Our space permits but a short extract. His brethren wept because he said, "'They should no more see his face in this world.' They rejoiced for that he said, 'It is time that I return to Him who formed me out of nothing: I have lived long; my merciful Judge well foresaw my life for me; the time of my dissolution draws nigh; for I desire to die and to be with Christ.' Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening; and the boy. . . said: 'Dear master there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered, 'Write quickly.' Soon after the boy said, 'The sentence is now written.' He replied, 'It is well, you have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction for me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray, that I may also sit calling upon my Father.' And thus on the pavement of his little cell, singing: 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' when he had named the Holy Ghost, he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom."

Compare this bright picture with the gloomy sadness of a Protestant death-scene; then say what thanks can express the gratitude we owe to our holy Mother Church, who brightens our path through life and gives us the victory in the hour of death.— *N. W. in Catholic Progress.*

Watching One's Self.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a school-master who had an odd way of catching boys. One day he called out to us, 'Boys, I must have close attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to his case.' 'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there's Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he; 'and how did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, and never watched for the boy's again."

DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY.

Of those for whom telegrams are not ordinary pieces of daily business, but only received in special emergencies, there are few who are not a little startled at each brownish envelope that is placed in their hands, and who do not say to themselves, "What bad news is this, I wonder? Which of my friends is dead?" It was in this frame of mind that we opened a telegram which awaited the conclusion of the Devotion of the Three Hours' Agony on Good Friday, April 7, 1882. "Our dear father was taken from us this morning. He expired calmly and peacefully, resigned, and conscious to the last." Thus it was that the news reached us of the death of Denis Florence MacCarthy.

Death, when neither sudden nor unexpected, is, nevertheless, almost always more or less a surprise. Nay, it comes unexpectedly, even when God in his mercy sends beforehand the preparation of a lingering illness. So it was with our gentle poet, yet not so far as to hurry him on his last journey without the help and comfort of that Sacrament to which he and the poet-priest Calderon consecrated so much of their genius. Indeed, in many of its circumstances, his departure from this world was most happy and fortunate — the place, the day, and other circumstances much more important than time or place. Good Friday, the day on which our Saviour died for us all, was, as he was fond of noting, the day on which his mother had died — that "Sarah MacCarthy," whose name is affectionately recorded over the spot in Glasnevin which has received in trust the remains of her tenderly devoted son. It was a happy omen that for him, too, death came on that sacred day, and also that it found him near enough to Glasnevin to allow of his body being borne thither by his friends in an hour or two of a bright April morning, instead of being brought from a distant death-bed, as had been the case with his darling son Florence. Poor Goldsmith's yearnings (which were, alas! to be disappointed) about returning, after all his wanderings, to "die at home at last,"— this other Irish poet felt the same yearning, and it was gratified. He had for some years lived out of Ireland, returning, however, very frequently, to breathe his native air; but six months ago he returned with the intention of leaving Ireland no more. And so he died at home at last, within sight of the holy convent-home of his only surviving daughter. Ethna* had gone before her father — and she who only in his verse was called Ethna, his sweet and saintly wife — and Lillie and Josephine; both mourned most musically in the pages of this Magazine. For him, therefore, as for most of us, death ought rather to be considered a meeting than a parting.

It will often, during the coming months, be our duty, our privilege, and our delight, to use for the preservation of the fame of this true, modest, and refined Irish poet, the opportunities of more than one kind afforded by this periodical, in which, from its first conception, he took the liveliest interest. To its first number, in July, 1873, he sent, under the title of "Recantation," his answer to the frequent remonstrances of his friends, with regard to his excessive devotion to Calderon and Spanish literature.

"No more I'll yield to Calderon's spell,
The Spanish charm shall chain no more;
Fair alien Fancy, fare thee well!
My song reseeks its native shore."

* Another name transferred from his poetry to the prose of life, is represented in Mr. Brendan MacCarthy, "private secretary to Judge O'Hagan, one of the poets oldest and most intimate friends," says the writer of an admirable article in the *Freeman*, of April 10. "The Voyage of St. Brendan" is Mr. MacCarthy's longest poem.

In its second number began a prose tale of considerable length, which he translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero, giving it a name it does not bear in the original — "The Two Muleteers of Mollares." In the December of that by-gone year, we contrived to group together contributions from a little family party of father, son, and daughter, in which competition the youngest certainly bore away the palm. Mr. MacCarthy enriched almost all our subsequent volumes with original poems, such as the sonnets to his friends, Kenelm Digby, and J. T. Gilbert, and with many translations from his favorite Spanish, and two curious hymns from the Irish. Just before his death he spoke of publishing a version of a portion of the poem of the Cid, which will, probably, be found among his manuscripts, which are understood to be numerous and valuable.

Most of our readers will have already perused in the daily and weekly press, more than one account of Mr. MacCarthy's life and writings, such as the articles which have appeared in the *Athenæum*, *Tablet* and *Irishman*, and especially in the *Freeman's Journal* of April 10th, and the *Nation* of April 15th. The last-mentioned journal was particularly bound to honor the poet, for not only was he one of the most gifted of the brilliant band, who originally won for it its historic name, but, even after the early generation of *Nation* writers * had vanished, "Desmond" sent it many a pleasant rhyme. Indeed, his humorous pieces are so abundant that he contemplated, we remember, collecting them in a separate volume. Pathos and pleasantry are often closely allied; "Miss Kilmansegg" sang "The Song of the Shirt;" and, therefore, we need not be surprised at the merriest escapades of the Muse that haunts us with the melancholy, dreamy music of "Summer Longings." If we were confined to one sample of Florence MacCarthy's poetry, our choice would fall upon these exquisite lines.

Knowing what scanty recognition modest merit gets from this noisy prosaic world of ours, one is amazed to find that, before the Month's Mind of our departed poet has come round, the pious task has been vigorously begun, of securing that his country shall hold him in perpetual remembrance. The advertisement pages, both at the beginning and at the end of our present number, will inform our readers what progress has been made in this work, and how they may, themselves, take part in it. The Editor of the *Irish Monthly* will receive the subscriptions of any who may find that mode of transmission convenient.

Nothing more can be said now, but much more must soon be added; for, henceforth, one of the most cherished functions of this Magazine will be to do justice to the memory of the good and amiable and richly-gifted, the pure-minded and true-hearted Denis Florence MacCarthy.— *Irish Monthly.*

A Significant Fact. — Three volumes of the English translation of Cornelius a Lapide's great commentary upon the Holy Scripture are now ready, completing the Gospels of Sts. Matthew and Mark. The translation is by the Rev. T. W. Mossman, B. A., Oxon. Cornelius a Lapide is everywhere considered the Prince of Scripture Commentators, and his work is a perfect mine of research and exegetical learning. What a significant fact — a Protestant minister presenting a new edition of a work on the Holy Scriptures by a Catholic priest, and acknowledging it to be peerless!

* The writer of the obituary in the *Tablet* is mistaken in mentioning Sir Samuel Ferguson in this connection, and also in bracketing Lady Dufferin with Lady "Speranza" Wilde. "The Bell Founder" was not published first, as he says, in 1857, being the opening poem in the exquisite little quarto of "Ballads, Poems and Lyrics," which was the earliest of all.

STAMPING OUT.

GEN. CHAS. G. HALPINE ("Private Miles O'Reilly").

"We must stamp out the fires of this Fenian insurrection as we stamped out the cattle plague, and quench its embers in the blood of the wretches who are its promoters!" — *London Times*, 1866.

(Applicable to the present time.)

AY, stamp away! — can you stamp it out—
This quenchless fire of a Nation's Freedom?
Your feet are broad and your legs are stout,
But stouter far for this you'll need'em.
You have stamped away for six hundred years,
But again and again the Old Cause rallies;
Pikes gleam in the hands of our mountaineers,
And with scythes press on the men from our valleys.
The steel-clad Norman, as he roams,
Is faced by our naked Gallowglasses;
We lost the plains and our pleasant homes,
But we held the hills and passes;
And still the "Beltane" fires at night, —
If not a man were left to feed 'em, —
By widows' hands piled high and bright,
Flashed far the flame of Freedom!

Ay, stamp away! can you stamp it out? —
Or how have your brutal arts been baffled?
You have wielded the power of rope and knout,
Fire, dungeon, sword and scaffold;
But still, as from each martyr's hand
The "Fiery Cross" fell down in fighting,
A thousand sprang to seize the brand,
Our "Beltane" fires relighting; —
And once again through Irish nights,
O'er every dark hill redly streaming,
And numerous as the heavenly lights,
Our rebel fires were gleaming.
And, though again might fail that flame, —
Quenched in the blood of its devoted, —
Fresh chieftains rose, fresh clansmen came,
And again the Old Flag floated.

That fire will burn, that flag will float, —
By Virtue nursed, by Valor tended, —
Till, with one fierce clutch upon your throat,
Your Moloch reign is ended!
It may be now, or it may be then,
That the hour will come we have hoped for ages: —
But, failing and failing, we try again,
And again the conflict rages.
Our hate, though hot, is a patient hate, —
Deadly and patient to catch you tripping, —
And your years are many, your crimes are great,
And the sceptre is from you slipping; —
But, stamp away with your brutal hoof,
While the fires to scorch you are upwards cleaving,
For, with mystic shuttles, the warp and woof
Of your shroud the Fates are weaving!

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

'Twas five o'clock on the morning of July 12, 1691. A heavy fog obscured the rising sun, and passed like a moving curtain along the hills that separated the adverse armies, now preparing for the stern arbitrament of battle. What a chaos of human feeling surged and swayed beneath it! On the one side, the love of home, kindred, and country, and the memories that come of ages of persecution; on the other, that of power, plunder, and confiscation, and the wantonness that exalts vice into virtue, and deifies usurpation. The maintenance of legitimate right, and the establishment of perfect civil and religious liberty, called forth the royal army, and marked its footsteps from the advent of this war to its close. An unnatural usurpation, and the ambition to dominate in matters civil and religious, heralded the other, and its course was marked by cruelty and proscription. Their causes were markedly dissimilar, and of the spirit which impelled them to battle, each army, in its various gradations, was a fair representative.

At early dawn, Ginckle, who induced the battle, was moving his men across the river, and forming them, according to pre-arrangement, on a level ground about a mile to the west of it, leaving still a span of two miles between him and his adversary. This was effected by eight o'clock, but an advance was suspended, owing to the heavy fog that lay over the hills, and rendered the manœuvring of his army in the vicinity of the foe both troublesome and hazardous.

As the line in which it was now drawn up, was that in which it entered the field of Aughrim, and which it preserved through the action, until forced to reform after a series of futile assaults against the Irish right, it is here particularly described, in order to avoid disconnecting repetition hereafter.

Two parallel lines, somewhat over two miles in length, a considerable distance apart, arranged in four divisions, each consisting of a front and rear line, under the command of its respective brigade and regimental commanders, constituted his entire army and array of battle. Beginning at the northern or right flank, and passing to the left, each division, front and rear, stood in the order following:*

First Division, front: — Levison, Winn, Oxford, Langster, Ruvigny, and Villers; rear: — Cunningham, Winn, Lanier, Wolseley, and Byerly. The front line of this division was under the command of Lieutenant-General Scravenmore and Brigadier Villers, and its rear under that of Major-General Ruvigny and Brigadier Levison.

The Second Division, front, presents the regiments of Kirke, Gustavus Hamilton, Herbert, Lord George Hamilton, Foulke, Bellasis, and Brewer; and its rear those of Stuart, Earle, Tiffin, St. John, Lisburn, and Meath; the former commanded by Major-General Mackay and Brigadier Bellasis, and the latter by Major-General Talmash and Brigadier Stuart. †

*The above description of Ginckle's line of battle is taken from a copperplate engraving in Story's Impartial History, second volume to which he refers the reader, with the following remarks: — "It is to be observed that my Lord Portland's horse is not in this order of battle, because they came not up until after it was ordered; however, they had their full share in the action; and Col. Foulke's, which were always to guard the train, but being then convenient for it, and the General resolved to make all the force he could, they had also their part both of honor and service in the action; and though Brigadier Stuart is there set down, it is only as to his post, for he was then at Dublin, ill of wounds received at Athlone." He might also have added that Brewer's remaining force was called up from Mullingar, the safety of which was committed for the time to the militia, and that towards the evening, he was further reinforced by a large body of Enniskilleners.

† See the preceeding note.

The Third Division, front: — La Mellioneire, Du Cambon, Belcastle, Greben, Danish, Danish, Danish; rear: — Nassau, Loyde, Prince of Hesse, Lord Cutts, Danish, Danish, Danish.* It is scarcely necessary to remark that the troops of this division were all foreign, being composed of Danes and Huguenots; the front line under the direction of Major-General Tettau and Brigadier La Mellioneire, and the rear under that of Major-General Count Nassau and the Prince of Hesse — a Brigadier.

The Fourth Division: — Nearly all foreign too, stood in this order; front: — La Forrest, Schested, Donop, Doncour, Monpouillon, and Eppinger; rear: — Schack, Nienhouse, Zulistein, Reedefel, Ginckle, and Eppinger; and the latter under Major-General Holstaple and Brigadier Schack. The whole was under the command of Lieutenant-General Ginckle, now Earl of Athlone, † and the Prince, or Duke, of Wurtemberg.

Of this long array of names, none represented less than a regiment, while many of them stood in front of a brigade. For instance: Ruvigny's place represents two regiments, Cunningham's two, Stuart's three, Wolseley's four, Brigadier Ginckle's two, Eppinger's two; and so on to between sixty and seventy regiments. And taking the lower number, sixty, and averaging the horse and foot at 500 ‡ to a regiment, we deduce a force that cannot, by any legitimate computation, be set down at less than 30,000 men.

Of Ginckle's artillery perhaps no accurate estimate can now be given, — some historians rating it at over thirty pieces, and others as low as twelve; while Story, who was present at the battle, is unaccountably silent on the subject. This, however, is well attested by all: — that at Ballymore, before his battering-train arrived, he had eighteen field-pieces and three mortars; that at Ballyburn he was joined by Wurtemberg and Nassau, with a force of seven or eight thousand men, who from the important positions held by them through the winter, must have had a park of artillery not less than eight pieces. And that the number was further increased after the siege of Athlone by four of the captured guns, which were mounted on carriages and taken to Aughrim. From the beginning to the end of the war he had cannon at will; and this is beyond a doubt: — that while he might have had over forty pieces, he had certainly not under thirty; and with this immense train, and an array of 30,000 men, computed at 23,000 foot and 7,000 horse, he stood between Garbally and Liscappel, awaiting but a favorable moment to advance on his expectant adversary.

It was really a formidable host, and wholly composed of veterans, both officers and men: of Dutch, Danes, and Prussians, who had seen service on many a continental battle-field; of French Huguenots, whose bravery is generally conceded, and whose undying hatred of their own sovereign, rendered that service the most acceptable which was found under his most deadly emenies; of Scotch, whose native hardihood is proverbial; of English veterans, who, while well fed, are not wanting in many of the soldierly qualities; and of Irish Protestants, now well inured to war, and who, if not the most brave, were certainly not the least

* The six Danish regiments of this division stood as indicated — three in front and three in rear — but their regimental leaders are not named on the map.

† Ginckle was honored with this title after the fall of Athlon; but whether it had been already conferred is a matter of little import.

‡ Story estimates the foot regiments to be each 705, the horse 286, and the dragoons 444, irrespective of officers: but many of them were actually double of those numbers; as an instance Eppinger's Royal Regiment of Holland Dragoons was 920; Portland's horse 480; several others exceeded the standard, and all had been fully recruited after the seige of Athlone.

zealous, for to them were chiefly to appertain the lands and livings of the country, which had now, even more than liberty or religion, become the wager of battle. With perfect harmony in his councils; with an army which, for numbers, appointments, and appliances combined, was never equalled in the country since its first invasion; with the prestige of a recent victory, and excited to the highest enthusiasm that promised reward or religious frenzy could inspire; Ginckle now approached that field whereon was to be decided the destiny of three kingdoms, the fate of one of the oldest dynasties of Europe, and the liberty or thralldom of a race coeval with European history.

On the other hand, the scene passing in the Irish camp, while no less inspiring, was highly characteristic of the people and the cause they advocated. 'Twas the dawn of the Sabbath morning, and its advent was solemnized by those religious observances, the preparations for which had been made through the preceding night. And those ceremonies being ended, the troops were drawn out in the same order of battle in which they had, for the last two days, been awaiting the arrival of the enemy. As they stood in their mingled uniforms of red and green, with colors advanced, and their old battle-flag, bearing the emblem of an early civilization, and standing out above the long line of tents that formed the background, they made a most gallant show, which the import of the hour and the associations of the day and place rendered deeply solemn and impressive. In this order they remained through the early hours, the deep calm of determination settled over all; but as the morning advanced the silence was at length disturbed by the stirring notes of preparation. The shrill tones of the trumpet sounded along the hill, and was followed by a long roll of drums, when St. Ruth, equipped in a splendid uniform, and bearing "a snow-white plume in his hat," rode along the lines, and in a few impassioned words impressed on all the significance of his address on the preceeding day, to which the chaplains added their exhortations and appeals, that touched the springs of many a harrowing and many a hallowed memory. The effect was electric. The history of centuries passed before them: the solemn ceremonies they had witnessed: the attested chivalry of their leaders: and the gallant bearing of their general, kindled the fire of heroism in every breast; the silence was broken, acclamations loud and prolonged rent the air, amid which, St. Ruth retiring, took post on the crest of the hill, and, surrounded by his staff, looked eagerly for the enemy through the passing clouds that still intercepted the two armies.

The signs of approaching conflict now multiplied rapidly, and aids were arriving in quick succession to announce the slow but steady advance of the foe. At eight, his right rested on Garbally, and his left on the river of Clantuskar. At nine, his right was at Cahir, and his left beyond the river, still preserving an unbroken front, and tending a little southward. At ten, the Irish pickets, borne back over the last line of intervening hills, were seen descending into the adjacent valley, and falling back on their supports at Urrachree and Aughrim; and at eleven, the clouds rolling away, the midday sun presented the two armies to each other in all the stern magnificence of war! At this sight, a shout of fierce defiance rang out from the opposing hosts, and echoed far over the hills, when a silence more dread and impressive than the clangor of battle settled over both, the English army still moving measuredly forward.

Up to this moment St. Ruth had kept his whole force drawn out along the hill, presenting an imposing front, as an invitation to the enemy; but as Ginckle, still preserving the order

indicated, commenced to descend into the plain, the suspense of the Irish army was at last broken; the word of command passed along the line, and all were at once in motion. Then succeeded the rolling tramp of squadron after squadron of the cavalry, hastening to their allotted stations, the matrosses wheeling their guns into position, and the leaden step of the infantry, moving down the hill and forming in their advanced trenches along its base.

The English army continued to move on until within a quarter of a mile of the morass, when it halted, while Ginckle, who accompained his left wing, advanced to a steep hill over against the Irish right at Urrachree, which enabled him to make a still closer reconnoissance than he had made on the evening of the 10th. St. Ruth, at the same time, took his stand on the ridge of Kilcommodon, above his centre, whence he had a complete view of the entire English army; and thus, for some time, each general stood scrutinizing the ranks and disposition of the other.

'Twas as St. Ruth expected. The weight of Ginckle's army lay towards Urrachree, and he expressed much satisfaction that he had anticipated this movement, and had made a corresponding disposition to meet it; for the heaviest division of his army also rested on that side, which he now saw was Ginckle's objective.

This pause was of short duration. It was now on to twelve o'clock, and Ginckle, seeing the absolute necessity of possessing the Pass of Urrachree, before he could bring the weight of his left infantry against the Irish main line in that quarter, directed his first movement accordingly.

Two rivulets, coming from different directions on the extreme right of the Irish army, crossed the road in front of Urrachree, and rendered the pass at that point more difficult than the ground in front and rear of it. Between these streams a small cavalry outpost had been stationed by St. Ruth, rather with a view to invite than repel the enemy, and against this point Ginckle now directed a company of Danish dragoons, with orders to gain the pass and hold it until reinforced by the infantry advancing from the main line for that purpose. Apprehending no resistance from the few troops stationed there, the Danish horse soon cleared the distance between them, and quickening their pace to a gallop, advanced at the charge, until within a few rods, when, seeing the Irish still maintain their position, they suddenly halted; when the former, taking advantage of their indecision, sounded the charge, and advanced on them at a full gallop. The Danes did not await the shock, but, breaking in disorder, retreated off the field, notwithstanding the efforts of their captain to rally them, and returned to the rear of their infantry. *

Ginckle was deeply mortified at the unsoldier-like conduct of his Danish horse, and in order to remedy the mischief created by it, in the presence of his troops, Sir Albert Cunningham's dragoons, who entered on the right of his line, were now called up to his left, and 200 of them were ordered to advance beyond the stream, and, clearing the ground of all minor detachments in their way, to take post behind some hedges beyond it, make a lodgement there, and await the support of the infantry. Those troops were reckoned the best dragoons of the British service, and as they rode across the intervening slope of tillage, with swords drawn, and their steel caps and cuirasses glancing through the clouds of dust struck from the parched soil over which they passed, the Irish felt that the battle was about to open in reality, and caught its inspiration. As the

* "These men," says Story, "ran away from a less number than themselves, though the officer behaved himself very well." — He might have said less than half their number. The Irish were but seven men; there were sixteen of the Danes.

dragoons neared the pass, where the little outpost stood to receive them, they halted suddenly, wheeled to the left, and took post behind a line of hedges until the front line of infantry was seen moving across the plain to their support, when they were again put in motion toward the pass. But during the interval, it was found that the Irish outpost had retired to the shelter of a hill in their rear, where, being reinforced by a company of Lord Galway's horse, they wheeled to the front and stood to invite the charge of the enemy. But as the British dragoons advanced across the stream, the Irish again wheeled round and retired, with the intention of drawing them farther from their supports. Deceived by the disparity of their force, or encouraged by this indecisive conduct, the English horse charged on them with great impetuosity. Passing the hill, they were saluted by a well-directed musketry fire, under which they wavered, and, at the same moment, the Irish battery on the right opened on the advancing files of the English infantry. This was instantly answered by the opposing batteries, which had now been brought into position along the whole line, and, to the stirring responses of their artillery, the cavalry on both sides rushed to the encounter. It was deadly and intense; the British bore themselves gallantly, but here, as at the Boyne, they were no match for the Irish horse, and despite the advantage of numbers, they were broken, after a brief but deadly struggle, and borne back over the stream, where many of them were unhorsed and sabred, despite the steel cap and corselet that protected them. The smoke and dust of battle soon cleared away, when it was seen that they had relinquished the fight, and retired as the Danish horse had done, while the Irish cavalry stood leisurely behind the stream to invite another onset.

This discomfiture of his favorite cavalry, by less than half their number, filled Ginckle with deep concern, and had a not less dispiriting effect on the troops that witnessed it. The possession of this point, according to the plan adopted, was of imperative necessity; so, in order to carry out his design, as well as to remove the depressing effect from the minds of his men, he now resolved to throw forward an overwhelming force of cavalry, to clear the ground up to the Irish main line, and make way for the heavy columns of infantry drawn up and ready for the action. For this purpose, the whole of Sir Albert Cunningham's dragoons were massed into charging column, and, led by himself in person, were to be hurled against the Irish squadron at the pass; while Eppinger, with his regiment of Royal Holland dragoons — 920 strong — was to make a flank movement, more to the right, and, by sweeping round the hill, take them in the rear, cut them off from their supports, and lay bare their whole right for the action of his infantry.

St. Ruth, from his position, saw with exultation the gallant conduct of his cavalry, and, anticipating the next movement of Ginckle, now moved down to his right to counteract it. He caused the advanced troops to fall farther back, ordered another squadron to their support, and gave them directions to continue a retiring movement until they should receive the order to charge. He next ordered Lord Galway to hold his horse, stationed behind the house of Urrachree, well in hand, until the enemy, in passing should receive a volley from the musketeers within it, which was to be the signal for a simultaneous charge on both divisions of the assailants. By this arrangement Galway's horse was held completely out of sight until the appointed moment, while the other detachment, which alone seemed to invite the enemy, was not such as to awaken their apprehension.

Both of the English regiments moved briskly across the open tillage field that led down to the stream, and

crossed it without any opposition, the Irish horse retiring according to orders, and forming under the shelter of their main line. After crossing the stream and entering the field beyond it, the assailants separated, Cunningham bearing directly for the opposing cavalry, and Eppinger wheeling by his right, scattering the few infantry pickets in his way up to the house of Urrachree, where he again moved by his left to flank the Irish cavalry, as directed. In passing this point he received the fire of the Irish musketeers, which caused considerable loss, and the smoke from which had scarcely cleared away, when he received the shock of Galway's horse on his right flank, and recoiled in confusion. At the same moment the other detachment closed with Cunningham's dragoons, and the entire forces on both sides were soon mingled in deadly conflict; the English burning to wipe out the disgrace of the previous encounters, and the Irish to maintain the prestige of a name borne unsullied through all the changes of this wasting war.

Along the broad plateau in front of Urrachree, hidden by the enveloping clouds of dust and smoke, excepting at intervals that rendered the flashing of their arms perceptible, this tumultuous mass of men and horses rocked and swayed in all the dread clangor of small-arms and cannon, mingled with the fierce neigh of the war steeds driven headlong to battle. At length some squadrons of the English horse, detaching themselves from the main body, were seen to approach the stream, re-form and again rush to the conflict, while the whole mass, assailants and assailed, rolled steadily on towards the scene of the first encounter. Ginckle beheld this sign with amazement and concern, for he well knew its import. His troops were giving ground, and he immediately advanced the Portland horse —480 men—under the command of General Holstaple, to succor them, while St. Ruth, on his part, threw in the Tyrconnell Guards, under Brigadier James Talbot, to sustain his cavalry, and the conflict was continued with unabated fury on both sides. Other detachments were now successively thrown in from each side, as chance or necessity directed, until what first began in a skirmish between outposts, absorbed nearly the entire cavalry of the adverse wings, and, after a series of rencounters, which lasted for over two hours, the English horse broke and fled in disorder, the Irish horse were recalled from the pursuit, and the same little band that had invited those successive assaults, reined up behind the stream, as fresh and defiant as ever.

Ginckle lost heavily in those attacks. The dragoons of Eppinger and Cunningham were decimated; the Portland Guards suffered "severely in men and horses," and their leader, General Holstaple, with many of his officers, was slain. The loss of the Irish, though beset by twice their number, was insignificant. An infantry picket, stationed behind the hill, was scattered, and had a few men sabred by the dragoons of Eppinger; but Brigadier Talbot, one of the heroes of Limerick, in an encounter with the Portland horse, fell covered with many wounds.* It was now past

*As none of the histories consulted by the writer alludes to the death of Holstaple and Talbot, save in recapitulating the loss on both sides, he deems it necessary to give his authority for placing it so early in the battle, lest his assertion shall be attributed to fancy, which should always be held in abeyance to historic truth. The following lines from Garrick's rambling play, "The Battle of Aughrim," it is hoped, will satisfy the reader. It is necessary to introduce it by stating that there was no general named Hostile in the English army, and that the renowned comedian only adopts it for the sake of euphony: Holstaple being a rough, and rather unpoetic name:—

Lord Portland's horse approached the mortal fight,
With sword in hand to put our troops to flight:—
This Talbot saw, and like a hero bold,
Disdaining life, he scorned to be controlled;
But, as a Mars, amid the throng he run,
And there he stood, like marble to the sun,
Till, being hacked and flanked on every side,
By multitudes oppressed, he bravely died.

two o'clock, and the battle rested as it began, but the prestige of success, and the spirit it infused, remained with the Irish army.

While Ginckle had been pushing forward detachment after detachment of his cavalry towards the Irish right at Urrachree, his own right wing and centre had moved into position along the edge of the marsh, and had brought their artillery to bear on the opposing lines beyond it. Their guns were disposed in six batteries: — two on the esplanade in front of Aughrim; two at the centre; and two against the southern slope of Kilcommodon.* Here, in the order already indicated, the troops stood observing the different changes of the battle raging within their sight; but, as the excitement increased, their order became gradually indistinct, until both lines mingled into one, which stood close up to the marsh, beyond which the Irish stood prepared to receive them. But, up to this time no movement was made by either, beyond the enfilades of their batteries; for the Irish plan was strictly defensive, and the enemy awaited the success of the movement on their left, which was to be the signal for their assault. In this state of expectation the first hour passed and the second, and still no order from the left reached them. The successive repulses of his cavalry had shaken the fortitude of Ginckle, and, desparing of success from a further persistence in his present plan of attack, he drew in his troops, ordered a suspension of hostillities, and called a council of his generals.

To be concluded next month.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. — As one who has known their kindness to his own dear ones, and as speaking also for the thousands and thousands to whom they have brought comfort, I tender them my genuine gratitude. To the wounded soldier, brought in from the battle-field, to the orphan, the fallen, and the forsaken; to the suffering, in hospital and in war, they have come upon angels' feet. Amid the storm and passion of the world; amid the tumults of life; amid, also, those shocks of political upheaval, which all tend toward freedom, which we pass through as we go our way, it is, as we listen, the voice of charity that stills the air and that commands universal peace. And so these Sisters of Charity strike a chord which trembles and responds in all human hearts, and weaves them into one. Where woman, inspired by religious convictions, devoting her whole life to loving deeds of mercy and humanity, enlists herself under the banner of charity, she illustrates and exemplifies the blessed Gospel of the Master, and we, in honoring the Sisters of Charity, are also honoring the whole sex of which they are so great an ornament, and also that whole religion, whatever its branches, of which, God bless them, they are so beautiful an example.— *Gov. Long, of Massachusetts.*

ON May 24, the Englishmen of Boston celebrated the birthday of the Queen of their country by a banquet, at which the health of Minister Lowell was drank, with warm words of praise, and a hope that he "would long continue to represent the United States in England." How sweetly significant.

And again, after the retreat of the English, an Irish officer is made to say:

Aughrim is ours, brave General Hostile's dead,
Who, even now, Lord Portland's horse did head, —
Drove all before him, till a lucky ball,
Shot with good aim from off the castle wall,
Clove up his skull, etc., etc.

Nothing, prehaps, could excuse the introduction of this doggeral, save the name of the author, who lived at a time which enabled him to consult many of the real actors in the battle.

*If the dots on the batteries, as represented in Story's map, indicate the number of guns, there were thirty of them in all; and on his other maps they do indicate them.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

"GEORGE! there's the girl I told you about who flirted with me the other day — the one with the sky-blue neckerchief and swell hat, with white feather nodding over her forehead. Stunner, ain't she?"

Then followed some words in an undertone, ending with a light laugh.

"Good afternoon, Jack; I'm after her."

"No you're not!" and the other seized him roughly by the shoulder. "By Jove! what do you mean? That girl is my *sister*. Just you *dare* to speak lightly ——'

"Whew!" interrupted the first speaker. "Beg pardon, Jack, but you must teach your sister not to flirt with strangers, if you want her spoken of with respect," and he vacated the spot, which had become rather warm for him on the instant.

From our standing place in a doorway on Washington Street we searched among the moving crowd for the girl with "pale blue neckerchief and swell hat." We caught a glimpse of a lovely, vivacious face, with bright, sparkling eyes, the white plume drooping over the rings of dark hair on her forehead, and saw her brother, his face contracted with a frown, join her hastily. Evidently she would not be allowed to wait until she arrived home for the lecture she needed.

The practice of flirting with strangers on the street, in the horse-cars, in restaurants, etc., "just for fun," without the shadow of an introduction, at best under cover of some flimpsy pretext which is at once understood by the opposite party, has grown very prevalent.

Don't do it, girls! You *may* have as much pride of character and self-respect as the most punctilious, well-bred lady who stands upon strict etiquette, but you won't get credit for it.

"But its such fun to lead them on a while, and then make fools of them."

Don't delude yourselves. They don't see the matter from your standpoint. In nine cases out of ten you make yourself ridiculous in their eyes, and pamper their self-conceit, which was too well fed before.

We know innocent, pure-minded girls do such things thoughtlessly — from love of mischief — one leading on another. But if they could hear the sly inuendoes and covert sneers with which their acts were coupled afterward, their slumbering, womanly instinct would be aroused, and they would blush with mortified shame at motives imputed to them.

"Prudery!" some girl exclaims. Very well, if a woman's opinion is nothing, ask that of some of your gentlemen acquaintances. We mean neither "old fogies," as you would call them, nor those scented, mustached exquisites, with three ounces of brains, or thereabouts, and narrow souls inflated with self-esteem, until each considers himself the peer of the noblest. Ask a self-respecting, high-minded *man*, and listen to *his* opinion.

This is the agitation of "Woman's Rights." — *Catholic Columbian*.

PRAYER TO ST. ROCH, SPECIAL PROTECTOR AGAINST EPIDEMICS.—O, great Saint Roch, deliver us, we beseech thee, from the scourges of God. Through thy intercession, preserve our bodies from contagious diseases, and our souls from the contagion of sin. Obtain for us salubrious air; but above all purity of heart. Assist us to make use of health, to bear suffering with patience, and, after thy example, to live in the practice of Penance and charity, that we may one day enjoy the happiness which thou hast merited by thy virtues. Saint Roch, pray for us. Three times.

TO THE LAND LEAGUE.

CENTRAL OFFICE ARCADE BUILDING,
(MAIN STREET),
BUFFALO, N,Y., MAY 27, 1882.

AT no time since the beginning of our good work has the Land League found itself in so critical and trying a position as now. Just when success seemed about to crown its patient and unselfish labors, the dark deed of the assassin was planned to rob Ireland of the benefits of justice, that seemed at last to promise peace. The infamous plot is successful, and Ireland is to be subjected to a new code of misrule, so oppressive that what has gone before seems almost just and generous by comparison. A whole people are to be punished for a crime in which they have neither interest nor sympathy; which everything points out to be the work of that class who will now reap its reward in these new acts of oppression. That England has withdrawn the hand held out in meagre and tardy justice does not discourage nor disappoint us, for she has never taught us to look to her for honor or for good faith. We have but one duty in this trying hour, and it is to meet her renewal of oppression by redoubling our efforts and increasing our generosity to those who look to us from across the seas for aid and comfort. We shall not fail them in their renewed struggle; and in view of the fact that twenty-five thousand evicted tenants are now said to be dependant on the Land League, and that number is increasing, some special effort seems necessary. We, therefore, recommend to every branch in the United States to make an extraordinary effort to meet the emergency; that by October 1, 1882, at the very latest, we may have ready for transmission to the general treasurer a special fund, which should not be less than $250,000. This would be the most eloquent, the most fitting answers we could give to the new tyrannies now being prepared for our unhappy fatherland.

As enemies are busy at work trying to cast discredit upon our noble leaders, we should also give the strongest and most unanimous expression to our undiminished faith and confidence in Parnell, Davitt, Dillon, and Egan. We well know their sacrifices and their labors. We should pledge them anew our support and sympathy, express our firm belief in their good judgement, and in their knowledge of what is best in this critical hour.

Let us all labor to increase our numbers. We have an organization that we may well be proud of, that every Irishman in America can and should join. Let every Land Leaguer bring in his friends, let new branches be formed through the aid and influence of those already established. Above all, let there be union of labor, of zeal, and of sentiment. A good example has been set by large and influential branches in New York city and in Monroe County, N. Y., who heretofore transmitted their moneys direct to Paris, but who now, to further union and avoid confusion, have commenced to transmit through the appointed treasurer for the United States, Rev. Lawrence Walsh of Waterbury, Conn. We trust all other branches will soon follow their wise example.

If we stand united, if every member will show his loyalty, by making individual efforts to increas our numbers and to replenish our treasury, in view of the greatly increased tax upon it, our organization will be invincible, and its beneficent work will keep pace with the tyranny of our hereditary enemy. The people of unhappy Ireland must resist now as never before the power that strives to crush them. The struggle may be

long and bitter, for there must be no compromise; no half measure of justice will suffice. In this hour the spirit grows strong that nothing but the restoration of our lost nationhood can satisfy. Irishmen in the old land, united with those who do not forget their wrongs, though living here in freedom and peace, must boldly and manfully claim the right — not sue for it — to live as freemen — not as serfs — on the soil where God has planted our race.

JAMES MOONEY, President,
JOHN J. HYNES, Secretary,
LAWRENCE WALSH, Treasurer,

Central Council, Irish National Land League of the United States.

There is no Discord.

PATRICK EAGAN, PARIS:

Land League of America expects unity. There must be no break between Parnell, Davitt, Dillon and Egan. Tell Davitt to be in Boston in time for the meeting if possible.

JAS. MOONEY.

Mr. Mooney has just received the following cheering reply to the above despatch:

PARIS, May 31, 1882.

Cable just received. Rumors of division inventions of enemy. Parnell, Dillon, Davitt and self in thorough accord. American friends can rely there will be no surrender on our side.

EGAN.

THE POPE AND IRELAND.

THE Pope recently received an Irish deputation who came to thank His Holiness for raising Archbishop McCabe to the Cardinalate. The deputation consisted of students of the Irish College, the Irish students of the College of the Propagands, a goodly number of Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians, and the Irish residents and families at present staying here or passing through. Cardinal McCabe and six other Cardinals were present. In reply to the address presented by the deputation, and read by Mgr. Kirby, the rector of the Irish College, the Pope said: —

"In creating Archbishop McCabe a Cardinal I have wished not only to reward his numerous great services, but also to give to Ireland a fresh token of the traditional love of the Papacy towards her. Ireland deserves this affection by her unshakable constancy in the Catholic faith and her devotion and attachment to the Holy See. She is at this moment in the throes of a great danger. Endeavors are being made to thrust her into a course which is studded with rocks of danger. I feel confident she will show herself animated with a spirit of sagacity and moderation, and thus render herself more and more worthy of my affection. The Irish bishops have not failed to point out to Catholics the path to follow, and to remind them that the praiseworthy intention of improving the condition of their country must not be separated from the love of justice and the employment of legitimate means. The language of the bishops has already produced salutary effects, which will still further increase if the Irish clergy show themselves docile in seconding the far-seeing intentions of their bishops. His Holiness then, speaking of Cardinal McCabe, said he had been exemplary in his life, wise in his councils to the people, and heart and soul in the exercise of his sacred ministry. I trust that disorder and agitation will cease, and Ireland enjoy once more tranquility, which is so greatly to be desired. Seeking to hasten the arrival of that moment by my prayers, I wish Cardinal McCabe a happy return to Ireland, and beg him to assure my Irish children of my sentiments of affection towards them. His Holiness then blessed all Catholic Ireland."

MR. JAMES R. DREW, Monknewtown, County Meath, Ireland, has voluntarily granted a permanent abatement of 40 per cent. to his tenants in their rents on his property at Balfaddock.

THOMAS MOORE — BORN MAY 28, 1779.

"THERE is not in the wide world" a singer so sweet
As the Bard in whose mem'ry, this evening, we meet;
"Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,"
Ere the love that we bear him "shall fade from the heart."
He has led us through regions more lovely, by far,
Than the "Vale of Avoca," where bright waters are.
We have stood by his side on his green Shamrock land,
And have wandered with him over Iran's gold sand:
And the air was more fragrant in East and in West,
Than the sweet perfumed gales of Arabia the blest.
We have been in the bower "by the calm Bendemeer,"
Which the nightingale's song and the roses made dear;
We recall the fair scene, with a tender regret,
And think — "is the nightingale singing there yet?"
How often, when lingering on the shell-strown strand,
We have watched for the Gheber's burning brand,
And have gazed down the depths of "Oman's green water,"
Where Peris still weep over "Araby's daughter."
O'er the Lake of Cashmere we have felt our boat glide
"In moonlight and music," with him by our side;
And through the "Feast of Roses — Bridal of the Year,"
Oh, "think what a heaven" he made of Cashmere!
But though lovely these scenes, there are others more dear
Than the spice groves of Iran and Vale of Cashmere.
Beside the "soft magic of streamlet or hill,"
He has led us through places "more exquisite still" —
When, leaving the world of fair Nature's expanse,
He has led us, with him, through the field of romance;
For oh! where is the radiance "on Life's dull stream"
Like the light on the pathway of "Love's Young Dream?"
Blue, blue, may the skies be o'er "the calm Bendemeer,"
And the voice of the nightingale sweet to the ear,
But still deeper the blue of the heavens above,
"When we see them reflected from looks that we love."
Oh! well may our hearts keep his memory green
As the pomegranate branches by Yemen's still stream.
For with him we have breathed an incense as sweet
As the cinnamon rod in the fabled street; —
And the songs that he sang, like the nightingales, prove
That the music of life is the voice of love.
And now, in the fairest spring-time of the year,
With the dawning of Summer's bright beauty so near, —
When the song-birds are weaving their nests in the glade,
And the soft twilight mingles with evening's sweet shade, —
We pause at this day, which we mark by his name,
Like pilgrims who bow at a temple of fame,
To show him the love that we bear to him yet,
"For the heart that loves truly can never forget";
And we lay down our tribute — a smile and a tear —
As fondly we murmur, we "wish he were here."

HARRIET T. F. BURNSIDE, *in Boston Daily Advertiser.*

BAD PAPERS FOR BOYS.

PARENTS have often been warned of the harm done by letting their children read story papers, but the warnings have gone in at one ear and out at the other.

One father, among many, bitterly regrets to-day that he did not keep such reading out of the hands of his boy. He is Col. McDonald, of Jacksonville, in Florida. His son is in prison, arrested for highway robbery, assault with intent to kill, burglary, and other crimes.

This lad, Donald A. McDonald, with a companion, named J. W. Fowler, have for some time back been devouring dime novels, boys' weeklies, biographies of footpads, and other demoralizing publications. They admired the daring deeds of the fictitious scouts, pirates, detectives, outlaws, and other characters, who were the heroes of the stories, and they determined to imitate their achievements. Accordingly, they began their career of villainy. They broke into a jewelry store at Green Cove; waylaid a Mr. Prevatt and took his watch from him; attempted to rob a Mr. Brown, in East Jacksonville, and when he fled from them, shot at him several times; plundered the store of a Mr. Joseph Goff; and, on the night of May 7, broke into the post-office at Jacksonville, ransacked the premises, opened all the letters, pocketed the money and stamps they found, and decamped.

The police got a clue of their identity, and worked a web of circumstantial evidence around them. Finally they captured young Fowler. Then they informed Col. McDonald of their suspicions of the complicity of his son. He sent for the youth, who, when informed of Fowler's arrest and of the evidence against himself, confessed his guilt. The horrified father's heart nearly broke: A lawyer himself, he caught sight of the magnitude of his son's offences; a parent, he was appalled at the dreadful fate in store for his child; a citizen, he could not become an accomplice to the boy's brigandage, nor connive at his escape from the clutches of the law. He therefore turned Donald over to the officers. "While the natural feelings of a parent," said he, "would have prompted me to shield and protect my offspring under all circumstances, and while I might have done so had his crime been single or of less import, I felt in this case that my son, a dangerous character, had no right to be turned loose upon the community, and I therefore delivered him to the officers of the law. But now," he continued, turning to Mr. John T. Walker, "after performing the act of a law-abiding citizen, I shall perform the duty of a parent, and I entrust the case to your hands to do what you think best."

A priest in Florida sends us the details of this melancholy affair. Its moral is short — keep bad books and papers from the hands of children! *Catholic Mirror.*

THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION.— Phœnix Park, Dublin, is the largest public park in Ireland, and nearly three times as large as the Central Park. It is on the Liffey River, and within its boundaries are the viceregal lodge of the Lord Lieutenant and the lodges of the Chief Secretary and Under-Secretary. All official business is transacted at the castle in the city, but the receptions and balls are generally at the lodge. The park is full of walks and drives, lined with bushes and trees, where men could easily conceal themselves and easily escape pursuit. There are large open lawns, one of them called the "Fifteen Acres," where the Land League has been holding meetings every Sunday.

A SENSIBLE IDEA.

The letter of Mr. Patrick Egan, the patriotic Treasurer of the Land League, on the impropriety of offering any rewards in the name of the Irish people, or out of Land League funds, for the discovery of the murderers of Cavendish and Burke, has met with general approval on this side of the water. It is recognized to be the proper and exclusive business of the British Government to catch and convict those parties, at their own expense; and the offers of enormous sums of money for information of this nature, only holds out the temptation to needy or mecenary scoundrels to swear away the lives of innocent men. That villians bad enough to do so are easily to be found, is shown by the fellow in England who, promptly on the publication of the reward, swore he was offered a hundred pounds to help to commit the deed; but, when confronted with the parties he accused, broke down, and was proved to be a liar. No one, however, supposes for a moment that it was ever designed, by anybody here, to appropriate a dollar of the Land League funds to such a purpose, or that any Irish Nationalist purposes to look for the murderers anywhere save in their most natural retreat and lurking-place — in the camp and the ranks of the English landlord garrison. The futile and absurd pretence of searching for them that is being carried on by the authorities and police in Ireland, makes it more evident every day that they are not only not anxious to catch the guilty parties, but determined not to do so. And this idea is generally received here, and is beginning to find expression, too. A despatch from Des Moines, Iowa, informs us that on last Wednesday evening, at a meeting held there, a subscription was started, which has since reached $2,300, to be paid for information leading to the arrest of the *Irish landlords* who *hired* the murderers of Cavendish and Burke. This is a sensible idea, and at once places the reward "where it will do the most good," and puts the onus of the bloody deed on the parties by whom, properly, it should be borne. — *Irish-American.*

A Descendant of Bobby Burns. — The poet is to the Scotch people an idol. No language is strong enough wherewith to express their admiration of his works. So far as words go, the Scotch people have done and do all they can in honor of their literary god; but when it comes to a question of spending money on their sentiments, Scotch enthusiasm does not seem to be up to the mark. The Scotch people allowed Burns to spend his time in gauging beer, and even now they allow his nephew to die in a workhouse. Gilbert Burns, the nephew referred to, is 81 years of age, and the Scottish people look on with indifference upon the fact that the nephew of their great poet is an inmate of the Glasgow poorhouse. A Perthshire paper is organizing a movement for the purpose of enabling this poor beggar to live outside the workhouse walls; but the "bawbees" are coming in so slowly that it is feared a long time will elapse before the good intentions of the Perthshire editor are realized. This is really shabby. — *London Universe.*

A Priest from outside the United States writes to us requesting a list of our subscribers that he may call on them to aid a grand bazaar for the benefit of a new cathedral. We shall not expose the charity of our subscribers to any extraordinary demands on them; the letter is dated *St. Peter's Palace*, and all our subscribers are too poor themselves to undertake the support of such high-born mendicants. — *Western Watchman.*

We received a similar application, and respectfully decline the "soft impeachment."

COWARDLY PREACHERS.

THEY actually persuaded a preacher to visit quarantine last week. Ever since the breaking out of small-pox epidemic the Board of Health authorities have endeavored to procure the attendance of Protestant clergymen at the bed-side of their sick and dying. Time and again the ambulance wagon has gone in search of a minister to gratify the request of a dying Protestant; but all to no purpose. Father O'Reilly, of St. Columkill's Church, has baptized nearly twenty converts in the Small-Pox Hospital, and in some cases these patients were led to renounce their errors by the cowardly conduct of their own ministers. In one case the minister admitted that he could do the man no good. Mr. O'Madigan has done everything in his power to succor those committed to his care, and the convalescent Protestants accord him due praise for his prompt efforts to secure them the service, of their own clergy.

Bro. Robert, Bro. Fry, Bro. Ferguson, Bro. Hughy, and the rest of the brethren, make a great fuss about what they are doing for the glory of God. Yes; they are always ready to answer a call to soleminize a marriage or attend a spouting bout; but they are deaf to the cries of the dying at quarantine. We call on Bro. Robert to speak out. We ask him not to fret or fume or pull at his tongue, but to simply answer the question, why he and his brethren allow their co-religionists to die like cattle? In the name of the dead who died at quarantine without comfort or spiritual advice during the past year, we call on these preachers to defend themselves against the charge of acting as hirelings and fleeing from their people when the fever wolf appeared. — *Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

THE Dublin correspondent of the *London Times* tells a strange story. A very singular incident, he says, is stated upon good authority to have occurred on Saturday evening within a few moments after the murders. The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Mr. Justice Barry were walking near the scene, of course unaware of what had occurred, when they were met by a rough-looking, stalwart man, who said, "Michael Morris, the Chief Secretary and Under-Secretary have been murdered; you are the next man spotted." Seeing that the man was not drunk, and supposing him to be a lunatic, they took no notice of the remark and passed on. Soon afterwards they learned that the report of the murder was true. Chief Justice Morris and family have since left for England, and, as the Courts are now sitting, the sudden departure of the learned Judge is regarded as confirmation of the report.

THE Paris *Monde* has received from a correspondent in Brittany the following bits of news, as showing how the promised neutrality of the secular teachers is likely to work. At Quimper a schoolmaster has given his children a song to learn, of which the chorus is :—

Messieurs les charcutiers
Mettez vos tabliers;
Coupez, coupez les curés,
Pour les mettre en petits pâtés.

which may be freely rendered :—

O gentlemen butchers,
Put on your aprons;
Chop up the parish priests,
To put them into patties.

And in Paimboeuf there is a teacher who, not content with the tearing down of the crucifix, is teaching that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is an invention of the Jesuits. The chorus is an adaptation of one that used to be sung against the Jesuits to the tune of the "Marseillaise."

DON'T sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind.

DECORATION DAY.

This most beautiful and pathetic of our national anniversaries has just been celebrated. With hearts brimful of an emotion which was not love alone, nor grief alone, nor patriot pride alone — but a blending of all three — the citizens of our land went forth last Tuesday from homes and business to the silent cities of the dead, to visit and strew with Spring's fairest flowers, the graves of those who gave up their lives that the nation might live. The rites of the day are the outpouring of the nation's gratitude to her dead defenders, and this without a bitter thought to her assailants, nay, rather with pity and admiration for the heroic deeds in a mistaken cause.

Somehow, this commingling of grief and love, of gratitude and forgiveness, draws the nation's heart strongly to God; and hence it comes to pass that this, of all her anniversaries, everywhere takes on a religious aspect. We are, after all, a Christian people.

True, in the great metropolis of the State, we had almost said of the nation, a blatant infidel was chosen for orator of the day — a man whose utterances could but mock the memory of the dead and the fondest hopes of the living. But the well nigh universal thought that the day was desecrated by his association with its observances, shows how fondly we cling to the blessed hope of immortality which consoles the living and beautifies the memory of the dead.

The grave is brightened with foreshowings of the Resurrection Morn. We could not brook the thought that our brave brethren — our dead slain in battle for us — should be as the beasts that perish. We honor our soldier dead, in the days of nature's resurrection. We choose for their graves the flowers that tipify our immortal hopes. We, Catholics, mindful of God's justice, and fain to prove our love as best we can, prayed for the souls of the departed brave, even as Judas Maccabæus did, knowing that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."

Our fellow-Christians, who are not Catholics, satisfied the religious instincts which on this day so powerfully asserts itself, by memorial services in their churches and cemeteries. However else we may differ, we are one in our acknowledgment of God's dominion over the living and dead; and the Godless voice of Ingersoll's dead, cold philosophy, was drowned in the sublime music of the Christian's consoling creed: *Credo in resurrectionem mortuorum.—Catholic Union and Times.*

Mr. Labouchere, the editor of *London Truth*, has done much serviceable work for Ireland, in and out of Parliament. He says the Anglo-Irish landlords have for centuries been the curse of that island. Patriotism is unknown to them. Their one single aim has been to grind money out of their wretched tenants and to spend it in England. They care nothing for the Union, nothing for Ireland, and nothing for England. As the power that they have misused is taken away from them, their cry is: "Pay us, and let us shake the very dust of Ireland from off our feet." All their reports, all their committees, all their commissions, and all their Protection Associations wind up with this cry; and not only do they ask to be paid for giving up that to which they may be entitled, but for being forced to surrender the "right" to rack-rent, to oppress and to treat as serfs the unfortunate persons who have so long been the victims of their sordid greed and disregard of humanity.

THE ENGLISH QUEEN.

The English Queen has gone to Scotland, and there seems to be some probability that the heir apparent and his wife may pay Canada a visit before long; but there is no rumor of any one of the royal family making even a flying visit to Ireland. This is to be regretted, as we believe a visit from the Queen or the future king, would go a long way towards pacifying the discontent in Ireland. Unfortunately, however, the royal family have systematically and persistently neglected and ignored the Island; they have never sought to understand the Irish character or disposition. And yet people wonder that there is so much "disloyalty" in Ireland! How can it be otherwise, when they see so little of royalty? They see England and Scotland monoplize all the time and attention of her Majesty and her family; they feel that although nominally an integral part of the United Kingdom, they might as well be in Timbuctoo for all they see of that to which they are expected to be "truly loyal." Even we in Canada see more of royalty than Ireland; we have the Queen's son-in-law among us, and will shortly have her daughter; and as we have said, we may possibly glory in the sight of the heir apparent and his wife. Now why should Ireland be thus left out in the cold? She has never yet made an attack on the Queen, or any of the royal family. On the only occasions — rare as angel's visits — that her Majesty condescended to visit that Nazareth of the nation, nothing could exceed the hearty welcome with which she was received; and we doubt not she would meet with as hearty a welcome under present circumstances as then. Confidence begets confidence; but the reverse is also, unfortunately, true, and mistrusts invariably begets mistrust. The royal family and the English Government have all along shown that they mistrust the Irish — is it any wonder that the Irish return the compliment? Let the royal family go in and out among the Irish as they go in and out among the English and the Scotch, and they will find that it will do more to conciliate the people and allay discontent than all the troops they can pile into the Island.

THE BOYS WHO DON'T CARE.

"My son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten. You ought to be studying your lesson. You'll get a black mark if you do not study." "I don't care," replied the boy. "'Don't care' will ruin that child," said Mrs. Mason to herself, "I will teach him a lesson he will not forget." When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the house shouting:—"Mother, I want my dinner!" "I don't care," replied the mother. James was puzzled. His mother had never treated him so before. He was silent for awhile: then he spoke again. "Mother, I want something to eat." "I don't care," was the cool reply. "But recess will soon be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get some dinner," urged James. "I don't care." This was too much for the poor boy to endure. He burst into tears. His mother said:—"My son, I want you to feel the folly and the sin of the habit of saying, 'I don't care.' Suppose I really did not care for you, what would you do for dinner, for clothing, for an education? I hope, therefore, you will stop saying, 'I don't care.'" James had never looked on this evil habit in this light before. He promised to do better, and after receiving a piece of pie, he went off to school a wiser if not a better boy."

Hon. John Kelly's lecture in Chickering Hall, New York, in aid of the Nun of Kenmare's charitable work, netted $2,500.

Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast.

SOME SPUNKY BIRDS.

Our cat's name is Tige. It is short for Tigridia. He is spotted and marked liked the elegant Tigridia blossom. We used to call him Nimrod, he was such a "mighty hunter." Neighbors used to borrow him when their ratification meetings grew so noisy as to need a moderator. Sometimes Maria would come over from Mrs. Ems', and ring the bell, and say, "Is Tige at home? There's mice." And Mrs. Allen would say, "Can Tige spend the night with us? We've rats." And the next day they would say, "Much obliged — he's cleaned them all out." But Tige is a changed and humble cat; he is a conquered cat; and conquered by — a pair of old robins! They began a nest in the apple tree in our back yard. Tige smiled, for Tige, in his own way, is very fond of birds,— especially at his breakfast time. He let them get their nest well under way, and then he went for them. He crept up the tree, lay across the nest and waited. The robins came, and our hitherto invincible Tige found his Waterloo. They pecked his eyes, they pecked his nose, they pecked the top of his elegant head. Out of the tree he scrambled and fell, and they swooped down upon him, and with their claws they pulled out great bunches of the handsome fur of his handsome back. He ran for the house, and they followed him to the very threshold. Then they filled the air with their angry opinions. They scolded, defied and threatened, and Tige gave in. Now those robins hop close to our back door, and look saucily into our back windows. They are feeding their fledglings now. Tige sees the dainty morsels of their long, tender necks; and walks away. He has given up the back yard to them, while he goes in and out of the front way, and lies in the parlor, on his scarlet damask cushion — a conquered cat

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Try a sun-bath for rheumatism.

THE REPRESSION BILL.

The *Montreal True Witness* observes that looking closely at the situation in Ireland there is not so much to despair of as was imagined when the Repression Bill was first introduced. It is plain that Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain, the most powerful members of the Ministry, have brought forward this bill more to allay the passions of the more intolerant of their followers, and to give the Lords no excuse for throwing out the Arrears' Bill, than with any real intention of putting its rigorous clauses in force. Promises of serious modifications in its provisions have already been made. The notorious Clifford Lloyd, for instance, will not have anything to do with the operations of the act, and the police will not be allowed to interfere with the erection of huts for the evicted. From the sinster threats held out by Lord Salisbury, it may be assumed he will induce the majority in the Lords to throw out the Arrears' bill, in order to bring on a dissolution. But he may be reckoning without his host in calculating on the success of his party at the polls. It would be a great misfortune for Ireland if the Tories got into power. It would mean civil war or something akin to it, for the system of repression they would enforce would drive the people mad. By the alliance between the Irish and the Liberal party, which Parnell and Gladstone are trying to effect, the Conservatives would have no show in Ireland at the polls, while in England and Scotland the Irish vote would secure Liberal victories in a large number of constituencies. Parnell's conciliatory policy is therefore, better than Dillon's defiant attitude, more especially when defiance must necessarily be confined to words.

Don't try to get cool too quickly after exercising.

Try cranberry for malaria.

MICHAEL HART RELEASED.

CLONMEL, May 14, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC HERALD.

Dear Sir, — I am sure you must feel that I am ungrateful for my long silence in not returning thanks to you for the able and energetic manner in which you have labored for me, in putting my case before Congress while I was a prisoner in her Majesty's Bastile, and obtaining for me my dearest possession, liberty. Indeed to you I owe a debt of gratitude which I will never be able to repay.

Imprisonment, sir, has few disadvantages compared with freedom in the way our steps are being dogged, and our actions pryed into in a degree which no common ticket-of-leave man had ever any knowledge of. But I shall soon see that land where there is "charity for all and malice for none." I shall ever feel grateful for your kindness.

Your obedient servant,

MICHAEL HART.

PETER MCCORRY, ESQ.

THE RELIGIOUS TEST. — At the recent convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union held in Boston, a resolution was adopted "condemnatory of the existing prohibitory clause in the constitution of New Hampshire, which prevents Catholics from holding any office in the State."

A report of the proceedings of the Convention appeared in our issue of May 20, and while satisfied that the Convention had made a mistake in this matter, we refrained from comment until we had satisfied ourselves as to the facts in the case. The obnoxious clause in the Constitution of the State of New Hampshire, known as the religious test clause, was repealed by a narrow majority at the State election on March 13, 1877.

Some of our contemporaries, like the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, have been led into error by the resolution of the Convention, which they will doubtless only be too glad to correct in view of the above facts. New Hampshire has many faults to atone for, but the prohibition of Catholics from holding offices on account of their religion is no longer in existence.— *Catholic Herald, Lawrence, Mass.*

THE ARREARS BILL.— Mr. Gladstone introduced the Arrears Bill in the House of Commons on the 15th of May. In most respects it is identical with Mr. Parnell's bill, introduced nearly a fortnight ago. It was received in dead silence, except by the Irish party, which cheered repeatedly. Mr. Gladstone explained that the bill was limited to tenancies up to £30, Griffith's valuation. The bill is to be administered by the land commission, which will be assisted by a county court judge, before whom the tenant will be obliged to prove inability to pay arrears. Either the landlord or tenant may apply to the commission. The bill only deals with two years' arrears, and requires the tenant to pay one year's arrears from November, 1880, to November, 1881. When that is paid the whole of the remaining arrears will be cancelled. The government will contribute the remaining one year's rent from the residue of the Irish Church surplus fund, the amount of which is estimated to be £1,500,000. There is no reason to believe that the claims on the government's contributions will exceed £2,000,000. The remaining £500,000 will be made up from the consolidated fund. The progress of the bill depends upon the progress of the Repression Bill, which cannot be displaced.

THE Czar of Russia, has conceded to the Curia the exclusive right of the Catholic bishops to the jurisdiction over priests, even if their original appointments have been confirmed by the temporal authorities.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS BURKE.—The police applied, immediately after the burial of Mr. Burke, to be allowed to place a policeman in watch on the grave, fearing that an attempt would be made to remove the coffin. For the past week two policemen guard the grave by night, and one by day. The grave has been visited by thousands of persons, nine out of every ten of whom kneel and pray.—*Dublin Freeman.*

SINCE the Phœnix Park murders, the police in Ireland have arrested about fifty persons, whom they "reasonably suspected" of being the assassins, all of whom they let go after a few hours detention. How different was this from their treatment of the Land League "suspects," whom they *knew* to be guiltless of all offence save true patriotism!—*Irish-American.*

THE murdered Mr. Burke was a member of a Catholic family, being the eldest son of the late Mr. William Burke, of Knocknagur, County Galway, and heir presumptive to his cousin, Sir John Lionel Burke. His mother, Fanny Xaveria Tucker, was a neice of the late Cardinal Wiseman. His father resided at Bruges, and he himself was educated in Belgium and Germany, and was a proficient linguist. When Sir Thomas Reddington was Under-Secretary in Ireland he appointed Mr. Burke his private secretary and nominated him to a junior clerkship in the Castle. Though he belonged to the Liberal party, he strictly and with implicit fidelity carried out the views and directions of the Government of the day, and those with whom he was officially conected had an unbounded respect and esteem for him. He was a man of undoubted courage, both moral and physical, straightforward, of the most sensitive honor, and devoted to his family, for whom he made great sacrifices. He was nearly 53 years of age, and unmarried.

THE murderers of Cavendish and Burke have not been arrested yet. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, says: "This deed is the work of men who rejoiced in coercion and conflict, in hatred and strife, and bloodshed, for it played their game. They did not want the land question, nor the arrears question, nor any other question settled, and the moment they saw a policy of conciliation at hand, they felt it must be stopped by some fearful deed that would render reconciliation impossible."

IN view of the adroit use the enemies (and not a few *soi disant* "friends") of Ireland have been making of the reported "revelations" transmitted to us, during the past two weeks, through the English cable, and from English Government sources, one is strongly tempted to re-echo "Bully" Egan's words, when, being threatened with the loss of the Recordership of Kilmainham, if he refused to vote for the Union, he exclaimed, "Ireland forever!—and be d——— to Kilmainham!" It is, at any rate, the hearty sentiment of every true Irishman.—*Irish-American.*

IT is stated Father Tom Burke, O. P., preaching in Dublin on the efficacy of prayer, made a feeling allusion to the terrible crimes which have recently stained Ireland. He "drew a powerful contrast between the Ireland of the past and the Ireland of the present,—between that time when the soil of this country was trodden by holy men and sainted women, and the present, when it was reddened with the stain of innocent blood. If ever there was a time when the prayers of the nation should be deep and fervent and incessant, it was now, that the vengeance for which that blood cried out to an indignant Providence might be averted."

TRY ginger ale for stomach cramps.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT GOT INTO JOHNNY.

"What has got into Johnny?" asked Grandmother Harding, as she sat down beside the stocking basket.

"Why, what do you notice about him?" asked her daughter, moving to and fro as she picked up the breakfast dishes.

"Oh, I don't know, except that he used to be such a little chatterbox, and now he skeercely answers a body when you speak. Besides, ther's an anxious expression on his face, and he seems reading things in his bread and milk, and gits away from folks. My mind's oneasy."

"He's growing more of a boy, that's the reason; more quiet and thoughtful, I hope. I notice he often has a book in his hand."

"What sort of books?" asked grandma, who could recite whole pages of "Watts' Hymns," and had the old "New England Primer" at her tongue's end, besides being able to place any text in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, only give her time.

"Oh, good enough. I guess the boys lends 'em to him; brings home a stack at a time a' most. You can't be always running after a boy like Johnny. I'm rather glad he likes reading — keeps him out of the way, like."

Grandmother looked dubious.

"Depends on what he reads," she said, and went on with her darning — a pair of Johnny's red stockings out at knee as well as heel. Meantime what had got into Johnny?

The brightest visions that were ever heard or read of. Grottos of pearl, mountains of gold, rocks of crystal, gateways of precious stones, the palaces of Kings, the romance and the glory of adventure. No wonder Johnny was so lost in dreams that he never heard when the baby cried, or his mother called him. No wonder he thought the old farmhouse the meanest, prosiest place; the same things over and over; cows to milk, shoes to brush, wood to split, and school to attend, no matter what the weather was.

Gradually the desire to see these glorious things took possession of Johnny's mind. He stared at the fire longer than ever, and answered granny's questions with a vacant nod. He hardly knew that the baby was crying, when that abused innocent demanded his services, and he upset and broke so much that his life was embittered by the scoldings and whippings he got from day to day.

"I ain't a-going to bear it," muttered Johnny. "I'll go off like Alexander Le Baron, who went away just my age with a bundle on a stick, and came back twenty years after with millions of money, and made everybody he knew rich."

Johnny made up his mind at last, after a great deal of thinking, that he would leave home to seek his fortune. Most of the heroes in his books had started early to see the world; why shouldn't he?

Johnny's books were generally slyly put under his pillow, and were read at night as long as the candle, which he also concealed, would hold out. One of these, "The Bandit's Bride," was a great favorite, as it described caverns where treasures of gold and silver were hidden, and made the bloodthirsty hero a marvel of intelligence, a chief of great ability and an accomplished gentleman. This was the book that led him at last to the determination to seek his fortune. He had a ten dollar gold piece that his uncle had given him, and which he had saved with the laudable desire of purchasing a house some day. He took no one into his confidence, though he did talk the matter over to

his nearest neighbor, a charming, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little body of eight summers, putting himself in the third person.

"What should you think?" he would ask, "of a boy who should travel off, you know, and see awfully grand sights, and go to foreign places, and get rich, and come home and buy up lots of houses, and marry somebody?"

And Bessy Lee, listening entranced, said she thought it would be splendid, and never wearied talking about the fabulous adventurer.

One morning nobody answered to the call of "Johnny! Johnny!" The cocks had done crowing, the cows were waiting to be milked, the baby had kicked his stockings off, and screamed till he was purple in his efforts to waken his lagging brother. There was no response from Johnny. His bed was found untouched, save by the "Bandit's Bride," which he had left on the pillow. The boy's best clothes were gone, and a note on the bureau read as follows:

"Gud by, muther, greny, pa and the Baby. I hav konkluded to go away. When I cum back I shall B growed a Man! and will bring you lots of munny. Kepe a gud heart. I mene to B a grate travellor."

"Yures, Johnny."

His mother sat down and cried as if her heart would break for her pretty, curly-headed boy, but his father threw back his head and laughed.

"The young scoundrel!" he said, "I wish I had known it. A good rope's ending would have set him all right. I didn't think the little fellow had so much grit in him. Now don't you worry, mother; he's got two hundred and seventy miles to walk to the nighest seaport town."

"But he's got ten dollars," sobbed the mother.

"No he ain't. I took that out and put a bogus piece in the box some time ago. I put it in the bank for him. So he'll find out 'fore long that that's no good."

"Oh, Lisha, how could you?" moaned Johnny's mother.

"I know — 'twas kinder mean, but I never thought the lad would want to use it. Now don't you feel bad. Let the young man have the benefit of his experience. It'll do him good. Nobody'll harm him, and he's not goin' to starve on the road. Let him travel. Won't he be glad to git back agin — that's all?"

Two days passed. Johnny's mother cried herself almost blind, but Johnny's father and the baby behaved like stoics. The baby contemplated its toes, when it was not crying, with an air of complacency. Johnny's father — nobody knew what he felt inwardly, but outwardly, he was as calm as a summer lake, and never went further than the end of his own acres to see if the boy was coming back.

"He'll stop at his aunt Sady's," he said to his wife, "and she'll send him home."

He was right. The third day a soiled and bedraggled specimen of boy forlornness came limping along the path that led to the farm-house. His mother saw him first, and, throwing the baby in granny's lap, just flew down the road.

There wasn't much said, but a good deal of hugging and kissing was going on when Johnny's father appeared on the scene.

"Well, sir, what you want to complete the cure is a good flogging," he said in his sternest voice, but his lips trembled, and there was something suspiciously like a tear standing in his eyes.

"Come here, you young rascal!" he called; and while the mother silently dried her eyes with the corner of her apron, he took the boy up and squeezed him a little.

Johnny's head fell on his father's shoulder, and before they got to the house he was fast asleep.

When he awoke on the following morning in his own bed, never had he listened to sweeter music than the old familiar crow. It wasn't the

least trouble to do all his chores. The baby behaved like an angel, and granny was all smiles. Little Bessy came to see him, nobody taunted him about his experience, and he came to the conclusion that home was about as good a place for a ten-year-old youngster as had thus far been invented.

A GOOD WORD FOR ROMPING GIRLS.

Most women have a dread of them. Mothers would rather their little daughters were called anything else than romps. They say to them, "Be very quiet now, my dears; don't run or jump, and be little ladies." As if a healthy child could be still; as if it could take time to walk, or step over what came in its way; as if it could fold its hands in its lap when its little heart is so brimful of tickle. It is absurd and wrong, because it is unnatural. Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; indeed, they must have it, to be kept in a healthy condition. They need it to expand their chests, strengthen their muscles, tone their nerves, develop themselves generally.

And this exercise must be out of doors, too. It is not enough to have calisthenics in the nursery or parlor. They need to be out in the sunshine, out in the wind, out in the grass, out in the woods, out-of-doors somewhere, if it be no bigger than the common or park. Suppose they do tan their pretty faces. Better be brown as a berry, and have the pulse quick and strong, than white as a lily, and complain of cold feet and headache. Suppose they do tear their clothes; suppose they do wear out their shoes; — it don't try a mother's patience and strength half so much to watch and mend, as it does to watch night after night a querulous sick child; and it don't drain a father's pocket-book half as quick to buy shoes as it does to pay doctor's bills.

Indeed, we don't believe there is a prettier picture in all the wide world than that of a little girl balancing herself on the topmost rail of an old zig-zag fence, her bonnet on one arm and a basket of blackberries on the other, her curls streaming out in the wind, or rippling over her flushed cheeks, her apron half torn from her waist, and dangling to her feet, her fingers stained with the berries she had picked, and her lips with those she had eaten. Mother, mother, don't scold that little creature when she comes and puts her basket on the table, and looks ruefully at the rent in the new gingham apron, and at the little bare toes sticking out of the last pair of shoes. Wash off her hot face and soiled hands, and give her a bowl of cool milk and light bread, and when she has eaten her fill and got rested, make her sit down beside you and tell what she has seen off in those meadows and woods.

Her heart will be full of beautiful things — the sound of the wind, the fall of the leaves, the music of the wild birds and the laugh of wild flowers, the rippling of streams and the color of pebbles, the shade of the clouds and the hue of the sunbeams — all those will have woven their spell over her innocent thoughts, and made her a poet in feeling, if not in expression.

No, mothers, don't nurse up your little girls like house-plants. The daughters of this generation are to be the mothers of the next, and if you would have them healthy in body and gentle in temper, free from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; if you would fit them for life — its joys, its cares, and its trials — let them have a good romp every day while they are growing. It is nature's own specific — and, if taken in season, warranted to cure ails of the girl and the woman.

Don't stuff a cold lest you be next obliged to starve a fever.

Don't stand over hot-air registers.

STAR OF THE SEA.

The Author of "Eugenie de Guerin," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"A song of a boat:—
There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wakelike snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow."

Jean Ingelow.

I KNOW not to this day whether the sea brought me most of joy or sorrow. I know not whether other mariners scanned its bright, treacherous countenance with half the devotion with which my pulses were stirred at the sight of its foam-crested waves.

From my infancy I had loved it — it had been my nurse, my play-fellow, my lesson-book, before it became my profession, and I was acquainted with all its variable moods. I laughed with it in its sparkling playfulness, I wept with it in its heaving, sullen grief, and I raged with it in its fury, as if it had been in reality a living creature, loveable in its majestic power.

I was older in years than in wisdom when I built my *first boat*. I know not if in my solitary communings with the mysterious ocean I had imbibed some of the wild unrest of the element I so loved, but I know that I wept bitter tears over that first boat. I loved it. I was proud of it, and yet with the unreasoning waywardness of my mother, the sea, I was dissatisfied with it, impatient of it. My grief when aroused, was like the fury of the ocean, unappeasable, but that day — it was Tuesday — a wonderful calm stole over my soul when gentle hands led me to the feet of Mary, the Star of the Sea, *to leave my boat on her altar*.

"Oh, tender hands, oh, loving heart,
Oh, Friend so often needed,
Thy love hath often done its part
Unthanked, but *not unheeded*.

Yes; my boat was offered to Mary, and tiny as it was, it could easily hold the good deeds of my life, but, truth to say, I loved in my own intolerant fashion Mary, the "Star of the Sea," and henceforth the sight of my boat recalled to me thoughts of *her* purity, *her* peacefulness, *her* humility, *her* charity and serenity, and, to my imaginative mind, my boat established an unbroken bond between a perfect mother and an erring child.

My turn soon came to battle with the element with which familiarity had rendered me perfectly at home. Others had gone to sea, some never returned, some did return rich and successful; some again, world-weary and maimed, but I had no fear of the terrible strength of its dark billows. I stood on the cliff and watched the vessel which bore far away my one earthly friend, and I only longed for the day to come when I myself should be adrift on the broad bosom of the ocean.

CHAPTER II.

"I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home,
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow."

Jean Ingelow.

AND my friend the sea — my mother the sea, my idol — how did she treat me? She bore back that vessel a shattered wreck, and in fury flung its white timbers at my feet, singing a sullen, mocking dirge over the destruction of what so lately had been perfect and beautiful. But Mary, the "Star of the Sea," ever mindful of the needs of her children, in her own maternal love saved its occupant, and gave back to my outstretched arms the friend and protector of my childhood and youth. But not for long, the aged form of my dear old friend, unable to withstand the buffeting of its powerful antagonist, succumbed to its mortal injuries. Day faded into night, and the calm beauty of a May morning filled my senses with joy and sent my heart beating high with hope, but ere the sun sank over the deceitful, smiling face of my beloved, the

priest, had whispered to me that the dread visitant — death — was about to lay his iron grasp on the heart which, of all in the world, only beat for me.

"My friend, if love could feel a loss,
When for the loved the loss is gain,
How could I, think you, bear the cross,
The cross of separation's pain?"

Before the last sad moment had come I endeavored to count up the years of my friend's life, which I then measured with those of my own, and I discovered with disgust that scores of bitter weeks and months might pass wearily over ere I could hope to be vanquished in this wise by my false friend the sea. I was interrupted in my calculations by a summons to the solemn death-bed where the voice which should soon be hushed forever, spoke to me the following words:—

"Jerome, my child, my wayward, desolate boy, when all that remains of me is consigned to the grave, do you take command of the strong ship which is still intact, and follow the course of the waters until you find the rock-bound shore of wreckage where one lone, summer night the angry waves bore you a helpless infant to my feet. There was nothing to tell whence you came, but on the spar to which you were secured were inscribed these words, 'The Star of the Sea.' The spar, with the clothes which wrapped you round, I gave in charge to the monks of that monastery. You shall find them there. Farewell."

"To part without a last farewell,
To meet alone where prayers are blended,
That sweet, sad sorrow they can tell
Whose hopes are dead ere life is ended."

"Can you do more — have you power still left to persecute me for love's sake?" I asked bitterly of the sea, as I sought its cruel comfort in my desolation, and stretched out my arms over its dark, mocking face. Had it depended on me I would have given back to the sea its own, but more practical designs were unfolded, which forced back to the recesses of my heart my own wild desires, and the body of my friend was left to repose in the quiet stillness of the village churchyard.

CHAPTER III.

"I pray you hear my song of a boat
For it is but short:
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat
In river or port.
Long I looked for the lad she bore
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me —
Ah, me!"

Jean Ingelow.

FREE as air, as the wind that whistled through my sails, as the sea-gull that beat his wings high over my head, alone on the pathless ocean, I had emblazoned the name of my vessel, "The Star of the Sea," in brilliant letters on a flag which hung from the mast, and set out to grasp the future which my mother — the sea — might make or mar.

Hardship and hunger, weariness and want, desolation and loneliness, and maddening thirst, I had experience of all, but ever above me shone in serene majesty the same heavens, the footstool of the king, and my ensign, "The Star of the Sea," still hopefully beckoned me on and on, over the wild, turbulent waste. The sun shone with smiting heat, my head burned, my lips dried, my very heart shrank within me, and the fickle mistress of my destiny had almost finished her work when I was boarded by a strange crew, whose captain, an aged, wrinkled veteran of the sea, commanded me to pull down my ensign or pay the penalty of my refusal.

"Death, then, be it," I cried, as with all my remaining strength I clung to the flag-mast, "She is my last hope — 'Mary, the Star of the Sea.'"

The stroke of a hatchet soon did the work, and together we were borne to the stranger's deck, and as a preparation for the next and closing scene, the grim captain sat himself down to tell me a story.

"My friend, should I tell you the story,
Alas, it were vain, all in vain,
In silence alone there is glory,
In loneliness loss is but gain."

With withering, vengeful scorn in his dark face, the captain began:

"I had a home once, fair as the sun ever shone upon, the wild, boisterous fury of the sea but served as gentle lullabies for the accustomed ears of my infant boy and his young mother. They were my all in all. Though I shrank from trusting their precious lives to the fury of the sea, neither of us could brook separation, and when duty summoned me away my wife would also come. 'Call your vessel 'The Star of the Sea,' she said, 'and Mary will guard its freight.' I laughed fondly, but unbelievingly, for there was nothing in heaven or on earth as dear to me as my wife and child, but to please her I did it, and now mark the result. The sea rose up in fury against us, the elements raged in concert, they compassed the destruction of all I held precious, and now you have come with your mocking ensign to finish the work."

"I have come to bring you the joy and consolation sent by 'Mary, the Star of the Sea,'" I cried; "I am your son. I have been seeking you over the wild, desolate waters, directed by Mary, the mariner's guide."

. . . . . .

I have given up the sea as a profession, and I now find the peace and rest, to which I was so long a stranger, within the walls where my father breathed his last, and where in a life consecrated to God I can look upon the wide ocean, which is but as a drop compared to the infinite ocean of God's mercy, so remarkably shown in the life of Brother Stella, of the sea-bound monastery of wreckage.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A LADY in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Down town, to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying: "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way."

"Yes; but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

MR. PARNELL AND THE FENIANS.—Mr. Parnell, M. P., has addressed to the *France*, published in Paris, a letter, making a somewhat important correction of its report of a recent interview between himself and the correspondent of that journal on the subject of the Dublin assassinations. Instead of expressing the opinion that one of the more extreme branches of the Fenian body had organized and executed the crime, Mr. Parnell writes that, being asked whether he attributed the crime to the Fenians, he said, "No; I am sure that the crime was neither organized nor executed by the Fenians nor by any of their branches, but by assassins who may, I think, be members of some association much more extreme. I thought it was commonly known that the Fenians do not approve of assassination." Mr. Parnell adds that the above was the answer he gave, and it expresses his opinion.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

NOTHING TO DO.— Many mothers, accustomed to hard work themselves, allow their daughters to grow up in comparative idleness. These unfortunate girls, with no special purpose before them, are in danger of learning only how to dress, to play the piano, possibly to cook a dinner — although that is not very common — but with no more idea that they are important factors in the great plan of humanity than if they were not human beings at all. If they ever do any work in the world through necessity, it is likely to be inefficient and unsystematic work; or, if they do achieve anything really good, it is done with the pain and difficulty which those must suffer who work without proper discipline or knowledge. They are not contented and happy, for they have nothing to do with the time, which often hangs heavily upon their hands. All girls should be occupied; if housework is distasteful, let them learn some trade. Useful work has a marked effect on character; and it will be a great stride toward that earthly millennium, for which some cherish vague hopes, when every woman, as well as every man, shall enter mature life, prepared by a training in useful work, to feel that she is one member of a great human family mutually dependent, and yet with an individual independence — where each has a part to do.

HINTS FOR WARM WEATHER — "The daily bath on rising to be repeated with warm water on going to bed, if the heat of the nights be so great as to prevent sleep — many a time, after hours of restlessness, has sleep followed quickly upon a warm bath; to wear the lightest of gauze-merino underwear for the body and linen or cotton for the legs, and outside stuffs, light in weight and color and loose-woven; to live upon a simple diet, bread and butter, milk, sound ripe fruit, vegetables, meat sparingly, and non-stimulating drinks taken slowly. I find no harm, for those who like them, in the light beers, or claret and water at dinner. Above all, it is important to take life easily, to make haste slowly, to keep the body tranquil and the mind serene. We ought to rise with the dawn and to have done all that is possible of the day's work before the sun is high. An hour's light half-slumber in a darkened room at mid-day tends to keep the internal temperature down. In a word, the life in the tropics is to be imitated. Excitement, hurry, the direct rays of the high sun, strong drinks, much meat and tiffin are to be eschewed. It is only for a season; frosty mornings and sharp east winds will soon make these things bearable again."

A NICE DISH.— A nice dish for supper is made of sweet or Irish potatoes, which have been left from dinner (either baked or boiled). Slice them, but not in very thin slices, lay in a baking tin or pudding dish, and cover each layer with lumps of butter and with pepper and salt. If you like the flavor of pork, put two or three thin slices of salt pork on the top. Bake for half an hour. Raw potatoes may be prepared in the same way, but will require a longer time to bake them. To give an excellent flavor to warmed-over potatoes, take some of the fat that you cut from slices of beefsteak, fry in the pan till you have as much as you need, then take out the scraps and put in the potatoes. This is better than butter

CANNING TOMATOES.— Many people who are quite successful in canning fruits generally, are apt to fail with the tomato. A lady says: "We have ten acres of fruit of all kinds and I take a great deal of pride in canning fruit. I get nearly all the prizes at the fairs. I wish you could just peep into my cellar to see my tomatoes and peaches, some canned last fall and some a year ago, not mentioning my other fruit. I will tell you how I can my tomatoes — both red and yellow. I pick the tomatoes — the smoothest and best shaped — and scald them and skin them very carefully; take the stem out with a pen knife, taking care not to cut the tomato so as to let the juice or seeds run out; then I place them in the cans, some of them with the stem end next to the can, and some with the blossom ends; then I take the juice that has run out of some that I have peeled to cook, having no seeds nor pulp, and add a little salt and pour on my whole tomatoes until nearly full; then place them in a kettle of cold water, and let them cook till I think they are heated through; then I seal them. I use nothing but glass jars, two quart jars — and after the cover has been on about five minutes I take it off so they will settle, letting the gas out; then I fill up with juice and seal again, and my cans are always full to the cover. A great many have not learned this. You have no idea how nice they look through the glass; they show every vein and rib and look as if they were put up raw, and when used they are just as if they had been taken from the vines — and if you don't believe me, try it this summer. I always keep my fruit in the dark, and it don't fade through the glass."

TRY a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

THE HUMORIST.

"ARE you feeling very ill?" asked the physician, "let me see your tongue, please, "It's no use, doctor," replied the patient, "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

A FOP is a man who is ashamed of his sex, and attempts to conceal the fact that he is a man. Concealment in such cases is obtained with but little trouble. It is only necessary to part his hair in the middle.

THE family man resembles an oyster on the half shell. The shell is known at home, the soft side abroad. Some men carry this resemblance in their faces. A great many men have countenances like oysters.

AT the close of dinner at the late Dean of Ely's, a guest happened to remark that six eminent lawyers had died in six months. At that minute the Dean, very deaf, rose and said: "For these and all other mercies God's holy name be praised."

"ELLA, my child," said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece who would curl her hair in ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself." "So he did, auntie, when I was a baby; but he thinks I am big enough now to do it myself."

A YOUNG fellow riding down a steep hill, doubting if the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked if it was hard at the bottom. "Aye," answered the countryman, "It is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you." But in half a dozen steps the horse sank up to the saddle-girths, which made the young gallant whip and spur and get very angry. "You rascal," said he to the ditcher, "did you not tell me that it was hard at the bottom?" "Aye," said the ditcher, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

"MISTER," began a small boy as he entered a Woodward Avenue grocery, "ma, bought some mackerel here last night." "Yes." "And in making change you gave her—" "No, I didn't! I haven't had a quarter with a hole in it for a month!" "But ma says you gave her a—" "Don't believe it—don't believe it! I remember, now; I gave her a half a dollar, a quarter and a nickle." "Ma says you gave her a gold-piece for a penny, and here it is." "Good gracious alive! but so I did—so I did! I remember now that I gave her a dollar bill and a lot of small change. Bub, what's your name, and do you think you can eat three sticks of lemon candy? Ah! it does me good to find honesty and reward it."

THIS amusing story is told at Gov. Boutwell's expense. The governor said, desiring to impress upon the audience the immensity of his experience, "I have been too long in public life," — when, before he could get out another word, some one in the gallery chipped in with, "That's what we all think."

THIS IS A MULE.—He may look amiable, but he isn't. He differs from the condor of the Andes. The condor soars; the mule sours. That speck on the sky yonder is the man who attempted to climb the mule's back by catching hold of his tail. When he comes down he will tell you that the best way to mount a mule is to drop on him from the limb of a tree.

"NOW, Jimmy," said a poor old broken-down burglar to his eldest son, "mind what I'm telling yer. There is nothing like eddication. Look at yer dad. Toiling along all these years—State's prison three terms, my boy—all to give you a set o' tools and a good start in life; poor as when I began, Jimmy. Now, if I had only gone to school and got a bit o' book learning, and a knowledge o' figures, Jimmy, I might to-day have been one of them ere defaulting cashiers. Get an eddication, my boy; there ain't nothing like it."

MEETING at court one day, Rochester, with mock politeness, thus accosted Barrow, the witty divine: "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." To which Barrow rejoined; "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester followed with: "Doctor, I am yours to the centre." The Doctor returned: "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Rochester, scorned to be foiled by a piece of musty divinity, as he termed Barrows, replied: "Doctor, I am yours to the bottomless pit." Whereupon Barrows, turning upon his heel, quietly observed: "There, my lord, I leave you."

"It wasn't that!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders, indignantly. "You see, I didn't say a word at all." "How'd she find out then?" asked one of the party. "Why, I went home, and she asked if it was me. I told her it was. Took the chances on that, you know. Then she asked me if I'd been drinking. I told her no. And there I stopped. Never said another word." "But, you say, she caught on somewhere. How was it?" "Just a blunder I made. When I told her I hadn't drank anything, she was satisfied, but when I come to get to bed I put on my overcoat instead of my nightshirt. That excited suspicion."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

At the present writing the mystery involving the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Under-Secretary Burke is as deep as upon the first evening. The event will be chiefly memorable for the spontaneous outburst of horror which the crime called forth from Ireland, and from Irishmen in all parts of the world. The attempt to fix the murder upon the Land League, or, in fact, upon any patriotic political association of Irishmen met with a dismal failure; but the vigor and persistence with which this charge was repeated, awakened in many breasts grave suspicions that the Anti-Irish party, baffled landlordism, and the interests that would be most materially benefitted by the disruption of the League, were at the bottom of the assassination.

This theory — at first scouted as unjustifiable, for, it was asked, were not both secretaries of the number of the Anti-Irish party — has since grown in probability, and it is safe to say, that, until direct evidence is forthcoming, which will conclusively disprove this hypothesis, it is the theory that must be accepted. Whoever murdered the Irish secretaries sought to stab the fair name of Ireland by the dagger which pierced their hearts. It was the one mean weapon left. The release of the Irish leaders, the triumph of their policy, the admitted impotence of the government to carry out the Land Bill, the powerful sentiment in the civilized world which demanded justice for Ireland, in the name of common humanity,— all these mighty elements of victory betokened the speedy downfall of the most iniquitous system of landlordism which stains the annals of history. If this advance of victory could be checked by a crime which would reveal Ireland as incapable of appreciating the blessings of an enlarged liberty, as more barbarous than the Arab who respects the life of his guest at least whilst under his tent, and as deserving the chain of the felon, and the muzzle of a rabid brute, do our readers, for a moment, think that ruffians desirous of giving her this name of infamy, would shrink from what Guiteau would call "removing" the Irish secretaries? If they do, they know very little about the spirit of the baser set of Irish landlords, whose name is a synonymn for all that is mean, cowardly, treacherous and inhuman in the species which they disgrace.

We should thank Heaven that the assassination, no matter by whom instigated or for what purpose, has proved only a straw in the wave which is carrying Ireland to assured triumph. The suspects are all released. The Repression Bill will prove a most disastrous failure. Providentally it would seem, the very crime has benefited the cause by its calling forth a cry of horror and detestation, the intensity and sincerity of which convinced the most sceptical that Ireland wants neither the dagger of the assassin, nor the torch of the incendiary, to achieve her victory.

Mr. Healy, M. P., has recently uttered some very suggestive thoughts regarding the loss which Ireland has met with in the withdrawing from her, by emigration, a great deal of her brains and muscle. It is a rather painful fact that, with the exception of not more than six, the Irish members in Parliament are men of but ordinary ability, and, what is more deplorable, of little energy. It must be admitted

that the post of leadership has proved one of continual anxiety and mortification to Mr. Parnell; and the unfair and ungenerous statements made concerning him and his immediate colleagues, must have wounded men who are conscious of sacrifices which the vast majority of their supporters really know nothing about. Deserted by men on whom they had a right to rely for support, the chiefs of the Land League have tasted the bitterness of ingratitude and injustice of popular clamor. But we take them to be men whose experience of the shifting will of the masses has convinced them that it is the height of folly to attempt to please everybody. The league has this proud advantage over every scheme ever submitted for the amelioration of Ireland,—it is practical, and its practicability has stood every test. He knows what we want, and how to get it. Simple as this seems, it is, in reality, the crowning glory of any endeavor toward a national object. It lifts the league out of cliques, and above even the most powerful personality. In fact, every member of the league knows as much about its plan of operations, and its definite goal, as Mr. Parnell or Mr. Egan himself.

We are therefore not so deeply concerned as Mr. Healy is about the lack of multitudes of brainy men in the Irish camp. Geniuses as a rule, are unsafe guides; what we want, what Ireland wants, is the union of the whole nation upon a common-sense platform; a thorough resolve to push and to obtain our claims; a little self-sacrifice; less talk, and more work.

THE importance which Pope Leo XIII. attaches to the mission of the Catholic press in our day is so great that we may look soon for a decided expression of His Holiness upon the subject. We should not be surprised if there were not positive orders issued to every bishop to have or to encourage a Catholic journal, no matter how humble, published in the interests of the Church. The Pope, who is a man who sees farther ahead than any philosopher or statesman in Europe, believes that the time is rapidly coming when men will read nothing but newspapers or monthly magazines. Have we not, in America, already reached that point? For one book read, there are a hundred journals or magazines. What the sovereign pontiff desires in particular, is a brief, but true and pointed refutation of errors as they spring up; plain statements of Catholic truth; and a current history of the Church as she exists and energizes to-day. It is all very well to know the history of the Church in the first ages, or in the period of the Reformation. But we venture to say that comparatively few Catholics, who do not take a Catholic paper or magazine, know the history of the Church *in their own day*,—what she is doing in heathen lands, her work in America, in Africa, etc. This history of course cannot be found outside the current Catholic publications. We, as now living members of the Church, are directly and personally interested in her as she is in the year of grace 1882. The wish of the Pope should be a law for good Catholics. We need not say that we have honestly and toilfully endeavored to make our MAGAZINE all that the Pope himself could desire it to be.

ALL statements and conclusions regarding the loss or the gain of the Catholic Church in point of numbers, betray a greater or less degree of ignorance concerning the rate of Catholicity which is essential to the Church of Christ. There is the deepest significance in this title of universality, which is not limited to earth. The most rabid of heretics do not deny that the vast majority of the redeemed in heaven, have professed Christianity as taught by the oldest of Christian denominations,—the Roman Catholic. This was the only form known to the uncounted millions of Christians down to the sixteenth century. This form of Christianity is that professed by admittedly the largest number of Christians to-day. No Protestant denies that salvation is attainable in the Roman Catholic Church, for she holds all the distinctive Christian doctrines which Protestantism holds, and deems simply, if only, necessary to eternal life.

But Protestantism fails to understand that the Catholic Church depends essentially upon supernatural help. She puts

no reliance upon eloquence, human learning, wealth, social standing, or the other aids which, as merely human organisms and business concerns, the Protestant churches must vigorously cultivate. True, the church may use these too, but the most illiterate Catholic will tell you, that everything is in God's hands; that He has His own way of doing things; and that it is of the very nature of His church to be in continual difficulty and conflict with the world; to be misunderstood, and to achieve her greatest triumphs through the weakest instruments, so that as St. Paul says, "No flesh may glory before God."

Now, the question, as discussed in a recent meeting of Boston preachers, as to whether the Roman Catholic Church is losing communicants in this country and age or not, is thus beside the mark, even so far as numbers go. But the Church of Christ is not Catholic in a numerical sense alone. She was Catholic when she numbered only the few at Pentecost. The essential Catholicity of His Church was defined by Christ as consisting in the possession of "all the truth." It is said that one, with God, constitutes a majority.

Besides, it is no part of our Lord's teaching that *de facto* all men would be members of His Church. True, it is of faith that He died for all, and St. Paul assures us that God desires all to come to the knowledge of His truth. But whilst we must hold that He gives sufficient grace to all men to work out their salvation. Even under the natural law, the awful fact stares us in the face that the free will of multitues of men despises and disregards this great salvation. Forseeing, but not determining, this, our Lord prayed not for the world. The awful mystery of predestination weighed upon the inspired mind of St. Paul, who beseeches us "to work out our salvation, with fear and trembling." God knows from eternity the number of all that shall be saved. We know by faith that His knowledge is not a formal decree of election or of damnation, in the heretical sense of Calvin. We are destined to eternal life in view of our merits which God foresees, an opinion which is now held almost universally in the schools of Catholic theology. St. Thomas held that God by a physical predetermination, changes man's heart, and vouchsafes to him graces, even apparently against man's will. The instantaneous conversion of St. Paul himself, and the equally extraordinary conversion of St. Augustine, both of them slaves of deadliest sins, and not thinking of God at all, are cases which must make us pause in wonder and love. The whole system of the Divine dispensations cannot be fully mastered by man on earth. We have only to pray God humbly for the graces which He has promised to prayer.

No individual, except by a special revelation, can be assured of his salvation. This is of faith, according to Trent. The visible church cannot fail, but its existence does not depend upon numbers. Only to the Pope is absolute indefectibility guaranteed; and, if the whole church were to fall away, he, by the Divine promise, would continue to profess the everlasting faith. Statistics are of little account in matters of religion, and the argument which the Boston preachers urge against the losses of the church, would prove Paganism to be the true church, because it outnumbers all Christian professors put together. It is a patent fact, that the Catholic Church in the United States has been manifestly blessed by God in its wonderful preservation of its children, under circumstances and in the face of difficulties which would have swamped a dozen sects.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.—We give in this number of our MAGAZINE a correct portrait of the great Cardinal, together with a brief sketch of his life. The portrait is executed in the best manner, expressly for our MAGAZINE, and is taken from the etching now in our possession. The original can be seen at our office.

CATHOLIC CONVENTIONS.—The *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis., thinks that usually too many resolutions are adopted, and that there is danger "that too much talk may take the place of actual, honest work." It fears that "both this year and last year the Catholic young men have fallen somewhat into this error." It cites an instance of this as having happened last

year at Chicago, and suggests that at these conventions there seems to be "too great a disposition to let resolutions and expressions of opinion go through unchallenged;" and that there is a want of proper consideration and "sense of quantity, quality and fitness." The *Citizen* cites a rather ludicrous instance of this at last year's convention at Chicago, and says that at the recent one in Boston there was altogether "too much protesting and too much unanimity."

The *Citizen* is about right. More work and less mutual admiration.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for June. This is, we notice, the closing number of Vol. VI. Mr. Donahoe has steered his breezy craft along so steadily, we had no idea it had been so long afloat. The "evergreen" brightness of its sails prevents any thought of age, and the perpetual freshness of its cargo proves that it never carries dead ballast. In its behalf we hope every true Irishman will adopt the war-cry, "Never give up the ship." Father Ryan's "One of Many" is too sad to dwell upon in words. It is meant to do its work away down, deep in the heart. — *New Orleans Morning Star.*

BOSTON COMING LAND LEAGUE CELEBRATION. — The preparations for the coming Land League celebration in Boston are progressing very rapidly. The demonstration continues through two days, beginning Friday, June 16, and ending Saturday night, June 17. The celebration will be held in the great Mechanics' Fair Building, on the Back Bay. As already announced, the affair is to open on the evening of June 16, with a grand levee, which will continue until three o'clock the next morning. Also during the evening the grand prize drill and dress parade will be held. On the morning of June 17, the children's festival will take place, lasting until one o'clock, P. M. The afternoon will be spent in speech-making, which will close at six o'clock. In the evening, beginning at half-past seven, the grand concert will commence. The Boston Cadet Band and over one thousand voices from the choirs of the various churches throughout the Archdiocese will take part, together with Mrs. F. P. Whitney, soprano; and Mr. Edward J. O'Mahoney, basso, as soloists, and the Boston Cadet Band of thirty pieces. The concert will be under the immediate direction of Mr. Jos. G. Lennon. Mr. Michael Davitt has cabled the committee in charge of the great celebration that he will arrive in this city a few days before that event, and remain about twelve days in the United States.

THE POET-LAUREATE OF IRELAND.

ST. FRANCES XAVIER'S, DUBLIN,
May 22, 1882.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE, — I thank you heartily for your promptitude in subscribing to the Denis Florence McCarthy Memorial, and for your kindness in making me your medium. Your offering is the first from the United States. But perhaps I shall find at our next Friday meeting, at the Mansion House, that you are only one out of many trans-Atlantic contributors.

Our Committee reckons among its members Cardinal Newman, Cardinal McCabe, Archbishop Croke, Archbishop Trench, Sir C. Gavin Duffy, Lord O'Hagan, Judge O'Hagan, Dr. Tugram ("who fears to speak of '98?"), Sir Samuel Ferguson, Father Meehan, Father O'Hanlon, William Lane Joynt, and many others of all classes and creeds.

Denis Florence McCarthy was gentle, modest, and pure-minded. Though his lessons in Spanish literature won the admiration of Ticknor and Longfellow, his best inspiration as a poet came from Ireland. Ireland, her scenery and her history. For him "no land far away by the calm Susquehannah" were "so tranquil and fine as the Vale of Shangenah" here at home.

'Tis well to add that even in the vivacity of youth he never wrote a line that could bring a blush to the cheek of the most timid maiden?

Perhaps some of your thousands of readers may copy your excellent example, and transmit their offerings, large or small, through the willing hands of yours faithfully, MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

THE JUBILEE, in aid of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, was a partial success. The profits will be about *seven thousand dollars!* Had all the institutions under the Sisters of Charity been included, the result would have been double this amount.

CARDINAL MANNING has thoughtfully and gracefully postponed the annual joyful procession of the League of the Cross, which usually takes place on Whit-Monday, in consequence of the deep and universal sorrow, public and private, in England and Ireland. The Queen has held a drawing-room, and her children have attended theatres, since the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke! There is a Greek saying that "the Athenians know what is right, but the Lacedæmonians practise it?" The court in some countries know what is right, but leaves it to humbler folk to practise it. When her Majesty has family griefs, the nation is summoned to participate in them, all loyal subjects are expected to look dismal, and society and trade have to pay the penalty for long years. But when mere subordinates are cut down at their posts in the Sovereign's service, a different etiquette prevails. That the Duke of Connaught should have visited a play-house, on the evening of the funeral of his mother's assassinated Chief Secretary, is simply disgraceful.—*London Universe.*

SELLING A CHILD.—The *London Universe* states that the "centre of civilization" is continually disgracing itself. Wife-selling, wife-kicking, and divorcing are commonplace characteristics of the "centre of civilization," and, perhaps, after all, the horrible state of society revealed at Wandsworth Police Court, a few days ago, is hardly worthy of special comment. It was proved in evidence that the parents of a girl named Bright had absolutely sold their daughter, aged only 11 years, to a man,—an agreement being drawn up to the effect that he might marry her at any time, on condition that he educated, clothed, and maintained her, and "brought her up in the Protestant faith." Obviously all the parties to this civilizing transaction must have been Protestants. The purchaser of this unfortunate girl had so ill-used her that he was brought before the magistrate, and it is highly probable that the matter will be taken up by the public prosecutor. A very disgraceful all-round proceeding, and in the "centre of civilization," too!

A VERY interesting and a very important question was touched upon at Birmingham the other day by Colonel Burnaby. He referred to the fact that, for seven months Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly were deprived of their liberty and placed in jail, and that all of a sudden they were released without trying them for the offence of which they had been accused, or even a word of apology for having imprisoned them. This, he admitted, was an iniquitous proceeding, which no government should have taken. The question asked by Colonel Burnaby was, What compensation the government are prepared to give to those members of Parliament who, for seven months, were unjustly shut up in the jail? A very proper question to ventilate. The great surprise is, that it has not been asked in the House of Commons ere this. But it is not too late.—*London Universe.*

CANADIAN CENTENARIANS.—There resides on a farm, one mile east of Avon, an aged gentleman named George Norris, who is the oldest man in this district, having passed his 103d birthday. He is still hale and hearty, and thinks seriously of emigrating to the Northwest the ensuing summer, to take up land. At 75 years of age Mr. Norris was in his prime, and celebrated his one-hundredth birthday by cutting half a cord of wood and husking corn the balance of the day. His age can be verified by old settlers here, as he drove the first stage between St. Thomas and Aylmer. Mr. Norris comes of a long-lived family; his grandfather lived to be 106, and dropped dead in the furrow, while ploughing a field on his farm; his grandmother was 107 at the time of her death, and walked four miles to make a visit two weeks before her demise; his own father lived to be 103, and his mother 100. Mr. Norris has also a brother living in Port Huron, at the present time, who is 107, and is quite a smart old man yet, able to enjoy a ride on the cars.

THE NEW ENVOY OF PRUSSIA to the Holy See was recently received at an official audience by the Holy Father, being introduced into the private apartments of His Holiness by Mgr. Catalde, the Pontifical Master of Ceremonies. Leo XIII. was seated on his throne surrounded by the prelates and other distinguished persons of the Papal Court. The Envoy, in presenting his credentials, knelt before the Holy Father and in a brief address alluded to the special significance of the occasion. The Holy Father in his reply expressed his satisfaction at the renewal of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the vast Empire of Germany, and the confident hope which he entertained that the result might be a long and lasting peace, such as he had always desired. Both speeches were delivered in French. At the conclusion of his address the Holy Father signed to his attendants to withdraw, and himself remained for some time in private conversation with the Prussian Minister. Nothing is known of what was then discussed, but it is generally understood that on both sides the conference is regarded as being of a highly satisfactory nature.

WHAT APOSTASY will lead to in the end has been shown within the last few days in the case of an unfortunate man called Kleim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. This man was a Catholic priest when the pest of old Catholicism broke out ten years ago. He joined the new sect, was appointed Old Catholic priest at Stublingen, in the Black Forest, and eventually took unto himself a wife. His downward course went on unchecked, until a short time ago he was apprehended on the charge of a moral offence of the very worst description, which the papers charitably stated to be "the crime mentioned in Section 176 (3) of the Penal Code." A few days ago the unfortunate man broke a pane of glass in his cell, and, with a piece of broken glass, cut his neck. The Sister of Mercy who came to his rescue found that he had bled to death. His last words were, "May God have mercy on my soul!" The case has created immense sensation all over Germany. — *London Universe.*

THE FRENCH PILGRIMS. — A thousand strong, started lately from Marseilles, embarking on board two steamers of the Transatlantic Company — the "Picardie" and the "Guadeloupe," under the direction of Abbe F. Bailly and Abbe Picard. A large number of pilgrims had arrived from Paris to take part in it, under the leadership of the Vicomto de Damas; M. Gabriel de Belcastel, ex-Senator, and representatives of the various religious orders. Before starting a visit was made to the Church of Notre Dame-de-la-Garde, where, from midnight to 7 A. M., more than four hundred and fifty Masses were celebrated at the seven altars of the Church, and at thirty-three portable altars with which the pilgrimage is provided.

THE preparations for the Irish National Exhibition are going on well. Nearly 25,000 shares have been taken out of 30,000 (the full capital), and there is also a guarantee fund which already nearly reaches £2,000. So that financially, the project is safe, as the admission receipts are sure to be large. Mr. Ashlin, the eminent architect of many fine churches (formerly the partner of the late Mr. Pugin, junr.,) has been appointed to erect the requisite buildings in the beautiful grounds called Rutland Square, which adjoin the historical Rotundo. The situation is good, and the excellent Dublin tram service will bring every visitor almost to the building.

PROFESSOR Blackie has announced at the Edinburgh University Council that the £11,000 which he had collected for the foundation of the Celtic Chair has now grown to £14,000.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for June has come to hand, and is by far the best number we have yet received. Its pages are replete with the most interesting and instructive reading matter, and we note a marked improvement, both in the selections and general make-up of the magazine. This number contains the full text of the Cincinnati Pastoral, which has attracted so much attention, and has been the subject of a great deal of newspaper criticism. We wish the enterprising publisher the best of success, and hope that he may continue to enjoy the prosperity which has crowned his efforts in the past.—*Connecticut Catholic.*

DEATH OF GARIBALDI.—Gen. Garibaldi died at Caprera, on the 3d of June. The Vatican organ, *Voce Della Verita*, says: "Garibaldi was one of the most determined, but also the frankest of our adversaries. Not from him came the heaviest blows and the bitterest troubles. He was no hypocrite. May the prayers of his pious mother have smoothed the last moments of her son's agitated life." On hearing of the death of Garibaldi, the Pope remained silent awhile, then, raising his eyes to heaven, he said, "There has gone another figure of the revolution; oh, God, be merciful to him."

A PLAY DENOUNCED.—The Catholic Dramatic Association of Newark, N. J., recently played "The Two Orphans." It was afterward sharply criticised by a Catholic writer, for producing a drama in which a Sister of Charity tells a lie, and the lie is justified on the ground that it is resorted to for a good purpose. Bishop Wigger obtained a copy of the play, and, after reading it, pronounced it immoral, and forbade its use by any Catholic society in the diocese of Newark.

PROBABLY NOT THE MAN.—When the steamship British King arrived at Philadelphia it was stated that a passenger, evidently demented, jumped overboard on the fourth day out, and was drowned. Patrick Foy, of Ireland, a passenger on the steamer, reported to the British Consul yesterday that he heard the man say, as he leaped into the sea, "I'm the man who killed Lord Cavendish."

AMONG the examiners in modern languages, including "Celtic," for the Royal University of Ireland, is the Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, S, J., of Limerick, who is a member of the Council of the Gaelic Union, and whose writings have already proved the soundness of his opinion on matters connected with Gaelic literature.

PARNELL'S LEADERSHIP.—We agree with the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen* in what it says of Parnell's leadership:—

"There seems to be a small grain of truth to the rumor that, in certain quarters, there is a disposition to get rid of Parnell's leadership. This is a matter upon which Irish-Americans will certainly have something to say if it should be seriously pressed. Though we cheerfully assign to the leaders in Ireland the right to mark out the line which the agitation shall take, we reserve the privilege of selecting for ourselves who those leaders shall be.

"Men like Shaw, Errington, and Mitchell Henry, were originally elected upon the same platform with Mr. Parnell. They disagreed with him; they bitterly attacked his policy; they repudiated his leadership. The result was that Ireland repudiated Shaw, Errington, and Henry, and America has unanimously done the same thing. There may be other members of the British Parliament, elected as Mr. Parnell's colleagues, and faithful to him up to the present time, whom Ireland and Irish-America may be called upon sorrowfully but decisively to repudiate in the same manner. What Ireland's cause now demands is perfect unity in her representatives. What the Irish race will least tolerate is the spirit of individualism, the curse of disaffection and disunion.

"Three men have stood out prominently in the Land League agitation: Charles Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt, and John Dillon. Together these men have formed one of the proudest triumvirates that the world has ever possessed. Notwithstanding differences of temperament and education, they have harmonized in all their actions, and made 'Union' the watchwords of Ireland's victory. Davitt with his broad sympathy for the oppressed of all nations, is, in some respects, the opposite of the intense nationalism of Dillon. One is a humanitarian, believing that the gospel of the Land League must be preached not for the Irish alone, but for every people. The other believes that Ireland's cause is separate and distinct from that of England, or that of any other country, that she has a political as well as a social destiny, and he does not scruple to speak his hatred for England in the face of her Lords and Commons. Parnell differs from both Davitt and Dillon in being less impulsive. Though excelled by neither in sterling patriotism, he is cooler, shrewder and more far-seeing. He has had more experience in Parliament than Dillon, and is a perfect master of Parliamentary details. He is, therefore, better fitted for the post of a Parliamentary leader than his younger colleague. Knowing as he does the intricacies of a leader's position, proficient in the delicate verbal fence required, and possessing, moreover, a thorough command of his temper.

"Outside of Parliament he has been the balance wheel of the agitation. He possesses the confidence of classes whom Messrs. Dillon and Davitt could never attract. Dillon's phillipics and extreme attitudes would alienate many who now willingly follow Parnell. Davitt's leaning towards socialism would confine the Land League to a limited section of the people. But Parnell unites all. He attracts Protestants as well as Catholics, Fenians as well as Home Rulers, rich as well as poor, clergy as well as laity. He is, in every respect, the most available man.

"Considering how successful the Land League agitation has been thus far, we see no reason why their should be any change in its leadership. The so-called 'Kilmainham compact' was, in every light, a substantial victory for Ireland. Shall the leader who won that victory be punished for his great service? We are too practical a people to even imagine such a thing.

"Where, then, does this talk of 'deposing Parnell' come from? We are at first inclined to regard it as another one of those surprising absurdities periodically set afloat by the British press. But more special information seems to indicate that a small section of 'extremists' are really responsible for the rumor. A few frothy communists and wild-eyed dynamaniacs are the true authors of the 'great' movement. How much their influence amounts to, remains to be seen. The sober, intelligent and earnest voice of ten millions of Irish-Americans would—if the attempt were really made—speak out its ringing condemnation of the treasonable design. Union is as the watchword of the hour, and Mr. Parnell is the leader of the race."

THE LONDON UNEMPLOYED.—To the three or four thousand men who marched in procession through the rain from Clerkenwell Green to Hyde Park, the failure of the Lord Mayor's Fund will prove a grievous disappointment. They can hardly fail to reflect that it is easy to raise a fund at the Mansion House for the sufferers by calamities in all quarters of the globe, for distressed Irish landlords and ladies, for oppressed Russian Jews and Austrians suffering from inundations, but the charity that begins at home seems to be deficient in the city.

A VERY curious freak of nature is reported from Cornwall, England, in the shape of a calf with the perfect head of an elephant, including a trunk six inches in length. It is explained that the heifer which gave birth to the calf was very much alarmed at the sight of an elephant belonging to a traveling circus.

TRI-CENTENARY OF ST. TERESA.

THE 15th of next October will be the tri-centenary of the great St. Teresa, the glory of Carmel, the flower of the monastic renaissance, and the wonder of Catholicism. Great preparations are making in Spain, France, and Italy to make the coming fete one of unusual magnificence. In these three countries, especially, the faithful are filled with zeal to render fitting homage to her whose glory each succeeding age but augments, and, on the committees appointed to arrange the different celebrations, are found cardinals, archbishops, bishops, princes, and princesses, together with the chiefs and heads of the Carmelite Order.

St. Teresa was, without doubt, the most wonderful woman who ever took the monastic vows. St. Teresa and St. Ignatius are the two great masters of practical heroism. Before their time it required a genius of the first order to achieve sanctity; they brought the secrets of higher sanctity within the rule, and made personal sanctification a plan, a system, a method of living, bringing it within the range of the dullest intellect, and making it appreciable to the least impressionable heart. She is among ascetics what St. Paul was among the Apostles. She speaks and acts as one who has seen the mysteries of three heavens; there is in her writings no theory, no reasoning, no expounding of opinions; all is demonstration, fervid, vivid, and real. The best of modern ascetic writers are only commentators on St. Teresa. We shall follow the steps of the European friends of the great saint, and give our readers the particulars, in the hope of stirring up some enthusiasm among her friends in this country. We have two churches in this city associated with the name of St. Teresa,—her titular church on Grand Avenue, and the Church of Mt. Carmel. We have in this city, also, a convent of Carmelite nuns. Besides these there are convents of the Carmelite Order in Montreal, Baltimore, and New Orleans. Only in the last-named city have any steps been taken to commemorate the coming tri-centenary. The Catholics of that city have agreed to erect a tri-centennial Carmel in that city, and will call on all friends of the saint in the United States and Canada to assist them in the undertaking. It will be undertaken on the plan of the Mount Matre memorial chapel, which will be dedicated to St. Teresa on the 15th of next October. We are glad the Carmelites of New Orleans have undertaken the work; glad for their own sakes; glad for ours, who will be privileged to contribute to the work; and glad for the honor of glorious St. Teresa, the grandest, bravest, best woman who ever wore a veil.—*Western Watchman.*

TRY ginger ale for stomach cramps.

INFORMATION DESIRED.

Editor of Donahoe's Magazine:

Dear Sir: Facts and dates relating to National Societies should be carefully collected by everyone interested in the history of the United States. I would therefore request space sufficient from the DONAHOE MAGAZINE to ask for information concerning St. Patrick's Societies.

1. Through the kindness of D. H. Morrisey and the Hon. S. Green, both of Boston, there is in the Chicago Historical Library, the Constitution and By-Laws of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, instituted in 1737.

One inquiry which I would like to make is, was, or was not, this the first Charitable Irish Society in our country?

2. In the *Miner's Journal* of March 21, 1829, there is an account of a celebration on St. Patrick's Day, at Galena, Ill. (the place where the paper was published), on the 17th of March previous. Very few Irish immigrants settled in Southern Illinois. I would therefore like to learn through some antiquarian, whether this celebration at Galena was not the first ever held in Illinois?

Believing that both of my inquiries are of sufficient importance to ask for help to gain my desired information,

I remain, yours,

HENRY C. KINNEY, Acting Secretary of Chicago Historical Society.

Letters may be addressed to Mr. Kinney or Mr. Donahoe.

THE *Montreal True Witness* announces, with unfeigned pleasure, the appointment of Mr. John J. McGee, brother of the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as Clerk of the Privy Council of Canada, *vice* J. O. Cote, deceased. A little over two years ago Mr. McGee entered the Privy Council department, as assistant clerk. For the past eight months, owing to Mr. Cote's illness, he discharged the duties of acting clerk. In this, as in his former capacity, he acquitted himself so faithfully and efficiently as to win the confidence and approbation of the Cabinet. His elevation to a position of so much trust and responsibility, is a convincing proof of his merits and ability. Mr. McGee has many warm friends in this city and throughout Canada, who, on his own and his distinguished brother's account, will feel grateful to Sir John for what he has done in his regard. In conferring on Mr. McGee an office of such prominence and importance, Sir John has, in part, discharged a debt due to his Irish Catholic supporters all over the Dominion. They will appreciate this act, and we venture the prediction that Mr. McGee will prove to the Premier that he made a proper selection.

ASSASSINATION OF A LANDLORD AND HIS ESCORT.

DUBLIN, June 8, 1882.—Walter M. Bourke, a Galway landlord, residing at Rahasane, was shot dead to-day while returning from Gort. His escort, a soldier, was also killed. The murder occurred at Ardrahan, seven miles north of Gort. Mr. Bourke was riding in front of his dragoon escort, when a volley from rifles was fired at them from behind a stone wall, and both fell dead. Mr. Bourke was a magistrate, and son of the late crown solicitor for Mayo. He possessed two estates in Ireland,—one at Curragh and the other at Rahasane. He had had several disputes with his tenants, and had recently left London to carry out evictions. He took an active part in the prosecution of Father Conway some years since. A few months ago he entered the church at Carrago, armed with a repeating rifle, while Mass was being celebrated. The priest ordered him to leave the church, and he escaped by a side door, in order to avoid being mobbed. Mr. Bourke was not a relative of the late Under-Secretary Burke. Gort bears the reputation of being one of the worst places in Ireland for rent disputes.

REV. ROBERT FULTON, S. J., who was for many years president of the Boston College and Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and who is at present located in Washington, as pastor of St. Aloysius Church, has been elected provincial of the Jesuit Order for the New York province, which embraces the middle New England and Southern States. The announcement will be received with great pleasure by the Catholics of Boston, by whom Father Fulton is held in high esteem.

GENERAL WALLACE, the America minister at Constantinople, was recently invited by the Sultan to witness a drill of his household troops, and he thus describes a performance of the Circassian cavalry: "Four companies, magnificently mounted, were in line. A bugle call, and the right company dashed through to the front full speed. Another call, and there was a beautiful feat. Each man reached out with his right hand, caught the rein close to the bit, pulled hard, and threw his horse flat on his left side, dismounting as it went down. Then, on the ground behind the horse, he began firing as a skirmisher. A third call, the company rose up with their horses and retreated at full speed, re-forming as they went. As I had never even heard of such a thing, you can imagine my astonishment.

MASSACHUSETTS ENGLISHMEN.—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* notes "the singular coincidence that every American minister to the court of St. James hailing from Massachusetts, from Rufus King to Lowell, whenever any trouble arose between Ireland and England, in every instance exhibited his sympathy with England and against the Irish." It might be a good experiment for President Arthur to try an American minister now by way of change. Massachusetts Republicans are more than half Englishmen anyway.

SUPERSTITION.—From Wells, in Somersetshire, England, an extraordinary case of superstition is reported. The wife of a workingman became mentally affected, and was removed to a lunatic asylum. Immediately before her departure it was stated that she was bewitched, and the following mode of removing the spells was proposed to the husband: First, he must stick a large number of pins in an animal's heart, which, in the dead of night, was to be roasted before a quick fire, the revolutions of the heart to be as regular as possible. After roasting, the heart was to be placed in the chimney and left there, the belief being that, as the heart rotted away so would the heart of the witch rot, and the bewitched would be released from the power of her enemy. It is said that not a few persons in the region are believers in witchcraft.

THE Archbishop of Cashel was lately presented with an address from the parishoners of Aherlow and Galbally, County Tipperary. His Grace, in reply, said it would have been well, indeed, if the Government of the country had paid attention to the suggestions made by the assembled hierarchy of Ireland, about a year ago, in reference to the Land Act. Had the government done so, and had it adopted the legal amendments then suggested by their lordships, the country, instead of being distracted and unsettled, as it is unfortunately to-day, would have by this time realized nearly all its legitimate aspirations, and they would have been spared those heart-rending scenes which they had had such reason to deplore. Even now he, as an Irish bishop, would earnestly call on the Government to pause in its coercive career, to settle substantially the Land Question, to consult in future, with a view to the government of Ireland, the friends of the country rather than its enemies, and he would promise that if they did so, peace and prosperity would be as manifest in the country in a short time as distress and uncertainty were at the present moment.

A SCOTCH CONVERT.

THE Rev. J. C. M. Ogilvie. M. A., formerly an under-graduate of Keble College, Oxford, and one of the clergy of Dr. Copleston, the Protestant Bishop of Colombo, has entered the Scotch College in Rome, with the view of studying for the priesthood. It will be remembered that Mr. Ogilvie was received into the Church about four months ago at Birmingham Oratory.

CARDINAL MCCABE received an influential deputation, on the 26th of May, which came to congratulate him upon his elevation to the Cardinalate. In his reply the Cardinal said the humiliating fact remained that the assassins of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke had not yet been discovered. He strongly reprobated the murders, and said he was convinced they were planned in America, and executed by imported assassins.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for June is one of the best numbers yet issued, and shows evidence of increasing popularity.—*Toronto Tribune.*

A CONTEMPORARY states that the Holy Father has commissioned Cardinal Hergenroether and Monsignor Balan to arrange the secret archives of the Vatican, Pontificate by Pontificate, and to make a complete inventory of the whole. Among the papers copies of a great number of letters exchanged between Pius IX. and various Sovereigns of Europe, from the years 1846 to 1865, have been found, and it is said that they are of high interest and historical importance.

A PRIEST of Ravenna, named Ravaglia, has constructed an electrical apparatus which can be set in operation by simply pressing a button, and by which the doors of a large building can be simultaneously opened, as if through some spiritual agency. The inventor hopes to improve his apparatus, so that should a fire break out on the stage of a theatre the rise in temperature would itself set the machinery in motion.

THE chivalrous heart of the Irish people must be touched by the noble letter from Lady Frederick Cavendish to the Lord-Lieutenant. In it she says: "I should be very glad if there be any means of letting it be known in Ireland, so as to have some good effect, that I would never grudge the sacrifice of my darling's life if only it leads to the putting down of that frightful spirit of evil in the land. He would never have grudged it if he could have hoped that his death would be more than his life."

A PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN ON THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD.

A PAMPHLET has just appeared, entitled "Letter on Landlordism," by Rev. Matthew Macauley, in which the writer pays a high tribute to the priests and Catholics of Ulster. Of the former he says:

"As a Presbyterian minister I have lived among Catholic neighbors for thirty-four years in County Monaghan, and I can testify that I never met anything but respect, kindness and joyous, hearty civility at their hands. Their clergymen, too, have always treated me in the spirit of educated Christian gentlemen. I believe there is not one of them who would not rise at midnight to do me a favor; and I know I would return the kindness. They and their congregations gave hearty and successful assistance at the recent general election to the Presbyterians, wanting which, there would be no Presbyterians this day in the House of Commons. At all this Tory landlordism 'weeps, wails and gnashes its yellow teeth.'" He says of the Irish priests: "The Catholic priesthood, on the other hand, deserves the admiration and gratitude of unborn generations for the bold and prominent position they have taken in this agitation. Their addresses, many of them at least, have been models of eloquence, good sense and great information. They have urged their people to meet their Presbyterian and Episcopal fellow-countrymen in the spirit of peace and brotherly kindness; and they have denounced all secret societies—all party hatreds. What good people have been longing for, what angels rejoice at, what prophets have predicted, what poets have sung, has been, by this movement, realized before our eyes. It vexes the Devil and perplexes the landlords, to see tens of thousands of Catholics, Episcopalians and Presbyterians meeting in daylight in the same field, and in the market squares—no angry words, no warlike weapon, no party hatred, no bad behavior, riot or drunkness—determined to have done with poverty, burdens and bondage. The lion at last lays down in peace with the lamb; the leopard and the kid lie down lovingly beside each other. The sword may soon be beaten into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning hook. The Orangeman moves a resolution, and a Catholic priest seconds it. Are we not on the border of the millenium?"

JUNE is the month of the Sacred Heart. Heart of Jesus have mercy on us.

BURKE, the murdered Under-Secretary for Ireland, was a grandnephew of the late Cardinal Wiseman.

BISHOP DOYLE ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

Is it lawful that banditti should sit in judgment and execute decrees against all, innocent or guilty? Such proceedings are a violation of the laws of God and of society. There is no oppression and injustice so flagrant as the oppression and the injustice committed by men illegally combined. Such men swear to murder their defenceless neighbor, and they pretend that they are redressing wrongs and protecting the oppressed. Their combination is iniquity and their deeds are crimes. Political wrongs can be redressed without the violation of any law. When your fathers were young all was oppression, but the wise and virtuous saw that there was only one safe road to a better condition, and that was obedience to law while constitutionally working for its improvement. That policy succeeded and the penal laws passed away. The violators of law provoke its anger. It then scourges all, both innocent and guilty, and fills the valley with the wailings of the widows and orphans of those who are hanged upon the scaffold or banished to some distant land. Be wise and avoid all illegal societies, or you will be ground to the earth, while the oppressors of the poor will be strengthened, the country will be degraded, and an armed police will receive that money which otherwise would be paid as the price of honest labor.

FATHER TOM BURKE is to preach next month in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Bridgeton. He will be in Glasgow again on the 7th of September, when he will preach at the reopening of Father Conway's church at Springburn.

THE Jesuits Fathers who, on the expulsion of the Society from France, opened a collegiate school at Hales Place, just outside Canterbury, have recently purchased another estate on the banks of the Stour. Their new college, of which the cost is estimated at a sum not much below £90,000, will be one of the largest scholastic establishments in England, in connection with the Society. The architect is Father Richard Vaughan, of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool.

REV. FATHER MCCARTHY, C. C., Tramore, and Rev. Father Flynn, C. C., Clonmel, arrived in New York last week in the "City of Rome" of the Inman Line. Their mission to America is to collect funds towards the expenses of the decoration and improvements in the Catholic Cathedral of Waterford. They are magnificent specimens of Irish physical manhood, each being over six feet high.

EMIGRATION STATISTICS.

THE total number of aliens who arrived at the port of Boston for the month of May was 12,012. The Irish take the lead with 4,884, and the Swedes come next with 1,887. The other nations were represented as follows: Nova Scotia, 1,257; Germany, 1,065; Scotland, 534; Poland, 282; Western Islands, 201; Norway, 200; Russia, 129; Italy, 70; Hungary, 45; Denmark, 27; Wales, 24; Belgium, 15; Newfoundland, 10; Finland, 8; France and Switzerland, 4 each; Austria, 2; and the West Indies and Isle of Man, 1 each.

At New York, the figures for the month of May, show a floodtide of immigration which has never before been approached in the history of the country. The aggregate comes within 10,000 of being an even 100,000, the exact figures being 90,019 steerage passengers. This is more for this single month by several thousands than the immigration for several entire years. For instance, in 1876 the year's figures were 75,035; in 1877, only 63,855; in 1878, only 79,801, and in 1875 the figures for the twelve months exceeded those for last month by 9,000. The nearest approach to the total for last month was in 1881, when there were landed at Castle Garden 76,791 persons, but even this is 13,228 less than last month's.

To appreciate the full extent of the present vast wave of immigration it is necessary to remember that many passengers who arrive from Europe, travelling first or second class, are also immigrants. The great majority of intending settlers, of course, travel in the steerage; but those who can afford it come as cabin passengers, and as these are never landed at Castle Garden — where only steerage passengers are received — no account of them is taken in the figures furnished by the Commissioners of Emigration. There is a small percentage of steerage passengers who are not new immigrants, consisting of foreigners who live in this country and who make visits to the old country, travelling steerage. They are counted in with the others, as it is impossible to discriminate; but these numbers are so small that they do not effect the immigrants coming as cabin passengers, of whom no account is taken.

Thus far this year the success of immigrants over the first five months of last year — as shown at Castle Garden — is 46,332; the total for January, February, March, April and May, of 1881, being 182,082, as compared with 228,404 for the same period this year.

The nationalities of immigrants that have been landed here from January 1st, to and including April 30, were as follows: England, 10,804; Ireland, 13,166; Germany, 57,171; Austria, 893; Hungary, 4,283; Sweden, 8,985; Norway, 3,083; Den-

mark, 4,417; Netherlands, 3,553; Belgium, 193; Switzerland, 3,980; France, 1,203; Scotland, 4,442; Wales, 1,083; Italy, 12,-925; Roumania, 5; Greece, 6; Spain, 15; Portugal, 1; Russia, 3,833; Luxembourg, 259; Bohemia, 1,313; Turkey in Europe, 12. Total from Europe — 136,135.

India, 1; China, 2; British East Indies, 1; Egypt, 1; Nova Scotia, 1; Quebec and Ontario, 15; West Indies, 7; Mexico, 1; South America, 2; Australia, 10.

One of the most striking features of the report is the fact that during the four months Ireland has sent but 2,362 more than England. Heretofore the Green Isle has furnished nearly four to England's one. Italy, it will be seen, sends only 181 less than Ireland. From Scandinavia come 15,985, figures largely in excess of former years; and diminutive Hungary's quota, 4,283, is a surprise to Castle Garden officials. Germany's total is about 10,000 more than it was for the corresponding time last year. Should her people come in the proportionate ratio of increase for the remainder of the year, the grand total will be 160,000.

During the four months there were 60 births and 207 deaths at sea. One of those that died was an American; all the others were Europeans.

Rev. Father Bodfish, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Boston, has been appointed Justice of Peace by Governor Long.

The Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, Bishop of the Diocese of Wilmington, Del., fainted during service last Sunday evening, and has since been confined to his bed, seriously ill with pleurisy.

JANUARY, 1882.

We want several numbers of our January issue. We will give any of the books of Donahoe's Library of entertaining reading, for the numbers wanted, send by mail. Addressed Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

Bishop Gilmour.— A good deal of misrepresentation has been manifested by the press in relation to the Parnell branch of the Land League, in Cleveland, Ohio. Bishop Gilmour does not condemn Land League branches as such, whether composed of males or females, nor forbid the members of his Episcopal flock from joining or supporting them. He condemns expressly the Parnell branch of the Ladies' Land League of Cleveland, and confines his declaration of excommunication to attendance upon and membership of that branch.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, Governor of Hong Kong, has arrived in London on a short visit to England.

There are 2,250 professional clairvoyants in Paris, who realise from their calling incomes ranging from 5,000 to 60,000 francs a year.

A telegram to the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal* states that the Propaganda has given its sanction to the division of the diocese of Detroit.

Our Eighth Volume.— This issue begins the eighth volume of our Magazine. Reader, if you like it, and you and your family derive instruction from its perusal, induce some friend to subscribe for it.

Albert Young, for writing a letter to the Queen's Secretary, threatening Her Majesty's life, has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Krupp, the German Iron King, has added 800 recruits to his industrial army. The number of his employes now amounts to 40,000. He is probably the largest single employer of labor in the world.

The *London Universe*, in an article on Charles Darwin, says: "It has been very quaintly said that, in the next world (unless they appear there clad in the Catholic virtues), no more is thought of dead philosophers than of dead jackasses."

We are glad to hear that judgement has been given in favor of the ex-Empress Eugenie in the action brought by the Municipality of Marseilles to regain possession of the palace which that city presented to Napolean III.

It is stated that the negotiations between Prussia and the Vatican have advanced so rapidly, during the last few days, that there is every hope of a definite settlement of the differences between the Prussian Government and the Pope being arrived at in the course of a few weeks.

Dr. W. Neilson Hancock, Q. C., the well-known Dublin statistician, has been appointed Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, in the room of Mr. R. W. Holmes, promoted to the office of Treasury Remembrancer in Ireland. The salary of the Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper is £800 a year.

PERSONAL.

SUNDAY, May 21, was the fifty-sixth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. He is enjoying the very best of health.

MR. JAMES D. POWER, assistant superintendent of the Treasury Department at Washington, and one of the leading Irish Nationalists of that city, has resigned that office to accept another under the General Government at the Custom House, San Francisco, Cal.

AT the churches of the diocesses of Westminster and Southwark, the prayers of the congregations were requested on behalf of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who have commenced a pilgrimage to Lourdes, which will end on the 21st inst., to supplicate for the restoration of sight to their only child and heir. The parents have returned, but no visible cure was effected.

Two members of Parliament — Mr. G. H. Whalley and the O'Donoghue — who for pecuniary reasons have been debarred from entering the house since the commencement of the session, have at length arranged their financial affairs, so as to remove the disqualification imposed by the law.

BURKE. — Richard Burke, of Clonmel, Ireland, in whose veins runs blood akin to that of Edmund Burke, was married in San Francisco to one of the chief heiresses of that city. This was Miss Donohue, daughter of the James Donohue who, with his brother, gave its gaslight to San Francisco, and is a member of the great Irish-American banking house of Donohue & Kelly, the New York branch of which is represented by Eugene Kelly & Co.

MISS MCTIVISH, of Baltimore, who has just taken the white veil at Mount de Sales, Maryland, is a great-great-granddaughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Her grandmother, Mrs. McTavish, was a daughter of the beautiful Mrs. Caton, eldest daughter of that signer of the Declaration of Independence. Three of Mrs. Caton's daughters married Englishmen, and were known abroad as "the three graces." They were Lady Stafford, the Duchess of Leeds, and the Marchioness of Wellesley.

THE appointment (says the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*) of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, Under-Secretary to the Admiralty, to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, vacated through the lamentable occurrence of the 3d ult., will be received, we believe, with satisfaction in Ireland. Mr. Trevelyan is a man who occupies, both in and out of the House of Commons, a position much higher than that of the average Under-Secretary. He is forty-three years of age, and has sat in Parliament for the past seventeen years. His father is the Sir Charles Trevelyan, whose exertions in relief to the Indian Famine were so conspicuous, and he is the nephew, by the maternal side, of Lord Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan's biography of his uncle is one of the most delightful books in the language, and there is no brighter description of India than his "Letters of a Competition Wallah."

As a man the late Denis Florence MacCarthy was one of the gentlest, most amiable, and most retiring of mortals. Genial, social, and witty, in social life he was a delightful companion; but although he had a facility in poetic composition rarely surpassed, he was utterly unable to speak even a few sentences after dinner or on a public platform. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1846, but, having no forensic tastes, he never attempted to practice. He was appreciated and beloved by O'Connell, for whom he entertained an unbounded admiration, and whom he visited in company with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and others in 1844.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., the Land League delegate to America, immediately on his arrival in Ireland, proceeded to the Mullingar Jail to visit his sister, who was arrested a month ago for preaching the No-Rent doctrine, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Mr. O'Connor found his sister very ill,— her health having suffered very much from imprisonment.

AMONG the passengers who recently arrived at New York from San Domingo, was Most Rev. Mgr. Roque-Cacchia, Archbishop of Sirace, Vicar Apostolic of San Domingo, and Papal delegate to the republics of Hayti and Venezuela. Among the effects he brought with him are a gorgeous crozier, and a magnificent pectoral cross, studded with precious jewels. The Archbishop is a man of fine physique, standing about six feet two inches in height, wears a long gray beard, and is about sixty years of age. He appeared on the wharf in his black soutane, trimmed with purple, and wearing his pectoral cross. He wore a low crown, broad brim, black plush hat, trimmed with a tuft of green braid at the back.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

IDOLS; OR, THE SECRET OF THE RUE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN. Translated from the French of RAOUL DE NAVERY. By MISS ANNA T. SADLIER. Price $1.25.

A more interesting book has never appeared in English. The action is highly dramatic and evenly sustained; the dialogue natural and sprightly; the tone thoroughly and uncomprisingly Catholic. The French author admirably combines great dramatic power and *élan*, with sound Catholic teaching. If our Catholic publishers would give us more such books, our young people would find less to attract them in the "dime novel" literature that infests the country. Miss Sadlier has done her part well, and added to her already high reputation.

THE TRUTHS OF SALVATION. By REV. J. PERGMAYER, S. J. Translated from the German by a Father of the same Society, with the permission of Superiors. 16 mo. Cloth. Net, 75 cents.

The basis of this work is "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius." The original is used as a book of Meditations, and also for retreats in nearly every Convent in Germany. Though written for those living in religious communities, it will be found equally useful for Christians in the world, as it is offered to all who earnestly desire to consider the truths of salvation, and to acquire self-knowledge. To those unaccustomed to meditate, or others who, from weakness or indisposition, are incapable of mental application, it will prove an efficient aid.

NAMES THAT LIVE IN CATHOLIC HEARTS: CARDINAL XIMENES, MICHAEL ANGELO, SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, ARCHBISHOP PLUNKETT, CHARLES CARROLL, HENRI LAROCHE JACQUELEIN. By MISS ANNA T. SADLIER. 12 mo. Cloth. Price $1.

No more delightful reading can be placed in the hands of young people, or even adults, that this volume of Biographical Essays. In devotion to duty these men far surpass the heroes of romance, and the story of their lives, with their trials and their triumphs, cannot fail to excite interest in every heart. Miss Sadlier paints her pictures in brilliant colors, and, while she preserves the accuracy of the historian, glows with the enthusiasm of the poet.

RICHARD; OR, DEVOTION TO THE STUARTS. Translated from the French of C. SECLERC. By the LADY BLANCH MURPHY. Price 50 cents.

A charming story. The price is so small that all can afford to purchase it. A good book for premiums.

Catholic Publication Society, N. Y.

CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY. A reply to Dr. Littledale's "PLAIN REASONS." By H. I. D. RYDER, of the Oratory. Single copies, cloth extra, 60 cents. Single copies, paper, 30 cents. Fifty copies, paper, $8. One hundred, paper, $15.

This book has had a large sale in England and Ireland, and is pronounced one of the ablest books on Controversy published.

T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

MANUAL OF THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Offered to zealous promoters of this Salutary Devotion, and to all pious souls. By Rev. F. F. X. SCHOUPPE, S. J., Spiritual Director of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Parochial Missions. Translated from the French by MISS ELLA MCMAHON, and revised by a member of the Society of Jesus. Price 25 cents.

The title fully expresses the character of this book. It is neatly gotten up, and sold at a very low price. Just the book for the present month. Every family should possess it.

The Pilot Publishing Co., Boston.

LAND LEAGUE SONGS. By FANNY PARNELL, sister of the Irish Agitator.

This is just the metal to stir up the dormant feelings of many of the leaguers throughout the country. The price is only 10 cents.

CLONTARF: an historic play in three acts; and THE OFFICE-SEEKERS: a farce in one act. By ARTHUR J. O'HARA, A.M. New York: Stephen Meares.

These plays are well adapted to the use of college and school exercises, and are both interesting and entertaining. They are endorsed by the Rev. Theo. Thiry, S.J.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND PRIESTS.

THE RT. REV. FREDERICK BARKER, Bishop of Sydney, in New South Wales, and Metropolitian of Australia, died recently at San Remo, in Australia.

ON May 14, the Right Rev. Dr. Chadwick, Catholic Bishop of Hexam and Newcastle, died. He was born in Drogheda, Ireland, April 24, 1813, and received his education in St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham, where at different times he filled the chairs of humanities, mental philosophy, and pastoral theology. He labored as a missionary priest in the Diocese of Hexam and Newcastle for more than seven years. Subsequently he was recalled to the college, where he remained until 1866, when he was appointed to the Bishopric of the diocese, succeeding the late Dr. Hogarth.

REV. F. A. QUINN, of Lake City, Minn., is dead.

REV. EDWARD BAYARD, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., is dead.

REV. FRANCIS A. QUINN, formerly of North Easton and Fall River, Mass., died at Lourdes, France, recently.

DIED, on the 13th of May, at St. Michael's Passionate Retreat, West Hoboken, N. J., Rev. Father Dominic, of the Heart of Mary C. P. (secular name Patrick McNamara), aged 28 years.

THE death is also announced of the venerable M. Caval, formerly Superior-General of the Congregation of Saint Sulpice, at the age of 83 years. He died at Toulouse, whither he had retired after his resignation in 1871. R. I. P.

JUNE 11, at the Convent in Tracadie, N. S., the Rev. Edward Vaughan approached the close of a long and holy life. The Sacraments were administered by the Rev. Father Girroir, the prayers for the dying were recited, and just when the prayers ended Father Vaughan died.

WHILE Canon Murphy was preaching on the recent outrage in Ireland, Sunday, the 14th of May, in Dublin, he was noticed to raise his hand to his head, suddenly rest and fall over in the pulpit dead. Several members of the congregation, among them a physician, rushed to his assistance, when it was discovered he was dead. The physician announced that his death was caused by apoplexy.

THE death of Very Rev. P. Reilly, V. G., of Little Rock, Ark., took place on the 29th of April, at the residence of his cousin, Rev. A. Lynch, P. P., Kilbride, Mountnugent, county Cavan, Ireland, where he had been staying on a visit for some time past, as he found the bracing air of Lough Sheelin to be very beneficial to him. "Father Pat," as he was familiary called, was born March 10, 1817, in the parish of Kilmessan, county Meath, studied in Maynooth, and came out to this country in 1850 with Bishop Byrne. He was located in Little Rock, where he labored most efficiently and zealously up to 1879, when his health completely broke down, and he was ordered by his medical adviser to return to his native soil, in the hope that his shattered health might be repaired.

THE death of Rev. Father McGauran, took place at Goderich, on the 23d of May. By the death of Father McGauran there is removed from the priesthood of Canada one of its most devoted and heroic members. In his bosom has ceased to beat one of the noblest hearts in this whole Dominion. Father McGauran was, at the time of his death, a little more than 60 years of age.

REV. B. S. PIOT, whose name is so familiar to the associates of the Propagation of the Faith and of the Holy Childhood, died on the 22d inst. in his retreat at St. Charles's College, Maryland. The deceased was born at Lyons, France, in the year 1808.

SISTERS.

ON the 15th of May, after a short and painful illness, Sister Fidelis, O. S. F. (Miss Mary Betzler), died at St. Clare's Academy, Chicago, Ky., fortified by the last Sacraments.

SISTER MARY BERNARD, Mother Superior of the Good Sisters of St. Ann, at Cohoes, N. Y., died at the convent there, on the 20th of May. Deceased was known in the world as Marie Louise Des Rochers.

IN MEMORIAM.—May 25, Sister Eugenia, a member of the Order of Sisters of Charity, died in the peace of our Lord in the house of the Community, at St. Vincent's Academy. In her death the Order has lost one of its most zealous and devoted members. Sister Eugenia (known to the world as Miss Eugenia Crowley) was born in the State of Ohio, in the year 1858.

BROTHER.

THE death is announced of the Abbé Henri d'Aurelles de Paladines, brother of General d'Aurelles de Paladines, the hero of Coulmiers. The Abbé had been professor at the "petit séminaire" of Montauban. Towards the end of his life he retired to the Trappist monastery of Sainte Marie du Désert, near Toulouse, where he died at the age of 66. R. I. P.

LAY PEOPLE.

COUNT O'REILLY, a grandee of Spain and Cuban Senator in the Spanish Cortes, died in Havana, on May 6.

EDWARD O'BRIEN, who died recently at Thomaston, Me., at the age of 87, was the oldest shipbuilder in the United States. Mr. O'Brien was the first shipbuilder in the country who procured white oak timber from the South. He built large steam sawmills at Thomaston, and engaged in general business; he was also the owner of limekilns, and he established the George's Bank. He held many public offices, and represented Warren, his native town, in the Legislature several times. He was a philanthropist, and as an instance of his liberality it should not be forgotten that in 1876 he gave $10,000 to the town of Warren, the income of which is to be annually distributed among the deserving poor, and in 1878 he gave a similar sum to the poor of Thomaston.

JUDGE JOSEPH MULLEN, of Watertown, N. Y., died suddenly in Saratoga, on May 17. He was born in Ireland, in 1811, and emigrated to this country in 1820. He was admitted to bar in 1837, and was elected to the Thirtieth Congress in 1846. In 1857 he was elected Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District of this State, and was re-elected in 1863, and again in 1875 without opposition. In 1870 he was appointed by the Governor Presiding Justice of General Term, and was reappointed in 1873. He retired from the bench in January last, having reached the age of 70 years.

BARON PHILIPPE DE BOURGOIGNE, a prominent Bonapartist, died in Paris on the 20th inst. He was Equerry to Napoleon III., and was close to the late Czar when he was fired at by Berezowski in Paris. His courage and presence of mind in advancing so as to place himself and his horse between the assassin and the Czar in case of a second shot were much admired, and earned him a Russian decoration.

WE regret to announce the death of Captain James D'Arcy, of the "Pontifical Zouaves" (better known to our people as "the Pope's Irish Brigade"), who fought so bravely during the struggle to maintain the integrity of the States of the Church, against the Sardinian invasion. Captain D'Arcy was a gallant soldier, a highly gifted officer, and a true Irishman. The news of his death will be received with sorrow by his surviving comrades.

CAPTAIN INGRAM, the well-known chief of the Dublin Fire Department, died recently in that city. He was buried in Mount Jerome Cemetery, on Thursday, May 18. The funeral was very largely attended. The coffin, covered with the city flag, was removed from the residence of the deceased in William Street by four members of the Brigade, and placed on a fire engine, which was draped in black and drawn by two horses, also covered with black cloth and driven by a fireman with his helmet covered with crape. The helmet and belt of the deceased were placed on the coffin. After the engine, came the vehicle used by Captain Ingram when on duty. This car and the horse drawing it were draped in black cloth. Following were nineteen members of the fire brigade, all in full uniform and wearing crape on their sleeves. They walked two abreast, and were under the charge of Lieutenant Boyle and Inspector Byrne. The body was interred in the family vault.

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD. We have yet a good deal to learn in England. Our young ladies teaching schools have not quite the energy required upon all occasions. In America they can tackle any subject, be it what it may. Thus we read that a young woman teaching school in Marion county has a man 40 years of age attending the school. He missed his lessons, whereupon the teacher announced her intention to open the pores of the skin with a switch, to see if she could teach him something in that way. He flatly declared that he could not take a whipping, and would quit school first. Finally she left it to a vote of the scholars as whether she should whip him. The youngsters were unanimously in favor of war. The young woman then gathered the bearded scholar by the collar, and to his utter astonishment gave him a sound thrashing. He is now disgusted with the school business, and believes the whole thing a farce.

A PARLIAMENTARY return has been issued of the number and cost of the "Royal Irish Constabulary," in each year, for the last ten years; from which it would appear that, whereas in 1872–3 the total number of constables was 11,693, and the cost £817,136 6s 1d. in 1881–2 the number was 12,334, and the cost £1,266,332.

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CARDINAL MANNING.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VIII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1882. No. 2.

"LET the name of a Bishop be sacred to Catholic writers."—*Leo XIII.*

"THE weakness of the Irish character, and the vice which of all others has brought disaster upon the country through the centuries which have passed since Dermot MacMurrough invoked the aid of Henry of England, has been that each individual is so fully convinced that he is right, and that every person else must be wrong, that he will never give way, and will go any length to carry his point. This it is which splits the Irish popular party up on every occasion, and which so frequently causes the spectacle of rival "Patriots" denouncing each other as traitors. Each man would, apparently, rather see the country perish than be saved by any other panacea than his own, and regards concession or compromise as synonymous with dishonor. Until the Irish people and their representatives learn and practically apply the principle that concession and compromise are of the very essence of political success, and, indeed, of political existence, they will not make much political progress."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING is a scion of a family of city merchants. His grandfather, William Manning, was among the city magnates who took counsel for the safety of the citizens from the lawlessness of the Protestant marauders during the "Gordon Riots" in 1780, when Catholic Chapels in London were pillaged and burned. His father, William Manning, was, for forty years, Member of Parliament for Evesham and Lyminton, and some time Governor of the Bank of England. His country house was at Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, where the subject of this memoir was born, on the 15th of July, 1808. Who could have dreamt that this infant son of the great Protestant city merchant — born in the year when Rome was invaded by Napoleon I., and the successor of St. Peter dragged a prisoner to France — would become one day one of the most zealous defenders of both the spiritual and temporal rights of the Holy See!

Young Manning was sent to Harrow, where he was an exemplary and assiduous scholar and attained the highest honors of the school. From Harrow he went to Oxford, and entered Baliol College, where he formed a friendship with the late Canon Oakley, which ended only at the death of the latter.

Mr. Manning took a first class and his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Michaelmas term 1830. While at Oxford he was a constant speaker at the "Union Debating Society," at a time when it numbered among its members Mr. Gladstone, the late Sydney Herbert, and many other men who have

risen to distinction, both in Church and State. Soon after taking his degree he was elected to a fellowship in Merton College and was ordained deacon and priest. Though the great "Oxford movement" had not then developed itself, yet "the influences of religious unrest — curiously confused at the time — were steadily extending themselves over the souls of the most learned and thoughtful of the Oxford Scholars," of whom Mr. Manning was not certainly the least thoughtful.

Mr. Manning resigned his Fellowship on being appointed Vicar of Lavington, a small village on the edge of the Sussex Downs — "an abode amid calm streams and green woody hills." Here the young clergyman had as rich a promise of happiness as is given to man. Less impulsive than many of his contemporaries at Oxford, possessing marked administrative ability, imbued with a zeal which was governed by more than the usual degree of thoughtfulness given to men of his years; and, yet full of a deep religious enthusiasm, he was, even before he left the University, singled out by those who came into most familiar contact with him, as one of the young men destined to high dignity in the Anglican Church.

Accordingly he was shortly after appointed Archdeacon of Chichester, by Dr. Shuttleworth, though only in his thirty-third year. In this administrative post, coming into daily contact with the clergy under his authority, he had a still wider field for the diffusion of the Tractarian theology. But he relied more upon example and quiet persuasion for the extension of these views, than upon any direct teaching or avowed propagandism. The mission he seemed to set himself was to inculate on his clergy, in his visitations, earnestness in devotion in all the work of a pastor, stricter personal discipline than was usually observed, and a higher appreciation of their ministry than was fashionable among the Anglican clergy at the time. The Archdeacon was as much of an ascetic as a clergyman of the Church of England could be, and his exhortations on the duty of self-denial and self-sacrifice were illustrated by his own practice.

In 1841 Archdeacon Manning was appointed one of the select preachers of the University of Oxford, and men talked of him as a sure candidate for one of the next vacancies in the episcopal bench. At this period a continental writer said of him: "The reputation and influence of this eminent theologian increased in proportion as his talents were set to work. Minds which sought for direction turned towards him. On all important occasions people addressed themselves to Archdeacon Manning, and when the question was to stimulate Christian charity his sweet and persuasive eloquence effected marvels."

In the meanwhile the "Oxford movement" had given many of its warmest adherents to the Catholic Church. But they were not much noted till that *annus mirabilis*, or wonderful year of conversions, 1845, which saw the most eminent minds and deepest thinkers enter the Church,— Newman, Faber, Oakley, Ward, Dalgairns, Christie, and many others.

The conversion of John Henry Newman was the greatest blow to the

Anglican Church. The *Times*, speaking of it said: "That a mind so highly gifted should be drawn by its own energy to shiver on the very verge of Popery is lamentable." His loss was felt most keenly by those who knew him best, and by none more keenly than by Archdeacon Manning, who, writing a dedication to him some years later, said: "You have been a master-builder in this work (the Oxford movement) and I a witness of its growth. You remained long in Oxford, still, with all its disfigurements, so dear to both of us; but I was removed to a distance and had to work alone. Nevertheless, to you I owe a debt of gratitude for intellectual help and light, greater than to any one man of our time." But Archdeacon Manning's time had not yet come. He went on hoping against hope, in the vitality of the Anglican Church. The conversion of Mr. Newman, however, turned his thoughts into another current, and two important events were destined to have the crowning influence over his mind in his ultimate change of faith. One of these was the nomination of Dr. Hampden (accused of holding heterodox opinions) as Bishop of Hereford, in spite of the protest of 13 Bishops and 1700 Anglican clergymen. The other was the decision of a lay council of judges, that Mr. Gorham, though openly disbelieving in baptismal regeneration, should be given the living of Brampford Speke, in Devonshire, which had been refused him by the ordinary — the Bishop of Exeter — thus proving that there was room in the Church of England for two opposing doctrines on one point of faith; or as Archdeacon Denison put it, "there was room for ten thousand doctrines."

Archdeacon Manning now assumed a leadership which the Oxford party enthusiastically accorded to him, and determined to raise the whole question as to the limits of the authority of the State in the affairs of the Church. At the head of a large number of influential clergymen and laymen he published a declaration setting forth that "as the Gorham decision invested the crown with a power of hearing and deciding in appeals of all matters, howsoever purely spiritual, both of discipline and doctrine, such power was at variance with the Divine office of the Universal Church as prescribed by the law of Christ." Many of the signatees of this document have since entered the true Church.

Shortly after this renunciation of episcopal authority in the Anglican Church, the long hoped, long petitioned, and long prayed for restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy was granted to England by the late revered Pius IX.; and the learned Dr. Wiseman, who had for years watched step by step, and refuted article by article, the "High Church claims," was appointed first Archbishop of Westminster.

In the storm raised against these proceedings by a weak minister, seconded by all the weight and influence of the richly beneficed Establishment, Archdeacon Manning was called upon officially to preside over an Anti-papal meeting of the diocese of Chichester. He acceded to the request, but it was his last farewell both to them and to their Church. "Urging on the meeting calmness and gentleness, he was eloquent because he was sim-

ply sincere; he alluded to the differences of opinion between himself and his hearers, on the subject of the meeting, and many others, and foreshadowed the result of the contest going on in his mind, by informing the clergy that that was probably the last time he should meet them in his capacity of Archdeacon. Though his hearers must have guessed whither his mind was drifting, no word of anger or discourtesy escaped them, and in reference to the subject of the restored Hierarchy they were studiously moderate, and the proceedings terminated in a vote of thanks in earnest and touching words to the Archdeacon."

So far for his clergy; but what can we say of the great grief of the little flock at Lavington? "Their vicar was a personal friend of each of them. Every home knew him — especially those in which any form of affliction was found. On sending in his resignation, the Bishop (Dr. Gilbert) refused to accept it. On all sides the Archdeacon was implored to retain his position in the Established Church — for he had made himself cherished and venerated by men most hostile to his ideas." A year before his conversion it was not unlooked for; "Archdeacon Manning," wrote a French author, "is now the most eminent leader of the Puseyite party." He is in the Anglican Church what Dr. Newman formerly was, — a centre towards which converge choice intellects, right minds, honest hearts, and consciences, stirred with the true love of religion. Archdeacon Manning — who, with Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey, had so long taken part in the theological controversies of recent years — has inherited the influence formerly exercised by the Vicar of St. Mary's, Mr. Newman. He, moreover, resembles him in the turn of his mind, the simplicity of his tastes and manners, and the variety and depth of his learning. His sermons — masterpieces of the Anglican pulpit — are the literary events of the day. Archdeacon Manning is one of the lights of the Anglican Church, he is one of the men who do it the greatest honor, at this moment, when eminent and incontestible qualities continue to keep up the illusions that a Church, which produces such men cannot be but pleasing to God. The Anglicans formerly reasoned in this way, with regard to Mr. Newman and his friends, now Catholics. "*God has His designs on men on whom He thus heaps His gifts and graces.*"

Archdeacon Manning was received into the Church, (with his friend Mr. Hope-Scott,) at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, by the late Father Brownbill, S. J., on Passion Sunday, 1851. A Protestant writer, speaking later of this conversion, says, "a wonderful man is Dr. Manning, so subtle, so astute, so calm, so benevolent, so refined, so scholarly; yet so firm and so resolved. Never did the Church of Rome gain a greater trophy than when she won Henry Edward Manning to the ancient creed of Christendom."

The Sunday following his reception into the Church the new convert was confirmed, and received minor orders from Cardinal Wiseman in his private Chapel in Golden Square, and was ordained priest by the same prelate in

the following June. Shortly afterwards he proceeded to Rome, where he finished his theological studies.

The new priest at once commenced his missionary career in the eternal city, and his voice was often heard in the pulpits of the principal churches by large congregations of English and Americans, who crowded to hear the new convert. "These sermons are remembered by his hearers as illustrating the precepts of the gentle Bishop of Geneva in his advice to bishops. They were simple, argumentative, and lucid; tender, and full of charity and love for erring souls wandering from the Faith, which the preacher had happily found."

During his long stay in Rome Dr. Manning had frequent interviews with Pius IX. of holy memory, which were the commencement for a firm and lasting love, veneration, and friendship of that great Pontiff.

On his return to London Dr. Manning took up his residence near Farm street, and for some time, said his Mass and heard confessions in the Jesuits' Church. He soon after, in 1857, established in London the Oblates of St. Charles, originally founded by the saintly Bishop of Milan, in 1578, as Oblates of St. Ambrose (but took the founder's name after his canonization, at the beginning of the seventeenth century) — a congregation of secular priests to aid in the missionary work of the diocese. Dr. Manning also founded the new mission of St. Peter and St. Edward, in a back street in Westminster, afterwards removed to the present building in Palace street, Pimlico, and frequently preached and heard confessions in the almost subterranean room first used as a Chapel. He shortly afterwards removed to Bayswater to take charge of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels; and erected a community house, which became the chief home of the Oblates of St. Charles. Here he was joined by several priests and converts, who joined the congregation of which he was first superior. Here also he founded St. Charles's College, which, under the direction of his nephew, the late Mgr. Manning, was afterwards removed to more spacious buildings in St. Charles's Square, Notting Hill.

In 1857, Cardinal Wiseman called Dr. Manning to assist in the councils of the diocese as Provost of the Chapter of Westminster; and about the same time the Pope conferred on him the dignity of the Prelature.

At the time of Cardinal Wiseman's last illness Mgr. Manning was in Rome, but immediately on receiving the sad intelligence, he hastened home in all the inclemency of a severe winter, and arrived in time to inpart the Pope's special blessing to the dying Cardinal.

The funeral oration over Cardinal Wiseman was delivered by Mgr. Manning, and the true idea of the strong friendship which united these two great minds will be best conveyed by the preacher's own words on that ever memorable occasion: "If," said Mgr. Manning, "the command of authority had not bid me to speak, I should not have ventured on this task. It would be a hard task to anyone. It is a harder task to me. It is beyond the power of any of us to speak as we ought of this great Prince

of the Church who lies here in the midst of us. It is altogether beyond mine. I have, moreover, a further hindrance — the private sorrow for the loss of the kindest of friends, the last in this kind I can ever have in life."

Who was to succeed Nicholas Wiseman as chief Pastor of the Church in England? All eyes naturally turned to one man as fittest to wear the mitre and wield the crozier of the great departed. And Rome confirmed the desire of England. On the 8th of June, 1865, Mgr. Manning was consecrated second Archbishop of Westminster, at St. Mary's, Moorfields, by the Bishop of Birmingham, and later received the pallium from the hands of Pius IX. himself, who, on bestowing it, said to him, "though I am not St. Gregory, I have the same faculties."

Part II. next month.

IRISH SCULPTURE, AND ITS MASTERS:

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE ART IN IRELAND!

Prof. M. J. Murphy.

I.

If Art be anything, it is one of the cloven tongues of genius. Whence it cometh we know not; for what it cometh we well know. Why nature should prefer to whisper in the ear of one of her children more than in that of another, is a part of the hidden mystery of our being. But that nature's preference is divine — that the symbol word, so articulated to the wandering crowd, irresistibly commands of its own authority our obedience, gratitude, and reverence, every man who is not a scoffer feels! The language of nature is one and true; but nature has many dialects! Poetry is one, science is another; art partakes of both, and is more easily appreciated than either. The people who are barbarous are morally asleep. Nature murmurs in their ear; through their dreams they start in terror at her misunderstood warnings; they recognize not the kind voice of their mother; they are, in the beautiful phrase of inspiration, without hope,— without God in the world. But an awakened people listen for the accents of art, seek it, value it, love it. Without it they feel as he whose hand runs over the harp, and finds a familiar and indispensable note dumb. Tune, tune that string, its absence is intolerable; nature never yet was sued in vain; nature never yet left herself without a witness; when *we call she heareth!*

More than three thousand years are gone since Greece awoke up from her cavern bed, and thought she felt as if she too must be a nation! It was *not* heaven's will that Greece should wait until the sun had risen! Her visions of truth were as in a glass, darkly; she had to guess at nature's meaning as she could, and stumble on from age to age, amid the grossness that covered then the earth. With all the fervor of a spirit laden with

fear, and anxious love for knowledge, she sought to image forth her wavering conceptions of divinity; now building with elaborate skill a vacant throne for Apollo, not daring to conceive how it should be adequately filled; now venturing to denote by rude and rugged forms the bodily shape of the gods!

The learned have filled whole volumes with disputes upon the silly question, whether Greece or Egypt is entitled to the praise of first inventing sculpture. The true answer is, neither Greece nor Egypt, nor any other land *could have invented it!* Art is a revelation of the truth to man, shed by nature in loose leaves, and whither the wind carries most of these, *there will be the greatest heap!* But nature is no churl, no stepdame to her children. Art is not Greek, is not Egyptian, is not Mexican,— art is the heritage, the birthright of man; and all heritage, monopoly, or exclusive merit, are but the clatter of Jupiter's muses drowning the immortal's clay.

When Greece, self-ruined, fell, little beyond her literature and her art remained; but these had so much of the higher and more vital power about them, that we find them absolutely ruling, as in revenge, the poverty-stricken imagination of the Romans. Rome had *her* statuary too! For the relics which have been exhumed from their lava tomb testify how exquisite was the taste, how beautiful the workmanship that in her latter days solaced her decline. But we look and search in vain for a distinct class or school of Roman sculpture! Modified Greek, nearly Greek, as good as Greek, possibly imported Greek, are the alternatives to which after all, the most discerning eye must come, or it wanders from fragment to fragment, and from group to group, in the galleries of Naples and modern Rome!

There are un-Grecian statues of the Cæsars, to be sure,— un-Grecian enough. But all that is creative, all that is ideal, all that belongs to the mental history of the grasping crowd of Romulus, and not merely to the imperial calendar, *is* thoroughly and confessedly Grecian! The wondrous head is that of Zeus, not Jupiter; the jealous queen is Here, not Juno; the matchless images of superhuman beauty are Aphrodite, Cytherea, Anadyomene, not the solid and good-humored mother of Æneas. It could not be otherwise. The temper of Rome was, in its best and palmiest days, unbelieving, matter-of-fact, un-ideal; — clear-eyed, iron-beaked, strong-winged clay,— but still clay, and nothing else. Rome coveted the revenue much more than the admiration of the world! the personal vassalage of the nations, much more than their respect.

But what has all this to say to the modern works of Ireland? Much! The arts were objects of intense and general respect in the early days of Ireland's civilization! To a very high degree of excellence workmanship in metals was carried; architecture had grown out of its barbaric stature and conception; music, if it had not reached absolute perfection, had been cultivated to a point which we hardly venture to hope of seeing equalled in our own day; and sculpture, though it kept not pace with its kindred arts,

was far from being unknown or unpractised! But, in the weary night of national ruin, wherein the poor old land was doomed to lie for so many subsequent centuries, every art save fond and faithful music was forgotten! For ages no advance of any indigenous or natural sort was made. Foreign skill occasionally was introduced as a fugitive or an adventurer, and made its bread there, but the spirit of the people "was worn so low," that there was no hope, no heart for efforts of any ideal kind,— no calm in which a man of national feeling could rest to work,— no sympathy that *dared* to breathe audibly for aught that denoted national feeling!

But it is past! The days of mourning for our father-land are ended! The destiny of a great, and free, and spiritual people is before us, and it will assuredly be fulfilled!

Sculpture had but few and isolated shrines in Ireland during the last and current century. A few monuments in the cathedral of Armagh, and some few isolated statues in the theatre of Trinity College comprised nearly all worth naming. The Dublin Society, founded by Messrs. Madden and Prior, 1731, was long very limited in its resources. These gentlemen had tried to argue the aristocracy into patronizing native art, but were simply listened to and laughed at! Among the aristocracy, enthusiasm of any sort was vulgar, Irish, and "very absurd;" and there was, as yet, no *people* recognized in the land!

At length an unfriended and unknown man felt within himself the impulse and the power to do! He had listened for some voice that might utter the longings in his deep heart, and heard it not. Ireland had no witness of her own to tell her *love of art!* All the testimony she received or credited of the beautiful, was foreign or ill-understood, naught that stimulated her hope or pride. One man alone thought within himself, we are not naturally dumb. I will speak to them in the language of sculpture; and if the multitude hearken not, surely the few, at least, will hear me! Hear thee? They did, and made thy young heart freeze with scorn! Hear thee? Aye, they did, sneering at thy extraction, and said, "Pity he is not an Englishman!" Hear thee? and let thee die in penury at last. Yes,—let it be remembered, Irishmen of to-day,— while ears can hear, and burning words can brand their sentence on the wretchedness and worthlessness of denationalism — that Edward Smith, the great, the glorious founder of an Irish School of Sculpture, lived, worked, created, struggled, *died in want*, because he had fallen on unhappy times! Popular knowledge, taste and power, in those times were contraband, and when that heartless and presuming class, to whom all things were in Ireland then committed, were resident aliens in the land that bore them, or absentees in another!

The first notice recorded of Smith we discover in the catalogue of the Society of Artists, in 1772, which reads thus: "A model for the intended statue of Dr. Lucas, by Mr. Edward Smith." The vigor and originality of the design was favored. Dr. Lucas had been the tribune of the people for a time, and one of the people was fitly chosen to suggest the proper form

of perpetuating his likeness. The statue, when finished, was placed in the Dublin Exchange, and *is one* of the best specimens of the florid style of monumental art! Its defects belong to the style which was then in vogue everywhere, but especially in France; its merits are the sculptor's own! It was daring enough, in a mere Irishman, to think of modelling a statue at all! Had Smith been guilty of the further insolence of forming a design upon his own pure ideas of what sculpture ought to be, he knew that he probably would have been openly reviled and scoffed down! A prophetic sense perhaps already warned him of what he was to suffer throughout a weary life-struggle of unrewarded and unappreciated toil.

His fine powers did not escape the notice of Gandon, who, upon all occasions, when he was himself employed as architect, invariably stipulated that the ornamental portions should be committed to the taste and judgment of Smith; hence the noble and artistic embellishments of the Four Courts and the Dublin Custom House. At a later period, Smith contributed his always noble share to the internal ornaments of the Castle Chapel and the Post Office. These are all from the chisel of our illustrious countryman, and they are in every way worthy of him.

The three statues which surmount the portico in Westmoreland street, were designed and executed by Smith. When the intellectual and *patriotic* speculators became the purchasers of the Parliament House, they set to work to modify it to suit their own purposes and fancy, and decreed that three allegorical figures should adorn the central façade, and also arrived at the conclusion, that *no native artist* was worthy of being intrusted with the task of making designs for them! Accordingly, a celebrated English sculptor was applied to, and he furnished pen-sketches of the figures, on a scale of four inches, from which Smith was condescendingly permitted to make complete models on a larger scale, and eventually to chisel the statues themselves! In these latter days it seems as if poetic justice doomed the designs, thus insolently thrust upon our country, where, if anywhere, their adoption was intolerable, and to the degradation of a native artist! The designs were faulty; and it was impossible to look at the figures that embellished the respective portions of the edifice, without being struck with the superior life and grace of those which are — *only Irish!*

The most touching incidents in the life of Smith that come to our knowledge, arose out of his connection with an institution which, of all others then existing, ought to have been proud to adopt and cherish him in his old age — we allude to the Dublin Society. When that body became the possessors of Leinster House, their counsel desired to have a suitable figure placed over the principal gateway. Smith received orders to make a design, and did so. It occurred, however, to certain wiseacres, that the sculptor, though a meritorious, poor fellow, needed hints; he ought not to be left to blunder by himself; he had had few advantages, and ought to be helped in the matter by judicious suggestions!"

An amateur *was so kind* as to take the trouble of making a drawing of

"what the the thing ought really to be!" Will it be believed? The wretched scratch or sketch was formally sent to Smith, for his guidance in the execution of the work! Another man would have flung it into the fire! But Smith was a truly great man, and could afford to keep his temper; and so, he quietly hung it up where he was working at his own model. A young and ardent friend, entering his studio soon after, asked him what the curious-looking thing on the wall might be, and was good-humoredly informed of the circumstances that had led to its being there. He, the friend, expressed with generous warmth the indignation which he felt. "Pooh! don't be angry, my dear fellow," said Smith; "what harm does it do me? I put it up there myself, and I work away; only taking care *never to look at it!*"

On another occasion, a well-known member of the society called in to see how Smith was getting on. "Well, Smith, how do you do? Hope you are here early every morning; no time to be lost; eh?" The calm and dignified old man laid down his mallet gently, saying, "Yes, sir, I have made some way." "Well, let's see, let's see. Eh! Why, what the devil have we got here? S'life, *you* don't call that work? Oh! dear, dear, what a miserable thing it is, that we can get nothing commonly decent done in this country! Did anybody ever see such a neck as that? It's absolutely as thick again as the helmet; d—n it, man, what d'ye mean?"

Without moving a muscle of his countenance, the artist took up his mallet again, and, pointing the chisel to the unformed mass, out of which he meant in due time to shape the neck, told the *stupid* old connoisseur, that if he had attempted to lessen the strength of the part which supported the head, before the crest and plume were finished, the first blow he struck on the upper part would snap the grain of the stone across, and so his labor would be lost.

"Oh, don't tell me!" cried the patron; "I'm talking of the neck; I'm not talking of the head!"

"But, sir," said the artist.

"But, sir, I tell you, Smith, it won't do; it won't *do*. People will come in here, and see the whole thing in this state, and the whole design will be d—d! It won't do, Smith; never mind the head; go on with the neck. Dear, dear, isn't it too bad when we all want to encourage you, that you will not let us!" and he stumped off in a great rage!

"For heaven's sake," said one who had stood by during this scene, "how can you bear this, sir?"

"Why, what would you have me do?"

"Do? Tell him to mind his own business, and not presume to lecture you!"

"And much I would get leave to do, if I did so!" replied the imperturbable old man; and then, laughing, he resumed his labor on the helmet of the goddess.

But! the worst of all remains! In 1811, the Dublin Society thought fit to elect him master of the modelling school, at the liberal salary of fifty pounds

a year Several of the other masters had even more than a hundred each; *but he* — the man among and transcendently above them all — the aged, the humble, the unskilled in flattery, the Æschylus of Irish art — was to be bargained with and hired — curse on the word — for fifty pounds a year! And then, in a fit keeping with this niggardly beggarliness of patronage, the same national-spirited body decreed "that Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy of London, be requested to give a drawing by himself for the use of the students, and that it be paid for without any limitation of price, from the grants given by parliament for the promotion of the fine arts in Ireland."

The noble spirit, thus tantalized and spurned by the conventionally great men of his time, did not long survive this last indignity. He died in 1812, and his son was elected in his place.

However, times are now changed. The atmosphere has changed with them, and is becoming instinct with progress and nationality and popular feeling. No public institution can resist the all-pervading influence; there may be some few narrow-minded creatures still lurking, as it were, in the cloisters of that noble institute of national improvement, who would fain hold on after the old and peddling way, which public opinion and the mass of the Dublin Society itself have long since abandoned; but, whenever these pragmatical or frozen-hearted dolts venture to complain, let them be met with the wretched record of the manner in which they or their legitimate predecessors treated EDWARD SMITH!

II.

A distinguished American gentleman, who had been journeying abroad, once remarked in our presence, "that it was strange a country like Ireland, which had contributed so many names to the world's book of fame, should have built the sepulchres of so few of them!"

There is no monument worthy of the name to Swift, Molyneux, or Ormond, nor to Goldsmith, Berkeley, Kirwan, Boyle, or to Sterne. There is none whatever to Burke, Flood or Sheridan! Grattan slept for years in Westminster; but when his ashes were gathered home, an English statue accompanied them, but which had been stowed into a dark corner of the Exchange, the patriotic directors of the Bank of Ireland having refused it house-room! God bless them for it, say we, for we should rather bury the statue thirty feet deep in any honest bog, than see it domiciliated in their establishment.

But this lack, or rather total want of national monuments, argues in the affirmative how sick the head and faint the heart of the country hath long been; it was, from the nature of things, inevitable; and a right discernment of its true causes, now that it is about to vanish away, instead of filling us with depression, should inspire us with firm and reassured hope.

In the miserable days past, when the only class possessing anything like real power or independence were the aristocracy, art could hardly keep itself alive in Ireland. Once, a few gentlemen travelled into the south

of Europe, and introduced home some tolerable pictures, and much intolerable conceit! They had been bred up in the notion of regarding the mass of the Irish people as aboriginal brutes; and they did their best to realize in them that political ideal, which the law and the constitution had pronounced concerning them. The notion of Irish art was ineffably absurd in their estimation! When any modern spark of genius sought to struggle into life against the incumbent weight of a domesticated alien scorn, it either perished from want of recognition and support, or was forced to migrate from its hostile home. We are told, that when Ireland shall gain her due place among the nations, then, but perhaps not until then, will the epitaph of her stifled genius be written!

Now, we approach a name, second in artistic worth to Edward Smith. We allude to Kirk. His numerous works are well known, throughout Ireland, at least; and it should be borne in mind that he has done more for the artistic embellishment of the city of Dublin than any living sculptor! His *forte* is in the accuracy and livingness of his likenesses. Fidelity of outline and of feature is not enough; every one has seen statues and busts wherein it was impossible to say what was untrue; and wherein, notwithstanding, the effect was missed! In almost all the busts of intellectual men executed by Kirk, the lips and eyes are neither frowning nor laughing; but there is a mobility about them that makes you doubt whether, if you look away for a moment, you may not find the attitude of the features changed by the time you look back. This is the great triumph of likeness sculpture!

In the imaginative walk of his art, Kirk chiefly confined himself to the delineation of simple and tender feeling. His "Orphan Girl," weeping beside the grave of Abbott, is perfect, from the hunger-attenuated features of the little mourner, to the bare feet, shrinking as they rest on the cold ground. Equally exquisite, but in a totally different style, is the "Young Dog-Stealer," the very incarnation of childish theft, and confusion at being detected!

The first attempt at founding a Provincial Academy for the cultivation of the arts, was made in Cork, in 1815. A fine collection of casts was presented to the Cork Institution in the year 1818, by the Prince Regent; they had been taken from the most remarkable antiques, under the superintendence of Canova, and were sent by the Pope to his English ally, in token of his gratitude for being released from the formidable friendship of Napoleon. In 1823, a gentleman happened to visit Cork, and went to see the collection of casts already mentioned. His attention, by accident, fell upon "a small figure of a torso," carved in pine timber, which had fallen down under one of the benches. On taking it up, he was struck by the correctness and good taste of the design, and was surprised to find a piece of so much excellence fresh from the tool, in a place where the arts had so recently been introduced, and where he did not expect to meet anything but the crude essays of beginners. On inquiring, he was informed it was the work of a young native of Cork, named Hogan, who had, in his leisure hours, studied

from the Papal casts, and practised carving with intense application. The stranger paid Hogan a visit, and was astonished at finding him at work at the composition of a "Triumph of Silenus," a group of fifteen figures, about fourteen inches high, designed in an antique style, by the self-taught artist, and cut in *basso relievo*, in pine timber.

Certainly the worthy stranger was more than delighted, and forthwith set about the task of procuring a recognition of the talents of young Hogan, ending in the result of Hogan being packed off to Italy, to educate himself for his noble career. Its early stages were not unclouded! After laboring for some time in Rome, he found his resources nearly exhausted, and no immediate prospect before him of being able to purchase marble (at all times an expensive material) or to maintain his studio. His early friends, however, had not forgotten him, for, at the suggestion of that indefatigable ally of unknown genius, William Carey, means were obtained and transmitted opportunely to the young exile. Gloriously, for Ireland and himself, has he repaid that debt! He remembered the words of Edward Burke, addressed to Barry the painter on a similar occasion: "No higher proof of honor can be conferred upon a young man, than that of being selected by his country to be an instrument of her renown, in painting or sculpture, or any other high department of intellectual excellence."

The first production, which he finished at Rome, was a figure of Eve, illustrating the idea so beautifully expressed in Gessner's "Death of Abel," when our mother finds a dead bird, the first instance she had seen of the working of the dread decree! Then followed his reclining figure of our Saviour, after death, which now adorns the Catholic Church in Clarendon street, Dublin.

But, if the early effort of his vigorous imagination excited hope, the admirable fruit of his maturer thought and skill, as it now stands before our eyes, fully realizes every anticipation of him that has been formed. The untimely demise of Doctor Doyle, Catholic Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, called for a remembrancer of itself, and found worthily that which it sought.

Hogan undertook to immortalize, not the outward form of the departed prelate merely, but the relation, the moral tie that riveted him to his country, at the moment when it was externally broken. And for this — for the glorious intuitive perception of the thing which was to be done,— because, with the young eagle's glance, he saw through and through the scope and nature of the subject,— felt with the many what they wanted, but what they knew not how to express; and thought above, transcendently above the ordinary craft of monument builders, what a tribute to the memory and the fame of Doyle ought to be,— because Hogan was equal to the occasion, and realized a great historical idea. He has been sneered at and carped at by the educated idiots, who know nought of sculpture but what they have seen mimicked of the antique in portable plaster of paris.

But it is not in the power of any paltry clique of *dilletanti* to whisper

away the fame and honor of a work, of which the Irish nation is, as it ought to be, proud. The group is not only purely classical, but, what is infinitely better, is distinctively national in character, and original in design. There is nothing cold, or apish of Augustan air about the draping; no lurking desire to Athenianise the limbs or the contour. Hogan was not thus afraid of the real, the actual, or the true! He honored antiquity too well to be its slave; he would drink of the spring that Phidias drank of, instead of becoming his empty cup-bearer! He felt that to mimic the accidents of a time and a taste that had gone by, was to miss the vitality that was characteristic of that time. He had the courage to tell the world that all that is inestimable in classic sculpture, is its eloquence in expressing the ideas of its time; and that if we would aspire to its height of beauty and of power, we must seek as vividly to express the ideas, not the affectations — the passions, not the reading — the living acts and thoughts of our time, not the dead and dreamy learning of another.

The conception of the group to which we have been alluding, is vividly spoken by the expression of the two figures that compose it. Erect, and clad in his pontifical robes, with one hand extended in confident but not presumptuous importunity, the patriot prelate stands; while beside him droops the allegoric figure of the country he had loved and served so well. The countenance is instinct with life; about the brow are gathered, in many a furrow, the lines of anxious care for the future, which are the faithful concomitants of the dying hours of all, who, having held that helm triumphantly, know the perils of the wave, and would fain see the daybreak, and the waters calm, ere they depart from the struggle. The face is thoroughly Irish, combining the buoyant and genial temper, with the earnest look and vigorous development of cultured intellect. We heard an illiterate man say, as he gazed at the group with admiration intense, "that arm looks as if it was moving!" an exquisite criticism, and profound appreciation of one of the greatest triumphs which the artist had achieved, although he who thus drew our attention first to the beauty of the upraised arm was unconscious thereof. This group, was, we have been given to understand, the occasion of Hogan's being admitted an associate of the College of Art at Rome, an honor which no Irishman or Englishman has ever before attained!

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A STORY OF KILCARRICK.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY A SISTER, AFTER ALL!

THE owner of the hand was now gazing with full, blue eyes into Bonnie's startled face, and for a minute or two there was no word spoken.

"Is *this* Bonnie Dunraven, or is it a tall Englishwoman, or *what?*" said the owner of the hand, at last, in his very pleasant voice. "Is this my old friend and playmate come back to us again?"

"Oh, Bob — Bob! how are you?" cried Bonnie then, with a delight in her face and voice as honestly genuine as it was welcome to her hearer. "I can hardly believe it is you. I cannot tell you, Bob, how glad I am to see you. Why, what a fine big fellow you've grown! Oh, dear! I suppose you are 'Doctor Grace' now, though!" added the girl, whose hand was undergoing the torture of Doctor Grace's cordial pressure. "It is five years, I declare, since — wait! Let me see. *No.* Four years and eight months since I saw you. And now I suppose you're a clever, sensible man?"

"If, by 'sensible,' you mean settled down, or sober-sided, or anything of that kind," laughed he, "you wrong me. I am the very same, simply, as I always was; except, indeed, as you say, I am now entitled to the prefix 'Doctor,' and, Bonnie, I know you will be glad to hear that I am getting on well in this neighborhood."

"I am glad, Bob. Very glad. You have the Dispensary here? You are stepping in for Uncle Hugh's patients, I suppose?"

"I am freeing the old gentleman's hands and conscience from troublesome burdens. Some of the more Conservative valetudinarians, however, can't persuade themselves (or be persuaded) that a medical practitioner who hasn't gray hairs and a wife, could possibly be capable of doing anything right. So I am afraid those venerable dowagers will cling on to the poor old man unto the bitter end."

"Old Mrs. M'Bride, of Rathnahinch, for example? And how long have you been practising, Bob, or Doctor Grace, or whatever I am to call you?"

"If you call me 'Doctor Grace,' I must, of course, call you 'Miss Dunraven'; and, somehow, the words will stick in my throat and most surely choke me some day. So out of consideration for my valuable life, do, for mercy's sake, adhere to the old style. Why should I be 'Doctor Grace' I ask?"

"Well, because you *are* 'Doctor Grace,' you know."

"Not to my old friends, Bonnie. When you and I played 'Hunt-the-Fox' in and out among the orchards, in the old days, I'm sure we never thought for a moment that, in a few years later, we should hold a discussion as to the fit and proper adjustment of our several titles! But O, Mrs. Grundy! What a withered old rattlesnake art thou!"

"A withered old rattlesnake, surely," said Bonnie, laughing. "I fully agree with you. And so, in order not to fall too low in your estimation, I will call you 'Bob,' just as I used. So now, Bob, answer me that last question I put to you. What was it, by-the-by? Oh, yes. I want to know how long you've been practising, and all about yourself. In fact, you must tell me your entire history for the last five years."

"Good! Hadn't I better write it out for you, *verbatim et literatim*, and send you the manuscript?"

"No; writing is only language frozen, as I saw stated somewhere lately. You used to tell a thing very graphically long ago. I hope you haven't lost your talent."

"Well, but I have very little to tell. I say, Bonnie, what is the good of our standing here, though? Come along, will you, for a stroll toward Liskeelan? It is so much pleasanter, as well as easier, to talk when one is walking."

"To Liskeelan? The dear old spot. To be sure I will, Bob!" Bonnie said; and accordingly they set out, side-by-side, at a brisk pace along the lonely old road in the direction of Liskeelan Head.

Grace was a fine, tall, powerfully-built fellow, starlwart and brawny as a young athlete. He was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, thin of flank, long of limb; and, together with these points, his hands and feet were small, so that the man's muscular strength was beyond question. His head was small, and well-set on his powerful shoulders. He had bright golden hair, which curled up close and crisp, and his eyes were blue and smiling, and singularly pleasant to meet full. For the rest, he was rather comely than handsome; but, indeed, the kindness and thorough manliness of his face left little in the way of mere beauty of feature to be desired.

When he laughed his laugh was genuine and light-hearted, and had a pleasant ring like music. He was always courteous to women, and kind — I may say tender, indeed — toward children. When you looked full into his honest blue eyes — pure blue, mind you, not gray-blue, not steel-blue — you felt the charm of them stealing over you, and you read the man's character there and then.

Grace was of opinion that he was positively a plain-looking fellow, and this belief did away with any small feelings of self-conceit, or anything of that kind, to which, perhaps, even the best-intentioned and most conscientious of men are more or less prone.

He was a distant relative of Dr. Fitzgerald's, and had, as a lad, been much at Kilcarrick. He had, subsequently, spent his vacations there for the most part, and it had thus come to pass that he and little Bonnie Dunraven had been thrown together a good deal in their earlier days. During Bonnie's later visits to the old house young Grace had not been there to meet her. He was engaged in Dublin, "grinding" for his examinations, attending lectures, and one thing or another. And so it had happened that almost five years had passed away since these two old friends had seen each other last.

"I called at the house," said Grace, as they walked briskly along, "and they told me you had gone out with — a — with Miss Savage."

"Miss Savage! Who is Miss Savage?" interrupted Bonnie, laughing.

"Well, whatever her name is. What is the right word? Isn't it Savage?"

"I suppose you mean Miss Wylde."

"Oh, by Jove! Yes, to be sure. Miss Wylde, to be sure. Well, when I heard you were gone down with Miss Wylde, I started in pursuit. And, do you know, I saw you for fully five minutes before I could screw up my moral courage to accost your ladyship."

"Why so?" said Bonnie, looking full at him.

"For all sorts of reasons. In the first place I said to myself, 'Now, maybe, she is changed. Maybe she will address me with chilling politeness, give me the tips of her pretty fingers, and the faintest of smiles by way of salutation!' And then I had other reasons, too — reasons which are too impalpable to catch up and embody in words. Five years is a long time, you know, Bonnie, and brings — *may* bring, at least — many changes."

"It may bring many physical changes, of course," said Bonnie; "but I don't see, Bob, why the changes should go any deeper. Doubtless you think me very much changed; do you? — for the worse, too, I fear?"

She looked up at him as she spoke, but there was not even the faintest trace of coquetry in the action. It was simply a question which she wished him to answer, precisely as she might say to him, "I cut my forehead when I fell the other day on the ice. Does it appear to be healing?"

"You are changed, Bonnie — Why not, after so many years? But do you know how you are mostly changed?"

"I suppose I am more faultlessly lovely than ever."

"You are joking now. But you shall hear what I have to say. Bonnie, you are no longer my sister as you used to be. I am not your brother any more. And there lies the change."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Bonnie, more energetically than she had spoken yet. "I did not imagine you would go in for that kind of thing, Bob. You have been reading some silly, fifth-rate novels of late I suspect. Come, confess! What were they?"

"I was never much of a novel reader, Bonnie, as you know well; and it so happens that I haven't even looked at the back of a book for the last two months or so. But surely we don't go to a 'silly fifth-rate novel' (to use your own contemptuous phrase) for truths that are the reverse of silly, do we?"

"What's this? Your great truth is, I am not your sister any longer! And why not, Doctor Grace?"

"Confound the 'Doctor Grace.'"

"With all my heart, if he is my brother. But, if not, surely I must pull up a little, and be more decorous as to the epithets I apply to him."

"Bonnie, a —"

"Miss Dunraven is my name, Doctor Grace!"

"A sister is very well, to be sure; but — she is not all. A time comes when we find that a sister merely is not enough, and wish for somebody else's sister, don't you see? And that is what I meant by saying you are changed."

"And I repeat, Doctor Grace, that you have been reading some silly fifth — *sixth*-rate novel. Let us drop the subject. We are nearly at Liskeelan now. Poor old Liskeelan! The notion of your striving to devastate all our old associations by your ultra-refined distinctions! Of course, if you wish to go in for *that* kind of nonsense, everything is changed — *everything*. We cannot walk together. We cannot talk together with any *verve* or naturalness. We shall be metamorphosed into two sticks with fluffy heads — psha!"

"Or sweeping-brushes, Bonnie, or brooms?"

"Yes — or mops. Something, anyhow, that is stiff and woodeny, and utterly ridiculous and silly. Come, come, am I to call you 'Bob' or not?"

"If you call me anything else, Bonnie, I shall never speak a word to you again!"

"Good! Well then, *Bob*, let us say no more about the matter. Here we are at Liskeelan. How I love this spot!"

They had now strolled off the road-side through a tumble-down gateway, and were mounting the sweeping upland towards the gray old tower which stands on the summit of Liskeelan Head. The slope is sheer, and the grass at this side grows long, and lush and thick. They toiled up the hill which was so steep that it hid the sea completely. By the time they had gained the summit Bonnie's cheeks were glowing with color, her eyes were sparkling.

They were now standing at a great height above the sea. The hill curved down gradually from where they stood, and far below were the gray cliffs, and the shingle, where the huge green waves came in, heaving, and crashing, and foaming, and filling all the air with a hollow, thunderous boom. Far away over the ocean the clouds hung low and dark; long lines of white foam streaked the

troubled gray-green water; the heave of the surf was stormy and irregular; the wind whistled through the crannies of the rocks, and around the old tower, and blew full, and strong, and vitalizing, into the faces of Bonnie and Doctor Bob.

A pair of wretched-looking, lean, and abnormally hairy donkeys were grazing on the slope of the hill, and this disreputable-looking couple were the only signs of life in the place, save, indeed, for the sea-gulls and the sand-martens which wheeled and screamed far down over the rocks, and the shingle, and the sea.

Bonnie was very silent now. Somehow, she could not speak. There was a strangely earnest look in her eyes, her lips were slightly parted.

> It may be a sound —
> A tone of music — a summer's eve — or Spring —
> A flower — the wind — the ocean — which shall wound,
> Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

That electric chain had now been struck, and the early days of her childhood were more clearly before Bonnie's eyes and mind than the cliffs, and the shingle, and the sea.

Poor old Liskeelan. As a child Bonnie had been peculiarly given to investing inanimate objects — trees, rocks, and so forth — with human personalities. Old Liskeelan had thus taken, in little Bonnie's eyes, the character of a kind, rugged, great-hearted old friend and confidant. How often had the little girl come here, long ago, and sat down on the thymy herbage, with the weary ocean stretching out before her, and the rolling green hill behind her, shutting out the noisy world, and leaving the little girl all alone here with the wheeling gulls, and the dun-ribbed sands, and the gray rocks, and the sea.

Bonnie had been wont to pour out all her childish secrets — and what big secrets she had then considered them, to be sure — to the old tower, and the rocks, and the great green waves. That old gray tower was a very patient listener. It never rebuked little Bonnie, nor intruded its own wrongs upon her — and, goodness knows, the child thought it had wrongs and sorrows enough, poor wind-beaten old tower! And the waves — they never scolded her either. Not they. They listened to all she had to say, and they moaned, and hurtled, and complained among themselves, to be sure, but, somehow, their voices had a soothing effect upon the child. She used to listen for hours to the stern dirge which the waves chanted without ceasing all day long. Her ear became attuned to the voice of the sea, and her heart caught up the wild monotone, and made use of it in its own way; for Bonnie's character became strangely softened, and soothed, and saddened, about this time, as though it were gradually chiming in with the weary plaint of the sea.

But all that was long ago — long, long ago. To Bonnie it seemed almost a hundred years since she had poured out her heart to the old tower. And now she was here again — here on the very green slope where she had so often lain. She almost expected to come across the ghost of her dead childhood here, so inextricably was the spot interwoven with the innermost fibres of her being.

By-and-by her tongue was at last loosened, but now the careless gaiety seemed to have gone away, for the time being, from her conversation. She spoke quietly and earnestly, and this genuine earnestness had, somehow, a stronger fascination for Robert Grace than even the light-hearted carelessness of awhile ago. But, oh, why should her earnestness be so directed?

She asked Doctor Bob all about himself and his prospects, and his adventures during those five long years. Had she been veritably his sister, she could not have spoken more frankly, with a more genuine concern for his welfare, with less of that significant reserve and shyness

which poor Grace would gladly welcome, instead of Bonnie's dispassionate openness.

Why did she so naturally, and as a matter-of-course, adopt this easy sisterly tone and manner? Why did she so calmly ignore every one of his wistful glances and insinuations? Was it unconsciousness merely, on her part, or the subtly-devised self-defence of clear insight? If the latter, why *should* she stand on the defensive? If the former, why *should* she be unconscious of how matters stood?

These random thoughts were passing and repassing rapidly, and with many twists and variations, in Grace's troubled mind during his walk back with Bonnie Dunraven, and when at last they had parted at the old gate of Kilcarrick, and Grace was pursuing his homeward way alone, one thought was chiming over and over again in his brain, one miserably unanswered question —

"Has she come back to me only a sister, after all?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE OMEN OF THE CUP.

Bonnie lost no time in choosing her school-room, ordering the necessary books, slates, atlases, and so forth — for, indeed, there was a melancholy dearth of such things, which spoke volumes for Miss Quinlan's tactics — and selecting the hours for class and study. She was very matter-of-fact and energetic during these preliminary processes. Any fond expectations of cousinly indulgence, which may have glimmered in upon the children's minds, were speedily allayed. Clearly, Cousin Bonnie knew what she was about, and "was up for no humbugging," as Master Freddy phrased it.

Poor Miss Quinlan — the children's former governess — was old and asthmatic, and somewhat given to taking a nap, now and then, during class-hours; during which little digressions the children amused themselves by producing slate-pencil portraits of the sleeping lady, and by sundry other diversions of an agreeable, but scarcely orthodox character.

Norah, indeed, never joined in any of these playful pastimes. But Norah was not very much in the schoolroom. Her extreme delicacy of health had kept her more or less isolated from her little sisters and brother. Miss Quinlan was wont to give Norah a private hour or so of an evening, after the regular class-hours, and Bonnie would now of course, be only too happy to do the same.

Well, there is a small, cosey, low-ceiled old room in Kilcarrick, called the Orchard Room. It looks westward, and you gaze from its one ivy-wreathed window straight into the heart of the old orchards. When the trees are leafless you get glimpses between their trunks and branches of the rolling country inland, the fields and uplands, the dark wooded ridges, and the far blue hills. But in Spring-time and Summer the dense tree-foliage and blossoms shut out the inland view, and your eyes are wonderfully soothed by the cool greens, and browns, and golden-reds of the leaves and boughs, and mosses, and the carmine and flake-white of the apple blossoms.

It is a dear old room — I know it well — and many a long May evening little Bonnie spent long ago, gathered up cosily on the broad window-seat, and gazing out listlessly through the open window, with the breath of the apple blossoms, and the purple lilac which grows alongside of the wall, wafted in upon the light breeze, and the level rays of the setting sun glancing in redly through the leaves. The Orchard Room was one of Bonnie's pet rooms in Kilcarrick; and it was the Orchard Room which she now selected for the children's class and studies.

During Miss Quinlan's reign, this room had been occupied solely by a huge old clothes-press, and Bonnie

found it a by no means easy process to soothe the ruffled spirit of Kitty Maguire, when it was suggested to her that this venerable press should be removed elsewhere.

Kitty Maguire was an ancient retainer of the Kilcarrick household, had nursed poor Alice Fitzgerald, and had terrified little Bonnie well nigh out of her wits many a time, by certain weird and gruesome stories which Kitty, in turn, had learned from her mother, old Creena Maguire, long, long ago. Kitty was now about seventy years of age, but she was still able to recall the greater number of her stories, and to jig "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," and "The Monster Butter-milk," and "Come, Haste to the Wedding," with a vigor and accuracy surprising to hear. She spoke Irish fluently, and the old Doctor would oftentimes spend a half-hour talking with Kitty in the Irish tongue; for he, too, understood the mother-language, but not nearly so thoroughly as did Kitty Maguire.

This old woman was tall and slight, with dark, penetrative gray eyes, black shaggy brows, and perfectly white hair. Her face was long, and lean, and yellow, and not unpleasant, even still, when she smiled. But, in repose, the face was dismal and stern, and the long, thin nose and projecting, peaked chin, gave a witch-like character to the whole countenance, a character heightened by the yellow and blackened fangs which showed, at times, between the old woman's shrivelled lips. One marked peculiarity in the face was a certain scared look which now and then flashed across it. When you entered the kitchen noiselessly, or suddenly, this expression in the old woman's face shocked you at first, and then piqued your curiosity. Was it merely a facial accident or an acquired habit?

There was a story current in the Kilcarrick household about Kitty's having been born on Halloween, and being, therefore, endowed with the faculty of seeing ghosts and other spirits. In this way was explained the odd, shrinking expression of the old woman's face. Be this as it may, Kitty had, on many occasions, mumbled out wild and startling things during her sleep; and in these incoherent ramblings more than one ghostly visitant had prominently figured.

When questioned directly as to her supernatural endowments, the old woman was not given to be communicative. It was only by a system of subtle "pumping" that you gained your point in the end; but when once you had succeeded in blinding the old woman as to your real intentions, the process of coming at last at her supernatural lore was comparatively an easy one.

And then when Kitty did actually begin to talk on the subject, you were amply rewarded for your patient perseverance. During these sinister revelations Kitty's voice was wont to drop to a mysterious key, sinking away to a whisper when the narrative grew unusually eerie.

Bonnie was especially successful in winning the old woman's confidence. Perhaps the reason was, that Kitty had always loved the little girl who, indeed, reminded her of "poor Miss Grace," the Doctor's dead sister, and Bonnie's mother. Kitty was wont to show her affection for little Bonnie, long ago, by the manufacture of sundry, homely sweetmeats — to wit, treacle-tarts, toffy, brown-sugar stick, and such dainties — for the child's special delectation. And now her little pet had grown up into a tall, fair, bright-looking girl, a girl with sunshine in her face, and music in her happy voice, and the warmth of an Irish heart in the cordial pressure of her hand.

How could Kitty deny her anything? It was, to be sure, an exceedingly important matter to remove the big Kilcarrick clothes-press from its lawful and long-recognized situation; but if it *was* to be done, why some other spot must only be found for its future accommodation. So Kitty

yielded, having carefully impressed "Miss Bonnie" with a due sense of the weighty import of the proceeding.

Some hours later, on that same evening, Bonnie, entering the Orchard Room, to see about the removal of the big press, found a pleasant fire burning in the grate, and a brown teapot on the hob, and Kitty Maguire herself seated cosily on the hearth, puffing away contentedly at a short, blackened clay pipe, or *dhudeen*.

"Upon my word, you are enjoying yourself, Kitty!" exclaimed Bonnie, advancing to the fireside. "What a cosey old room this is, to be sure!" she added, kneeling down on the hearth in her accustomed attitude.

"I'm takin' a *shough*, Miss Bonnie. Maybe the smoke'll sicken ye, *alanna?*"

"Not at all. Don't you remember how often I sat with you in the kitchen long ago, Kitty, and you 'shoughing' away to your heart's content."

"God be wid th' ould times!" Kitty ejaculated, shaking her head. "It's often I think of 'em. *Musha*, do ye remimber the time, Miss Bonnie, whin I used to give ye the fine dips below on Liskeelan Sthrand? Ye worn't wan bit afeared o' the wather. Not you! I never seen the likes. It's often ye'd roar meal o' murther for me to let go o' you, intirely! An' sure maybe it's out in the salty ocean ye'd be swep' afore I could hould you, God bless the mark!"

"Well, you know, I was only a very little child at that time," said Bonnie, as though apologizing for her juvenile misdemeanors; "there's no fear of me, now, Kitty; I can swim. Well, well, what fun we had long ago! Are you glad to have me back again at Kilcarrick, Kitty?" she said, laying her hand on the old woman's lean yellow face.

"Glad to have ye back, *acushla!* It's I that is, Miss Bonnie, an' no wondher I would! Why, you're the light o' my eyes, me darlin', and so was your mother — God rest her soul! — before you. Glad to have you back!" and Kitty Maguire took up Bonnie's hand, and pressed it to her shrivelled lips. "May God bless you, *mavourneen*, and give ye health, an' stringth, an' happiness every day o' your life! Sure it's often an' often I thought o' you, and I was kilt intirely to see you again, Miss Bonnie. An' now — thanks be to God! ye're here wance again, and ye wont be lavin' us any more."

"And don't you ever intend, Kitty, to allow me to get married?" said Bonnie, laughing; but her eyes were saddened now. The old woman's warm-hearted words, and the allusion to her dead mother, had sunk deep into Bonnie's heart.

"Ay *coorse* ye'll be married, an' a fine fella ye'll get, too, plaze God! Why not, to be sure? An', be the same token, *achushla*, did ye happen to meet young Doctor Robert Grace since ye come home?"

"I did, Kitty. I had a long walk with him yesterday. We went to Liskeelan Head, and around by the cliff-path to the little strand. He has grown a fine man. I was very glad to meet him. You know, he and I are old — old — *old* friends."

"Ay; an' yiz 'll be betther friends still, *alanna*, afore long, plaze God. Well, now, Miss Bonnie, isn't he a lawkey young gintleman, intirely? Sure, whinever, he comes here, he never forgets me. 'Good morro to ye, Kitty!' he'll say, an' his roundy blue eyes full up o' good humor. God bless him! An' he's light about *you*, Miss Bonnie, an' ye couldn't get a betther nor a grander fella if you sarched high an' low, hills an' hollows, all the world over."

"I wish he could hear all that!" said Bonnie, laughing. "Why his head would be turned on his shoulders, I declare. I really like him very much — *very* much. You know, he he was always like a brother to me, Kitty."

"An' he'll be nearer still nor a brother, plaze God, miss!"

"What in the world do you mean by that, Kitty? Do you mean that he is going to marry me!"

And the thought was so amusing a one to Bonnie that she burst out laughing, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, in a clear, ringing, joyous peal of merriment.

"O, dear me! such a thing for me to say!" she gasped then, still laughing. "You disreputable old match-maker, you! Poor Doctor Bob!" and she went off in another fit of laughing, fresh, and genuine, and pleasant to hear.

"Troth now, Miss Bonnie, it's no laughin' matter at all," said Kitty, who strongly resented Bonnie's hilarity; maybe, now, you're thinkin' o' some English fella or other. The young Docthor is worth his weight in yallow goold. Mark now what I'm tellin' ye, miss."

"Well, Kitty, we shan't lose temper over it. I like the 'young Doctor' very much indeed, and I think he likes me, and I hope we shall be always very good friends. As for the 'English fellow' there's no such a person at all; so you may make your mind easy on that point, Kitty. And now I'm sure your tea is well drawn. Come, pour out your cup. Don't let me be in your way."

"Maybe, ye'd have wan wid me, *alanna?*" insinuated Kitty, whose ruffled feelings were now almost entirely soothed again.

"I don't think I — wait! Let me see. *Yes.* You may give me a cup, or a half a cup. But I see you haven't a cup for me," said Bonnie.

"I won't be long gettin' one," rejoined Kitty, preparing to rise from her stool on the hearth.

"As if I would allow *you* to hobble down stairs for a cup!" exclaimed Bonnie, setting off herself on the errand. She returned in a minute or two, and now the delightful aroma of good old tea filled the cosey fire-lit room, and the "wild winds of March" were crooning at the window, and amidst the orchards, and Bonnie felt singularly happy as she sipped her tea in the firelight.

"Oh, by-the-by, Kitty," she said, suddenly, "you must read me my fortune in this cup. You were always skilled in cup-tossing. Now it's no use for you to say 'no.' I have a good memory, and I know well what you can do."

The old woman's face darkened, the eyes fell, the odd scared look came across the features.

"It's many a year," she said, in a whisper, "since I done the like. Ye won't ax me, Miss Bonnie, if ye *plaze.*"

"Oh, come now, Kitty!" Bonnie urged; "*please* do it — to please *me*. Surely there is no harm in it when it is only a joke. Come, now, Kitty; take the cup."

"I forgets *how*," replied Kitty! shrinking back from Bonnie's proffered cup, and scowling a little, with a pallid stare at the embers in the grate.

"Now I shall take no excuse," said Bonnie, whose curiosity was piqued, and who was gazing, with somewhat shocked attention upon Kitty's darkened face. "Take the cup, Kitty, and toss it; if not, I shall be angry with you, and it will be long again before I drink a cup of tea with you. Mind now!"

"I *hates* to take it!" said the old woman, advancing a shrinking and whithered hand towards the tea-cup. "Dunno mind it, miss. Leave it so in God's name, I'm tellin' ye!"

But Bonnie was energetically in earnest now, and so Kitty at last shrinkingly complied.

She shook the cup three times in the air, describing a wide circle from right to left, then brought it down, bottom upwards, upon the saucer. Bonnie leaned eagerly forward as the old woman now raised the cup, and peered sternly and darkly into its bowl.

"What do you see?" asked Bon-

nie, endeavoring unsuccessfully to obtain a glance at the mysterious interior.

"I *tould* ye not to press me!" cried Kitty, at last, in a voice of gathering agitation; "I begged o' you to lave over, an' ye wouldn't do it, and now it's too late! *Ochone — och — ochone!* I'm sore at the heart for doin' the likes o' this, this night!"

"Kitty! Kitty!" said Bonnie, now really roused up, and seizing the old woman's arm, "it is all a harmless joke — no more! What on earth do you mean by saying such things? Here, show me the cup. What terrible adventures am I to meet with?"

She stretched out her hand for the cup as she spoke, but scarcely had she touched it when the old woman shrank back with a shrill scream, and dashed the cup, with all the strength of terror and dismay, upon the hearth-stone. The fragile old china was shivered to pieces at Bonnie's feet.

"Sooner nor show you what I saw," gasped Kitty, in a hoarse whisper, "I'd cut off my right hand! O, *acushla*, *acushla!* May God guard you, an' stringthen you! Be brave, be sthrong, have your wits about you, *mavourneen*; for if ye don't mark my words for it, ye'll sorely rue the night ye ever come back to this house."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Bonnie stooped over the fragments of the cup, and gathered them together with something of reverence in her touch. But her face had grown pale, and, in spite of herself, the old woman's wild words and evident agitation had singularly impressed her.

"Poor old cup! I am sorry for you," Bonnie said, looking down ruefully enough upon the gaily-colored fragments. "I knew you long ago, when I was but a little girl, and I remember dusting you, and washing you, and putting you up cosily in the old cupboard. And now your days are ended before my very face, old cup, and I am very, very sorry for you!"

Kitty said not a word. Her recent excitement was calmed, and she was gazing sternly straight into the heart of the embers. Her long dismal face had a chalky pallor in it, her lips were compressed, her eyes, under her shaggy grizzled brows, glittered like steel.

The wind without had deepened in tone, and was heightening to storm. Long melancholy blasts swept across the house, and shuddered in the chimney-stacks, and shook the leaves of the old lilac-tree which grows right against the wall beside the window of the Orchard Room. One crazy bough, indeed, stretches across like an arm, right under the window-sill; and Bonnie, long ago, was wont to make of this bough a natural step-ladder, by means of which she oftentimes got down into the orchard, thus saving the trouble of going through the house.

With the fragments of the teacup in her lap, and her chin resting on the palm of her right hand, Bonnie now listened to the gathering blast, and keenly enjoyed that melancholy moan and sough.

Presently Kitty Maguire rose, and mumbling something about being "wanted below stairs," shuffled away from the room; and now Bonnie was alone by the fire, alone with the broken cup and the hollow pealing of the storm.

What a grand sound it was, to be sure, with all its melancholy solemnity! What an awful dirge! Now it wailed far away in the distance. Now it rose to a long-drawn pitiful *cuoine*, like the lamentation of the *banshee* which Bonnie had once heard. Then it heightened to a shriek — wild, anguished, thrilling; and then boomed hollow and thunderous in the chimneys, and died away with a

lengthened shudder at the far side of the old house.

Bonnie had always loved this wild, unearthly sound. As a child, she had been strangly fascinated by weird stories of "Jinny Winter," a certain witch who shrieked, and tore her long white hair, far up in the tree-tops during the stormy nights of winter. Bonnie implicity believed that "Jinny Winter" was a real personage. She used to listen, with an awful earnestness, to the moans and sobs and shrieks of the wild woman of the trees. What a life poor "Jinny Winter" led, thought the child. How cold it must be out there in the stormy winter night — and O, how lonesome, how drearily lonesome, with no companions save the black tossing trees!

She began to feel deeply aggrieved for poor Jinny's melancholy lot; and when she came to the years of discretion, and discovered that there was, after all, no such person as this wild woman of the trees, she still in a vague, unconscious way, attributed to the howl and peal of the storm, a kind of eldritch personality.

The fire was now burning cheerily, leaping up at times in playful gaseous jets, and casting the oddest shadows of Bonnie's head and projecting elbow upon the ceiling and the opposite wall. The voice of the storm, had, by this time, grown into a solemn accompaniment to the girl's thoughts. She had satisfied herself in the way of admiring that thunderous boom as a sound merely, and she had now, almost unconsciously, fallen into one of those long deep reveries wherein the past appears to be far more real and tangible than the actual present, which has, it would seem, taken a nap for the time being.

The old days at Kilcarrick, the excursions with Bob Grace to Liskeelan, and the romps in the orchards; then her mother's death, and her own life in Surry: all these memories were now thronging into Bonnie's mind, not consecutively, as they are written down here, but jumbled together in the oddest fashion, as if following the fitful fluctuations of the storm's voice.

So deep was her reverie, indeed, that when, after some ten minutes or so, a sound broke in suddenly on the hush of the room, Bonnie took no notice of it whatever.

A sudden sound — a tap, tap on the window-pane.

Bonnie, perhaps, heard the sound in a dreamy manner, and thought that it was likely a lilac branch blown by the wind against the glass. But it came again, and now there could be no mistake about its origin.

It was a distinct and energetic rapping of knuckles upon the pane.

Bonnie looked up sharply, and fixed her eyes on the window. The fire was now burning up brightly, and, in this red glow, Bonnie saw a human face pressed close against the glass without, and two glittering eyes peering into the room.

For a moment or two a sickening sensation of physical weakness and horror came over the girl; then she stood up briskly enough — with the briskness of terror, very likely — and hurried towards the door, in a panic, to make her escape.

But the tap — tap — tap came again, very determinedly this time, and by no means like the knocking of ghostly fingers. It had something reassuring in its energetic distinctness; so much so, indeed, that Bonnie paused in her flight, and turned and stood looking at the window, curiosity now tempering the dismay of her gaze.

The face was still pressed close to the glass, and now the shadow of a smile flitted over the features, and it seemed that the mysterious owner of the glittering eyes was bowing to the startled girl a courteous reassurance, or was it a pleasant recognition?

Anyhow, Bonnie paused no longer. She felt ashamed of her weakness, and this feeling was not long in spurring her on to the opposite extreme.

Had she had her unshackled wits about her she would, I daresay, have asked for the name and business of this unknown visitor before she raised the sash. But she did nothing of the kind.

She threw up the window, and then stood back a little, with a low cry; for she saw, fully illumined in the bright fire-light, the most striking face which she had ever laid eyes on in all her life before.

The man — for a man's face it was — had, it appeared, climbed up to the level of the window by way of the old lilac-tree, and was now leaning forward on the sill, his felt hat pushed a little back from his forehead, his black eyes fixed on Bonnie's face.

For a minute each gazed at the other, and there was no word spoken. It was one of those tremendous minutes when the life of a human being receives its impetus towards its destiny. Such minutes seem to be the issue of the veriest chance. Had Bonnie, for example, instead of remaining in the Orchard Room this evening, gone away with Kitty Maguire, her whole after life would, most likely, have been far different from what it was.

"I'm awfully sorry if I have frightened you," said the stranger; then, in a low, and singularly pleasing voice — a voice with a foreign ring in it, Bonnie thought — "*Have* I frightened you very much? It is too bad really. But the fact of it is, I have lost my way, and I saw the glimmer of light from this window, and so I climbed up and peeped in, and ventured to make my presence known in the least aggressive manner I knew of. I hope you will forgive me?"

"Well, to be candid, you startled me just a little at first," said Bonnie; "but I have managed to get over it by this time."

"And you forgive me, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, entirely," she said, laughing.

"Thank you very much. I hardly expected so prompt an indulgence. And now, may be, you will do me the additional kindness of explaining to me something of my present locality? I have veritably lost my way. I have walked from the station — Bally — Bally — What's the name? Bally — something — or — other, anyhow."

"Ballydoonan, I suppose? Bonnie suggested, with a smile.

"Thank you again. Ballydoonan, to be sure. Well, I am on my way to L'Estrange's, of Castle Strange. Are you acquainted with L'Estrange? His wife is a kinswoman of mine."

"My uncle knows him very well," replied Bonnie, feeling now more at home with the stranger, and drawing about half-an-inch nearer to the window. "And is it possible you have walked all the way from Ballydoonan? How tired you must be."

"Not at all. I am a first-class walker. My knapsack is one of my dearest friends, and my blackthorn one of my pleasantest companions. I enjoyed the walk this evening immensely. That is to say, of course, so long as I had daylight, or even the gloamin'; but, you see, I was too foolhardy, and I wandered away from the road and got entangled in a maze of trees and fields and orchards, until at last this window shone out like a guiding star. I'm sure I don't know what I should have done had I not seen it."

"And you are really going on to Castle Strange to-night?"

"Yes, really and truly to Castle Strange. Why not?"

"But it is nearly four miles away, and you have already walked at least eight."

"As if I should consider twelve miles anything like a fatiguing walk! Moreover, it would never do for me to give way to laziness so very soon. I am bound for a friend's place in the neighborhood of Lismore. Think of that!"

"Lismore! But surely you will not be mad enough to walk so far as

that in such weather? Now if it were summer for example."

"I hate summer. At least, I hate walking in summer. How one can enjoy that sort of thing is a puzzle to me. Just fancy a glaring blue sky, sweltering in the heat; a broiling sun scorching up the green of the fields, and the leaves of the trees and the hedges; an atmosphere like a furnace-blast, and poor dumb cattle standing in the smothering shade of some corner of a field or other, endeavoring with all their remaining energy — such as has not been altogether burnt up like dry fuel — endeavoring, I say, to shake off the thirsty flies — thirsty for their parboiled blood. And then all the landscape, hill and dale, wood and water, simmering in a haze of heat! Honestly, do you think it a pleasant picture? I fancy not — nor do *I!*"

All this was delightful to Bonnie in her present mood of mind. It was, to be sure, a trifle unorthodox on her part to be thus conversing with a man of whose very name she was ignorant. But perhaps this very unorthodoxy was the reigning charm of the little episode.

And then, too, the scene was especially appropriate. The stranger's graceful head and shoulders were framed with the window-frame; the black night behind was a Rembrandt-like background; and the ruddy fire-glow partly illumined the dark handsome face in a clare-obscure way, through which half-light the black eyes flashed brilliantly, and the white teeth shone.

Bonnie was not aware, however, of the pleasing picture which she herself made just now. Her tall graceful figure was well defined against the red glow of the fire, her bright hair was in a state of picturesque disarray, and her face was all lit up with a happiness which she entirely failed to grasp. Perhaps it was the gladness of a sudden and agreeable adventure — an unusual and unexpected little episode in her life; or perhaps, it was something widely different therefrom.

There was, in fact, a vague suspicion haunting the girl that she had seen this man before. But when? — and where? Was it in a dream? Or, was it all only a fancy?

The stranger, looking in from his outer darkness upon this picture of homeliness and comfort, with this lithe girl-figure in the immediate foreground, was in no hurry whatever to desert his pleasant post of observation.

It seemed, however, to suddenly dawn on Bonnie's sense of propriety, that this interview was — considering the professed purport of it — somewhat needlessly prolonged; and with, perhaps, some remorse of conscience, she forthwith gave the stranger a brief, but comprehensive, account as to the way in which he should walk so as to arrive safely at Castle Strange. Then she drew back a little from the window, and it was clear that — from some unaccountably sudden cause or other — she now desired that the little scene should come to an end.

Not so the stranger. But what could he do?

A thought occurred to him.

"I shall be doubly grateful to you," he said, in his most fascinating way, "if you gave me a glass of water. It was a case of

> Water, water everywhere
> Nor any drop to drink,

as I came along by the cliffs half-an-hour ago. Pardon me for troubling you so much. What a bore I am making of myself!"

"What a cold-hearted, inhospitable creature you would make of me, though!" said Bonnie, with a compunctious warmth in her kindly voice. "I will get it for you in a minute. By-the-way," she asked him suddenly, "will you have a cup of tea? One of the old servants here has just been taking a cup, and the teapot is still on the hob."

"With all my heart, and very many thanks," said the stranger, laughing. "A cup of tea is the one thing above all others that I've been longing for since I left Ballydoonan — isn't that the name? Upon my honor, you are more than kind."

"I'm afraid you will find it too strong," said Bonnie, advancing from the fireside with the cup, which she placed upon the broad, low window-seat.

The stranger leaned in, and now his face was fully visible in the ruddy light.

What a striking face it was, Bonnie thought. A browned thin face, all lit up with wild black eyes; a handsome nose, and a heavy dark mustache with a gleam of white teeth flashing out beneath it.

So much Bonnie took in, and she also saw that the stranger's hair was very dark brown and silky, and had a natural wave rippling through it. He had removed his hat, and the wind caught, now and then, the wavy dark locks of his hair and tossed them playfully upon his forehead.

A nearer glance showed Bonnie that the stranger's face was not alone thin, but also worn, and that there was a hollow look about the eyes, which, to her mind, indicated intellectual weariness, or worldly care, but not at all the effects of any vulgar dissipation.

From what she could see of the man's figure she conjectured that he was tall and lean; and this attenuation, too, told of much mental suffering, or, perhaps, delicacy of bodily health. There was none of the robust brawn which so distinguished Bob Grace, for example, in this man.

And so it came to pass that Bonnie, as she looked, allowed a feeling of compassionate sympathy — still ungrasped, however, by her consciousness — to mingle with the strong interest with which the stranger had already inspired her.

The stranger, leaning in over the window-seat, sipped his tea with great relish, chattering the while in his slightly foreign, and very pleasant voice.

"Well, I shall not soon nor easily forget this little episode in my life," he said, looking into his cup. "I usually jot down in a note book my adventures as I go along. But I will not enter this. I will keep it apart from the others — *isolated*. It shall not mingle with any gross element. And I shall think over it when I am far enough away."

"When you are at Lismore — at your friend's place," said Bonnie, striving to give the conversation a lighter turn.

"I don't know whether I shall go on to Lismore or not, after all."

"Oh, I suppose you are your own master. It is well for you!"

The stranger suddenly pushed away his cup, and drew back a little into the night.

"My own master!" he repeated, in a voice he had not yet used — a voice which thrilled Bonnie as she heard. And then he laughed — a short, bitter laugh, ending with a shrug of the shoulders. "Well," he added, tossing back his hair with his left hand, "this is no time for dwelling on the subject. Listen. I have something to ask you before I go. May I see you again?"

"You will not make any stay at Castle Strange, will you?" said Bonnie.

"Not this time. No. But I — I may come again?"

"If so, we shall very likely meet each other," said Bonnie, in a low voice, so low that he hardly caught the words. "But I do not know your name," she added, with a little laugh. "My name is Bonnie Dunraven. Dr. Fitzgerald is my uncle. Your friends at Castle Strange know him very well."

"You are Bonnie Dunraven!" he exclaimed, looking up suddenly into her face. "You are the little girl who gave me the handful of 'nunnies' long ago on Liskeelan Strand!"

"I remember it!" cried the girl, in a glad, ringing voice. "I remember it all. It was one autumn evening — six, eight, *ten* years ago, I think it must have been. Will you believe it when I tell you that I *felt* I knew you from the moment I saw you to-night?"

"I shall be only too happy to believe it," he said. "Why, that evening is before my mind as clearly as this present moment. I see it all again. The long stretch of ribbed sand, the brown rocks, the wavelets lapping, lapping, washing, washing on the shingle, and a bonnie little girl with a big basket of sea-weed and shells, and a bigger straw hat — a grey straw it was, and a bit of blue ribbon tied under the fair tossed hair, and a dainty little apron with two pockets — wasn't it? I asked the little one for a few shells — just to hear her voice, and to see her eyes looking up at me — and she put her pretty hand into the basket, and drew it out generously full of 'nunnies.' Mrs. Strange afterwards told me that my good-natured little friend was little Bonnie Dunraven, no other. I never forgot the name. I cannot tell you how glad I am of all this!"

"And so am I," said Bonnie, frankly and full-heartedly. "How well you recall it all! As for me, all my past days and evenings at Liskeelan are so many priceless pearls of memory which I treasure as I treasure my dead mother's words to me long ago."

The stranger was silent for a while, looking down upon the window-seat. Then suddenly he stretched out his lean brown hand.

"Good-by for the present," he said, taking the trembling fingers which the girl laid in his. "We shall, I think, meet again. And now I have one word to say, and pray don't misunderstand me. Will you grant me something? It is not very much. Will you say nothing of all this — for the present? I cannot explain my reasons — *yet*. But — but some day you may know. Will you do what I ask?"

"It shall be as you wish then," Bonnie said, quietly withdrawing her hand from his. "I hope you will arrive safely at Castle Strange. Good-night."

"Good-night, Miss Dunraven. I cannot thank you as I would. Those who have to step down from light to darkness cannot be expected to have all at once, and at free command, the gift of appropriate, or even coherent, speech. I wonder shall I say, '*Au revoir*?' Be it so. Which of us can look into the Future? *Au revoir* then, and God bless you!"

He was gone. Bonnie stood by the window until the last faint sound of the retreating steps was lost in the sustained roar of storm and sea. Then, as she slowly put down the window-sash, the thought suddenly came to her mind that the stranger had not told her his name.

Had he merely forgotten to do so? Or, was it a designed omission? Who was he? What story was written in his worn face — gleaming in his wild eyes — trembling in the saddened cadence of his voice?

Nameless and ghost-like, he had come to the window half-an-hour before; and now, still nameless and ghost-like, he was gone away again in the night and storm.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE EVENING ON THE CLIFFS.

A MARKED change seemed to come over Bonnie Dunraven about this time. She became unwontedly silent and thoughtful, and would sit out of an evening, after the study hours, for a long lonely walk, not returning until tea-time, and then going quietly upstairs, instead of clearing a couple of steps at a time, as had been her former custom.

She was listless and absent-minded at times, when the children were conscientiously stating their views on Lindley Murray and Mangnall's His-

torical Questions in the school-room; and then suddenly she would break in on their fluency by asking a question of which one of them had brilliantly treated, fully five minutes before.

It was not that Bonnie became gloomy, or saddened, or dull of spirits. Her temperament was naturally a happy one, and her laugh was as genial and genuine as ever. It was the mind — hidden behind the laughter, and the bright, frank face — which appeared to be undergoing this change.

One evening, Mrs. Fitzgerald, quietly entering the Orchard Room, just after study hours, found her niece sitting on the window seat, her chin resting on her hand, her face turned toward the open window, her entire attitude expressive of dejection.

Bonnie started, and her color deepened, when she became aware of her aunt's presence in the room. Then she laughed — a mirthless little laugh — but Mrs. Fitzgerald perceived clearly that the girl was ill at ease.

"Bonnie, my dear," said the little woman, sitting down on the window-seat and taking one of the girl's hands in hers, "something is amiss with you, I am afraid. You are not yourself, these times, Bonnie, and — and I have been thinking over it, and surely, my dear, you are not — I *hope* you are not — troubling your mind about this old school-room, you know — and that. I wish you would give it up altogether, my dear. I do indeed. I always thought and felt that you would find it a very unpleasant drudgery. But you were so positive, Bonnie. You *would* undertake it — and now — "

"Upon my honor, Aunt Mary, you are altogether astray," Bonnie broke in here. "I wish you only knew how glad I am to have the charge of the children. I should feel every day as long as a week, were I not occupied as I am. I think I have a natural taste for teaching, and I certainly have a natural taste for this old room, and for my little cousins. So now, Aunt Mary, make your mind perfectly easy about me. You are too good-natured altogether. You are always fancying that others are looking badly, or in low spirits, or one thing or another; and you are only troubling your own mind about altogether imaginary misfortunes! One thing, aunt, you may be sure of. I shall never spend an unhappy day in Kilcarrick. I love the place, and all that are in it, too dearly for anything of that kind."

Mrs. Fitzgerald was not yet convinced, however; so that Bonnie endeavored, after this evening, to prove, by actual practice, the truth of that which she had failed to establish by mere words.

By degrees she seemed to become herself again, at least externally, and her aunt was secretly rejoiced at this. The little woman of the dark blue eyes had a big heart beating within her small body, and she dearly loved Bonnie Dunraven. Her sympathies were deep and wide. She was constantly suffering for others; and, as Bonnie had truly said, it oftentimes occurred that she first burdened one of her friends with some cross or other, and then compassionated this purely imaginary ailment with all the warmth and genuineness of her staunch Irish heart.

Well, daily life at Kilcarrick is not the most exciting of experiences. It is, in fact, uneventful to a degree, and essentially rural. To those whose souls crave for sensational sustenance, and whose minds are of the receptive and imitative, rather than the quietly pensive and reflective cast, life at Kilcarrick must ever be, I suppose, wearisomely monotonous. To be sure, each day has its small occurrences, its own peculiar hue and character, dear to the heart of those who love the peaceful hush and "noiseless tenor" of old-fashioned Irish country-house ways. But these small occurrences are the veriest ripples on the stream of life, and scarcely ruffle,

indeed, the glassy placidity of the surface.

Bonnie's days about this time glided on very much in the same groove.

Occasionally, she drove over in the pony-phaeton to Glenbride, to see Anna Wylde who was getting on favorably enough with Mrs. Osborne and her demure flock; or, maybe, Doctor Bob would look in of an evening, and there would be some music and songs, and a great deal of noise from Master Freddy who looked upon the young Doctor as a big brother, as, indeed, did the little girls also.

Sometimes a peddler, passing the way, would open his pack upon the great door-step, and this was quite an exciting event, to be spoken of for days thereafter, among the maids especially, who probably had contrived to secure sundry surprising bargains.

Bonnie, indeed, during her first six weeks at Kilcarrick, came to know pretty well one of these travelling venders of jewellery, scented soap, old (?) lace, and such like, little dreaming, however, that this casual acquaintance was destined to influence in its own way a certain event of her life-history.

But so it really was.

He was an old north of Ireland man, bowed, and wizened, and puckered of face. His gray, elfin locks clung about his forehead and the back of his neck. He had small, keen, black eyes, with a twinkle of fun in them whenever they glanced up under the shaggy brows. He wore a faded blue coat with long, sweeping skirts, knee-breeches of black corduroy, bright blue stockings, and an odd-looking conical-crowned *caubeen*, with a peacock's feather (not the mere tip thereof, mind you) standing erect and elegant from the left side of the crown.

This old man's name was Connor MacNeill; and Bonnie was first struck by the wonderful facility he possessed of stringing together rhymes appropriate to whatever company or scene in which he chanced to find himself.

For example, on his first showing himself one evening at the big front door of Kilcarrick, he laid down his pack on the broad stone step, and, having bowed low to Bonnie and Master Freddy — who were peeping slily at the old man through the half-opened door — favored them with the following ditty, droned out to an air resembling "The Groves of Blarney": —

O, its often I roves through Erin's groves,
An' mony a sight I there do spy,
But such a vision of beauty it is my duty
To say the like ne'er did meet my eye.

A lady fair wid angelic hair,
An' a skin like the dhriven snow;
An' a bonnie boy wid a sloe-black eye,
An' a handsome young gintleman he will grow.

An' such a house, too, sure it's like a flower show!
Wid caves all a-buddin' on the stately trees,
An' the grandest o' door-ways for to spend one's days
Dhrinkin' the beauties o' the Summer breeze.

An' it's I ha' laces and ladies' stays-es,
An' pins an' needles and jewellery,
An' sciuted soap, fit for the Pope,
An' things as come frae a foreign coontherie.

So now wi' pleasure, as I'm at my leisure,
I'll show ye, miss, what il plaze your eye;
An' if ye're consentin,' ye winna be repentin'
To see my wares, an' belike ye'll buy!

Having delivered which elegant impromptu, old Connor MacNeill set to work to unstrap his pack; and, ere long, the whole household had gathered on the door-step, thus inspiring the old man with a second poetical greeting, in which each individual was separately and very flatteringly treated.

Dr. Fitzgerald himself was induced, by the sounds of singing and laughter, to join the party on the door-step; and his appearance was the signal for an additional stanza from this most prolific of peddlers —

I see before me, right in the door-way,
A gintleman of the rale auld race,
Long life to his honor, is the wish o' Connor,
An' long may he shine in this illigant place!

"Upon my word," said the old Doctor, in high good-humor, "you are one of Nature's poets, my good man! And what are all these grand things you have for sale? Dear!

dear! brooches and rings, and what not! Come, Bonnie, my dear, take your choice. We must not allow this venerable poet to go away empty-pocketed!"

Nor did they; for Connor MacNeill disposed of such a quantity of his motley wares that evening as he had never before, in all his peddler experiences, got rid of at one and the same time.

After this, he was a periodical looker-in at Kilcarrick; but he never — as he himself knew very well — wore his welcome out.

In the meantime, the tender April weather had come and was deepening into May, and the winds had veered to the south, and the blue skies stretched free and smiling overhead, and the sea caught the reflection of the blueness and flashed it back again with a deeper hue, and the old apple-trees in the Kilcarrick orchards were bursting into blossom.

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.
In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And far, in forest deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

The world was all lighting up with the joyance of the Spring. There was a pungent savor in the happy winds, and the dun-ribbed sands had taken a silvery hue under the genial April sunshine.

With the new life of the world new blood seemed to be instilled into Bonnie's veins. She watched the April days go by with an intense, almost painful, appreciation of the unfolding beauty of the trees and hedges, and the flowers in the big old-fashioned garden of Kilcarrick.

And then the orchards — how lovely they were with the pink buds bursting out every day into blossom, and the big lilac-tree on the wall keeping pace with the opening of the apple-buds. Away behind the orchards the inland world was also showing signs of the prime. The lush, green fields were dotted over with daisies, and cowslips, and buttercups, and amid the long grasses under the hedges, there was a rare wealth of creamy primroses and blue violets, and the delicate leaves and blossoms of the wood-sorrel.

The old trees, too, were budding out into leafy fulness. The tall elms, the stately ash, the spreading oaks and beeches were showing their young leaves,

And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground,

while away in the woodlands the graceful blue-bells and golden celandine made a bright carpeting in among the gnarled boles of the trees.

The sunshine flooded this bright awakening world with a radiant splendor. The low moan and boom of the sea filled the air all day long, and the fat yellow and brown bees murmured in well-satisfied content, in among the apple-blooms in the orchards, and the cherry and plum blossoms which covered the garden walls.

But, to Bonnie's eyes, one of the chief charms of this late April season was the blaze of golden furze which lit up all the country side, and freighted, with a dreamy odor, the happy air. The lonely, white roads were bordered with it, and when you looked along the wayside your eyes were almost pained with the whiteness of the road in vivid contrast with the rich yellow of the furze.

"It is really too bad, Cousin Bonnie, to be shut in here," said Freddy, one evening towards the end of April. "I wish you'd let us bring our books and things into the open air — into the orchard, if you like."

It was the study-hour, and it happened to be an exceptionally warm evening.

"*Do*, Cousin Bonnie. We'll study twice as well," urged Meg and Rosa, in one voice; for Bonnie appeared to hesitate for a moment.

The hesitation was, however, a

misleading sign, as it turned out; much to the chagrin of the children.

"I know very well what out-door 'studying' means," said Bonnie, shaking her head towards Master Freddy; but the young gentleman's suggestion bore fruit for all that, and in a manner by no means foreseen by Master Freddy.

It was Bonnie's custom to devote an hour or so of an evening to Norah, who never joined in the studies of the others.

Now on this genial April evening, just as Norah was preparing her French reading-lesson in her little bedroom, in came Bonnie in out-door attire, which costume consisted of a big, dark-blue felt hat, with drooping feathers of the same color, a pretty, but plain, dark-blue dress, and a pair of strong boots, unquestionably useful if not ornamental. Both hat and dress had known much wear, but, for all that, they were decidedly becoming still.

"Norah, do you know what I'm going to propose?" said Bonnie, as she came in. "I think we may as well have our French lesson out in the open air, down on the cliffs if you wish. It is such a delightful evening."

Norah's pale little face brightened up. Her dark eyes glowed.

"O, I am so glad, Cousin Bonnie. I was thinking just now, before you came in, how lovely it would be to have out-door lessons. You are a darling!"

"You may thank your brother Freddy for this," Bonnie explained, as they left the house together. "He was thoughtful enough to propose a change of schoolroom — from the Orchard Room, in fact, to the orchard! However, the governess did not see the propriety of the step suggested, and so you, Norah, reap the benefit of poor Freddy's project."

"Freddy will be highly indignant, I suspect, when he finds out that you have favored me," said Norah.

"Favor!" I hate that word. There is no such word in all my vocabulary as favor — in *that* sense!" Bonnie responded, with much energy. "The cases — yours, I mean, and Freddy — and — Co.'s — are totally different. Don't you see they are? Three children out in an orchard with their Lindley Murrays, and their slates, and pencils, and atlases, and copy-books by way of playthings! What a droll medley! But here you are, almost a young lady, indeed, just getting a finishing touch here and there. Never talk to me of 'favor' again, Norah! O, dear, what a charming evening it is!"

"Now you are yourself again, Cousin Bonnie. I thought you were about to annihilate me for the use of that unlucky little word 'favor.' I like you, Bonnie; I like your spirit. I was prepared for all the vials of your wrath, just now, and still I liked you for it none the less — perhaps the more, indeed."

"I am a most dangerous creature to deal with when my blood is up," Bonnie said. "Perhaps I am walking too fast for you, Norah?"

Norah was a little lame, and generally made use of a big umbrella to assist her as she walked. This evening she had forgotten the umbrella, but she was availing herself of Bonnie's arm instead.

She was paler than usual, save for the small, hectic flush on each cheek, and whenever she coughed — what a dry, hard, unpleasant little cough it was too! — Bonnie winced as though she felt a throe of physical pain.

By-and-by they got out on the road, and then over a stile and along a field path leading to the cliffs. They did not turn in the direction of Liskeelan this evening. But they selected a delightful nook on the top of the cliffs where the thyme grew lush, and the trefoil was beginning to show its yellow bloom, and the trailing sprays of the dog-rose bushes were rich in bud and leaf.

They sat down side by side on the sweet smelling herbage, and there

was the glorious ocean away before them, darkened here and there in the shadowed parts, and, where the light was brighter, sparkling fresh and blue as the sky overhead.

But alas and alas! for Norah's French lesson. It was destined to be quietly ignored, for this evening at all events. I really think Bonnie forgot the very existence of the unassuming little classic, with its wide margined pages and its buff paper cover. She was looking out over the sea with yearning eyes. Was it gladness or pain which thrilled through her heart now?

"Norah," she was saying, speaking partly to Norah, and partly, as it seemed, in reverie — or, was it to the sea out there? — "You and I have one common bond of sympathy, at all events. We both love the sea. We are not afraid of it. We don't consider it a tyrant."

"No, no, no, indeed!" said Norah, earnestly. "If I considered it a tyrant how could I ever look upon it again with any pleasure? And it is a great pleasure to me now. Before you came back to us, Cousin Bonnie, I used to come sometimes and sit here for long hours, looking — looking — looking far out there, over the ocean; and I could cry Bonnie — but not with *fear*, mind you. I could cry with a great joy that I felt, and that carried me away as I looked. And, Bonnie, dear," here her voice dropped to a whisper, "I often came here with a sad heart, because I wished so much that I were like other little girls of my age, and could run about like them, and not be worn away by this cruel cough all day long, and all night, sometimes; and — Bonnie — when I had sat here for awhile, looking out on the sea, I felt eased. Oh, *so* eased — so comforted, and I became resigned and happy. And now, thank God, I am not sad anymore. I am waiting quietly, Bonnie. It cannot be long."

Bonnie's dreamy wandering gaze was arrested in an instant. She started, and stared for a moment full into Norah's eyes.

"Waiting — waiting," she repeated, with something like horror in her face, "waiting for *what* Norah, darling?"

"Bonnie, I know it all. You mean to be kind, I know, but it is kindness thrown away, Bonnie. For a long time I thought I should get strong again and be as others. And I waited, and longed, and prayed, for what never came. But now, Bonnie, dear, I know the truth; and, mind you, I am not frightened at it. I am resigned to go. I cannot live long. Cousin Bonnie."

"Who in the world put such a notion into your head, my poor child?" cried Bonnie, now white as paper. "Not live long! Why should you not live as long as any of us? Norah, do not allow this thought to prey on you. Why it would be enough to *kill* you of itself, my darling. Not live long! I'd like to know who put that into your head. Upon my word, now, I should!"

"Poor mother died of consumption," said, Norah quietly and sadly.

"And then, I suppose, Freddy and Rosa and Meg are to go too — as well as you! Now, Norah, you must put this absurd delusion out of your little head. You must — won't you? To please Cousin Bonnie. Promise me that you will make up your mind to live like the rest of us, and not be digging your grave by anticipation."

And Norah, looking up, saw that Bonnie's eyes were full of tears, and that she was doing all in her power to smile through them, and that the effort was a fruitless one enough.

To be Continued.

"Is the neighborhood much bothered with cats?" asks a gentleman, who was negotiating for the lease of a house. "It used to be," frankly answered the landlord, "but since a French restaurant was opened round the corner there hasn't been one seen."

IRISH MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES.

Make the country strong, and the cities and towns are sure of support.

Home Manufacture is now the rage, and long may it continue so.

As an Irishman and one of the people I would wish to see our country prosper, and that the flow of money now leaving this country and going to others could be kept at home, where it is so much needed. Never was so opportune a time as the present for such a start, as it is well known there is a desire on the part of the people to buy and wear home manufactured goods; and I believe if the product of Irish manufactures was kept before the public that desire would grow and extend.

The Irish people might be divided into two classes at present, — the capitalist and business men as one, who would require to invest their capital and experience into the companies that will have to be formed and got up, and to see, when so formed, that they will put before the public as good articles and as cheap as can be had elsewhere, and to continue such, when I would say they had done their share. The other class is the public, who should see that so long as they get Irish manufactured goods as good and at as reasonable prices as foreign, they (the public) should give their own country's goods the preference, and insist upon getting them; by their doing so I would say they have done their share; and if these conditions be carried out, there is no doubt of Irish manufactures becoming a success.

What is wanted is manufactures for the East, South, and West, that will give employment to the people at a fair rate of wages. But care should be taken that in any new manufactures started, they do not clash with any that now exist (except in some cases where competition would be the very life and existence of such a trade).

As Ireland is not a coal-producing country, the splendid water-power of the nation should be availed of as much as possible, so as to keep down expenses and give every work started as good basis as possible. Besides, there is hardly a city or town in Ireland where there is not a lot of warehouses and buildings of some kind or another which could be had at a cheap rent or purchase, and thus save much time and money, and should be availed of. As Ireland is not an iron or ore-producing country, it then follows to find out the articles that are in most consumption and permanent, and that will employ the most hands of common labor, and that is what I mean to confine myself to. Care should be taken, in any new company that may be formed, that the directors are men well known to the public for their knowledge and uprightness, as on this point, I may say, depends the success of the company so formed, and for two sufficient reasons: Firstly, the public should have confidence in the men who will guide and steer the concern before they (the public) will take shares in it; and secondly, the merchants and shopkeepers who will be dealing with them should also have confidence in them when they entrust them with their orders, and that they will get value for their money. It will not do to launch forth into a great many or gigantic speculations; for such court defeat, and generally meet with it. Whatever new enterprises are entered upon, see they be done on a firm basis, and see they are a class of manufactures that will be permanent and lasting; and don't mind fashion, for fashion may be one thing this year, and a totally

different thing next year. Care also should be taken that every company started should have plenty of capital to work upon, for no surer way to seek defeat than to starve or limit its capital. I don't intend proposing anything for the North, as I know they are a long way ahead of the rest of Ireland in prosperity, nor do I intend interfering with their staple trade (viz., linen), as they (the Northerns) have wrought it up to its present position, and I think it would be very unwise to touch with it; besides, that would be putting North against South, — the very thing we wish to avoid.

I will, then, commence on tweeds, pilots, black cloths, friezes, woollens, blankets, cashmeres, winceys, coburgs, alpacas, druggets, corduroys, moleskins, flannel, shirtings, gray and white calicoes, carpets, woollen yarns, woollen and cotton handkerchief, shawls, hats, etc., etc.

Now here is a wide field, and one that won't go out of fashion in a hurry. Those goods are wanted in every Irishman's house, and next to their food, must be got; so that any movement in this direction will be permanent and lasting; and all that is wanted is to give as good value as our neighbors — the English and Scotch — and Irish manufacturers will secure the orders of the day, and if properly managed, must be a success.

I don't imagine we can secure much English or Scotch trade, but we can secure much better in America, where our people are, who would not only buy and wear Irish manufacture, but would prize it just because it came from the old country. Now, as to buying the raw material, there is nothing in that; the man or company with the money will get offers enough to choose from; besides, an Irish factory would have nearly all our home-grown wools left down at the place free of carriage. I then propose that a company be formed, and named the "Irish Industrial Manufacturing Company," with a capital of one million pounds sterling, in so many shares of one pound each; one-fourth to be paid in allotments, and the balance as may be required, as the greater part will not be wanted till such time as the works are built and ready to begin business. The reason I make the shares so low is to bring them within the reach of everybody. To ensure success be sure and bring the public with you, and give the poor man as well as the rich an interest in the concern; so that the poor man can say at the end of the year, when drawing his dividend, "This is the place to encourage. See, I am paid for wearing my own clothes."

I would also propose the company to have works or factories at Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, and some other large towns which could be agreed on, as by this means the company could have an accumulation and the country a division of labor, — the Dublin factory to be for the manufacture of tweeds, pilots, and all fine cloths of every shade and grade, from the lowest to the highest prices our market or foreign trade could afford, as, without doubt, it would have to meet such a demand as this; the Cork factory to be for woollens, shawls, handkerchief, flannels, shirtings, etc.; the Limerick factory to be for manufacture of gray and white calicoes, prints, winceys, alpacas, cotton yarns, etc.; and the Waterford one for manufacture of corduroys, moleskins, carpets, woollen yarns, etc.

In short, each factory should have its own separate branch of goods to manufacture, so as one class of machinery and skilled hands could do each place. In connection with the Dublin factory there should be a large warehouse, where quantities of all goods manufactured at all the works should be kept in stock, and this place to be head office for all, and be named the "Irish Industrial Manufacturing Show and Salesrooms." The company only to sell to the

wholesale houses throughout Ireland, and all goods to be marked by the company's stamp on end of each web, and to hang out a few inches, so that it could be seen till the web was retailed out; and the company to grant cards to the houses that dealt with them; by this means there could be no English or Scotch made goods put on the public for Home Manufacture.

When in turn the travellers of the wholesale houses called on their country customers for orders, the customers had only to demand the card of the company; and not having it to produce, the customer could easily say, "Your house does not deal with the 'Industrial Company,' nor encourage Home Manufacture, and I won't deal with you." The houses who would not deal with the company would very soon be brought to their senses. But I don't see that this would ever arise, as I would expect the wholesale firms throughout Ireland would be the largest shareholders in the new concern, and consequently would have the profit of manufacture as well as of sale, and the more goods they sold the more to their advantage. Agencies to be opened in all the leading cities and towns in the United States, where, I am sure, a good and paying business could be done.

Time will not allow me to go more into details; and as for statistics or figures, I have none to give, for I have none to get. But common sense tells me those goods are wanted every day; and common sense also tells me they can be manufactured cheaper in Ireland than in any other country, and that is enough. I have no doubt that if properly wrought up and managed, this company would be paying dividends of ten or fifteen per cent. One word before quitting this subject, and that is, where practicable, the warehouses and stores lying idle in our cities and towns should be availed of as much as possible.

Modern Marriages. — The morning is the best time for a wedding. The day is fair and fresh, as the bride is; and nature is more joyous in the morning than at night. In England all weddings, save those performed by special license, must be solemnized before twelve o'clock in the morning. The rule thus fixed has survived the Reformation, and is still in full force. It is very rare in England for a marriage to take place outside a church; an English girl would feel herself very badly treated if she were married at home or before a magistrate. The wedding party, in half a dozen carriages, generally drives to the church about nine o'clock. The ladies are all in white, and carry bouquets; the men are in morning dress, and wear flowers in their buttonholes. There is always a crowd around the church door, waiting to see the bride; and if she is at all pretty, she hears compliments and good wishes in plenty. After the ceremony the party drive off to a wedding breakfast at the house of the bride, and all is happy and gay, without either boisterousness or unnecessary expense. By all means get married in the morning during a nuptial Mass.

Untidy Girls. — Many girls who are in the evening genuine ornaments to the parlor, tastefully dressed and "neat as a new pin," are little better than slatterns when performing domestic duties. I have no patience with this untidiness. It has always seemed to me as if Cinderella herself might have kept out of the ashes even if she was obliged to stay in the kitchen and work. To look well while about housework is worth while. A neat calico dress, short enough to clear the floor, smoothy brushed hair, a clean collar and a plentiful supply of aprons, are all within the reach of any woman, and I maintain that she will do her work better, and feel more like doing it if so prepared for it. The moral influence is undoubted.

WOMAN:

Nothing lovely, nothing sublime, nothing bad, without her.

Apart from its industrial use there are a thousand uses for what may be called, in the true sense of the word, higher female education. Mgr. Dupanloup has stigmatized the prejudice against it as one of the worst products of the impious eighteenth century. He emphatically urged that the intellectual culture of women was not only a right but a duty. That was the reason why it was inalienable; and as he added, with one of his eloquent touches, if it was only a question of rights, women could sacrifice them; but it was a duty: and sacrifice was not possible where it would lead to ruin. When he wrote his "Femmes Savantes et Femmes Studieuses" he defined his meaning, and cleared away a good deal of un-Catholic prejudice in France, by opposing to the modern evils of incapacity, frivolity, mismanagement, and *ennui*, the plan of the scope and advantages of a woman's continued self-education, the place which it might fill even in the busy life of wife and mother, and the service that would thereby be rendered to the household, to her children, to society, and to the Church. He distinguished the studious woman of sense, capable of some thought and seriousness, from the pedantic woman whom Molière saterized in his "Femmes Savantes"; and as he indicated, Molière himself no more attacked reading and instruction in that comedy than he attacked religion itself in "Tartuffe"; his subjects of satire were pedantry in the one, and hypocrisy in the other. To the bishop's mind the advantages of some intellectual culture, continued in after-life, were the more intelligent management of the household, the more fitting companionship of the husband, the more worthy education of the children. He added to these the increased attractions of the home as a centre of family life and recreation, the decrease of the spirit of frivolity, the good effect of the well-informed mind of a Catholic hostess upon her guests and her social circle, — an influence which we have seen admirarably illustrated in the reference to Mme. Swetchine. Among their own families, he wrote, if women were not to be the first apostles of home, no other apostle could enter there; "but it will be necessary for them to make themselves able, and truly able, for this apostolate." And then, quoting from M. Caro: "It is time that all minds professing the use of thought should awake to action; that every being gifted with reason should know how to protect it against the evil-doers working through literature, and how to repulse the attacks against God, the soul, virtue, purity, faith." We should accept. then, the opinion of the Bishop of Orleans on the high value of an intelligent self-culture in Catholic women; but naturally it should follow by degrees a wisely-chosen plan, for a woman's education cannot aspire to follow the lines of masculine study. If it be education in the full sense of the word, and not merely the reading of books, it may be the same in degree for a well-informed woman as for a man, but in kind it must be widely different. Her education is not to be derived from books alone; it hardly seemed to be intended by Providence that her mind should be a storehouse of abstract knowledge; it has been well suggested that, to serve instead, God gave woman's mind a greater readiness of transient assimilation, an almost intuitive perception, a tendency to the ideal and the beautiful. We doubt if the strong-minded sec-

tion of our advanced thinkers can improve upon that divine fitness of harmonious design.

But woman's part in Christian society is not a mission of mind alone; it is supremely a mission of the heart: and whether her culture be little or great, or whatever her natural gifts, it is with the heart she will worship God and nobly serve his providence towards humanity. Such is pre-eminently the work of Christian mothers: and we can never review the service of women to the Church and to society without placing in the front ranks those innumerable heroines of faith whose influence is a power for good through broadening generations. Mgr. Mermillod, in the address which he fearlessly called "The Mission of Woman," defined it in two words: humility, sacrifice. "We must have souls of sacrifice," he exclaimed; "there is no medium between sacrifice and selfishness;" and again reiterating the word, "Remember, great things can be done by immolation and sacrifice." God makes great use of the power of woman, he declared; there is nothing lovely, nothing sublime without her, nothing bad without her. It is her destiny to pass through this world "as a sign of regeneration or of ruin; at the last day she will lead by the hand some one whom she shall have lost or saved, and with that soul she will inevitably be drawn." And when he looked round for the type of the mission of Christian womanhood, he saw no other and no less than that figure which was to the last on Calvary, not prostrate, not falling, but "standing erect in the attitude of sacrifice." It is an unsurpassable type, the type predestined by the Creator, the perfect realization of the ideal which unconsciously forms in one immutable spirit the womanhood of the Christian nations of all time.

Among the art-treasures which are stored, even to superabundance, in the volumes before us, it is this same type in a Madonna of Perugino that leaves the most abiding impression upon the mind. In the masterpiece at the Louvre the central figure is seated, surrounded, as it were, by a celestial court of two angels and two virgins. These turn to the Child, so infantile yet so divine; but the Mother — all youth and gentleness, as heavenly as early Italian art alone could paint her — turns not to Him upon her knee, but bends on the spectator a patient, wistful gaze, as if by looks, not words, inviting all to draw near fearlessly to His winning helplessness. It is a conception more of heaven than of earth, and it holds unbounded suggestion for meditative eyes. The mediæval dresses and ornaments, the faint, far background of Italian landscape, show how accustomed to the things of heaven were those minds of the early painters when they could thus naturally bring down the Madonna and the saints into the midst of their own time and their own familiar land. It reminds us of the same Christian spirit in later days, even up to our own, tracing, in the living colors of a passing life, in the midst of commonplace scenes and times and things, shadowy images of the heavenly ideal, the perfect Woman. And if by simple, winning looks, she pleads from Perugino's picture, luring the indifferent world to her heavenly court, who can doubt that many a far-off, unconscious copy of the same pure ideal, not speaking a word, perhaps not thinking a thought of such a work, is a silent, living influence, winning the unthinking world a little nearer and nearer yet to appreciate the beauty of holiness and to worship Christ. But it was not with the Divine Infant in her arms, not as a blissful mother, that Mary's life-work was achieved. It was in the act of sacrifice and in the hour of humiliation that she became the Mother of the Redeemed. The same design seems to mark and sanctify the earthly destiny of even her lowliest daughters. There may be beautiful

lives without sorrow; but they are not the most powerful lives. It is only a new form of an old truth when we say that every Christian life becomes Christ-like, noble in itself, and powerful for others in proportion as it becomes a life of self-sacrifice, suffering, humiliation. And what is true of individual souls is not less true of Christian womanhood as a whole. It grows grand in itself and beneficial to mankind in proportion to the degree in which it accepts the mission of its type beneath the Cross, — not resting, not sinking, not failing in endurance, but passive under the Divine Will, "standing erect in the attitude of sacrifice." — *Dublin Review.*

A LESSON FOR ALL. — Look to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be always poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks out but a drop a minute; when you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many things pass down the red line. The ale jug is great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blanket will stretch, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money: but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all the back and board, there is nothing left for the savings banks. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

TRY clam broth for a weak stomach.

GO WEST. — Among the communications to the Lime Kiln Club was one from a colored man in Chattanooga asking the club to aid him in securing material to practice the art of whitewashing and stove blacking, he having had much sickness in his family, and being obliged to part with his implements in trade. "I can't understan' dis system o' livin', no how," said the president, as he filed the letter on the hook behind him. "Why doan' dat man take a farm? Why am it dat people who live from han' to mouf in town or city, roastin' dar backs in summer, an' freezin' dar hoofs in winter, when dey can skip into the kentry, take a farm, an' lib like nabobs ob de valley; why a poo' man will lib up-stairs or down cellar, an' not see a sweet cake once a y'ar, when de fertile valleys ob de West am fairly aching to be ripped up wid a plow, am a mournful conundrum dat I can't guess. De seckretary will write to dis man dat he'd better walk out an' take a farm, an' have some style about him."

THE PROPER BATTLE-GROUND. — We are allied by our animal nature to the lower creatures, and on this account some philosophers will say it is better to defend the outworks — namely, the lines that separate life from inorganic matter; for, if that be demonstrated impassable, *a fortiori* the evolution of a human being will be proved absurd. But I, for my part, should prefer to see the battle raging round the very walls of the citadel — that is, the human soul, for that being impregnable against all assaults, assailants would learn more and more of its tremendous nature, whereas being kept at the remote outworks, which may or may not be inexpugnable, our foes are not made sufficiently aware how paltry these defences are when compared to the adamantine armory of defence and aggression which the human mind itself possesses.

LYRICS OF THE PAST.

As a companion piece to the magnificent poem of General Halpine, which we republished in our last, we now give another on the same subject — the *London Times'* threat of "Stamping Out" our Irish disaffection to English rule. It is from the pen of a gifted Irish lady, who wrote, frequently during the troublous times from '64 to '67, under the *nom de plume* of "Finola." Her productions over her proper signature have since been familiar to our readers. The following was quoted from the *Irishman* into the *Irish-American* of January 26, 1867, and may well be taken now as an appeal against the renewed injustice that England is perpetrating upon the Irish people: —

"STAMPING OUT."

"Finola."

Let "treason" hide its lurid front, "rebellion" brag no more;
Let foul "sedition's motley band" be hunted from the shore; —
Furl the green "Sunburst," lest its folds our sapient judge should flout;
And fling our standard in the dust, — for tyrants to "stamp out!"

'Tis well! We know the fate reserved for utterance bold and free;
And we must learn to whine and cringe, and bend the supple knee; —
To lie, and fawn, and play the knave! — My masters, 'tis in vain! —
Trust not the heart that feigneth love, — the hand, that woes the chain!

"Stamp out" the everlasting hills, the forest and the stream, —
The mountain pass, — the glassy lake, bright with the sunset's gleam; —
Each crag, and rock, and stern defile, — aye, sweep them from the land,
As pictured scenes dissolve and fade before the enchanter's wand.

"Stamp out" each consecrated pile, draped with the ivy's wreath; —
Each ruined home, — it recks not now, the victims sleep in death: —
Tear down the mouldering wall, and leave not even one stone to tell
The story of a race who loved their fallen land too well!

Blot out our quaint historic lore, and trample in the dust
The records of the golden past, begrimed with Time's dull rust; —
Let arch and cross and stately tower in one fell ruin blend;
"Stamp out" the grand old Irish race, and all its sufferings end!

The foot that tramples out the flame some latent spark may catch.
Beware! The powder store can be ignited by a match; —
The cruel hand that deals a blow may yet receive a wound;
The feathered arrow, aimed so well, my masters, may rebound!

We asked for bread, — for but a part of what was once OUR OWN!
The pleading hands were stretched in vain; — you filled them with a stone!
True love begetteth love: men cannot gather grapes of thorns.
For every boon we render back our just and fair returns.

The apples on the Dead Sea's shore are tempting to the view, —
Bright as the hollow promises, O England, given by you! —
The fainting lips may parch with thirst; there's poison in the fruit
That's fostered 'neath the tyrant's care, with hatred at the root!

Then, listen, — for no traitor's tongue just measured would dictate:
The "eleventh hour" has passed; — concede, before it is too late.
Slight not the warning voice that tells of perils looming near; —
The sailors heed the boading bird that, 'mid the storm, they hear.

Oh! by the memory of our wrongs, "stamp out" the cruel past.
Seven hundred years have fled since first your links were round us cast.
With tears of blood we madly strove our free-born rights to gain:
Think ye to bind us closer yet by tightening of the rein?

"Stamp out" pale jealously and hate; "stamp out" the bitter cause.
We claim to be protected, not convicted, by your laws.
"Stamp out" each ancient feud and strife; "stamp out" the upas tree,
And plant the goodly olive shoot. We want no anarchy!

No! but to sit beneath our vines in the land that God has given, —
So wildly worshipped, dearly loved, — the fairest under Heaven; —
A home for peace, for gentle thoughts, and charity and love;
A home we would not seek to change except for one above!

CHINESE MISSIONARIES. — No attempt is made to teach the pupils European habits and customs, but they are allowed still to observe those of the Chinese. By this the missionaries keep the good favor of the Government. Then, again, if the girls learn European ways none of the Chinese will marry them. They say they are spoiled. The Chinese pupils, when once in the hands of their instructors, give up very readily their superstitions. They are fond of study and reading, and when they get an idea of the Christian religion they are quick to embrace it. The bishop shows a copy of the Chinese catechism as used in the missions. It was composed about 300 years ago by a Catholic missionary, and on account of its beautiful and classical language was accepted by the Government. There are in that little volume alone, 1,000 different characters. When he went to Hong Kong the bishop says it was a very small place. Now it is quite a beautiful city, and has 10,000 Chinese, and about 3,000 people of other nationalities, English, American, and German.

A LAKE OF FIRE. — Mrs. Brassey, an English woman, who accompanied her husband in a recent yacht voyage around the world, thus describes the crater of the great Sandwich Island volcano, Kiladea: "We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire one hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery, liquid lava, hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air. The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seemed to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base. On the other side was a large cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous, headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of new ones. It was terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words could adequately describe such a scene."

DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY.

II.

It was less than a fortnight before Mr. MacCarthy's death, that the writer of these simple memorial notes, after congratulating him on the improvement in his health, went on to take blame to himself for having so long delayed a projected *causerie* about his poetry, such as had been already devoted to the poetry of his friend Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, Dalton Williams, Adelaide Proctor, and many others less deserving of this homage from the *Irish Monthly*. He ventured also to ask the poet what were his own favorites among his poems — what samples he would prefer to see set before our readers. But now it matters less what flowers are culled from the poet's garden; for our garland is to be laid on a grave. Well, let us do all we can for one another while we are in this mortal state, which enables us to give and to take such services. In grown-up hearts there are chords similar to that which Mrs. Hemans touches lightly in a childish heart:

"Ah! when my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more."

The chief tribute paid in these pages to our poet's memory shall, this month, consist of the list of names found on one of the few leaves which now remain to be filled. If any of our readers are unacquainted with Denis Florence MacCarthy's worth as a man and a poet, they may learn it from the array of contributors, many of them distinguished men and representatives of many classes, who have already come forward to do honor to his name.

The sanction of Cardinal Newman's name is more precious even than his too munificent subscription. The deceased poet yielded to none in the affectionate reverence which he felt for the illustrious Oratorian Cardinal. His last gift to a dear relative was a copy of the famous Ouless portrait of his Eminence.

Our new Irish Cardinal wrote, on the 5th of May, from Rome: —

"I am glad to see that the friends of Denis Florence MacCarthy are exerting themselves to erect a monument to his memory. I trust that the result of their labors will be worthy of the man. To his high literary character he added the still higher title of Christian gentleman. I believe I am quite safe in saying, that during his checkered career, no word escaped his pen that could wound the most sensitive modesty. No act of his public or domestic life weakened his hold on the affectionate esteem of those who knew him from earliest manhood. The memory of such a man should be cherished. To help this good work, I send you a check for £5, with my most sincere wish for its success."

We may be allowed to mention here that Cardinal MacCabe and our deceased poet were fellow-students, and that the friendship of youth was maintained to the end.

One of the most refined and thoughtful volumes of verse that have ever issued from the press has just been dedicated by its author — Father Ryder of the Birmingham Oratory — "to Aubrey de Vere as a slight expression of reverence for one whose life has been a happy blending of fidelities to his church, his country, and his muse, in an age which presents but few examples of any such conjunction." Denis Florence MacCarthy was another example. That these kindred spirits were linked together by a high mutual appreciation and regard is known to those who have had the honor of their acquaintance, and is testified by the survivor in a letter from which we take a few extracts: —

"I need hardly say that I shall be but too glad that my name should be added to those connected with the D. F. MacCarthy Memorial Fund. It is indeed well that Ireland should do honor to one who has done honor to her, not only by his genius,

but also by the fact that he always employed that genius in the interests of virtue and religion as well as of Ireland. Wherever his poetry is read — whether his original poetry, so much of which relates to Ireland, or his translations from the great Catholic poet of Spain — it will diffuse a healthy influence, raising the hearts of men *ad altiora*."

The same names — De Vere and MacCarthy — occur together in a letter of Longfellow's, which we have the privilege of printing for the first time. Some of our readers may have met in print, though only printed privately, two other letters of the great American poet, written in 1857 and 1862. The following is nearly ten years later. The Cambridge is, of course, the American Cambridge, near Boston.

CAMBRIDGE, June, 13, 1873.

"Dear Mr. MacCarthy,

"Do you remember what Göethe says of Calderon?

> "Many a beam the orient throws,
> By the distant waters caught:
> He alone that Hafiz knows
> Knows what Calderon has thought."

"And this is what Mr. Hillard means by his 'Oriental element shining through it, like the ruddy heart of an opal.'

"Whatever it is, it is something very charming; and I was truly delighted with your new volume, as with the others. Accept my best thanks for your kind remembrance; also for the two beautiful sonnets by which you dedicate to me 'The Two Lovers of Heaven,' received long ago.

"I am glad to see that you dedicate one piece in the new volume to Aubrey de Vere; a sweet and noble character, and a true poet, who well merits this recognition from your hand.

"I am particularly pleased with the style in which the book is printed, and wish all the others were in this form.

"Of our days in Rome I often think with a melancholy pleasure — melancholy because they are no more. Would they might come back again. *Quien Sabe?* Perhaps they may.

"Always with great regard
"Yours faithfully,
"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

SS. Chrysanthus and Daria were the holy pair whose story was dramatized by Calderon in the play that Longfellow refers to. His reference must be our excuse for quoting Mr. Gladstone's opinion of Mr. MacCarthy's version, expressed in a letter to the late Dr. Russell of Maynooth, which lies before us. "It was with much admiration," says the most learned and literary of Prime Ministers, "that I read his translation of Calderon's *Two Lovers of Heaven*." Our last annotation on Longfellow's cordial letter shall be to transcribe the dedicatory sonnets, for which he thanks our Irish poet who offers them, "in grateful recollection of some delightful days spent with him in Rome." They are dated, "Dublin, August 24, 1869."

I.

"Pensive within the Coliseum's walls
I stood with thee, O Poet of the West! —
The day when each had been a welcome guest
In San Clemente's venerable halls: —
Ah, with what pride my memory now recall's
That hour of hours, that flower of all the rest,
When with thy white beard falling on thy breast —
That noble head, that well might serve as Paul's
In some divinest vision of the saint
By Raffael dreamed, I heard thee mourn the dead —
The martyred host who fearless there, though faint,
Walked the rough road that up to heaven's gate led:
These were the pictures Calderon loved to paint
In golden hues that here perchance have fled.

II.

"Yet take the colder copy from my hand,
Not for its own but for THE MASTER'S sake,
Take it, as thou, returning home, wilt take
From that divinest soft Italian land
Fixed shadows of the Beautiful and Grand,
In sunless pictures that with the sun doth make —
Reflections that may pleasant memories wake
Of all that Raffael touched, or Anglo planned: —
As these may keep what memory else might lose,
So may this photograph of verse impart
An image, though without the native hues
Of Calderon's fire, and yet with Calderon's art,
Of what Thou lovest through a kindred Muse
That sings in heaven, yet nestles in the heart."

We plead ignorance of the authority that has made it the test of merit *laudari a laudato*, to be praised by those who themselves are praised by all; but it is on this principle that this mosaic of kindly criticisms has been pieced together. We might add the testimony of Mr. S. C. Hall, the founder of the *Art Journal*, who expresses his satisfaction in contributing to "a memorial that will commemorate not only the lofty genius, but the social and moral worth of one

of the truest poets and best men it has been his lot personally to know, regard, and honor." But, perhaps, the warm Irish heart of the Laureate of Erin would be most pleased with the spirit in which Father James Casey — himself a poet though a hard-working parish priest of Elphin — sends his help to the MacCarthy Memorial: —

"If the claim of your lamented friend to the proud title of MacCarthy *More* be disputed, no one can question his right to the title of Mac Caura *Millish* — MacCarthy the Melodious. Had he never written a line but his inimitable translation of the *Lauda Sion*, or his beautiful verses on the Pillar Towers of Ireland and on Erin's Native Shamrock — the former emblematic of the solidity, the latter of the perpetual freshness, of his fame — his Memorial would have strong claims on every Soggarth Aroon and on every lover of faith and fatherland." * — *Irish Monthly.*

Catholics by neglecting the practice of their religion, by missing Mass occasionally, by receiving the Sacraments less and less frequently, by mingling too freely with heretics, gradually fall away from the faith and become mere listless beings or skeptics as far as religion goes. No Catholic became a pervert all at once. He was led by degrees from one omission to another. Faith will die, without good works, and to keep it alive, we must constantly feed it with these good works. Those lukewarm Catholics that just barely keep within the pale of the Church must regard their faith as simply alive and nothing more; that the least breath of temptation will extinguish it; that it cannot be revived without a special grace of God. To be a Catholic, we must be practical, and in earnest.

* Many of our readers in the country, not used to deal with committees or corporate bodies, may find it more convenient to entrust their contributions towards this good work to the Rev Matthew Russell, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin.

The Child that Spoke for the Poor. — When St. Thomas of Villanova was eight years old, one day he was coming home from school. On his road he met a poor man who looked very sorrowful. He asked him what was the matter? The poor man said, I am going to see your father, he lent me some corn, and I have lost it all, and I shall never be able to pay it back. Little Thomas felt very sorry for the poor man's misfortune, he said to him, "Come along with me to my father's house." As soon as they reached his father's house, little Thomas went and knelt down before his father. He told his father about the poor man's loss, and asked him to forgive the debt. Thomas' father was very glad to find that his son was so good to the poor. He went straight to the door where the poor man was waiting, and forgave him the debt and gave him more corn.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald has been made a Lord of Appeal, and moves from the Irish Court of Queen's Bench to the House of Lords, but only to a life peerage. Judge Fitzgerald is about 66 years old, and it is 44 years since he was called to the bar, in the same year with the late Judge Keogh. He is an able lawyer, but has never shown any sign of patriotism. His weeping on the bench in Cork at being threatened with death got him the name of "crocodile." And yet he was the man who bore testimony last winter (at the close of the winter assizes) to the willingness of the Cork juries to convict when the evidence was satisfactory.

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

The first air-pump was made in 1650.

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

II.

More favored by fortune in this particular than his adversary, the council was his tower of refuge, and had always been attended with happy results in the most trying emergencies. And the present was one of those on which depended, not only the result of this day's battle, but the success or failure of the campaign now favorably inagurated. To this council he represented his fears for the final issue, should the battle be continued much longer, with the result of the last two hours. He had directed it according to the plan stamped by their general approval, and with that impetuosity that best suited the condition and character of his troops. But, notwithstanding their ardor and overwhelming odds, they had been repeatedly hurled back, with a valor and intrepidity that had damped their enthusiasm and restored the confidence of their opponents. As yet, the battle had been entirely between the cavalry, in which branch of the service he outnumbered his adversary two to one; and though all the cavalry of his right had been drawn into it, the Irish main line had not been approached, nor any portion of its infantry brought into action. And should he now, at this late hour, fling the whole weight of his horse and foot against the quarter in dispute, and even succeed, after a protracted engagement, in reaching the Irish main right, it was more than probable that night would close upon a suspended battle; in which case, the advantages would be in favor of the native army, and it were hard to divine what morning would bring forth to his own, remote from its encampment, and in an enemy's country. Impressed with these views, and before the council had assembled, he dispatched couriers to Ballinasloe to order up his tents, being resolved to encamp along the valley, opposite to Kilcommodon, for the night, and renew the battle early on the following morning. The consultation lasted until four o'clock. The council was divided: some being in favor of the general's plan, and some for immediately renewing the battle; but finally, the latter course was adopted, on the advice of Major-General Mackey. This old veteran remarked that neither the English right or centre had yet been engaged, and it occurred to him that by a change of disposition, and by bringing up additional forces to the left, St. Ruth would be ultimately compelled to weaken his left or centre, or perhaps both, to sustain his right, when a simultaneous advance of the whole English line would change the tenor of the battle. The age and experience of the general, and the simple plausibility of his argument, prevailed; the order to bring up the tents was countermanded, and preparations were accordingly made to renew the engagement.

The British army accordingly underwent another transformation. The cavalry, which could not cross at the centre, were posted on the right and left wings. The left wing of infantry was further strengthened by some fresh regiments from the right, while 12,000 infantry were massed against the centre and inner left of the Irish line, to await the result of Mackey's experiment.

It was half-past four o'clock, as Ginckle moved forward his left wing of infantry, flanked on either side by his cavalry, determined to reach the ground in front of the Irish line. As they approached the stream which had been the scene of the previous encounters, two Danish regiments, consisting of infantry and cavalry,

deployed to the left, along its outer margin, as if intent on turning the extreme right of the Irish position. This, which was a feint on the part of Ginckle, had the desired effect: for no sooner was it observed by the latter, than a corresponding force was detached to counteract it; and, as they continued to wear round in that direction, Ginckle hurled his main body to the assault, across the grounds of Urrachree.

This movement on the part of the enemy determined St. Ruth no longer to defer the battle; but by accepting his offer to confine him to the Irish main right, and prevent any discursive movements which should result in weakening it: so, withdrawing his cavalry, he threw forward his infantry to his first line of defence, and awaited the enemy in confidence. As the British advanced, their cavalry was also withdrawn, and thus, as if by mutual agreement, the ground was completely cleared for the action of the infantry on both sides.

The front line of the English left, consisting of the Huguenot regiments of La Mellioneire, Cambon, and Belcastle — about 2,500 men — marched boldly across the ground, followed by the other regiments in close succession. As they approached within range, they were met by a deadly fire, but still they pressed on with characteristic valor, delivered their fire in return, and were soon at close quarters along the first line of intrenchments. The disposition made of the ground here by St. Ruth, greatly tended to equalize the disparity of numbers, and the Irish troops were quick to seize on every advantage that offered; so that the enemy soon found they had to contend with men no less daring and intrepid than themselves. Every hedge-row soon became the scene of assault and defence. A deadly and protracted struggle now took place; the soldiers on both sides resting their muskets on the separating hedges, and literally discharging them into each others' bosoms. The Irish, after defending one of those lines with the greatest obstinacy, would suddenly retire on another, when the enemy, thus drawn on, would find themselves at once taken in front and flank, and borne back rapidly to the first line, where the conflict would be again renewed and again repeated with a like result as before. This desperate conflict raged along the right for over an hour without cessation. Ginckle's last column had been pushed forward, and the result was still the same; — every inch of ground won by their successive assaults, was again disputed, and again recovered. The Huguenots suffered dreadfully. Every advance into the inclosures thinned their ranks; and less and less able to penetrate this wing, the battle culminated on the outer line, — "until," says a Huguenot actor in the scene, "there remained only one course to adopt, — which was to perish and sell our lives dearly:" and, in this emergency, Ginckle called up two regiments of infantry, and the cavalry of Lanier and Ruvigny from his right for the final test of his experiment.

St. Ruth witnessed this intense struggle with varied emotion of hope and fear. Up to this hour he entertained grave doubts of the steadiness and discipline of his newly raised infantry. But as he saw column after column of Ginckle's veterans hurled on them and steadily repelled, his apprehensions were removed, and he felt and expressed a full assurance of victory. As yet, his whole line was intact, for he had not displaced a single man from his left or centre. But as this last reinforcement was called up, it became manifest that Ginckle was absolutely committed to turning his right at whatever cost, and he was at last compelled to order some fresh infantry from his extreme left to its support.* This gave Gin-

*Those troops who were ordered from the rear of his left, were, either by design

ckle the desired opportunity, and he hastily availed himself of it; for while these troops were marching from the left to the right, across the hill of Kilcommodon, he ordered his centre to cross the marsh, and assail the main position of the Irish.

The whole English infantry were now put in motion. The regiments of Earle, Creighton, Brewer, and Herbert, sustained by those of Foulk, Stuart, and others, were to cross at the main centre, where the marsh was narrowest, and where the hedges approached nearest to it, to make a lodgement in the first line, and await the support of their cavalry. Those of St. John, Tiffin, Lord George Hamilton, and French, "and other regiments," were to pursue a similar course against the inner left; while the cavalry under Talmash on the right, and Lanier and Levison on the left, went to force a passage at Aughrim and Urrachree, sweep round the base of the hill to their support, and endeavor to bring on a general engagement.

The regiments of Earle, Creighton, Brewer, and Herbert, moved forward, crossed the marsh without opposition, formed on the other side, and advanced up the sloping meadows of Kilcommodon without firing a single shot. As they approached the first row of hedges, the Irish infantry received them with a destructive fire, and retired on their second line with a steadiness and precision that might have awakened suspicion of preconcert. But the feint was taken for an actual retreat; the ardor of the assailants was excited, and eager to avenge the fall of so many of their comrades, they rushed forward on the second line, which was temporarily defended, and yielded in the same manner. Exasperated beyond endurance, they now lost all caution, and pressed hotly up the hill until they reached the last line of hedges, where the effect of their rashness at once became apparent. The infantry that had lured them on by this feint retreat, now suddenly appeared on either flank, pouring volley after volley into their devoted ranks, while above them, on the hillside, stood the Irish cavalry, reined back and ready for the onset. The ground over which they had passed was difficult and dangerous, and files of infantry lined the way down to the marsh to intercept their retreat; no cavalry support appeared on their right, for as yet the Pass of Aughrim had not been attempted; and on their left, towards Urrachree, the sounds of battle seemed to recede, as if their arms had met with a reverse in that quarter. Colonel Earle, who took in the situation at a glance, advanced to the front, exhorting his men that "there was no way to come off but to be brave," ordered them to re-form, and endeavor to reach the line which they had so imprudently abandoned. The troops, obedient to the command, halted, closed ranks, and commenced a retrograde movement; but it was now too late; for at the same moment the Irish cavalry charged fiercely down the hill; and, unable to withstand the shock, they were helplessly broken, hurled by repeated charges into the marsh, across which they retreated in utter confusion, hotly pressed by the infantry, and borne back to the level of their batteries.* Their loss was very severe. They had advanced to the assault over 3,000 strong. One-third of that number in killed and wounded strewed their way back. Colonel Earle, after being captured and res-

or inadvertence, sent from the front of that position; and on the concurrence of this and a subsequent blunder, historians have based their accusations of treason against Brigadier Henry Luttrell, who, it is said, received the order.

*Some historians allude to the "*sounding*" of this marsh, and "*wading*" through it; but the fact is, that it was but a rushy bottom, difficult in no place, save at the stream, where it was impracticable to cavalry; for we find the Irish charging and recharging the enemy three times across it.

cued three times, escaped severely wounded; many officers of note were slain; and 400 soldiers, with Colonel Herbert, remained prisoners in the hands of the victors.

While the battle stood as described on the right and centre of the Irish line, the regiments of St. John, Tiffin, Lord George Hamilton, some French "and other regiments," were directed against its left. This division was led by the Prince of Hesse, and he had orders from General Mackey, who commanded in that quarter, not to pass the first line of hedges, but after establishing a position there to hold it until supported by the cavalry, which, under the command of Talmash, and supported by some regiments of infantry, were moving round towards the extreme left of the Irish, and forming on the plateau in front of Aughrim, with the intention of assaulting the pass leading up to it. The strength of this position, the narrow way which led to it, and the guns bearing across it from the hill, were such as to render the movement slow and hazardous; and the attack of the Prince of Hesse which depended on its result should necessarily be so regulated as to keep time with it. Talmash drew up his command on the common, and after directing his batteries, of which there were two, against the opposing force of the Irish, opened a fierce cannonade, while he formed his troops, both horse and foot, for the assault. In the meantime the Prince of Hesse had crossed the marsh, and approached the enemy's left on Kilcommodon. Meeting with no opposition, and scarcely apprehending any, so closely did the Irish there lie in their trenches, he advanced rapidly to possess the seemingly abandoned trenches, until within a few yards of them, when their sudden appearance, and a succession of well-directed volleys, warned him of his error. This unexpected salute cheeked the onward movement of his troops, and for a time they wavered as if about to retreat. But the ardor of the impetuous Prince being excited, he rallied them again, and under his order to charge, they rushed forward with increased fury and entered the lines of the enemy. This afforded the latter the opportunity sought, and no sooner had the assailants advanced to a proper distance, than they were taken front and flank, turned, as at the centre, and driven back on their supports, now being pushed eagerly forward by General Mackey, who, after several attemps to check their retreat, dispatched orders to Talmash to suspend his assault on the Pass of Aughrim, and lead back the infantry to the support of his broken division. Under this order fresh succors were deployed from the English right, but Talmash, himself, unwilling to abandon his design, remained with his cavalry and a portion of the infantry, to carry out his projected attack.

The assault against the inner left of the Irish line was now renewed, that against the extreme left was begun, and the contest raged along the whole left with the utmost obstinacy, assailants and assailed being so completely "enveloped in dust and smoke as to be invisible to the bystanders." At length, after nearly an hour of the most intense excitement, during which the intermingled mass rolled with varied success across the fallow-fields between the hedges and the marsh, the English broke and fled across it to the protection of their guns, one regiment alone, of all that crossed to the attack, holding a position in the hedges, near the extreme left, whence the Irish troops had been withdrawn, and even this was in imminent danger of total destruction.

It was now near sunset, and the shadows began to deepen over the scene of conflict, when St. Ruth, from the ridge of Kilcommodon, surveyed the situation beneath him. On his right, where the battle commenced, the successive assaults of the enemy had been broken and repelled; from

being assailants they had become the assailed; and driven far back from his outer line, had thrown up temporary intrenchments, behind which they continued to return the fire of his infantry, while they endeavored to withstand the repeated charges of his cavalry, careering on their flanks. On his centre he was completely victorious. The terrible repulse of the enemy's infantry there, and their consequent loss, had filled them with consternation and dismay, and though heavily reinforced, and urged forward with every threat and suasion of command, they could not be brought to attempt a second assault, but stood, a discomfitted and disheartened host, under the shelter of their cannon, which alone disturbed his line in that direction. On his inner left the sight was no less inspiriting. There, the columns under the Prince of Hesse, after being, for the third time, bloodily repulsed, were floundering back through the morass in utter disorder, though Mackey stood on its outer edge, urging forward still fresh arrivals from the right, and doing all that a brave and intrepid soldier could do to retrieve an apparently lost battle. From the first, Ginckle's chances of success depended on his ability to turn the Irish right, or to bring on a general engagement along the whole line, when the immense numerical superiority of his army, with its proud array of field officers, could scarcely fail of success. To this end, all the energies of his mind, and all the resources at his disposal had been constantly directed; but, up to this hour, all had signally failed. Favored by the happy disposition which he had made of his ground, St. Ruth had so handled his army as to disconcert every attack, and defeat his enemy in detail. Everywhere he had cause to fear that the least inadvertence would be fatal, yet every thing moved with precision, every plan answered his expectations, and now, at every point, he stood secure and successful. His cavalry had sustained its wonted reputation, had borne down every opposition throughout the day, and its reserve stood fresh and eager, within immediate support of the only point undecided. His infantry, which had sustained the brunt of the battle, since its renewal after the early cavalry rencounters, stood now, on all hands, firm, defiant, and victorious. Two thousand three hundred of the enemy strewed the valley from Aughrim to Urrachree, while, up to this moment, his loss was quite insignificant. Victory seemed completely within his grasp; a grand future opened before him, and, perhaps, wrapt in one of those bright visions that sweep the mind on the wing of thought: — a people freed; a kingdom restored to its legitimate sway, and his own sovereign rendering him the meed of glorious service; he doffed his hat to those around him, and exclaimed in the ardor of enthusiasm: — "Now, my children, we will beat them back to the gates of Dublin," * — words which, though not realized, are worthy of grateful commemoration, indicative at once of a patriarchal spirit, and an exalted heroism.

Through all, the activity of the opposing generals was incessant. Ginckle was everywhere, aiding and animating his men, and sharing the danger and fatigue of the private soldier. On the other hand, St. Ruth had followed every movement of the battle, and was found at every point where aid or encouragement demanded his presence. Two horses had broken down under him during the fatigues of this eventful day; and now, mounting a third, a powerful gray, which stood ready to his call, he rode down to the left, to congratulate his infantry on their victory in that quarter. Here he beheld the

* "A boast," says Taylor, "which the special interposition of Providence alone prevented him from accomplishing * * * ten minutes more would have completed the destruction of the English army." — Vol. ii., page 180.

last regiment of the enemy's infantry abandoned to their fate, afraid to attempt a retreat across the marsh, and defending their temporary lodgement with the last efforts of despair. Dismounting from his horse, he approached the gunners, and with his own hand giving direction to one of the three guns bearing on the enemy's lines, returned to his staff, and remounted. His attention was then directed to the movements of Talmash, who, at the head of the English cavalry, and supported by a compact body of infantry, was approaching along the defile that opened up to the village and castle of Aughrim. Inquiring casually what the enemy meant by moving in that direction, he was answered that they intended to force the Pass and succor their infantry beneath him. "*Then*," said he, "*we have won the battle.*" Considering the difficulties to be encountered, and the force stationed there, he deemed their destruction certain; and, after watching their steady advance for some time, he exclaimed with mingled feelings of admiration and pity: — "*They are brave, 'tis a pity they should be so exposed.*" Then forming his guards to charge down the hill, and dispatching orders to call up his reserve of cavalry to confront the force of Talmash, he addressed his staff, now ranged around him, saying: — "*They are beaten, let us beat them to the purpose!*" They were his last words, — for scarcely were they uttered, when his head was shattered by a cannon-ball, and he lay a corpse on the hill of Kilcommodon, while his horse ran wild and riderless across the plain! Amazement seized on all around him. The cavalry arrived and halted on the hillside. His attendants approached, threw a cloak over the body, and bore it to the rear, whither it was followed by his guards and the members of his staff. The charge that was to decide the battle was suspended. The Irish infantry, unaware of the death of their general, still held their ground. The cavalry stood waiting the order to charge, and nothing was wanting to complete the victory but that expected word; but it never came. Meanwhile, Talmash beheld the confusion and the hesitancy of the Irish troops on the hill, and auguring that something was going wrong there, pushed on with greater rapidity. The fire from the Irish lines and the castle opened on him, and twice he was repulsed, but still renewed his efforts. It was now the crisis of the day, and so was it felt by assailants and assailed. Colonel Burke, who had command in that quarter, pressed the enemy closely and successfully. The cavalry were held in check, and unable to advance; but the English infantry, moving along the northern margin of the marsh, began to break through in battalions and companies. They too were checked, and for some time held immovable. At this trying moment Burke found that his supply of musket-balls was exhausted, and a fresh supply was urgently demanded. It arrived; it was opened; but by some fatal blunder, or treacherous design, it was found that cannon-ball had been sent instead of those demanded.* The effect is easily foreseen. The soldiers still fought as men seldom fight. They exhausted their last shot, and all means being gone, they cut the round buttons from their coats, fired them, and discharged even their ramrods at the enemy, and then in rage and despair stood to offer their bodies as a last resistance, and died fighting where they stood. The Pass

* It was found, on examining the ammunition with which they had been supplied, that while the men were armed with French firelocks, the balls that had been served to them were cast for English muskets, of which the calibre was larger, and that they were consequently useless. — *Haverty's History of Ireland*, page 661.

This would seem the more probable version, although that in the text is in accordance with general authority. This book was not seen in time to alter the text; but the effect was the same.

was carried; the castle grounds were gained and barriers thrown up there to impede the Irish cavalry, while Talmash, after passing the defile, moved round by his left, and succored his devoted soldiers. The English infantry at the centre now crossed the marsh in force and formed to carry the left and centre. At this sight a wild and piercing cry of "*treason*" ran along the Irish lines. The infantry was left to struggle alone, and the cavalry, without a commander, retired to the crest of the hill and formed for a last effort to redeem the day. It was useless. The infantry did all that men could do, and disputed every inch of the ground up to their camp, where they made a last desperate stand, until surrounded by horse and foot of the enemy, when they broke, and, under the protection of their cavalry, retreated off the field. The left and centre of the Irish army being carried, the enemy turned their attention to the right, which, ignorant of what had passed, still pressed the foe beyond their lines, and were still victorious. But being now surrounded on all sides, and attacked front and rear, they were overwhelmed and literally cut to pieces; nearly all the infantry on that side being slaughtered where they stood.

The castle of Aughrim, which withstood the assilants long after the Pass was carried, was at length taken, and all within it put to the sword. Night closed over the scene of carnage. The Irish cavalry, baffled in their design to support the infantry, which became intermingled with the horse and foot of the enemy, after aiding some time in the retreat, withdrew to the southwest and pursued their route to Loughrea, while the infantry crossed the bog to the west, and moved in the direction of Galway. The retreat of these portions of the army was regular and unbroken; but the fugitives were cut down without mercy; their cry for quarter was totally disregarded; and the slaughter of the straggling bands continued far into the night. In this butchery the Danish troops were conspicuous. Remarkable through the day only for pusillanimity, they became the "best pursuers," through the night, until a fortuitous circumstance put an end to the pursuit. While despairing and resistless they fled from the field which they maintained to the last, an Irish drum-major, who was lying wounded by the wayside, was ordered by the almoner of a regiment, named O'Reilly, to beat the charge. It was done, and on hearing it the pursuers halted, and believing the Irish about to rally, retired to the main body, and the vanquished pursued their retreat unmolested. Thus ended the disastrous day of Aughrim. Up to the death of St. Ruth, no pending battle was ever more prophetic of victory. After it none was ever so unaccountably lost in the presence of numerous officers of experience and ability. It would seem as if fortune held the balance of the day, to elicit deeds of unexampled heroism, and inverted it in the hour of victory to maintain her proverbial fickleness.

The loss of the British in private soldiers was 2,300; in addition to this, 200 officers of all grades were wounded, and seventy-three killed, including among them one major-general and five colonels — making in all nearly 3,000. The loss of the Irish as estimated by the victors was 7,000, including their commander-in-chief, and seventeen generals and officers of the highest distinction. The number of officers of subaltern rank was great, and far exceeded those of the enemy. * The

* Those were nearly all killed after the death of St. Ruth: for "up to that time," says Taylor, "the Irish had lost scarcely a man." No insignificant number of them was put to death, after their capture, by order of General Ginckle; and for this brutal and unsoldierly order, Story offers as a palliation, the conduct of Henry V. of England, at the battle of Agincourt:— "*who, seeing the king of Cicilies appear on*

spoil of the victor included all the guns and camp equipage of the vanquished; and their trophies, eleven standards and thirty-two pair of colors, were immediately borne to London by "my Lord O'Byran, as a present to her Majesty," the Prince of Orange being then on the Continent.

The next day Ginckle encamped on the heights of Kilcommodon and buried his dead. The Irish slain, who strewed the hill and lay scattered over the country for miles, were stripped and left unburied, to be "devoured by the wild dogs and birds of prey." The country people fled the vicinity of the British army, and retired to the woods and mountains as their only refuge. The body of St. Ruth, according to the English annalist, was stripped and thrown into a bog. A more recent and better authority says, that "by tradition well attested, his ashes lie in the roofless church of Athunree, beside those of Lord Galway, who fell upon the same field of battle." There is, however, reason to doubt both, and the writer is aware that the people of the locality where the battle was fought, directed by tradition, point to a few stunted white thorns, to the west of the hill, towards Loughrea, beneath which, they say, rest the ashes of this great but unfortunate general.

It is painful to speculate on the cause that left the Irish army without direction after the death of St. Ruth. Many have endeavored to explain it; all — as well those who doubt Sarsfield's presence on the field, as those who maintain the contrary — are lost in conjecture, and none who participated in the battle and survived it, has placed the matter beyond speculation. So leaving that point as time has left it, what appears most strange in the connection is the absence of all command at such a conjuncture. The disposition of the Irish troops, though dexterous, was simple. The day was all but won. The foiling of Talmash would have been the completion of victory. A force sufficient was on his front; a reserve more than ample to overwhelm him was on its way to the ground — nay, drawn up and even ready for the word. The few British troops that held a lodgement in the hedges at the base of the hill, were completely at the mercy of those above them. It required no omniscient eye to see this, nor a voice from the clouds to impel them forward, and surely no military etiquette weighed a feather in opposition to the fate of a nation. Any officer of note could have directed the movement, and many of experience and approved courage witnessed the crises. Yet in this emergency, all the hard-won laurels of the day were tarnished, and land and liberty were lost by default! Nor can the rashness of St. Ruth, his reticence as to his plans, his misunderstanding with Sarsfield, nor the absence of the latter, justify the want of interpid action among those present. This stands unexplained and inexplicable, nor will the flippant appeal to Providence, whose ways are too frequently offered as an excuse for human misconduct, answer here. The want of ammunition at such a moment, was, no doubt, of some import, but the concurrence of events too plainly indicates that Aughrim was won by the skill of St. Ruth and the gallantry of his troops,

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the field, ordered every man to kill his prisoner, contrary to his generous nature," — and among those so murdered in cold blood, was Colonel O'Moore, and that most loyal gentleman and chivalrous soldier, Lord Galway.

Since writing the above, my attention has been called to Haverty's "History of Ireland," a work of much careful research and investigation, in which the loss of the Irish army is estimated at — killed, nearly 4,000, and 526 of all ranks taken prisoners. This would seem the more probable, as Story doubts his own estimate, and in the end of the year, 1692, says, "time has informed me of some mistakes, though possibly there may be some as yet remaining."

and that it was lost through want of decision in his general officers, at a moment the most critical in the nation's history.

But time passed on. Galway surrendered on honorable terms after an exchange of hostages. The passes of the Shannon were abandoned one by one down to Limerick, where the final stand was made, during which Tyrconnel, after years of faithful service, "died apparently of a broken heart." The city, though twice betrayed by General Clifford, made a most gallant defence, and its surrender wrested a treaty from the enemy as glorious to its defenders as its violation was infamous to the victors. O retributive justice, how slow is thy finger on the dial!

THE patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, at a meeting in the county of Limerick, lately, dwelt upon the gross injustice of sending Englishmen and Scotchmen to govern Ireland, of which most of them were quite ignorant. His Grace pointed out that Ireland has now an English Lord Lieutenant, an English Chief Secretary, a Scotch Under-Secretary, and an English Assistant Secretary. "France," said the Archbishop, "is governed by Frenchmen, Spain by Spaniards, England by Englishmen, and even Poland by Poles, and why should not Ireland be governed by Irishmen?" This is honest and true statesmanship, worthy of the great prelate who spoke the words.

FRENCH POPULATION DECREASING. The result of population statistics in France is the cause of alarm to the well-wishers of that country, and apparently with very good reason. France increases, but she increases so slowly that, relatively to the nations which surround her, she is shrinking fast. For every 10,000 of her inhabitants her yearly augmentation is but 26, while in England it is 101, and in Germany 115. If things proceed as they are now, Great Britain will possess 63 millions of inhabitants, and Germany 83 millions, while France will have but 44 millions. This is a very serious matter when one considers the power it gives to a neighboring State to raise armaments greater than her own. The chief cause of this declension seems to be the normal smallness of the French family. While in England and Germany the home contains, on the average, five children, in France it has but three. It requires no acumen to see that if the three nations were to start even, a considerable change must take place in a few years under such unequal conditions; but already, Germany is nine millions ahead of France, and Great Britain is but one million behind.

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION.— We are in receipt of Hon. W. J. Onahan's report of the workings of the Irish Catholic Colonization Society during the past year. The balance sheet from the financial records is very flattering to the business management:

LIABILITIES.

To Stockholders (capital) . . .	$82,600 00
Dividends 1881, unclaimed	1,000 00
" 1882, ...	5,000 00
To Sundry Accounts and Taxes .	2,000 00
	$90,600 00

ASSETS.

Cash in Treasury	$2,343 08
Due from Colonists for Land in Greeley C., Nebraska, Colony	44,227 75
Interest on same	3,500 00
Due from Colonists in Adrian, Minn., . .	51,103 51
Interest on same.	5,000 00
Land unsold, (5,000 acres)	15,000 00
Certificate of Stock held	800 00
	$121,974 34

It is pleasant to find so praiseworthy an undertaking, prosperous and profitable.

AN Albany paper tells of a woman in that city who awoke her husband during a storm the other night, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

GARIBALDI.

Not often has the dread passage of the Stygian river been braved by a more stormy soul than that of the restless being who lately ceased to trouble the world in general, and the Italian Government in particular. Joseph Garibaldi, the hero of a hundred revolutions, the arch-hater of Priests and Popes, of Monarchies and Ministeries, died at half-past six last Friday at Caprera.

It is a singular comment on the spirit of the age in which we live, that about the man who has just passed away there should be so widely opposite a set of views entertained by so many people. By the one-half of Italy he has been deemed a curse and a scourge; by the other he has been looked up to as a demi-god — a patriot of the purest, noblest, most disinterested, and unselfish type. This remarkable divergence of view is not confined to Italy. It is shared in to a large extent by outside countries. Englishmen, in particular, who have no great love for revolution at home, have thrown themselves into "the General's" cause with feverish eagerness, and whenever he wanted either men or money for some desperate enterprise freely contributed both. But the motive of their concern was obvious. It was not that they loved "the General" less, but that they hated the Divine institution which he hated more. In our own country his name was detested as the synonym of anarchy, irreligion, and impiety. It is not many years since his effigy was publicly burned in the city of Limerick, and had not the Foreign Enlistment Act interferred forty thousand Irishmen would have sprung to arms to resist his attack on Rome in 1848. Usually, when such diametrically opposite opinions prevail about any one individual the juste milieu is to be found by balancing one set against the other. In the case of Garibaldi, however, it is to be feared that his true character will hardly reveal itself to the historian if he endeavor to gauge it by this common-sense sort of test. He must get together in his mental scales a large proportion of fierce fanaticism, a mixture of constant animal courage and daring, a blending of endurance and asceticism, unscrupulous disregard of authority and right, political casuistry which accomodate the conscience of a Republican with the purse of a Monarchist, and a scoffing impiety which, without even the poor excuse of philosophy, simply jeered at religion as an insult to the intelligence of an unlettered people, and at its ministers as barefaced impostors and knaves. There is no parallel in history for such a character. The man stands unique.

It may be said by Garibaldi's defenders that with all his faults — with all his late striving to reconcile principle and pelf — with all his wicked and mischievous stirring up of the Italian people — that he had one grand redeeming feature in his great love for Italy and his great sacrifices in her cause. But the man was a free-lance. He believed in the universal Republic, and was more of an Internationalist than an Italian. His dreams were not of Italy more than any other land. His sword was equally ready in Brazil, in Hungary, in France — anywhere it could find employment at striking a blow against the established order of things. His penultimate performance as an agitator was in the theatre of Internationalism in the free city of Geneva, where he held a long sederunt with all the scattered firebrands and outlaws of Europe on the means of overthrowing the reign of everybody, and setting up the Republic all over the Continent under the name of "the

United States of Europe." It would be a desecration of the noble bead-roll of Italian patriots, who worked through all the centuries of the Renaissance for the dream of Italian unity, to bracket any of their names with that of this indiscriminate and polynational disturber. He was a cosmopolitan revolutionist, not an Italian patriot.

That this is no exaggerated picture of the man may easily be proved by a glance at the chief incidents of his life. Of his youth and parentage little are known, save that he was born at Nice in 1807, and that his family were poor and obscure, his father being the owner of a small trading vessel. His restless and ambitious bent had an early development. He was sent, or went, to sea at an unusually early age, but his communings with the unquiet ocean only seems to have kindled a spirit equally unquiet within the voyager. At twenty-five we hear of his debut as a conspirator against the Government of the man whose son he so materially was to aid in the future in his designs upon Italy — Charles Albert. For his complicity with Mazzini in a plot against the Kingdom of Sardinia he was under the necessity of "making himself scarce" in his native country, only to return in two years after and tempt the hangman afresh by entering into another plot at Genoa. This time he was condemned to death en contumacien, as our French neighbors have it, but he cleverly managed to keep out of the way until that particular storm had quite blown over. Not for thirteen years' after do we hear of him in Italy. But it must not be supposed that Garibaldi was idle all this time. His roving and adventurous tastes forbade anything like a quiet, honest life, and after escaping with a whole skin from Nice, and landing from an Egyptian corvette at Marseilles, we find him developing his patriotic ideas by offering his services in whatever way they would be accepted to the Bey of Tunis. They were taken, but nothing very remarkable seems to have happened in North Africa, and, disgusted at the monotony of affairs there, the adventurer threw up his post, whatever it was, and set sail for that congenial locality for revolutionists, South America. One of the little wars which are perpetually going on in this felicitious region was going on when he landed. Rio Grande was at loggerheads with Brazil, and Rio Grande being the smaller State, Garibaldi threw his sword into her scale.

He got command of a small war ship, and proceeded to sea, but his only performance was that of getting himself and his vessel into the hands of the Brazilian, who clapped him into prison, and treated him with but little consideration. He managed to break jail, however, in some way, and we next hear of him as an adventurer in the army of Uruguay, commanding a band of "landless resolute" of his own nationality against the Republic of Buenos Ayres. It will thus be seen that his tastes and talents were impartially amphibious, and that it mattered little to him whether he was on sea or land, provided only there was a disturbance to be got into. About this time he seems to have met with his wife Anita, a woman who subsequently shared many of his vicissitudes, but who died on the flight from Rome in 1848, when Garibaldi and his followers were driven out by Oudinot. When quiet was restored in South America, Garibaldi, finding his occupation gone, cast about for fresh fields and pastures new, and a revolution being then in progress in Italy, decided that this was the identical ground he wanted. He set sail for Europe, and soon found himself once more in his natural element. As a specimen of his purity on the question of Republicanism we may mention that the first proffer of his sword was to the monarch against whom he had formerly plotted, Charles Albert; but the offer was declined without

any thanks. Then, with complete insouisance, this man of iron principle, according to his admirers, turned round and offered to join the revolutionary party who loved Charles Albert just about as cordially as they did the Austrian Emperor. He was welcomed into the ranks, and assisted materially in getting up the outbreak of murder and assassination in Rome which caused the flight of the late Pope Pius IX. to Gaeta. But his triumph was short-lived, as the revolutionists were swept out of the city after a saturnalia of four weeks' duration by the French army. Garibaldi had to run the gauntlet through a territory filled with pursuers, and it was during the frightful helter-skelter which ensued that his wife sank from exhaustion and excitement. This was the most terrible time in Garibaldi's whole career. After dodging along the sea-coast, however, for a while the fugitive managed to get into a fishing boat and to make Genoa. Off to Tunis again, and subsequently South America went the peripatetic patriot, but nothing resulting from his voyages, he settled down for a while on Staten Island, and turned his attention to a novel pursuit. From chanson a guerre to chandlery is a great declension, but not to much for a needy patriot. Garibaldi set up a soap-boiling and tallow factory, and for a time gave symptoms of quieting down to an honest and orderly life. But the old leaven proved too strong, and in a short time after the factory was sold out, and its proprietor once more set his face towards Europe, where war-clouds once more were thickening on the political horizon. After a visit to England, where he was presented by the people of Newcastle with a sword, he went to Italy and took service under Victor Emmanuel in the war of 1859, as the commander of a lot of irregulars called the Alpine Chasseurs. The war terminating in the peace of Villafranca, much to the disappointment of Garibaldi, other employment had to be looked for, so the revolution which ended in the driving of Francis II. out of Naples, was set on foot. Garibaldi started from Genoa with his legion of volunteers. Palermo and Naples were attacked and captured, and the Sardinian army, having thus had the way cleared for them, moved down to take possession of the booty which Republican filibustering had won.

At Gaeta Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi met, and the son of Charles Albert was saluted by the Republican hero as "King of Italy." By the generals of the Royal army Garibaldi and his volunteers were looked upon with little favor, and slighted and hurt at his reception amongst them, Garibaldi withdrew to the little island of Caprera, where he took to farming, and a life, as his admirers are wont to term it, of "grand simplicity." But this sort of life could not go on for long. The old gnawing soon set in, and after the cession of Nice to France, a frothy proclamation, under the "General's" signature, appeared in Palermo, in the shape of an address to the Hungarians, inviting them to revolt against Austria. General Klapka issued a counter-proclamation counselling his countrymen not to be made cat's-paws for the purposes of the Italian Camerilla. But Garibaldi was not to be diverted from his purpose. He contrived another filibustering expedition outside Palermo, and getting his men on board of steamers, crossed over from Catania to Melita, on the Dalmatian coast. A portion of the Italian army was despatched in pursuit, and coming up with the lawless marauders at Aspromonte, a few shots brought about a surrender, Garibaldi receiving a bullet-wound in the ankle. Owing to his former service in helping Victor Emmanuel to his neighbors' property, Garibaldi was pardoned his rebellious and mischievous conduct, and he returned to Caprera

to his farm. Shortly afterwards he visited England, where he had a reception befitting a hero who had done so much to free Italy from Popery and Priests, and to demonstrate that revolution is the only proper trade of a patriot. He was conveyed back to Caprera by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland in their own ducal yacht. The Italo-Austro-Prussian war breaking out shortly after afforded another grand opportunity for Garibaldi, and we find him again in the field in the Tyrol, but his force having suffered a crushing defeat, he was obliged to "retire" upon the Soro, in a manner more humid than dignified, whence he returned a sadder and wiser man to his Caprera farm. But it was only for a short time. The time was ripening for the grand swoop which had been his own avowed day-dream, as well as the secret one of the perfidious Sardinian intruders. The mines were partly laid, and the assault upon the territories of the church was almost ready. Garibaldi began the preliminary operations in 1867. He put himself at the head of his desperate canaille once more, and without the slightest pretence or shadow of justification made a move towards the frontier of the Papal States. But though the Sardinian Government was as eager as he for the spoil the time had not come. They dared not do it, for war with France would have been the certain result. Therefore they caused their dupe and instrument to be arrested, but he was allowed to return to his island farm, that he might be utilized when the time was ripe. Thence he made another dash in a couple of weeks, and arriving in Florence, he got up another squad of volunteers, at the head of whom he started for Rome. He encountered a small body of the Pontifical troops at Monte Rotondo, and compelled them to fall back, but in a few days was attacked in turn by the Papal troops, reinforced by a small body of the French garrison of Rome, at Mentana, and hopelessly and crushingly defeated. Menotti Garibaldi co-operated in this invasion, but fortunately for himself and the marauders he commanded, was a long way distant from Mentana. Flying from the scene of his discomforture the "General" was arrested and taken to Variguano, but was soon again set at liberty.

The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war at last brought both the Sardinian Government and their tool the opportunity they desired. The French troops were withdrawn from Rome. We know the perfidy and the open violation of State rights which supervened, but we are not concerned now to dwell upon them, as the part played in the transaction by Garibaldi was insignificant. His next appearance was as an ally of the French Republic in its war against Germany, and instead of covering himself and his following with glory, they covered themselves with odium and infamy. Their only triumphs were over helpless nuns and priests, whom they everywhere treated with brutal barbarity, so that the country was heartily sick and ashamed of them. Since that time "the General" has done but little. He attempted to get up an agitation on a grand scale at Geneva in favor of the establishment of "the United States of Europe," but with but very indifferent success. People in power laughed at him as a madman. His fellow-agitators were now beginning to think him a fool. During the last couple of months his senility had begun to take a dangerous shape, for he was openly advocating an attack on Austria for the recovery of what is called Italia Irradenta, and he had promised the Mussulman delegates from Albania 30,000 muskets and any number of volunteers, for the purpose of resisting the transfer of Epirus from the beneficent rule of Turkey to that of Greece. Were it not that he showed an uncommon degree of shrewdness in accepting a very handsome pension (100,000

lire annually) from the Italian Government, as a reward for his help in the spoliation of the Papal States, it might be thought that Garibaldi was a dangerous lunatic and nothing worse. But his whole career shows that, if he was mad, he had method in his madness. He always, no matter what the scrape he got into, fell on his feet.

But there was one trait in his character which placed him infinitely above the level of the masters whom he served. He was outspoken and honest. He hated Pope and Church and Priests, but his hate was open. He did his best to wipe them out in the face of day. But he never acted with base perfidy towards them like his employers. But the system which he attacked so persistently and so violently has survived him, and will survive them. It has seen in its ever-youthful age the defeat and discomfiture of antagonists more powerful than either. Impiety and daring have dashed themselves against it century after century, even as the wild sea surges dash themselves, foaming and frantic, against the rocky ramparts which bar the landward march of the Atlantic. That they will do so again and again, but do so in vain, is as certain as the risings and settings of the sun.

DAUGHTER (home from school): "Now, Papa, are you satisfied? Just look at my testimonial — 'political economy, satisfactory; fine arts and music, very good; logic, excellent' ——" Father: "Very much so my dear; especially as regards your future. If your husband should understand anything of housekeeping, cooking, mending, and the use of the sewing-machine, perhaps your married life will, indeed, be happy."

AN artist painted a cannon so naturally that when he was finishing the touch-hole it went off — at a very good price.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS, BARRISTER AT LAW.

Reasons for giving his Memoir.—Born in Mallow in 1814 — His descent.— The Historic Associations of Mallow.— The Haunts of Thomas Davis.— His Temperament.— Davis's Salutary Jest.— Collegiate Career.— Auditor of the College Historical Society.— Called to the Bar.— Unfitted for Success at the Bar.— Friendship between Davis and the Author.— Appearance and Manner.— The *Dublin Morning Register*.— A Member of the Repeal Association.— The *Nation* Newspaper.— John Blake Dillon.— Reasons for Starting the *Nation*.— The Editor.— Success of the *Nation*.— Davis's Poetry — Lord Jeffrey's Opinion.— Miss Mitford's Estimate.— The British Association in 1843.— Thomas Davis my Guest — Our Tour on the Blackwater.— Letter from Thomas Davis.— Death in 1845 — Hogan's Movement.— Poem on the Dead Patriot.

I HAVE hitherto given memoirs of Irishmen who won fame and distinction by their professional achievements. I now proceed to record the fame of one who, though called to the Irish Bar, never, I believe, addressed the Irish Bench. It is not because Thomas Davis was my personal friend, of whose friendship any man would feel proud to boast; not because he was gifted beyond all his contemporaries with knowledge; not because he loved the scenery, traditions, and history of Ireland, as I did, and made them known by his works, I introduce him here, but because, though brought up and educated in the prejudices of Irish Protestantism, he opened his heart to his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, rose superior to the narrow sectarianism of race and creed, and devoted his life to make the Irish people truthful, manly, and self-reliant. He considered that much of the agitation in which they were engaged was a hollow pretence; he sought to make it a reality. He believed that if the Repeal of the Union was to be effected, it would only be effected by the combined efforts of Irish Protestants and Roman Catholics. He knew the Protestant support would not be given to an uneducated and disorderly mob; and he labored to elevate the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of his

countrymen. What means he used to do this will appear in my sketch of his brief but useful life.

Thomas Davis, born in 1814, was a native of Mallow, a historic and picturesque borough town, pleasantly situated on the north bank of the Munster Blackwater, in the county of Cork. Though of a Celtic nature, truly *ipsis hibernis hiberniories*, Thomas Davis had little Milesian blood in his veins. His father was English, or of English descent, from a Dorsetshire family; his mother was of the respectable race of Atkins, of the county of Cork. Through her, indeed, he could trace some kinship with the O'Sullivans, chief of Berehaven, and it is worthy of note that the *Nation* newspaper, which was projected, and, in fact, established chiefly by Thomas Davis, has been now for many years the property of a branch of this Celtic family, edited, until recently, by Alexander M. Sullivan, M. P., author of "New Ireland," and now ably conducted by his brother.

The parents of Thomas Davis moved in the most respectable society of the Bath of Ireland, as Mallow, in the days when its Spa attracted the balance of fashion, was called. There was much in the scenery of his native place to awaken the poetic and patriotic feelings of the boy. The stern old walls of Mallow Castle had witnessed several sieges in the days when the Lords President of Munster held their Court within its ramparts. Not far stands Kilcolman, where Edmund Spencer penned the "Faerie Queene," and near it is Newmarket, where John Philpot Curran was born and reared.

Like Curran, Davis drank inspiration from the banks and braes of the great river, as the Avanmore rolls through the barony of Duhallow, and in his poem "The Rivers," when contrasting the Munster with the Ulster Blackwater, Davis thus describes the banks of his native stream:

Far kinder the woodlands of rich Connamore,
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore;
There the stream, like a maiden,
With love overladen,
Pants wild on each shore.

The ricks rose like statues, tall, stately, and fair,
And the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains and air,
With Wonder's soul near you,
To share with and cheer you,
Make Paradise there.

Davis visited the ruined castles and minutely investigated the grand old abbeys along the banks of the Blackwater, mixing freely with the people at fairs and wakes, and imbibing every day of his young life deep draughts of love for his native land. He possessed, like Curran, a passionate, warm, generous heart, but, unlike Curran, at least in his manhood, Davis never gave way to mirth or merriment. The only joke I could ever discover in which he took part was the following. The master of the school where he was a boarder was of convivial habits, and usually required the aid of the bannister to help him up stairs when he rolled off to bed. One night some mischievous boys rubbed the bannister with mud and dirt, so that the master did not reach his couch with clean hands. Incensed and indignant, when next morning he disclosed the trick perpetrated upon him, the schoolmaster declared his intention of making a public example of any boys who had dared to insult him in so gross a way. This, of course, prevented his getting any information respecting the offenders. Days passed, and no one could be prevailed upon to inform against his companions. Then the master changed his tactics, and offered a handsome sum as a reward for any boy who would tell him "*who had a hand in it.*" Thereupon, to the surprise of the school, up rose Thomas Davis, and he said "he would tell for the sake of the reward." This statement was so different from

the generous, manly nature of Thomas Davis, the boys were all perfectly astounded. The master, with a grim smile, anticipating the delight of satisfying vengeance long delayed, promised Davis "not only the reward, but protection, in case of need."

Davis, however, said, "he only required the reward to give in charity."

"Now Tommy, good boy," said the master, "who had a hand in it?"

"*You sir!*" cried Davis exultingly, to the infinite relief of all juvenile parties concerned. "You must admit you had *a hand in it.*"

The shout of laughter that arose from every side was shared in by the master. Davis got the reward, and he gave it to the poor, and we may be sure he lost nothing in the estimation of his school-fellows.

Davis received an excellent classical education, and when sufficiently prepared, entered Trinity College, Dublin, about the year 1830. His University career was highly successful. He graduated with distinction in 1835. He gained a junior moderatorship in ethics. Science was his chief study. He was an excellent mathematician, delighted in ethics, and was a profound historian. He dived deep into the old sources of Irish history, and few who acquired lore at that not very inviting fountain turned their knowledge of the early period of our national annals to better account. Having taken his degree in the Dublin University, he left the College of the Trinity with the respect of all his contemporaries. During his residence in Trinity College he was a diligent member of the renowned College Historical Society, and was elected auditor, but he was more distinguished for the solidity and copiousness of his arguments than for the grace of delivery. He never was a fluent speaker. When selecting a profession he studied for the Bar, to which he was called in 1838, the same year with me. The genius and bent of Thomas Davis's mind was not adapted to the legal profession. That readiness and sharpness of intellect, that smart, energetic, bustling, pushing manner, which enables men to work their way in a profession like the Bar, was not possessed by him. He was shy and reserved, and, though he donned the Bar wig and gown daily, and attended the Hall of the Four Courts, he got no business, and, perhaps, did not care to get any.

Contemporaries in legal standing, and natives of the same valley by the Blackwater, he and I soon became acquainted, and I never was more drawn to any one, save Mr. Baldwin, than to Thomas Davis. We were of about the same age, and we had many tasts in common, great love of country, and admiration for art. But he was far my superior in general information — in his intimate knowledge, not only of Irish, but European history, and ability in imparting information. He was of slight figure, inclined forward, his eager Celtic face lighted up by kindly-beaming eyes, a mouth that would indicate sarcasm, if the gentle heart did not prevent any such display. His manners were easy and gentlemanly, but he was quick in movement. There was no rudeness, no self-assertion; even when giving sound advice, or imparting imformation as valuable as it was important, it was done with diffidence, and often an apology. No wonder such a man had troops of friends, and among the pleasing memories of my somewhat checkered life is that I enjoyed the friendship of Thomas Davis, and that he was my guest at my dear father's hospitable board, where he passed some time with me in the barracks of Fermoy.

Not long after being called to the Bar Davis turned his attention to the state of Irish politics. In 1840 he became connected with the *Dublin Morning Register*, a newspaper the property of Mr. Staunton, of which

another patriotic young Irishman was, I believe, the editor — the late John B. Dillon, M. P. Davis contributed a series of spirited articles to the *Register* on the state of Europe, showing from the clouds in the political horizon that a European crisis was at hand, and arguing that Ireland in the crush of empires would be able to effect the Repeal of the Legislative Union with Great Britain. At this period O'Connell had established the Repeal Association, of which Thomas Davis was an active member. He was fearless when advocating opinions he deemed right, and on the question of education had the courage to differ from O'Connell, for whom he felt personally a very sincere regard. The necessity of possessing a journal to advocate the views of the party known afterwards as "Young Ireland" induced Davis, John B. Dillon, and some others to establish a newspaper called the *Nation*.

John Blake Dillon was a fitting associate with Thomas Davis in any literary and patriotic enterprise. He also was a personal friend of mine, and one of the most attractive men mentally, and personally, I ever knew. He was strikingly handsome, with marked, regular features, great flashing dark eyes, a complexion of southern bronze, and black hair — the foot of a prince and the tread of a soldier. He was tall — over six feet — and finely proportioned. His manner comported with his appearance. It was frank and winning — no one could meet him without feeling confidence and esteem. While conversing with Dillon, Davis suggested the advantage of having a journal that would be more throughly national and independent than the organ of the Liberal party in Dublin. They concurred in the opinion that a newspaper with bolder aims and higher style of articles than those usually contained in the Irish papers was desirable, and they resolved to start one.

Another and deeper thought inspired Davis. He doubted the reality of the agitation for the Repeal which had been carried on. He had no confidence in many of those men who, from hustings and platform, shouted for Repeal, and who in Parliament bartered for place. He hated shams, and suspected the people were made the tools of designing place-hunters. He also believed that the teaching of the people was not calculated to advance them in the way to achieve the restoration of an Irish Parliament, or to enable them to use it beneficially, if restored. He found that the persons likely to be selected to succeed the unworthy men who exchanged their native Legislature for cash or place, would, if elected to an Irish Parliament, sell their country as in days gone by, and he resolved to labor and make the people wiser and better, than to make so great a mistake. This he felt could not be done save by a journal bold in language, free and unshackled in its dealing with political questions, and independent of the position of those who hold the reins of Government, be they Whig or Tory. So Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon* looked out for an editor for the projected journal. They had not long to wait. Charles Gavan Duffy,† for some time editing a popular Ulster newspaper, the *Belfast Vindicator*, was prosecuted by the Government for a libel. He had attended the trial, and, while walking with Davis and Dillon in the Phœnix Park, was made acquainted with the newspaper project entertained by his companions. Mr. Duffy cordially approved of the idea. He possessed the requisite business

* John B. Dillon was also called to the Bar. He was an enthusiastic member of the party known as "Young Ireland." After the rising in 1848 he went to America. Having remained there some years he returned, was elected M. P. for Tipperary, and died near Bray.

† Mr. Duffy edited the *Nation* for some years. He was among those prosecuted by the Government in 1844, and shared O'Connell's captivity. He was M. P. for New Ross, and subsequently sent to Melbourne, Victoria; became Prime Minister and Sir Charles G. Duffy.

knowledge, and consented to become editor. Thus was started the *Nation* — thenceforward an able exponent of Irish aspirations then and since.

A brilliant band of Celtic enthusiasts soon sought literary fame by contributing to the columns of the *Nation*. Many of these young and ardent spirits expected to make Ireland in the nineteenth century rival Ireland of the eleventh, recall the glories of Brian the Brave, and restore the fallen fortunes of the Celts. Thomas Davis was chief and leader of the native band. There were others as full of zeal and patriotism, others equal in spirit and energy, but none approached him in power of thought, clearness of intellect, in soundness of judgment. He knew what work was required to construct a people fit for freedom, and manfully he set about the herculean task. The Irish had long been told their good qualities, their great virtues, their ancient fame. He had to show them their shortcomings, their besetting vices, and urge their abandonment, if they wished to rival the fame of their sires. He bade them shake off the lethargy of despair, and be up and doing; to cease looking to others for help, and instead to help themselves. He advocated education as the safest and surest road to freedom; inculcated the axiom that knowledge is power. He sought to infuse his genial love for Ireland into the hearts of the people, and labored incessantly to this end.

The success of the journal exceeded the hopes of the promoters. It seized fast hold upon the popular mind, for its articles were far above the usual standard of newspaper writing, and in proof of this I may refer to Davis's "Essays," published since his death by the enterprising Irish publisher, Mr. Duffy, of Wellington Quay, Dublin, while poetry flowed forth, the result of his soul yearnings. The truth of the classic adage, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," was fully exemplified in his case. He wrote poetry, as has been well said of him, "from external necessity to teach rather than from internal necessity to sing. He sang at the call of his country rather than at the voice of his own soul. It was Pegasus in historical harness, helping to draw the people along a heavy road, full of ruts and furrows, rather than proudly bearing a post up the steeps of Parnassus. But it matters little whence the incentive comes, so that it quickens a fruitful nature. Possibly, if Davis had lived longer, the politician might have killed out the poet."

The young patriots condescended to write in the language, to use their own phrase, of the Saxons, so it is to the English tongue we owe the beautiful lyrics of Thomas Davis. The editor of the *Nation* had faith in the well-known saying of Fletcher of Saltoun, "Give me the writing of the ballads, and let who will make the laws," and, in default of other aid, the regular contributors to the new journal resolved to attempt that task themselves. It is difficult to believe, but the editor of his poems dwells upon it as a well-known fact that, up to this time, 1842, the author of "The Lark of Baltimore" had never written a line of verse in his life, and was, indeed, far less sanguine than his coadjutors in the success of the experiment. How completely he succeeded there is no need to tell, although nearly all that he has written was the work of little more than one hurried year thrown off in the midst of a thousand occupations and a thousand claims.

The critical editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Lord Jeffrey, thus praised Davis's poems. Recommending them to a friend he says, "There are some most pathetic, and many spirited pieces, and all, with scarcely an exception, so entirely national. Do get the book and read it." *

Miss Mitford, also, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," † thus

* Life of Lord Cockburn.
† Vol. i. p. 22.

records her high estimation of the poetry of Thomas Davis:

"Considering his immense reputation in the sister island, the name of Thomas Davis has hardly found its due place in our literature. He was an Irish barrister, the most earnest, the most vehement, the most gifted, and the most beloved of the Young Ireland party. Until the spring of 1840, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, he had only been remarkable for extra good nature, untiring industry, and very varied learning. At that period he blazed forth at once as a powerful and brilliant political writer, produced an elegant and admirable 'Life of Curran,' became one of the founders of the *Nation* newspaper, and carried his zeal in the cause of nationality to such excess that he actually proposed to publish a weekly journal in the Irish tongue." *

In the autumn of 1843 the British Association for the Advancement of Science met in Cork, under the presidency of the great astronomer, the Earl of Rosse, and Thomas Davis was my guest. I used to joke with him about his being within the protection of the Fermoy barracks, then in charge of my father, and while steaming about the shores of the Lee and Queenstown, or Cove, as it was then called, we landed at Haulbowline. I brought him to the hospitable residence of the storekeeper, and, as we surveyed the piles of munitions of war, and pyramids of cannon-balls, I said to Davis, "These were the pills the Young Ireland party would have to swallow if they ventured on an outbreak." We had none, thank God! in his time. We made the tour of the Blackwater together, which the estimable and popular Sir Richard Musgrave was endeavoring to have made navigable to Fermoy. I read a paper on this subject before the Statistical Section of the British Association at Cork, which afterwards was added to, and published as "The Historical and Picturesque Guide to the Blackwater in Munster." While considering where I could find materials for this work, the post brought me the following letter:

DEAR O'FLANAGAN,—I see by the newspapers that you are going to publish an illustrated guide to the Blackwater. Pray put me down as a subscriber. I strongly advise you to take time and much labor to it. If it be not done with profound research, and graphic description, and brought out with engravings or woodcuts, in a high style, it will be a disservice to you, and to what you take such an interest in. Windale, of Cork, had some idea of re-editing Smith's "History of our County," and could certainly give you valuable information and references. You ought to leave no authority in the Royal Irish Academy or College unsearched. A panoramic map of the Blackwater might be issued with, or after, your book.

Pardon the liberty I take in suggesting these matters, and believe me,

Truly yours.

THOMAS DAVIS.

This letter is quite characteristic of my dear, excellent friend. He cheered me by his advice, directed me where to find references, how I should bring out the work, and apologized for taking such a liberty?

Acting on his suggestion, I wrote at once to Mr. Windale, the well-known local historian and antiquary of Cork, and I need not say how kindly he responded and gave me much valuable aid.

I had the satisfaction of knowing my published "Guide" perfectly satisfied Thomas Davis, who, in his essay on "Irish Scenery," alludes to it in very complimentary terms.

But alas! the end was near. Before the general public were aware of his illness, the cold hand of death snatched Davis from all he loved on earth,—his country, his family, and the object of his heart's affection.

On the 16th of September, 1845, at the early age of thirty-one years, Thomas Davis died. The wail of sorrow which arose from every quarter of the kingdom attested the

* This project is now likely to be an accomplished fact.

universal grief for his great loss. A national monument was soon in preparation, and the work of Hogan stands near his grave in the cemetery of Mount Jerome.

The following poem, from one who knew and loved him, if deemed inharmonious English, has melody for the Celtic heart, and it was appended to a carefully written notice of Davis in the *Dublin University Magazine*:

I walked through Ballinderry in the spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree;
And I said,—in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty,
On the quick seed-clasping soil,—
Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil.

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap;
And I said—as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring, glittering from the deep,
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving onward
To the calm deep streams above,—
So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom,
Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love.

I stood by Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call,
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation,
That filled the wide mountain-hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plunder'd eyrie,
And I said—as he screamed and soared—
So callest thou, thou wrathful, soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored.

And, alas! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see;
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, 'Thy will be done,'
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of her noble son!

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of Danger's plough!
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,
Girt with Freedom's seed-sheet now?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the resurrection morn?

Young Salmon of the flood-tide of Freedom,
That swells round Erin's shore!
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more;
Drawn downward by their prone master instinct,
Let them thunder on the rocks and foam:
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come!

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still;
That the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill;
Better far, if, brothers, war be destined for us
(God avert that horrid day, I pray),
That, ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
Thy warm hand shall be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That He will not suffer those right hands
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
Would lie cold and silent then;
And songless long once more, should often widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, and promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet;
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance, free and strong,
And if God grants this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong!

To be Continued.

DECLARATION OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

THE following address has been adopted by the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, recently assembled in Dublin, to their beloved flocks: —

In the social crisis through which Ireland is now passing, and which must long and deeply affect moral as well as material interests, you have a right to expect that your Bishops would give you advice and direction, and help to remove those perplexities with which the most enlightened as well as the best disposed are now beset. Pressed by the duty we owe you in this conjuncture, and anxious beyond expression for your temporal as well as for your spiritual welfare, we have considered at our meeting, amongst other subjects, the present condition of our beloved country, and now hasten to communicate to you the result of those deliberations.

Let us premise that in forming our judgments we have been influenced chiefly by the the consideration of your spiritual interests, and have been solely guided by the dictates of conscience and by the ever just and beneficent law of God. To you, the devoted children of the Catholic Church, enlightened by Faith and obedient to the Divine Precept of seeking first the Kingdom of God and His justice to you, as to ourselves, it is and must be an undoubted truth that, in all questions, social and political, as well as religious, the law of God is our supreme and infallible rule; that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right; and that an act which God forbids us to do cannot possibly benefit either ourselves or our country.

Applying these principles to events every day occurring around us, and to the important questions which now absorb the attention of our people, we see dangers against which we must raise our warning voice, and not a few excesses, which we most deeply lament, and unequivocally condemn.

It is true that on religious, as well as political grounds, it is the indisputable right of Irishmen to live on and by their own fertile soil, and be free to employ the resources of their country for their own profit. It is, moreover, the admitted right, and often the duty, of those who suffer oppression, either from individuals or from the State, to seek redress by every lawful means; and to help in obtaining such redress is a noble work of justice and charity. On these grounds it is that the object of our national movement has had the approval and blessing, not only of your priests and bishops, but of the sovereign Pontiff himself; and has been applauded in our own and in foreign countries by all men of just and generous minds, without distinction of race or creed. It must, however, be well known to you, as indeed it is to the world at large, that in the pursuit of your legitimate aims means have been from time to time employed which are utterly subversive of social order, and opposed to the dictates of justice and charity. It is to those unlawful means we desire to direct your attention, and especially to the following: —

1st. Refusing to pay just debts when able to pay them.

2d. Preventing others from paying their just debts.

3d. Injuring the neighbor in his person, his rights, or property.

4th. Forcibly resisting the law and those charged with its administration, or inciting others to do so.

5th. Forming secret asssociations for the promotion of the above or other like objects, or obeying the orders of such condemned associations.

Under each of these heads numerous offences, all more or less criminal, have been committed, fearfully prominent amongst them being the hideous

crime of murder, which even at the moment we address you horrifies the public conscience, disgraces our country, and provokes the anger of the Almighty.

Against all and each of these offences we solemnly protest in the name of God and of His Church; and we declare it to be your duty to regard as the worst enemy of our creed and country the man who would recommend or justify the commission of any one of them. We solemnly appeal to all our flocks, especially to the youth of both sexes, not only to have no connection with Secret Societies, but to condemn and oppose them, as being hostile alike to religion and to social freedom and progress.

Let us now assure you that the National movement, purged from what is criminal and guarded against what leads to crime, shall have our earnest support and that of our clergy.

A considerable instalment of justice has, within the last few years been given to the tenant farmers of Ireland. To them and to other classes of our countrymen, especially to the laboring class, much more is due; and it is your duty and ours to press our claims until they are conceded.

In every peaceful and just movement of yours, the clergy shall be with you, to guide, and, if necessary, to restrain you; but you must not expect them to do what in conscience they condemn. They cannot be the sowers of hatred and dissension amongst their flocks — they cannot under any pretext tolerate, much less countenance, lawlessness and disorder. They will work manfully with and for you, but in the light of day, with lawful arms and for just and laudable objects; and we feel assured that your filial obedience to their instructions, and to the admonitions given in this brief address will bring down the Divine blessing on our country, save it from the evils with which it is threatened, and lead it speedily to prosperity and peace.

Before concluding, we feel it our duty to declare, without in any sense meaning to excuse the crimes and offences we have condemned, that in our belief they would never have occurred had not the people been driven to despair by evictions and the prospect of evictions for the non-payment of exorbitant rents; and, furthermore, that the continuance of such evictions, justly designated by the Prime Minister of England as sentences of death, must be a fatal permanent provocative to crime, and that it is the duty of all friends of social order, and especially of the Government, to put an end to them as speedily as possible, and at any cost.

Earnestly beseeching our loving Lord to bestow on you and on our afflicted country, the wisdom, piety, and fortitude of His Divine Spirit, and to teach you to prefer the treasures of His grace to all the goods of this earth, we heartily impart to you our pastoral blessing.

Signed,

✠ EDWARD CARDINAL MCCABE, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland.
✠ DANIEL MCGETTIGAN, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland.
✠ THOMAS W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel, etc.
✠ JOHN MCEVILLY, Archbishop of Tuam, etc.
✠ WILLIAM DELANY, Bishop of Cork.
✠ FRANCIS KELLY, Bishop of Derry.
✠ J. P. LEAHY, Bishop of Dromore.
✠ JAMES WALSHE, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.
✠ LAURENCE GILLOOLY, Bishop of Elphin.
✠ MICHAEL FLANNERY, Bishop of Killaloe.
✠ PATRICK DORRIAN, Bishop of Down and Connor.
✠ GEORGE BUTLER, Bishop of Limerick.
✠ NICHOLAS CONANT, Bishop of Kilmore.
✠ THOMAS NULTY, Bishop of Meath.
✠ JAMES DONNELLY, Bishop of Clogher.
✠ JAMES LYNCH, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare.
✠ PATRICK DUGGAN, Bishop of Clonfert.
✠ HUGH CONWAY, Bishop of Killala.
✠ F. J. MCCORMACK, Bishop of Achonry.
✠ JAMES RYAN, Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe.

✠ PATRICK F. MORAN, Bishop of Ossory.
✠ JOHN POWER, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.
✠ JOHN MCCARTHY, Bishop of Cloyne.
✠ MICHAEL WARREN, Bishop of Ferns.
✠ WILLIAM FITZGERALD, Bishop of Ross.
✠ BARTHOLOMEW WOODLOCK, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.
✠ MICHAEL LOGUE, Bishop of Raphoe.
✠ ANDREW HIGGINS, Bishop of Kerry.

DUBLIN, 10th of June, 1882.

At the close of the meeting of the Bishops, an address, warmly congratulating his Eminence, Cardinal McCabe, on his well-merited promotion to the Cardinalate, was proposed by the Lord Primate of All Ireland, seconded by the Archbishop of Cashel, and carried by acclamation.

A GOOD LITTLE CHILD.

A DEAR child named Madeleine, scarce nine years of age, hearing one day from the Sisters, to whom she went to school, what our Lord will say to the good on the last day, viz : "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : for I was hungry and you gave me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me to drink," etc., asked one of the Sisters how she could give our Lord something to eat. The good nun told her that by giving it to the poor she would give it to our Lord himself.

Next day, Madeleine's father brought her a package of confectionary and cakes. The dear little child, instead of eating it, brought it to a poor woman at the door, and emptied it into her lap, saying : "Here, poor woman, eat this, or take it to your children."

"And why, dear little child," said the poor woman, "do you give me your sweets?"

"Because," answered the child, "in giving them to you I give them to Jesus Christ, and He will say at the last day : 'Madeleine, come to heaven, because when I was hungry you gave me to eat.'"

MARRIED HAPPINESS.—Both husband and wife must put constraint upon their tempers if they desire wedded happiness. Neither should try to reform the other, so to speak, but learn to accept things as they are. It is not harder for the wife to study her husband's tastes and fancies, to attire herself to please his eye, to arrange the home with neatness and taste, than for the maiden to do the same for her lover. Nor is it harder for the husband to consider the wife's feelings, and gratify her reasonable wishes, than for the lover to humor every whim, and provide for every fancy of his lady love. And let him show his appreciation of her efforts, and be not quick to blame and slow to please, or even simply indifferent. The amiable temper, the graceful manner, the careful toilet, and maidenly delicacy, which charmed the lover, will not be less lovely in the wife ; and the gentle, manly bearing, the tender courtesy, and the respectful attention of the lover, are not less sweet from the husband. Married happiness often depends upon what may at first sight seem trifles, but which are important items in a life's complete sum.

THE story is told of an American visiting Montreal, who gave the waiter a silver trade dollar as a fee. Said the waiter : "Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I can only take it for ninety-two cents. Eight cents more, please."

MR. JUSTICE FITZGERALD has been appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. Of the half dozen "Law Lords" three are Irishmen — Lord O'Hagan, Lord Cairns, and the newly-created Lord Fitzgerald, who is also, it need hardly be added, a Catholic. As a Judge of Appeal in Ordinary he will be a life-peer, with a salary of £6,000 a year.

ENGLISH PASTIMES.

Mutilation of Cattle.

Much as we may deprecate and abhor the senseless and brutal mutilations inflicted upon animals in some instances during the conflict with landlordism, it must not be supposed that this description of crime is confined to Ireland. The English press teems with instances of the kind, of which two may serve as examples. At Runcorn Petty Sessions, on May 15, William Cunningham was committed to jail for two months, for having deliberately set fire to the tail of a mare, which had been rubbed with paraffin to cure mange. The wretched animal was so badly burned that it had to be destroyed. At Lambeth Police Court, Charles Anderson, a carman, was charged with applying live coals to his horse's hide to make the poor brute work more quickly. It will scarcely be credited that the sentence was a fine of £5 or a month's imprisonment. These details are in no wise exaggerated, being taken from English journals.

Pat and Iscariot.

The distant Jew money-lenders of Moscow are deluged with the presents and the sympathy of lion-hearted England, in some passing indignation they have, Shylock-like, excited against them. The Irish miners, in the middle of the lion's heart, are abandoned to a worse than Cossack brutality. All Cornwall against two Irishmen! That is British fair play. Two Irishmen were arrested the other day at Camborne, and when the mob learned that Pat was in trouble, they determined to utilize the opportunity. They stoned the prisoners; they broke every Irishman's property in the place, including that of a gentleman who had been the miners' benefactor; they pulled one poor old woman off her bed which she had not left for two years, and threw her, writhing in agony, on the floor. They, of course, failed not to visit the chapel, and vent their manly feelings upon the image of the Blessed Virgin. Smashing the windows, turning the confession boxes into firewood, "unshipping," as the Home Secretary termed it, the altar rails, tearing down the altar, breaking off the gasaliers, and twisting up the organ pipes, were the work of the afternoon — work the Gordon rioters might envy. When asked about it in "the House," the episcopally-bred Minister, Sir William Harcourt, was quite humorous over the occurrence. He described how the rioters "scuttled off," and how "it was thought indiscreet" to hold service in the dismantled church on Sunday. A solitary rioter has been arrested. If a Protestant Church were profaned in Ireland the whole country's side would be clapped into jail — ay, and left there too. But the Government are too much occupied with the sorrows of Judas in Moscow to mind the Cossacks of Cornwall.

Cruelty to Animals.

The April return of convictions, obtained by the English Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is of the usual ghastly character for which such documents have long been notorious. It tells us that last month the number of cases in which persons in civilized England were convicted by the efforts of the Royal Society alone of gross cruelty to dumb animals was no less than 390, making 1,479 such cases for the four months of January, February, March and April of the present year! It further informs us that the offences in respect of which those convictions were obtained included such atrocities

as "stabbing," "starving by withholding food," "inserting tobacco juice into the eye," "setting dog to worry," "throwing violently on the ground," "throwing over a hedge," and "torturing with ring through lip." One other peculiarly horrible outrage is mentioned, but its indecency prevents us from indicating it here. No necessity is there to say that neither now nor at any time past could such an indictment as all this constitutes be laid in the case of Ireland, and yet while Mr. Forster and other benevolent Englishmen habitually shed tears over the few outrages on dumb animals that unfortunately do occur in Ireland, we never hear a word from him or them in reference to the disclosures made by the Royal Society of their own land. Perhaps, however, now that the humanitarian ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland is relieved of the duty of officially denouncing Irish iniquities, he will turn his attention to those that occur with such intolerable frequency at his own door.

Outrages.

THE Irish police have just issued their monthly instalment of the number of "outrages" with which they calculate to fire the English heart. It is hardly necessary to repeat what we have said so often concerning the nature of these so-called "outrages;" nevertheless the impression is sought to be conveyed that each and every one of the several hundred reported represents some blood-curdling attack on a defenceless animal — biped or quadruped. On the "outrage" question the English "centre of civilization" has been again getting itself into disgrace. The culprits this time are personages of the extreme high class. A young lord, two honorables, five army students, and two "gentlemen" were charged the other day, at Stezning, with setting dogs on a cat which had taken refuge in a drain. They lighted straw in the drain and burned the cat out, when the dogs set upon it and worried it to death. As soon as it became known that the "Cruelty to Animals' Society" had taken the matter up, some explanation was attempted, accompanied by a donation of £15 to the society. This bribe the society very properly refused, and the charge was proceeded with. The country justices refused to believe the society's inspector and take action against the high-toned culprits; but the truth of the story remains unaffected. There is no mention of this or similar cases in the police returns to Parliament! Of course not. It happened on the English side of the Channel; and that made all the difference in the world. The same magistrates had, soon afterwards, before them an Irish laborer and his wife, for stealing "stocks" from a garden. The accused were drunk, and the whole affair was shown to have been a drunken frolic; yet the poor couple were sentenced to one month's hard labor! Comment is unnecessary.

Stuffing a Boy with Rum.

SUCH an offence as that committed by Mr. Downes, of Hayton, Shropshire, the other day, deserves more punishment than the mere fine of £1. It appeares that Mr. Downes made four small boys ill by stuffing them with rum, ale, cider, pipes, and tobacco. For this offence the justices fined him £1.

THE following is the verdict of a negro jury: — "We, de undersigned, being a koroner's jury to sit on de body of de nigga Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been sittin' on the said negro aforesaid, find dat de said negro aforesaid did, on de night ob de furteenth ob November, come to def by falling from the bridge ober de riber, where we find he was subsequently drown, and afterwards washed on de riberside, whar we 'pose he was froze to def!"

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WEDDING OF THE FLEA AND GRUB.

From the Spanish, by the late D. F. McCarthy.

Miss Flea and Mr. Grub
Were wishing to be wed,
But, alas! they could not marry,
Because they had no bread.

Then a little ant ran out
From his ant-hill, who thus said:
"My friends, you may get married,
And I will give you bread."

"Thanks, thanks, good little ant,
Your bread is nice and sweet;
But now we want some mutton,
And where shall we get meat?"

A wolf was prowling through
That land so wild and steep:
"My little friends, get married,
And trust to me for sheep."

"Thanks, thanks, to you, Sir Wolf,
We've meat both lean and fat;
But now we want some cabbage—
Pray, how shall we get that?"

A cricket then leaped out
From gardens that were nigh:
"My little friends, get married,
The cabbage I'll supply."

"Thanks, cricket, many thanks,
Your cabbage is not bad;
But now the wine is wanting,
And where can that be had?"

A gnat from out a gourd
Flew by and made a sign:
"My worthy friends, get married,
And I'll supply the wine."

"Thanks, thanks, good little gnat,
Your wine is good and sound;
But now a bed to sleep on,
Say, where can that be found?"

A hedge-hog, with the points
Of his prickles all outspread,
Replied: "My friends, get married,
And I'll supply the bed." *

"Thanks, hedge-hog, for the gift,
The last though not the least;
But still we can't get married,
Because we lack the priest."

A lizard gliding in,
Said: "Wed them on the spot;
For I will be the *cura*,
And tie the nuptial knot."

"Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks,
The lizard priest will be;
But now we want the bride's-man,
I wonder who'll be he?"

Then forth a little mouse
From out a wheat-stack ran:
"Oh bridegroom, you may marry,
And I will be your man."

"Good mouse, a thousand thanks,
The bride's-man thou wilt be;—
But now we want the bride's-maid,
I wonder who is she?"

Then forth a little cat
From out the kitchen flew:
"O! I will be the bride's-maid,
So wed, ye happy two!"

The wedding then went on,
But ere it was o'er, my friends,
The bride's-maid eat the bride's-man!
And so my story ends.

* A pleasantry on the marriage state, well-known in the south of Spain. An old popular French song has the same idea:—

"A mattress made of hedge-hog's hair
My mother doth possess, they say,
And she preserves it with great care,
To give me on my wedding day."

It was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, we believe, to whom, as he waited for a prescription, the druggist said: "That is my son, sir, sitting by you; don't you think he looks like me?" "Well, yes," replied the poet, "I think I can see some of your liniments in his face."

A young gentleman, returning home from a night's conviviality about getting-up time, was sufficiently thoughtful to pull off his boots before entering the front door. Just as he was about to enter the house, in the quietest manner possible, he was startled by the raising of a window overhead, and the familiar voice of the governor sung out: "Never mind about the noise, George. We're all up."

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

YES, *Erin-go-Bragh!* I never hear the old Celtic heart-burst that I do not think of the first time it sounded in my ears, when to my prejudiced fancy, long distorted by associations blameable for want of knowledge rather than for unjust bias, *Irish* and *vulgar* seemed synonymous terms. This was pretty much the estimate I formed of everything that had reference to the products of the Emerald Isle, and this was all the more strange, as, although my father and myself claimed another nationality, yet my dear mother was a native of Erin, and her only and much-cherished brother was an Irish priest. Up to that time I had never seen him, and, I must confess, I had not felt any great desire to make his acquaintance, as among my precocious set — pert pupils of thirteen or thereabouts — at a fashionable boarding-school Irish society was tabooed. Truth to say, I did not unnecessarily allude to my mother's Irish descent. I, Harry de Grey, the first in my form, the leader in the cricket ground, the strongest and most agile boy of the "college" — as we were wont collectively to style ourselves — had for some time been regarded as the "Rex" of the school, and was, in proportion to my assumed importance, very careful to exact the respect of my equals and to excite the admiration of the junior portion of my companions. This description of my views and standing may, perhaps, help to account for my behavior when I, at the age I mention, received from my mother a letter which ran thus: —

"Saturday Afternoon.

"MY DEAR HARRY. "You will be greatly pleased to hear what a delightful surprise this morning brought us — a visit at last, by your Uncle Arthur, in excellent health and spirits. You cannot fancy what joy it has given us all. He is quite anxious to see you. We shall, I hope, manage to be with you at twelve o'clock on Tuesday. Please excuse this hasty note; I write briefly as we are to meet so soon. Love from papa and all.

"Your affectionate mother,

"EMILY DE GREY.

"P. S. — I had almost forgotten to add that Uncle Arthur has brought you, as a present, a magnificent dog of his own rearing. He is so proud of him; and he has reserved the naming of him for yourself."

Lewis Vermont! What will Lewis Vermont say? Such was the half uttered soliloquy that escaped my lips, as I held the letter open in my hands for several moments after I had possessed myself of its contents; and as I, in a sort of hopeless bewilderment repeated the query to myself, I seemed to find a world of fear and anxiety concentrated in the very words. The Hon. Lewis Vermont was a boy about a year older than myself, of a delicate constitution, but of a nature haughty and arrogant, and absurdly proud of the foreign nobility of his parents' ancestors.

I frequently had occasion to observe Vermont's incisively expressed contempt for anything of which he choose to disapprove, and his declaration, when, by any chance, nationality came to be discussed, "Oh, the Irish are excessively low. Nothing good can come from Ireland!" This dictum of Vermont's came to be quoted as a truism, and, among us schoolboys, its announcement was always greeted with an approving laugh, as a tribute to the originality of its honorable author, who received it with a condescending air of superior intelligence that must have riled most of us, had not Vermont enjoyed a kind of privilege among us all, in consequence of his being subject to frequent seizure of cramp; and if at one moment he was insolent and intolerable, the next he disarmed all resentment and compelled sympathy by the violence of his malady. Yet with all his faults Lewis Vermont had a warm, generous heart, and was manly and straightforward. The boys all liked him, and the masters admired him for his industry in studies. He was an only child and his parents idolized him. I for one was not surprised at this, for I also was fascinated and was ready to worship his opinions on everything.

On the Tuesday mentioned in my mother's letter, we were to have a half holiday on account of a visit from Vermont's parents and their nephew, a student from St. Sulpice; and we boys had planned a series of diversions, with which we meant to astonish the "Parisian."

"Lewis Vermont! What will Lewis Vermont say?" mimicked a mincing voice at my back—I quickly turned, crushing my mother's letter in my hand, for I had an undefinable dread of Vermont's scathing criticism, and I had not made up my mind as to the safest course to be adopted with regard to *my* expected visitors.

"Got a letter, De Grey? From the Mater, I suppose. Pity you didn't invite them to join our party on Tuesday," was Vermont's careless remark; but I noticed that his pale face flushed a little as he stole a glance at mine, and I knew at once that he suspected there was something wrong in the cause of my hesitancy. He was going out whistling with assumed indifference, when I stopped him, as I concluded it would be better to have an explanation with him, and, perhaps, enlist him on my side, so I said,—

"The truth is, Vermont, I *fear* the Mater and family will come on Tuesday to introduce me to a relative whom I have never seen—indeed, seldom heard of before."

"Hallo! a relative you have never heard of. Why, there is not a root or branch of our ancestral tree, from the Duc de Mont Pallanza, of the far-away and historic Venetian palaces, to the princes of La Zambesi, of which I have heard the stories so often that I could recount them one by one. And in what place, O most aggrieved De Grey, does this illustrious scion of a noble house condescend to take up his residence? Or is he but the shade of some departed monarch, borrowing his resuscitated remains from some time-honored mausoleum, in order to gaze on the latest inheritor of his noble name, and find him equal to the heroic standard of his royal race?

Or is he — oh, affliction,— a despicable individual of the *hoi polloi*, or an untamed savage from the South Sea Islands?"

"He is an Irish priest, and my mother's brother," I answered moodily.

Vermont threw up his white hands in affected consternation, saying, "Alas! poor Yorrick — I mean De Grey — what a trial — affinity with that barbarous land!"

I knew there was no use in reasoning with Vermont while he continued in that mood, so I listened to his nonsensical rhapsodies with an assumed air of pre-occupation, while, in reality, every word he said burned into my mind and left its mark there. During the intervening time I kept as much as possible to myself, and on the dreaded Tuesday did not approach the reception parlor until I perceived my father's carriage rattling up the avenue. For a moment I forgot my unworthy discontent in the joy of seeing my father and mother, and in noticing the expression of more than wonted delight that shone in my mother's face; for I knew that she cherished an uncommon affection for her only brother, and had often endeavored, without succeeding, to prevail on him to pay us a visit, but he had been so constantly engrossed in the duties of his calling that he never could permit himself the requisite leisure to do so.

On my arrival there, I found the Vermonts already filling the reception room with their stately presence; and in my haste to welcome my parents I had not even time to notice the absence of my bug-bear uncle, until my mother said, "Your Uncle Arthur is assisting in the liberation of your dog, which he brought for you to see, Harry."

Now, that Vermont's own first enthusiasm was over, I felt that he looked around for the stranger, and I was chagrined that the meeting of myself and my uncle was not over before Vermont ceased to be engrossed with his friends; and I felt vexed that my uneasiness began to betray itself to his wary eye. There was a fresh accession of the friends of Vermont, and in the midst of the bustle it created, my mother touched me on the shoulder as I looked away, and, on turning round, I found myself in the presence of a tall, dark, distingué-looking man, whose likeness to my mother told me at once he was my Uncle Arthur. More delighted than I imagined it possible for me to feel, I returned his affectionate, well-bred greeting, and in a few moments we were the best friends imaginable. So pleasantly disappointed was I, that I forgot all about Vermont and his caustic badinage, and I entered, heart and soul, into my mother's feeling for her brother. I soon realized that, as matters stood, all the blue blood of the Vermonts could not compete with the intellectual superiority of Uncle Arthur, and I observed with satisfaction that, beside his well-poportioned figure and classic profile, the Vermont visitors looked small and insignificant.

"Well, how do you get on with your South Sea Islander?" whispered a voice of faultless accent at my ear; and as I brought Vermont forward to introduce him to my uncle, I felt heartily ashamed of myself.

The excursion that had been designed as one of the entertainments of our half-holiday, was to Rockliffe promontory, a bold and picturesque cliff, which, at a towering height, jutted into the lake of Westmere, at a short distance from our school.

Before we set out my uncle introduced me to my Irish dog, an intelligent, quick-looking animal, but otherwise to my eyes not very prepossessing; for in my ignorance I was then unable to appreciate the qualities that make this species of dog so invaluable.

"He is a splendid specimen of his kind, and only ten months old," said my Uncle Arthur, evidently proud of the quadruped's excellence. "He is

of pure breed and belongs to the only family of the sort extant. You should see them at home, with the parent teaching her progeny how to utilize their peculiar instincts. They are marvellously obedient and docile, and with skilful management can be taught to do anything you like."

Uncle Arthur was charmed with the scenery as each succeeding vista revealed itself. We had almost reached the top of the cliff, when I missed the dog, which had hitherto followed closely on Uncle Arthur's footsteps. Vermont and his party were behind, at a short distance, and some of them were enticing the dog with biscuits; but, as I turned round, Vermont gave him a smart blow on the nose with a stick he held in his hand. The dog started back, and almost lost his footing on the cliff. I felt much provoked at this, especially as I knew that Uncle Arthur had observed the movement. The summit was now gained, and our two parties were side by side, and the dog was bounding past his tormentor to gain Uncle Arthur's presence, when Vermont flung his stick and hit the dog in the head, at the same time remarking, in a loud voice, "What a repulsive-looking brute." I was conscious that both my mother and uncle felt this; but the latter pretending not to hear, patted the dog on the head, and remarked to me, "You must give him a name, Harry. I reserved that ceremony for his future master."

"Allow me to suggest a name, De Grey," said Lewis Vermont; *do* call him Paddy!"

The mincing accent and conventional pronunciation, with the tone of contempt infused into the word, made it sound to Irish ears as *Poddy*; and a smile of intense amusement played for a moment about the corners of Uncle Arthur's handsome mouth, as he said good humoredly. "It is said a rose called by any other name would smell as sweet, and I venture to say, young gentleman, that your application of that term would not sound very reproachful in the ears of my countrymen."

My mother turned her head to conceal the smile which had almost become a laugh; and we all felt rather stupid, as no one knew exactly whether or not there was any covert meaning in my uncle's words.

"What a splendid animal he is!" said the French student, gazing with admiration at the dog.

"And as good as he looks," was Uncle Arthur's response.

Lewis Vermont gave a mocking laugh as he observed flippantly, "Can anything good come out of Ireland?"

I only remember seeing my uncle's cheek flush, and the tears spring to my mother's dark eyes, when all the shame and disgust I had been feeling for myself for the past hour, and all the indignation I felt against Vermont, gathered together and possessed me, and I stepped forward and with one blow sent Vermont reeling over the cliff. There was a wild simultaneous scream from his parents and mine. I got one sight of Vermont's pale, upturned face, and, my passion gone, all my affection for the boy returned; and I would have cast myself over the cliff to save him had not my uncle's arm restrained me. "He will be drowned," I cried, "he has taken cramp; I must save him!" He had taken cramp; I well knew the expression of his set, rigid features. Again I struggled to follow him, but my shoulder was grasped firmly, and I felt, rather than heard, that Uncle Arthur had said something which had reassured them all. I knew his voice — it had spoken softly. Then there was a short, intelligent bark, and, like an arrow from a bow, the dog was over the cliff.

"Good dog! brave dog! right, straight, good dog — brave fellow — ah-h-!"

I could hear the deep breath of relief, and knew that something grand had been done; and then my uncle sank again into a sweet solemnity

with a fervent "thank God," and then he uttered like a "Te Deum," *Erin-go-Bragh!*

"Erin-go-Bragh!" they all repeated enthusiastically.

Uncle Arthur whispered to me, "Harry, my boy, which is the shortest way to the edge of the lake? We must be *there* to receive him."

I knew it well — a sharp, steep, narrow path, made principally by us boys in our frequent visits; but I waited for nothing. I knew instinctively my uncle could follow my lead. Follow my lead! Nay, he swung himself over me, by prickly brushwood, jutting rocks, by I know not what. The stones I grasped or stood on after him were red, and when I reached the bottom, Vermont was in my uncle's arms, and the noble dog stood over him. I knelt down on the shore, and throwing my arms round the brave creature's neck, I kissed his wet, shaggy forehead and murmured, "Erin-go-Bragh"

"Erin-go-Bragh," echoed the weak delicate voice of Vermont, as he, too, embraced his deliverer.

Need I say more than that the dog had earned his name, and a more faithful, or a more true animal never existed, than my devoted Irish friend, *Erin-go-Bragh!*

OUR LITTLE GIRLS.

It is really becoming a question of importance whether or not we are much longer to have any little girls in our midst. The present high-pressure system of education forces them into young ladies, while they ought still to be in the sheltered privacy of the nursery and the school-room.

I am not overstating the case, when I declare that a little girl, simple, sweet, innocent, unconscious of herself, and willing to be guided by her parents, is just now a very lovable, but, alas! a very rare treasure. More than one mother is puzzled by the problem, "How am I to bring up my daughter so that she shall preserve, until her dawning womanhood, the sweet charm of girlish delicacy untouched and unthreatened?" Little maids of ten and twelve, going to school with their primary grammars and arithmetics in their dimpled hands, blush and simper if a boy happens to pass. Little girls sitting by windows, sewing up seams under their mother's direction, have their attention diverted by the apparition of a neighbor's son on his way to the post-office. The commonest courtesy cannot be extended by a little gentleman to a little lady without some other child and prehaps some silly grown person, being prompted to talk of "Susie's beau." Children who should play together like children, and not flirt and coquette like premature men and women, having gone quite beyond the stage of being juvenile.

Formerly, modest, obedient and gentle behavior was expected, as a matter of course, from every little daughter of a respectable family. It was not supposed that people of gentle birth and manners would tolerate in their children deportment which befits the lower and untrained orders of society. To-day a well-bred boy is a delight, and when we travel, mingling with strangers in hotels and on railroads, we single out from the miscellaneous crowds those who have been taught how to conduct themselves agreeably. The majority of youthful travelers have the manners of young barbarians. They are clamorous, selfish, loud, devoted to eating all sorts of dainties, and they make their vicinage a place to be avoided. Young ladies, too, not unfrequently behave in a way so thoughtless and giddy as to attract attention on the promenade and in public conveyance, and they do so, not from unfeminine coarseness, but because they were not allowed at the proper period to be little girls, loved, and taught, and kept in the happy

background of home, as little girls should be.

What is the duty of those who have the responsibility of educating and moulding the future women of the nation? Manifestly it is, as soon as practicable, to return to the simplicity of our wise mothers and grandmother. Let the little girls at least be set free from the dominion of fashion. Plain, stout, serviceable dresses, loose enough to allow the lungs full play, thick shoes, broad sunhats, should be given to the girls, and they should be permitted to run, skip, climb, and jump out of door in the day time to their heart's content. This will not make them hoydens. It will simply give to their animal spirits the same healthy vent which everybody admits their brothers must have. Inculcate upon them by precept and example the most exquisite neatness and cleanliness. A little girl's aprons and collars should be daintly clean, and she should be taught to hate soiled and tawdry finery.

Let the mother take time to be her daughter's intimate friend, receiving all her little confidences, and giving her advice, even if to do this she must surrender some other engagement.

BAD FOR BOYS.

Unquestionably one of the most lamentable evils which afflict the rising generation flows from the early use of tobacco. Street boys, who are not yet out of child's clothes, snatch the discarded stubs of cigars of grown men, and smoke them in apish imitation of their elders. Lads at school acquire a taste for tobacco by surreptitiously smoking cigarettes — cigarettes which have done more to demoralize and vitiate youth than all the dramshops of the land. Evil education has two corruptions — the corruption of the body and the corruption of the soul. The bodily mechanism of boys of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years of age can be as thoroughly injured by insidious poisons as they can be soiled by wicked teaching. What manner of men shall they be, when this generation is grown, if lads of every degree shall be taught to use tobacco? What hope for posterity when the children of to-day are poisoned and dwarfed by a pernicious habit?

The first watches were made in Nuremberg in 1477.

Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530.

Another of America's fair daughters, with a heap of money that her father made in the pie trade, has married a foreign count with a name longer than his purse, and in two years and a half she will walk home, with a black eye, a pair of twins, a calico dress, and her stockings out at the heel.

A city chap who had escorted a country girl to the theatre, thinking to please her, went out and bought some apples. When he placed them in her lap she spoke up loud enough to be heard all about, "What do you take me for — a cider-mill?" City chap collapsed; he couldn't stand the press.

A good joke is told of a certain Dublin professor — a stickler for ventilation. Being put in a room at a hotel with another guest, he asked the latter to raise the window at night, as the air was so close. "I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window for a while "Then knock a pain of glass out," said the professor, which was done. After a while the professor got up and broke another, then he was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had only broken into a bookcase.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

To Make Steaks Tender.—Put three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar, well mixed together, on a large flat dish, and on this lay the steak. Salt must not be put on the steak before it is cooked. The steak must lie on tender-making mixture for at least half an hour to a side; the toughest steak will succumb to this and be perfectly tender when cooked. This is an Italian receipt.

Moths.—Dissolve one pound of alum in one gallon of boiling water, and brush the carpets and furniture with the solution, after it has become cold, until the fabric is well saturated; take special care to brush the edges well. A thorough examination for traces of moths should first be made. This simple recipe has worked perfectly in a house of thirty years furnishing, in which English carpets laid twenty years ago are preserved.

Biscuit.—The way in which grease is devoured by Americans, is gradually devouring them. In nothing is it considered more indispensable than in the flaky biscuit with which good housekeepers pride themselves on poisoning their guests. To make biscuits whose flaky snowiness cast theirs away into shadow, make yours in this way: One pint of flour finely sieved, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, and milk or water sufficient for paste; roll and cut rapidly; bake in quick oven.

Cooking Potatoes.—A tempting way to serve potatoes in the spring, is to boil them with plenty of salt in the water; then, when tender, turn all the water off; let the kettle stand on the top of the stove till the potatoes dry; mash them until they are free from lumps; add a little sweet milk or cream, butter, pepper, and salt, if this is needed; then put the potato in the dish in which it is to be served, and set it in the oven to brown over the top. If your potatoes are not very sweet this is an especially good way to cook them.

Cleaning Black Silk.—The Parisian method of cleaning black silk is very simple, and the result infinitely superior to that achieved in any other manner. The silk must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table, and well sponged with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show; it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease and restores the brilliancy of silk without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or, indeed, any other liquid. The silk really appears thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent. Our readers, who will experiment on an apron or cravat, will never again try any other method.

How to Cook Rice.—In preparing rice only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning at the bottom of the pot, which should have a close-fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed rather than boiled until it is nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the usual soggy mass, as a fine mealy potato is superior to the water-soaked article.

Bean Soup.—Pick over one pint of dried beans and wash them in cold water; peel and slice an onion, put in a saucepan and fry it brown, with a tablespoonful of drippings; ham or bacon fat preferable. When brown, put the beans in with the onion, pour on three quarts of cold water, and boil slowly; every fifteen minutes add one cup of cold water until a quart has been used; mix one tablespoonful each of flour and butter to smooth paste, and fry some half-inch bits of stale bread with a little butter. As soon as the beans are soft put them through a sieve with a potato masher; put them again in the saucepan with their broth, stir in the paste, let the soup boil once, and serve with the fried bread in it.

Cooking Oatmeal.—Use half a pint of oatmeal to a quart of boiling water, one small teaspoonful of salt. Boil steadily an hour, in a farina kettle, or a covered tin pail set in a kettle of boiling water. Cook it the day before, and heat for breakfast by placing it in the pail again, in boiling water, or in a steamer over hot water. Oatmeal fried—One pint of oatmeal to three pints of boiling water, two small teaspoonsful of salt. Boil an hour stirring occasionally. When cold, cut in slices and fry slowly on a hot griddle with pork fat or beef drippings. A delicious breakfast dish. The finer meal is better for frying. For infants and children—oatmeal is invaluable in the nursery, being especially nutritious for children. For infants, boil two ounces of the meal in two quarts of water for an hour. When cooked, pass through a tin strainer and dilute with milk; can be used in a nursing bottle.

THE HUMORIST.

MAGISTRATE — "You are charged with having empted a basin of water over the plantiff." "Sure, yer honner, ye must forgive me; in the dark I took the gintleman for me husband."

"PRAY, policeman, why do you wear that white thing round one of your wrists?" "To show we are on duty," was the reply. "Well, I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left."

"PROBABLY IN A TRANCE." — Hans Christian Andersen had a great dread of being buried alive. During his last illness, he was careful to display each night on the table at his bedside a card bearing these words: "I am probably in a trance."

TWENTY years ago a Louisville man swore that he would never marry until women should acquire sufficient good manners not to go abreast over a crossing, and not to occupy the entire width of the sidewalk. The horrid wretch is still single.

THE other day some of us got to talking about that witty old cynic, Dean Swift, when one of the company took advantage of the opening and gave us this *jeu de mot* of his: — "Why," asked the dean, "is it right, by the *lex talionis*, to pick an artist's pocket?" It was given up, of course, and the answer was: — "Because he has pictures."

A RATHER elderly darky was inquiring of a policeman if he knew anything of his son, Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darky in the lock-up for breaking up a prayer meeting with an axe-handle. "Dat's him!" exclaimed the overjoyed parent. "He told me he was gwine to 'muse hisself."

THE LION'S LEAP. — The Hottentots say that if a lion, in taking his prey, misses his leap, he will not follow it any further; but, as though he were ashamed, he turns round and slowly, step by step, measures the exact length between the two points, as if to find how much too short, or how much beyond the mark, he had made his leap.

"I see a great many pictures of goats hanging up in the windows, lately," said a New Haven woman to her husband. "Is it a goat festival, or something of that sort?" "No, my dear," replied her husband. "It is — well, it is — I believe it has something to do with beer, or some such thing," and he tried to look innocent, but it was no use. She fixed her eye upon him and said: "I saw you go into one of those 'stores,' and thought you'd know."

A LOT of farmers who had been listening to a railroad land agent's praise of Arkansas Valley soil, at last asked him sarcastically if there was anything that wouldn't grow there. "Yes," said the agent quickly, "pumpkins won't." "Why not?" "The soil is so rich, and the vines grow so fast, that they wear out the pumpkins, dragging them over the ground."

A WITTY physician in Paris, being called to attend a very pretty actress, after duly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue, pronounced that marriage was the only cure. "You are single, are you not, my dear doctor?" she asked. "Yes, madam; but the doctors only prescribe remedies, they do not take them," was the rejoinder.

A BAD tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very chronic cough, and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length angrily told the offending gentleman that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing, when he was met with the reply, "I will give your lordship £200 if you will stop it for me."

WHEN John Randolph was first elected a member of Congress he was so youthful looking that he seemed to be nothing but a precocious boy. On his first appearance in the House of Representatives some one suggested that he had probably not sown his wild oats yet. "Perhaps not," he quickly retorted, "but no doubt a good opportunity will be afforded me to sow them in this House, where there are plenty of geese to pick them up."

"IT may be months, darling, before we meet again," he said, squeezing her hand as if that grip were his last; "mountains and valleys will divide us, forests and prairie; perhaps the river of death itself. Can I do anything more than what I have done to make you cherish my memory and keep your love for me unchanged." "Oh, yes," she exclaimed, choking down her sobs, "buy me a box of tortoise-shell hairpins before you start."

DR. MCCELLAN, the famous rifle-shot, gave an old colored man the other day a dollar to hold a target in the shape of the ashes at the end of a freshly-lighted cigar. The darkey took the dollar in his hand and the cigar in his mouth. McCellan walked back, raised his rifle and shot the ashes from the end. The exploit was repeated successfuly, but the old man objected to the third attempt, saying: "De third time am eder lucky or it am onlucky."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

At a time when absolute unity is imperatively necessary to Irish counsels, the dismal tidings come that there is a substantial difference of opinion among the leaders of the Land League, and this about a matter of secondary importance. The moral effect of Mr. Davitt's visit to America has been sadly marred. He has been placed in an apologetic attitude — the very worst one in which a leader can find himself. If a leader, in the very heat of the fight is obliged to make long explanations of his policy, and waste time in rebutting arguments, his followers, while listening to, and even applauding him, are secretly discouraged. That this has been the result of Mr. Davitt's tour is patent to all. Why should there be a difference between him and Mr. Parnell, at this trying juncture, when the English Parliament has practically suspended the whole Irish representation?

It is related of a general of ancient times, that, though mortally wounded, he forbade his immediate attendants to let the fatality be known, and commanded them to carry his dead body upright through the ranks, on a litter, that the soldiers might believe him to be still alive. Why should the enemy know that there are dissensions in the Irish camp; and why should Mr. Davitt devote three-fourths of his lectures to a violent attack upon obscure slanderers and scribes? The first intimation that many of his audience had of a split came from himself. And this division is all the more unreasonable, from the fact that either peasant proprietorship, or the nationalization of the land, depends first and chiefly upon the prior question of the abolition of landlordism, through self-government for Ireland.

It is clear that Mr. Davitt himself needs the greatest amount of self-control and genuine unselfishness to resist the strong current which is setting in his favor as the leader of the Irish national movement. He has, (and we say so with regret, for we believe that Mr. Parnell is incomparably the safer and cooler man)—he has the dangerous gift of a peculiarly earnest eloquence, a profound sense of conviction that he is right, a splendid record of daring patriotism, and a wonderfully Irish and sympathetic heart. All these tell, when compared with the cold practicability of Parnell. Davitt impresses one with the idea that he has only to speak the word, and all Ireland will then rally to support him.

Now, this personal magnetism and this heroic character must be thoroughly ennobled by self sacrifice to unity. Davitt most emphatically declares that there is no essential difference between him and Parnell; but this statement must have reference only to their personal relations, for their two schemes are widely opposed. We refuse to enter into a discussion of their relative merits, for the simple reason that both plans fall under a secondary head. The duty of the hour is to preserve the Land League intact, with Parnell as chief — even if, like the old general, he be sorely wounded — for it is not the future plan of the League that constitutes its strength or its menace to England, but its evidence of a present determined union, and an invincible resolve for national self-rule.

ATTENTION has again been called to the shameful neglect of the religious rights of Catholics in national institutions, by the treatment of the priest who attends the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio. By far the greater majority of its inmates profess the Catholic faith; still the resident chaplain is Protestant. He has a handsome salary, a fine house, horse and carriage, and other perquisites; whilst the priest, stationed at a mission in Dayton, must visit the Home, celebrate Mass in an old basement, and if his hearing many confessions obliges him to remain over a meal, he must pay for what he eats, and that, too, at the mess of the soldiers. There is a handsome chapel in the institution; but this, open to every howling ranter, whether an "ordained minister" or a Moody or Sankey (of course there is no difference, where there is no ordination), is closed to the Catholic priest.

Now these soldiers are not paupers or felons. They pay their way by the laws of the United States Government, which allows them a pension. It was the people that built the Soldiers' Home, and they want its inmates to enjoy to the full their civil and religious rights. Where the majority are, according to statistics, Catholics, and evidence a sincere desire to live up to their faith, they have a right to the ministrations of their priest. Or, if contemptible bigotry refuse this, they have a right to resent any insult offered to a member of their creed, or any attempt to hamper and hinder him in the exercise of his sacred ministry.

The Government is bound to respect the rights of conscience. Now, a Catholic by his faith cannot recognize a Protestant preacher in any sense, as one divinely sent or empowered, in any way, to represent God or spiritual things. He would sin against faith by even harboring such an idea. A Catholic soldier or sailor would far rather hear his colonel or captain read the Bible or the prayer-book, than a preacher, who, before God, is only an intruding and usurping layman, into an office to which he has no call or commission. But such is not the religious attitude of the Protestant. Protestant soldiers or sailors would commit no sin in listening to the sermons of a Catholic priest; first, because they either do not believe in a divinely appointed ministry; or secondly, because, if they do, the Catholic priest, to say the very least, has quite as good a call as any preacher. Why, then, should Protestant chaplains almost alone be chosen for the Army and Navy, when their ministrations are of no effect to so very large, if not the largest portion of the Army and Navy, viz., the Catholic. But the writer is personally aware of the cause of this predominance of Protestant chaplaincies in the Army. *They are bought and sold*; and we challenge denial, for we have the proofs. If there were any possibility of Civil Reform under the present administration; or if there were a courageous Congressman to demand an investigation into the way in which chaplains are appointed, the revelation would shock the whole Protestant community, and perhaps hasten the complete exit into private and lay life (their true place), of a horde of parsons and their women, who live upon the Government and insult the Catholics that feed them.

THE mourning of the Italian court over the death of Garibaldi looked suspiciously like rejoicing. King Humbert might well be glad that Garibaldi was dead; for though the "patriot" was mean enough to accept pay from the Italian Government, it was never sure of him; and so long as Garibaldi lived, the "Revolution" lived.

What did his life, after all, amount to? He failed in his dream of a republic; and we do not believe that the Czar is a worse hated man than the King of Italy. The unity has really beggared Italy. It is bankrupt. The union was like that of a dozen mendicants with one or two successful bandits. The richer provinces of Italy, that got along well enough by themselves, have been almost ruined by the union. They had to share the burdens. Besides, it was found that the church was not so rich as their greed imagined. This was a "sell," which Catholics enjoyed. The Pope has not a penny in the Italian banks. If any one wishes to know how the condition of the people of Italy has grown worse since the Savoy usurpation, he will find the information in a series of articles

in the *British Quarterly Review*, January and July of last year. The author was Anthony Trollope, who lived for years in Italy. He is a Protestant and an Englishman, and so above any suspicion of having Catholic sympathies. The picture he drew of Italy was appalling. But no one need leave Castle Garden to see the condition of these poor people, infinitely worse than the poorest Irishmen, who look at least as if they got enough to eat.

Italy owes many of her miseries to Garibaldi. He betrayed his country to Victor Emmanuel. If the people of Italy were ripe for a Republic, Pius IX. was in their favor. Cavour wanted at one time a Republic, with the Pope as President; but Italy could not get along without a King, at least then. Victor Emmanuel made a compact with the Revolutionists and secret societies, who swore to keep him on his throne. He ruled by their sufferance. It was against his will that he took up his residence in Rome; but he had to defer to Garibaldi's hatred of the Pope and the priests. There was something ineffably mean in thus making his petty personal spite against the Pope, the source of continual trouble and anxiety to the Italian Government. Victor Emmanuel endured far more from Garibaldi than from Pius IX., but he could not help himself.

As one by one the figures of the Revolution disappear, Italy, a lover of old traditions, returns to her first principles. There does not appear to be any stability about the Italian Government. It has no voice in European politics. The gradual restoration of the political importance of the Pope is significant of a change. The death of a few more old sore-heads like Garibaldi will give the King an opportunity for leaving Rome, in which neither he nor his father saw a day of happiness; and with such a statesman as Leo XIII., free and unembarrassed, in the counsels of Italy, her brightest day may return.

HON. FRANK SMITH has been appointed Postmaster-General of Canada. A better appointment could not have been made. The New Dominion is more liberal to her Irish citizens by birth than her neighbor republic. There are now two Catholics in the Cabinet — Hon. Mr. Costigan and Hon. Frank Smith. To our knowledge there has not been an Irish Catholic in the Cabinet of the United States since its formation.

THE July number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is to hand, and, as usual, it contains a large quantity of choice reading matter. Buy this number from your bookseller, and you will find it so interesting that you will not hesitate to become a yearly subscriber. The opening sketch of the life of Cardinal Newman is alone worth the price of the number.— *Connecticut Catholic.*

Mission of the Immaculate Virgin,
Lafayette Place and Great Jones St.,
NEW YORK, June 25, 1882.

PATRICK DONAHOE,— *Dear Sir:* Enclosed please find $2.00, annual subscription to your Magazine.

I am pleased at the success you have met with, and I trust God will prosper you in all your undertakings.

I remain, with sincere regards, truly yours, REV. J. C. DRUMGOOLE.

OUR friend of the Roxbury *Gazette* should be remembered by our new Collector.

WE learn from the London *Catholic Universe*, that Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Antun, was recently elected a member of the French Academy. Of the thirty-three academicians, who voted on that occasion, twenty-three supported his candidature. The French Academy, which was established by Cardinal Richelieu in the seventeenth century, consists of forty "immortals," as they are called, and the membership of that body is the highest honor that an author or a man of science can achieve in France. The election of Mgr. Perraud forms a protest addressed practically both to the Governments of France and of England. To that of France, to show that the greatest literary body in the Republic disapproves of the persecution to which the Church is exposed at this moment; and to that of England, for the Bishop of Autun is the author of the most eloquent book on the wrongs of Ireland that has ever been written in our lifetime. Upon this ground, the election of Mgr. Perraud to a chair in the French Academy may be considered as a great fact which ought not to be overlooked.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY MEMORIAL.— Cardinals Newman and McCabe have joined the committee of the D. F. McCarthy Memorial Fund. The following is from a letter written by Cardinal Newman to the Hon. Secretaries of the fund. "Mansion House, Dublin:— I have the greatest pleasure in giving my name to the committee formed to pay respect to the memory of Denis Florence McCarthy." Cardinal McCabe writes as follows:— "I am glad to see that the friends of Denis Florence McCarthy are exerting themselves to erect a monument to his memory. I trust that the result of their labors will be worthy of the man. To his high literary character he added the still higher title of Christian gentleman. I believe I am quite safe in saying that during his checkered career no word escaped his pen that could wound the most sensitive modesty. No act of his public or domestic life weakened his hold on the affectionate esteem of those who knew him from earliest manhood. The memory of such a man should be cherished. To help this good work, I send you a check for £5, with my most sincere wish for its success."

CARDINAL MANNING ON DRINK IN ENGLAND.— His Eminence said at a late meeting, that the drink traffic was paralyzing even the industry of the country, and quoted statistics in proof of his argument, while he remarked that the Sabbath day was desecrated by the working man in consequence of the drinking on the previous night, and of the public houses being open to receive him. Crime was continually springing up from intoxicating drink, and that with a terribleness so dreadful that every year added to the black harvest of which they had the other day such notable proof, for it had been shown that in the seven days preceding last Christmas, and the seven days immediately succeeding, there were no less than nine murders recorded in this country, as many attempts at murder, some fourteen suicides, and an equal number of attempted suicides, about one hundred violent deaths, stabbing with murderous intention, and every crime that could be conceived in the fifteen days just before and after the great Christian festival of the year, and the cause of all that was, wholly and solely, intoxicating drink! That this evil was constantly increasing was shown by the fact that in the seven years ending 1860, no less than eighty-two millions of money were invested in the production, distribution, and sale of intoxicating drink in the country, while in the seven years ending 1880 there were one hundred and thirty millions. The magistrates, who had the granting and renewal of licences, had not the power of controlling the influence of this enormous capital, which was continually extending itself and its power all around, while it was well known that the police had not the power to control the consumption of intoxicating drink. The places in which intoxicating drink was sold had increased from 50,000 in 1829, to 150,000 in 1880, while if they took into consideration other houses wherein wines and spirits were sold, the number would be raised to 190,000; so that while the population of the country had barely doubled, the number of places in which intoxicating drink was sold had increased nearly four-fold.

IMMIGRATION. — One of the most significant features of the recent enormous emigration to this country is the amount of skilled labor that is represented in the ranks of the new-comers. The records of the Labor Bureau of Castle Garden gives some interesting data as to the industries represented by these immigrants, as well as revealing the localities which are likely to derive the benefit of their arrival in America. The figures show that during the five months just passed there were 4,575, of these newly arrived skilled laborers provided with occupations, representing 68 different callings, from architects and apothecaries down to waiters and weavers. The bureau authorities estimate that of the whole number of 200,625 arrivals during this period, about 50 per cent. were skilled laborers, indicating that America has received from foreign shores at one port alone a supply of not less than 100,000 mechanics and artisans of every class. The record of destination of immigrants shows that Illinois is to receive the greatest number of these immigrants, with the exception of course, of New York, her share being 24,000. Pennsylvania comes next with 15,000. Ohio third with 10,000, and other principal States and Territories as follows:— Idaho, 9,500; Wisconsin, 6,484; Michigan, 5,600; New Jersey, 4,500; Minnesota, 4,100, Massachusetts, 4,000; Nebraska, 2,331; Connecticut, 1,960; Indiana, 1,835; California and Texas, 1,500, Arkansas, 1,155, and Kansas, 1,100. The other States and Territories all received under 1,000 new-comers, the lowest number being found in Washington Territory, which received but 12 immigrants since Jan. 1. Of the number quoted who obtained employment directly on their arrival, New York, of course, absorbed the greater number. Pensylvania gave employment to 6,740, New Jersey, to 6,200, and Connecticut, to 2,550.

IT is mildly suggested to those Catholics who make customary excursions to the country to visit friends or shady nooks on Sunday, that they deliberately commit a mortal sin, if they are absent from Mass on that day. Those who are concerned should take notice.

BATTLE BETWEEN THREE MEN AND AN OWL. — A curious story comes from Marhamchurch of a battle between three men and an owl, in which victory declared itself for the winged assailant. It appears that for some time past two owls had been living in conjugal bliss up in an elm tree, whence one or the other made nightly excursions in search of a chicken or a duckling, for the better bringing up of a large family. The son of a farmer who had thus been involuntarily supplying the growing needs of the owlets climbed the elm tree, and, finding the parent birds away from home, kidnapped their offspring. The unwary youth was followed by the bereaved mother, who, however, abstained from immediate action. A few days later the spoiler having fed the fledglings, was in the act of showing them to a friend, when he was attacked by the parent owl, and though the rustic defended himself with a stick, he was so worsted that it is feared the wounds on his face may endanger the sight of one of his eyes. The cries of the boy soon brought the father and brother upon the field, who valiantly rushed to the rescue of their conquered relative. The father, rapidly taking in the situation, at once killed the fledglings, but the sight of the murdered owlets was too much for the mother; and leaving the wounded youth, she swooped down upon the destroyer. The conflict that then followed — the conflict between the human father and the childless bird — was probably without parallel since those far-off days when the companions of the pious Æneas joined battle with the Harpies. Eventually the father and his unwounded son, who had rushed to his aid, were driven before the outraged bird, and terribly scratched in the neck. Escaping to the friendly shelter of the house, the farmer sallied out again armed with "the resources of civilization," but at the sight of the gun the judicious bird of Pallas took gentle flight.

FREEZING ONE'S NOSE. — The moujiks, or coachmen, are perhaps the most interesting of the lower classes of Russians, although strangers are repelled by their frightful looks and extortionate charges. Unlike the cabmen of Paris, they will speedily come to reasonable terms if their number is demanded. It is etiquette on the streets of St. Petersburg if one in passing sees another's nose freezing — an accident which frequently happens — to say, politely: "Pardon me; your nose is freezing." But the moujik, taking a handful of snow, rushes at the person whose nose gives signs of freezing, and he begins to rub vigorously. No time is to be wasted, and if the person is a stranger and unaware of his danger sometimes resists in an equally vigorous manner, upon which the moujik throws him down, and holding him firmly, continues to rub him with snow, the bystanders surrounding and encouraging him as they hand him snow, saying: "Well done! More snow. If he kicks, make him pay more for it." After this performance, the indignant stranger has matters explained to him, and has to pay handsomely for his rough treatment. Nowhere in the world is the right of way of foot passengers so well respected as in St. Petersburg. The drivers, apparently the most reckless of their kind, are really the most careful. The "boo-ho-o!" they make to stop their horses is thought by foreigners to urge them on. The penalties for driving over persons are excessively severe, particularly in the case of women and children. One can cross the busiest part of the busiest square with as much deliberation as if he were on a footwalk. The great width of the streets makes this possible.

THE ocean passage from Ireland to America is to be reduced to 1,700 miles. A bill was recently passed in the House of Commons, in Newfoundland, incorporating the Great American and European Short Line Railway Company. Large and important concessions were made to this Company. The object is to establish a more rapid, safe and certain communication between America and Europe across the Island of Newfoundland. From the east shore of Newfoundland the Company will establish a line of ten swift steamers in communication with the west coast of Ireland. It is estimated that by this route 48 hours sea voyage will be saved, and the dangerous coast, a thousand miles in extent, lying between Cape Race and New York, is completely avoided. The Alaska, the "grey-hound of the Atlantic," would thus cross the ocean in four days and a few hours.

THE BISHOPRIC OF PORTSMOUTH. — His Holiness confirmed the appointment to the new bishopric of Portsmouth of the Very Rev. Mgr. John Virtue. Mgr. Virtue is Chaplain to the Forces of the First Class, and is now stationed at Malta. He has served as military chaplain for more than twenty years, and has always been held in the highest esteem both by the civil and military authorities. The new diocese, containing as it does the great military centres of Portsmouth and Aldershot, is a very appropriate one for the first Catholic Chaplain to the Forces who has been raised to the Episcopate. The new diocese will number about seventy priests, of whom about twenty are Fathers of the Society of Jesus — including the Fathers at Beaumont College — and Oblates of Mary, and ten or twelve are military or naval chaplains.

A NEW political party has come into existence in England. It is at present very small and feeble, but favorable circumstances might tend to promote its rapid development. This is the democratic federation, which held its first annual conference in London last week, when delegates were present from Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, etc. This new movement is more or less of the continental socialist type. Prominent among the planks of its platform are adult suffrage, free justice, and the nationalization of the land. Its members are also in favor of the abolition of hereditary legislative authority and of established churches, and they would give Ireland a national parliament. This new organization is supported by Mr. Joseph Cowen, the able and earnest, though eccentric, radical member of Parliament, while the president is Mr. H. M. Hyndman, whose articles on India and other questions in the *Nineteenth Century* have attracted much attention. Up to the present time the federation has been working mainly against the coercive policy in Ireland, and has been pushing forward the land question. Many of the London radical and democratic clubs are affiliated to it, and scores of lectures are given, mostly on Sundays. It is astonishing what a great and active propagandism of ultra-democratic theories is carried on every Sunday in this vast metropolis. At present this has not brought forth much perceptible fruit, but it can scarcely fail to do so in the future, especially if favorable conditions should arise. Such conditions, I take it, would be declining trade and consequent increased misery among the swarming masses of London and other large centres; in which event there would be little doubt that trouble would ensue, unless in the meanwhile emigration had thinned off the population. I make no comment on the democratic federation, but simply record its existence and objects as a significant sign of the times.

THE IRISH LORD OF APPEAL.—The promotion of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald from the position of second Baron of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland to the House of Lords, as Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, with a Peerage for life, and a salary increased from £3,500 to £6,000, is an event that suggests some gratifying considerations. It is just a century since Grattan carried the judicial as well as the legislative independence of Ireland, an independence repealed by the Act of Union, so that for over eighty years the Supreme Court of Judicial Appeal for the three Kingdoms has been the House of Lords. The framers of the act of 1876, in recasting the English Judicature, provided for the appointment of three ordinary judges of appeal, with Peerages for life, so as to strengthen the Judicial Bench of Law Lords in the House, which is chiefly composed of ex-Lord Chancellors. As appeals to the Upper House proceed from the superior law courts of the three Kingdoms, it was designed by the act of 1876 to have a representative from each country amongst these Lords of Appeal in Ordinary. This object is now for the first time accomplished, as Lord Blackburn represents England, Lord Watson, Scotland, and Lord Fitzgerald, Ireland. Amongst the Bench of Law Lords nearly half are Irish—Earl Cairns and Lord O'Hagan, ex-Lord Chancellors, and Baron Fitzgerald, the two latter Catholics. Since the emancipation there have been Irish Judges—Catholics, as Mr. Justice Shee and Mr. Justice Mathew, and Protestants, as Mr. Justice Martin and Mr. Justice Wills—on the English Bench; while it is well known that Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., member for Dundalk, one of the foremost men at the English Bar, has more than once declined a seat on the judicial bench. The Irish intellect has ever proved its special aptitude for legal distinction, while the Irish Bar supplied some of the most brilliant orators, parliamentary as well as forensic, of the past century. On every ground, therefore, this union of representatives of the three nationalities on the Judicial Bench of the highest Court of Appeal is matter for general satisfaction.

The Rt. Hon. John David Fitzgerald was educated in Dublin University, of which he is an LL.D. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, when 22 years of age, and obtained the silk gown in 1847. He was returned for Ennis in 1852, for which borough he sat until his elevation to the Bench as Puisne Judge, in 1860, having, during the previous five years, been Solicitor and Attorney-General. For twenty-two years, as one of the Justices of the Queen's Bench, his judicial career has been before the public, during which period he has invariably held the scales of justice impartially between the Crown and the subject, thereby securing confidence in the administration of the law and respect for the Bench.

THE patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, at a meeting in the county of Limerick lately, dwelt upon the gross injustice of sending Englishmen and Scotchmen to govern Ireland, of which most of them were quite ignorant. His Grace pointed out that Ireland has now an English lord-lieutenant, an English chief secretary, a Scotch under-secretary, and an English assistant-secretary. "France," said the archbishop, "is governed by Frenchmen, Spain by Spaniards, England by Englishmen, and even Poland by Poles, and why should not Ireland be governed by Irishmen?"

EVERY admirer of real talent, used for creed and country, must be pleased to see that Mr. Sexton has been able to return to his parliamentary duties. He did noble service in the House of Commons when Messrs. Parnell and Dillon were imprisoned, and he was well entitled to some rest. It is to be hoped that he will not, by excessive work, wear himself out, for such talents as his are precious to Ireland.

AUSTRALIA.—The remarkable growth of the Australasian colonies since the discovery of gold, which occurred in 1851, is attested by recent statistics. The population increased in the period 1851–81 from 214,000 to 2,000,000. The wool clip has more than doubled in the past ten years. There were over 82,000,000 head of live stock on the pastures, and nearly 7,000,000 acres of land under cultivation last year. Since 1851 gold to the amount of $1,460,000,000 has been produced in the colonies. In 1881, 8,500,000 tons of shipping entered and cleared the ports.

SEVERAL papers announced last week that Rev. J. P. Bodfish had been made Justice of the Peace by the Governor of Massachusetts.

We wonder if there be not a huge joke here. When Bishop Keane was asked during the convention what the initials J. P. in Father Bodfish's name stood for, he jocosely responded Justice of the Peace.

Did some delegate hear this and report it to some anxious looker for "donations?" — *Catholic Visitor*, Richmond, Va.

It is no joke about the appointment.

THE LATE GEN. GARIBALDI. — An agreeable contrast is afforded by our Catholic contemporary, the Roman *Voce della Verità*, which thus prefaces its obituary notice of the deceased General: "With Joseph Garibaldi there disappears one of the greatest and most prominent personages of the Italian revolution, one of the frankest and most implacable foes of the Church. At this moment, in presence of the majesty of death, we shall only remember the precept of our Divine Master: 'Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who persecute you.' Not from him came the hardest blows or the keenest troubles. Joseph Garibaldi fought the Papacy openly, and never stooped to intrigue or hypocrisy. His virtuous and pious mother and her Rosary of Our Lady are well remembered at Nizza. May the prayers of that good mother have helped to soothe the last moments of her son's turbulent life. After all, who can scrutinize the hidden design of Providence, or penetrate into the secrets of Divine mercy?"

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HIS BROTHER. — The grasping nature of the Bourke family may be seen in the action of the brother of the murdered landlord who was assassinated at Ardrahan in the county Galway lately. Notwithstanding it is known that the act was condemned by the whole population of this district, which is in no sense responsible for its happening, a brother of the dead man has served notices that he will claim £10,000 as compensation for the loss of his relative. As, under the new repression laws, which will probably be so interpreted as to cover this case, districts in which murders or outrages occur are to be held responsible for all damages ensuing therefrom or claimed on their account, it is more than likely that the people whom Walter M. Bourke rack-rented so cruelly during his life will now be called upon to pay for the untimely death he brought upon himself by his inhuman treatment of his tenants. Verily Mr. Gladstone is heaping benefits upon the tenant farmers of Ireland, and they are an ungrateful lot because they do not go down upon their knees and thank their benefactor.

SHATTERED BY A THUNDERBOLT. — About five o'clock, afternoon of June 22, during a sharp thunder storm, the beautiful Confederate Monument on the State-House grounds, Columbia, S.C., was struck by lightning, and the life-sized white marble figure of a soldier surmounting it was dashed to the ground and demolished. The bolt struck the rim of the hat and glanced off, entering the base and shivering it. The head of the soldier was cut off, and the mass of what was one of the handsomest pieces of monumental sculpture in the country lies at the base utterly wrecked.

MRS. GARFIELD has $300,000 in Government bonds, the result of the subscription. Her husband's life was insured for $50,000, which she promptly received. She also was paid the salary of the President for the unoccupied first year, amounting to about $20,000. Then add to it about $30,000, the total value of Garfield's estate. The income from this total of more than $400,000, will be perhaps $16,000 a year. She is also put on a pension list at $5,000 a year.

A MOVING BOG IN IRELAND.—Hundreds of acres of bog, situated between Coolrea and Scariff, East Clare, have begun to move south-eastward, carrying with them several patches of cultivated land, and part of the main road to Limerick. The local authorities have telegraphed for emergency men to repair it.

1782 — 1882.

THE Celebration of the Memorable Event in Irish History, the Dungannon Convention Feb. 15, 1872, was celebrated in Boston on the 16th and 17th of June, 1882. The celebration was worthy of the great event. The 17th was devoted to the children's celebration. In the afternoon, the vast assemblage was presided over by ex-Mayor Prince, and addresses were made by Mr. Thomas F. Doherty, Hon. Mr. Prince, Senator Jones of Florida, Hon. P. A. Collins and others.

Mr. Charles E. Endicott read the following resolutions: —

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, the high degree of intellectual culture and material prosperity attained by Ireland previous to the unrighteous seizure of that country by England, and the evidences that have been given ever since that time, when a fair chance had been offered, demonstrate conclusively that the intelligence, patriotism, and industrial qualities of the Irish people are equal to those of any other country; and

WHEREAS, since the British invasion, the people of Ireland have been robbed systematically by English landlords, have been deprived of the advantages of education; their manufacturing industry has been crippled and suspended, and they have been made the victims of the most studied tyranny and oppression, until reduced to the most abject poverty and degradation; and

WHEREAS, when England had succeeded in driving the Irish back to agriculture as their only means of support, she made a corner in the soil, by allowing only 5,000,000 acres of the arable land to be cultivated, the balance of 10,000,000 being reserved for hunting and grazing purposes, thereby artificially raising rents to exorbitant rates, and grinding the many for the benefit of the few; and

WHEREAS, the prices paid by the tenants for the land allowed them barely enough to drag out a miserable existence, and in times of a failure in the crops all the produce was shipped to England to satisfy the rapacity of absentee landlords, and those who had raised it by the sweat of their brows were compelled to starve in thousands by the roadside, and die or emigrate; and

WHEREAS, in these seasons of artificially created destitution and misery, appeals were made to America to assist those whom English avarice had robbed of all means of subsistence, and it is a well-known fact that the Irish in America have been paying for years $3,000,000 annually toward the rack rents imposed by alien landlords on the natural owners of the soil; and

WHEREAS, the climate, geographical position, mineral and agricultural resources, and the intellectual and industrial characteristics of the people of Ireland would render that country capable of supporting in prosperity a far larger population than now exists there in poverty, provided the land tenure was based on an honest and an equitable basis; and

WHEREAS, the government of Ireland by England has been always, and still is in direct violation of justice, humanity and equity, a fact which has been admitted and severely condemned by many of England's own statesmen and political contests. Lord John Russell said: "We have made Ireland,—I speak it deliberately—we have made it the most degraded and the most miserable country in the world. . . All the world is crying shame upon us; but we are equally callous to our ignominy and to the results of our misgovernment. All tell you that the possession of land is that which makes the difference between existing and starving among the peasantry, and that, therefore, ejections out of their holdings are the cause of violence and crime in Ireland. In fact it is no other than the cause which the great Master of human nature describes when He makes a tempter suggest it as a reason to violate the law: 'Famine is in my cheeks, need and oppression stareth in thine eyes, upon thy back hangs ragged misery. The world is not thy friend nor the world's law; the world affords no law to make thee rich. Then be not poor but break it.'" And

WHEREAS, Although England is fully conscious that she has been and still is the sole cause of the past and present poverty and wretchedness of Ireland, she refuses steadfastly to adopt such measures that would effect a radical amelioration in the condition of that country and prevent all suffering and agitation, thereby continuing to force the Irish people to solicit aid and support from their exiled brethren in the United States in order to protect themselves against starvation and death.

Resolved, That we, American citizens of Massachusetts, in convention assembled, extend to the down-trodden and landlord-ridden tenantry of Ireland, our hearty sympathy and renewed assurances of moral and material support, until the present desperate struggle against oppression and iniquitous laws is brought to a successful termination.

Resolved, That as a convention of the Irish people, held in Dublin, fixed and defined the policy of the land agitation, and

the same has been strictly and consistently carried out by their representatives in Parliament, under the statesmanlike leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, therefore we would counsel the Irish people to remain firm and united in purpose, and to stand by the lines of agitation so clearly defined, until changed by another representative assembly of their own.

Resolved, That the simultaneous and emphatic denunciation by the entire Irish people of the atrocious murders of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke should have exonerated them in the judgment of England from all direct or indirect responsibility for those dastardly crimes, and we solemnly protest against the arbitrary, tyrannical and unjust action of the British Government in holding the Irish people accountable for them, and using this as a pretext for passing the new Coercion Bill, which will be more oppressive than any edict that an autocrat would dare attempt to enforce.

Resolved, That we recognize it as the inherent and inalienable right of every people, who are held forcibly in subjection, contrary to their desires, wishes and well-being, to use all justifiable means for breaking the yoke that binds them; and, therefore, we pledge our hearty support, so far as is consistent with our American citizenship, to our brethren in Ireland in any and every intelligent and timely effort they may make to secure legislation and national independence.

The festival ended with a grand concert.

The absence of Mr. Davitt was greatly regretted, but his reception on the following Monday evening atoned for the unavoidable delay.

DAVITT

arrived in Boston on Monday, June 19, and addressed a mass meeting of the friends of Ireland in Mechanics' Building. There was an immense audience. Ex-Mayor Prince presided, who introduced the orator to the multitude. As soon as Mr. Davitt came upon the platform, where he could be seen, the most enthusiastic applause broke out. Hats and handkerchiefs were waived, and men shouted themselves hoarse.

The Speech.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.— I feel that my first duty here this evening is to express a sincere regret, and offer a no less sincere apology, for the disappointment of Saturday last. Could I have quickened the speed of the "Germanic," or averted icebergs, or prevented fogs, I should have had the pleasure of fulfilling my engagements on that occasion. However, as it was impossible for me to appear here on Saturday last, I trust you will generously acquit me of blame in the matter. [Applause, and a voice, "You bet we will."] However, my sorrow for the disappointment is somewhat consoled by the fact that I have at last arrived in Boston; and that I can congratulate the citizens of this historic city upon having at present here two distinguished visitors from the other side of the Atlantic,— two foreigners who have come to America to minister to the curiosity of the American people. [Applause.] I allude, of course, to my distinguished rival, the other Jumbo, over the way [laughter], although he is an Englishman [laughter], and I confess that I have no feeling of rivalry or jealousy here this evening. [Laughter.]

Now I find myself in the presence, I believe, of an almost exclusively Irish or Irish-American audience. I know it is not necessary for me here to undertake a defence of the Irish National Land League, or of the people of Ireland. I feel, however, that I would not be performing my duty to the league, or to the cause I represent, if I did not attempt to speak to another audience beyond this building,—an audience of the American people. [Applause.] My ambition has always been, on occasion of former visits to America, to win the sympathy of the American people for Ireland's struggle for free land and self-government. [Applause.] I shall endeavor here to make good our claim for these two privileges, and I must therefore address Americans rather than an Irish or Irish-American audience. In the presence of the state of affairs in Ireland now, when the question debated is the abolition of landlordism, I wish to put two questions to an American audience: First, Are the Irish, or any other people, justified in demanding the abolition of an institution that has proved itself a complete failure as an institution, and that has caused disastrous consequences in the nation on which it is imposed? Second, Why should English statesmen, or English public opinion, be anxious to continue the existence of Irish landlordism? Aside from questions that have aroused the angry passions of a sensitive people, such as struggles against penal laws, opposition to the union, and movements for religious liberty, and dealing only with the social evils that have resulted from the English system of landlordism, we will find sufficient cause for popular discontent, independent of the national and religious outrages that have swelled the measure of Irish discontent. [Applause.] A people that would not protest, plan, contrive, and unceasingly endeavor to rid itself of a system that should excite such consequences as landlordism has inflicted upon Ireland would be a unique spectacle indeed, and fit only for the most slavish existence among progressive mankind. [Applause.] Now the position of the American people in this

Irish contest is a purely judicial one. They want the evidence of facts, and not of declamatory accusation. Judged by its justice, social worth, political advantage, or economic utility, how will Irish landlordism bear impartial criticism? Viewed from any one critical standpoint, what is its record? Diminishing population, extending destitution, increasing pauperism, with periodical famine, complete stagnation of trade, miserable, unhealthy, one-roomed mud-cabins, incitement to agrarian crime and murder, with universal discontent and disaffection. Putting the average rental of land for the past eight years at £10,000,000, there has been taken from the soil £810,000,000 by ten or fifteen thousand persons. Side by side with this drain is that of the last five famines, which have swept away upward of two million people. Again, examined by any test of its economic worth, the system of landlordism is found to be as complete a failure as in political and social aspects. In 1821 the population of England and Wales was 12,000,236, and of Ireland 6,801,827. In 1871 that of England and Wales was 22,712,266, while that of Ireland, instead of increasing 12,000,000, as it should have proportionately, was actually 1,389,450 less than in 1821. The difference between 6,801,827 and 13,603,654, which the population would have been had it increased according to the rate of England and Wales, represents the destruction of life caused by the landlord system.

Mr. Davitt proceeded next to consider the effect of landlordism upon the happiness of the people and the prosperity of the country. In England, he said, where landlords are not absentees, the wealth which land and labor produces, if not justly divided among the agencies of production, is at least spent in the country, and thereby performs some part in ministering to the wants and comforts of the English people. Yet, under relatively favorable conditions, an eminent English agriculturist has declared that the land of England does not yield one-fifth of its proper production, or what it would be capable of yielding under complete independence of landlord exactions. [Applause.] Now, if this vast amount of cereal wealth is lost to the people of England under a state of landlord monopoly, which is ten times more favorable to production than what obtains in Ireland, what must the reign of landlordism cost our people in the article of food alone by its extra destructive influences? The annual wealth that is drawn out of the country by means of absenteeism and other incidental causes is comparatively small when compared with what its soil and other kindred resources are capable of producing if left to the creative influences of labor and capital, free from the deadly grip of unscrupulous landlord monopoly. [Applause.] Mr. Davitt reckoned the average yearly value of the crops of Ireland at twenty-nine or thirty millions pounds,—about five pounds for each acre cultivated, and about the same per head of population. He argued that at least double the present amount of land under tillage could be cultivated, still leaving ample provisions for the purpose of pasturage. The influence which this increase of food and wealth would exercise upon the rural life of Ireland, and upon the social well-being of the whole country, in the multiplication of creature comforts, and in the diminution of pauperism and misery would be immense. Putting the loss from land which under proper conditions would be cultivated along with that which the landlord takes from the country in absentee rent, we suffer at, moderate computation, no less than thirty-six million pounds annually, or six pounds per head of population, through the manner in which the land and labor of Ireland is treated by Irish landlordism. The argument resorted to by landlord apologists, that Irish farmers would not work unless under the spur of necessity to earn their rents, Mr. Davitt said was almost too ridiculous to be quoted. It was refuted by the industry and thrift of Irishmen in almost every clime under the sun to which their enemies had driven them. Continuing with his statistical information, and referring to the official directory published annually in Dublin as his authority, he said that in 1841 there were 574,386 families in Ireland living in homes built of "superior mud," and having two or more rooms; and 625,356 families, over three millions of human beings, herding in houses built entirely of mud, and having only one room.

In 1871 the number of families inhabiting the "superior mud" houses was 432,774, and in the one-room houses 227,379, or close upon a million and a half of people. The returns for 1881 are not yet published, but from my knowledge of Ireland I can affirm that the only difference that will appear between the figures just given and those which will soon be placed before the public, will be the difference caused through diminishing population. These figures show a considerable falling off from those of 1841, it is true; but this, not on account of a better class of houses having absorbed the difference, but from the murderous fact that, in the space of thirty years, no less than 405,141 families, or over two millions of people, including the total increase from births in the meantime, have disappeared from Ireland, most of them starved to death and buried like dogs during the famine of 1847–48; and all this misery, this herding in mud houses, this holocaust of human beings, this diminishing population, this million and a half of Irish people, doomed to live at the present moment in

these homes of misery, poverty, squalor, and cold, because Englishmen resolve that it shall be so in the interest of some ten or fifteen thousand Irish landlords. [Applause.] What power has given to society, or a fraction of society, the right to make a man miserable for no other crime than that of having come into existence in obedience to the will of his Creator, and the law of nature? [Applause.] From whence the authority to make his life a burden, to starve him within reach of plenty, to hover over his life as if to snatch from his dreary path every semblance of hope, to dash from his lips every draught of pleasure, to herd him, or cast him forth shelterless like an animal, to hunt him off the land upon which, and from which, God intended him to live, and finally send him to prison a criminal, and drive him a pauper to the grave? [Loud applause.] If the laws which are alone responsible for such nefarious crimes against humanity in Ireland were things that could be damned, hell would not be hot enough, nor eternity long enough, in which to prolong the expiation of their guilt, their accursed immortality. [Applause.]

Mr. Davitt came at length to a presentation of his scheme for the nationalization of the land. He introduced it by summarizing Mr. Parnell's plan, which contemplates the Government advancing the purchase money to the landlords, and recouping itself out of rent paid by the tenant-farmers for a given number of years, when they would be given the fee simple of their holdings. If the people of Ireland were desirous of doing this, and the English Government willing to advance the cash to the landlords, Mr. Davitt said he should interpose no objection. I do not deal so generously with the landlords, he continued, as Mr. Parnell does; but, then, I cannot afford to be generous to those who have never been just to others. [Applause.] I, however, propose to provide them with compensation to the extent of 560,000,000 of dollars, in order to get rid of them [applause and laughter], and, in my humble opinion, that is at least twenty-five cents more than Irish America would be willing to give. Now, my plan of settlement is simply this: Let the English Government issue bonds or raise a popular loan to the amount of £140,000,000, bearing three per cent. interest. Let this sum be compensation to the landlords for the land which their ancestors seized upon from the people of Ireland, without paying them any compensation whatever. Let Ireland's annual contribution to the exchequer be a guarantee for the interest on and liquidation of the principal. Make a tithe, or land tax, of say, ten per cent., or about one-half of what the farmers now have to pay to the landlords in rent upon the estimated annual products of the land, to be substituted for such rent, and paid to the state for the loss of the imperial revenue which would be required to pay for the money borrowed for landlord compensation. Let Ireland's unforfeited right to self-government be conceded [applause], and let the land of Ireland be national property administered by an Irish parliament. [Loud applause.] Mr. Davitt again pledged himself to the support of Mr. Parnell's plan, if that was the will of the people, and not to attempt to thwart action upon so burning a matter by interposing any conceit of his own; and in closing said: Time has already vindicated my past efforts in the cause of Irish land reform, and I can well afford to wait for the approval which I am confident will yet be won [applause] of my plan of final settlement, from a people whom I am proud to feel do not mistrust me [applause], and in whose behalf it is my most cherished wish to devote my energies, and, if necessary, to sacrifice my life.

Mr. Davitt took his seat amid enthusiastic cheers and applause, which were long continued. A written address was presented him by representatives of the Philo-Celtic Society, to which he made a pleasant response, and the meeting was then dismissed.

PARNELL.

Correspondent—What do you think of Mr. Davitt's new departure of the nationalization of land?

Mr. Parnell—In my judgment, however theoretically sound the plan of the nationalization of the land may be considered in the opinion of its supporters, I cannot see how it can ever come in Ireland within the region of practical politics. The original programme of the Land League movement, claimed for Irish tenants the right of becoming occupying owners, and the cutting down of rents was to be a necessary preliminary determining this right. This was the platform adopted at the Westport meeting in the spring of 1879, which was practically the first meeting of the movement, and certainly the first whereat Mr. Davitt and I attended. The organization of the Land League, which was formed subsequently in the autumn of the same year, adopted the same platform, and, as far as I am aware, it has never been departed from in the resolutions adopted at any of the hundreds of Land League meetings which have been held since, or at either of the two national conventions.

Correspondent—What is your interpretation of the phrase, "the land for the people," which you have yourself used, I believe, on several occasions?

Mr. Parnell—In using this expression I never intended to convey my adhesion to nationalization, but I meant that if Irish tenants were converted into occupying

owners, the land would be held in such a way, and cultivated in such a manner, as to be of the most advantage to the whole people; because experience has shown that, under this system, it could and would be cultivated to the highest pitch, and produce the utmost food whereof it was capable: and the taxing power, which for the purpose of freeing any other classes of community from the burden of taxation and throwing it upon the land, an Irish national Government might hereafter have under the plan of nationalization, it would equally have under the plan of occupying ownership, which, as I have said, originally constituted, and has always been up to the present the programme of the Land League.

Correspondent—What is your opinion of the propriety of advancing the nationalization programme into Irish politics?

Mr. Parnell—We have every hope of an amendment of the Bright clauses of the Land Act in such a way as to enable tenants to become owners. We have no hope whatever that this government, or any other government likely to be in our time, will advance money for the purpose of carrying out the nationalization scheme. The conversion of any tenant into an owner is, according to the views of the nationalization party, a step in the wrong direction,—a step which will have to be retraced hereafter. If their views are to obtain, we, therefore, should incur the imputation of not knowing our own minds if, after two years of successful agitation toward an occupying proprietary, we start an entirely different theory; for, as I have shown, those in favor of nationalization cannot consistently support an extension of the occupying proprietary. I recognize to the fullest extent the right of anybody to formulate his own opinions, and to influence the people to follow him in the direction of those opinions, but having regard to all the circumstances of the case — the great risk of a division in America, and of the serious evils which have always attended a division in the ranks of our people — I cannot view the step lately taken in formulating this new plan as one likely to be justified by successful results.

Correspondent—Then I may take it that you intend to adhere strictly to the original programme of the Land League and recommend no alteration?

Mr. Parnell—Most certainly.

Correspondent—Is there not serious danger of a division at home in Ireland in consequence of starting this new theory?

Mr. Parnell—I scarcely think so. I believe that Mr. Davitt is simply desirous of testing public opinion in Ireland with regard to this matter; and that when he finds, as I believe he will find, that a large majority of his own people are not inclined to depart from the lines he, with that public spirit, integrity, and desire for union which have so distinguished his career, will see that the interests of Ireland can better be served by working out the results to which we have been devoting our energies since the beginning of the movement.

ALARMING NUMBER OF EVICTIONS.—The rate at which evictions are proceeding is startling. Mr. Trevelyan, the new Irish Secretary, tried to belittle their number in the House last week by stating that they were not as numerous as was generally reported, but the members of the Irish party, who keep well informed of everything that goes on in Ireland, caused a statement to be published which fixes the rate of evictions at 1,000 a week. The information that forms the basis of this statement was furnished by the friends of the Land League in Ireland, and by the reports of Mr. Davitt, who has lately been in the west of the country, where, around Oughterard and Carna Recess, he found that not only were the people being evicted in great numbers, but that agents of the landlords were inducing others whom they could not legally evict to leave Ireland and go to America, passage to which country they were either furnishing free or at greatly reduced rates. Yet, with this wholesale eviction of the people going on, Mr. Gladstone refused on Friday to entertain a motion of Mr. Dillon, who wanted the premier to order a suspension of evictions for six months, and he shows no inclination to hasten the passage of the arrears bill, which the Irish members rely upon to put a stop to the dispossession of the tenants.

A BEAR HUNT.—A very fat bear, whose weight of eight hundred pounds did not prevent him from joining in a lively chase, was killed last winter in Montana. He had been doing much damage to stock in the last four or five years, recently killed a cow, and the hunt in which he was killed was gotten up especially for his benefit. Shortly after the dogs had started the bear, the men took their separate stands, and soon after the bear came in sight of Brown, who fired upon him, but only slightly wounded him. The bear then chased Brown several times around a clump of five small oaks, and finally dodged through them in an attempt to cut off Mr. Brown, at which critical moment Dickerson's dog seized bruin behind, and gave Brown an opportunity to reload and deliver a fatal shot. The shot was delivered just in time, as Brown's dog had been already killed, and Dickerson's was badly bitten. When dressed, it is said that the fat on the bear's back measured five inches in thickness.

EFFECT OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE EYE. — In the *Annales d'Hygiene* a report from Prof. Javal is printed, in which it is stated that "the electric light is perfectly harmless to the eye." Asthenopia, or debility of the eye function, is shown to arise from insufficient light, — a trouble which electricity, by changing the standard of illumination, is likely to relieve. In the opinion of the investigator, an improved manner of domestic lighting will do away with much of the nearsightedness and other ills prevalent among those who work in the semi-obscurity of impure gas-light, or the emanations from volatile burning fluids.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME.— The Rev. Thomas Shahan, of Hartford, Conn., was ordained a priest on the 3d of June, took his degree of Doctor in Divinity with great distinction, and received the unanimous votes of his examiners. Another student of the College, the Rev. Jas. D'Alton Talbot, of Boston, was requested by Cardinal Pecci, Professors Talamo and Satolli, to prepare for examination for the degree of Doctor in the Philosophy of St. Thomas. Mr. Talbot is already a member of the Academy of St. Thomas. The Rev. Dr. McDevitt, Pro-Vice Rector, is expected to return to Rome from Cincinnati, where he went to visit his father who was sick. The Rev. Antony Te Pas, of the diocese of Cleveland, who was sent to Rome by his bishop for studies, in order to become Professor of Philosophy in the Cleveland Seminary, will soon return to Cleveland.

JUMBO.—Hard words have been used of Barnum, but, as pointed out by himself, the master of Jumbo seems to have more than his share of the milk of human kindness. Speaking in England he dwelt with emphasis on the many endearing qualities of the lost favorite, and then went on to tell his audience, not without some solemnity, that if he had known from the first how England's heart had gone out towards Jumbo, he never would have moved the monster. But how mysterious are the ways of love; before Barnum could know of the tender feelings of Britain fifty millions of Americans were passionately demanding the presence of Jumbo amongst them. For the fifty millions to be brought to the elephantine object of their affections was out of the question, so Barnum had sadly to take Jumbo to the fifty millions. Under the circumstances the speaker could only assure his audience that the ungrateful beast continues happy and eats as many buns in New York as ever he did in the Regent's Park. We are happy, however, to be able to give an authoritative contradiction to rumors according to which Jumbo had acquired depraved habits. He has not taken to drink. Mr. Barnum, apparently feeling that some justification of his conduct was still needed, and that he had one which was quite unanswerable, observed that the purchase of Jumbo was "a big financial success."

IRELAND'S CASE.—The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, in an article on the recent grand demonstration in Boston, says: The whole case looks like a marriage which has resulted in many children and in mutual estrangements. Yet a divorce is clearly impossible, physically and morally. England cannot take herself away, and all Ireland cannot emigrate. They must certainly live together, happily if they be wise, unhappily if they prefer; but they cannot separate. Every act of hostility on either side of course enhances the difficulty, and the result is to keep Ireland at boiling heat and England embarrassed. Moreover, England has not to deal with Ireland alone, since emigration has established a larger Ireland which encircles the globe, and expects to deal with England on terms of equality. Hence, while there may be some reason for attaching little importance to the Irish meeting in Boston, there is ample reason for remembering that this meeting represents a cause which will not be crushed, and a fact which demands recognition. And it means much less to America than to the United Kingdom.

TREMENDOUS STORM. — Central Iowa was visited by a terrific tornado last Saturday night, June 17, that carried ruin and death in its track. The town of Grinnell is half in ruins, and it is feared that nearly seventy-five lives have been lost. The wounded in the town will exceed one hundred and fifty, and between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty houses have been destroyed. The lives lost, in places outside of Grinnell, will probably reach twenty-five. The destruction of property in the path of the tornado has been very great, and will probably exceed $600,000. Early Saturday morning a tornado also swept over East St. Louis, Ill., doing a vast amount of damage, and at Kansas City, Mo., at least $200,000 worth of property was destroyed. At Leavenworth, Kansas, likewise, on Saturday, four persons were killed by a tornado, and it is estimated that the property loss in that city and county will aggregate $500,000.

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NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Catholic Publication Society, N. Y.

AN APOSTOLIC WOMAN; OR, THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF IRMA LE FERDE LA MOTTE; in religion, SISTER FRANCIS XAVIER, who died at St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo County, Ia. Published by one of her sisters, with a preface by M. LEON AUBINEAU. Translated from the French.

Bishop Chatard, to whom the book is dedicated, says: "I am convinced that the perusal of the life and works of Sister St. Francis Xavier will not fail to produce a good effect, and enkindle the fire of divine love in the hearts of those whom God will deign to call to follow her; while it will serve to edify the faithful in general." The Archbishop of Rennes also recommends the book "to young girls desirous of practising perfection, as they will find in it admirable examples of the spirit of sacrifice and generous submission to the will of God."

The book is issued in the usual good style of the Catholic Publication Society, and is sold at $1.50.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE RELIGIOUS: A Treatise on the Vows and Virtues of the Religious State. Translated from the French of REV. J. B. SAINT JURE, S.J., by a SISTER OF MERCY.

Rev. D. S. Phelan, the talented editor of the *Western Watchman*, has written an introduction to this book in which he says: "This work reads like a prose epic, and it clothes the life of the recluse with the beauty and light and loveliness of a transfiguration. We have ourselves read the work with much pleasure and profit; sometimes we have felt a transport of soul when gazing on the wonderful and mystic pictures of spiritual grandeur which were presented to our mind's eye. We felt that to remove the veil of language that shut them off from the view of the English-speaking world were a service most acceptable to God and incalculably profitable to souls."

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Miss Hoffman has attained some celebrity as a novel-writer. She is, besides this book, the author of "Agnes Hilton," "Alice Murray," "Felix Kent," etc. Aunt Olive is just the book to take to the seashore for this hot weather.

THE "NEPTUNE" AT THE GOLDEN HORN. By WINNIE ROVER, author of "The Neptune Outward Bound," "The Neptune Afloat," etc.

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The above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ia.

RECORD OF A SUFFERING SOUL. By Miss Rose Howe.

The perusal of this pamphlet will remind devout souls of the importance of daily prayers and Masses for the suffering souls in Purgatory.

SUICIDE MANIA.—One of the papers read during the session of the American Medical Association, was on suicide, by Dr. John G. Lee, coroner of Philadelphia. From December 31, 1871, to December 31, 1881, in Philadelphia, out of 12,896 cases of death requiring a coroner's investigation, 636 individuals were found to have been guilty of suicide. The instances were rare, he said, of suicide occurring among our Irish population.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Peter Deberge, of Elm Grove, Wis., died on Wednesday, June 14.

Very Rev. William Walter, O.S.B., of Newark, N. J., died on Saturday, June, 17.

Very Rev. William M. Walter, Prior of St. Mary's Newark, N. J., died on the 17th of June at the Priory, where he was surrounded by all the inmates of the house, besides his younger brother, Rev. Leonard Walter, O. S. B., and the Rev. M. P. O'Connor, of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Very Rev. Prior was buried on June 20, in St. Mary's Cemetery, Watsessing, alongside of his eldest brother, the Rev. Isidore Walter, O. S. B., who died in Newark, Oct. 13, 1867, and near the grave of the late Father Mayer.

Rev. Father Patrick J. Ward died at San Francisco, on Wednesday night, 14th of June, in St. Mary's Hospital, where he had been chaplain for many months, and where he was undergoing treatment for chronic bronchitis, which caused him at times great suffering. Father Ward was a native of the county Louth, Ireland, having been born on the farm situated next to that upon which the lamented Papal Legate, Dr. Conroy, first drew the breath of life. He was but 35 years of age, and the many relatives he left in Ireland will learn with poignant grief of the death at so young an age of one who endeared himself to all who ever had the happiness of his acquaintance.

The Rev. Father Petsch, C. SS. R., of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Boston Highlands, died at the parochial residence on the 20th of June. The funeral services were held on Thursday, June 22. A large number of priests were present, including Archbishop Williams, and a number of priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. A Solemn Requiem Mass, celebrated by Father Magennis, of Jamaica Plain, the Deacon and Sub-deacon being Frs. Moran, of St. Stephen's, and Fitzpatrick, of Milton. Father Trimfel, C. SS. R., was the Master of Ceremonies. An eloquent eulogy was preached by Father O'Connor, S. J., Rector of Boston College. The remains of the deceased priest were buried in a grove in the convent grounds. Father Petsch was born in Austria. At the time of his death he was about sixty years old. He was at one time Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, where he died, and it was he who was chiefly instrumental in building the magnificent church of his Order at the Boston Highlands. He was a most energetic and faithful worker in the vineyard, and has gone to the reward which he so well earned. *Requiescat in pace!*

SISTERS.

Sister Mary Agnes, O. S. B., known in the world as Miss Mutterer, died at the Convent of St. Benedict, Erie, Pa., on the 10th June, on the twenty-fifth year of her age, and the sixth of her religious profession.

Sister Mary Joseph died at New Orleans on the 7th of June. She was known in the world as Miss Kate Sullivan, was born in Ireland, and at the time of her death was thirty-six years of age. About three years ago, she left Cork, where her family reside, and came to the United States. She entered the Community of Sisters of Charity at San Francisco, Cal.; and received the Holy Habit at Emmittsburg, Md., on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25, 1881. She made her Holy Vows on her death-bed, on the Feast of Pentecost. She was missioned to New Orleans, and on her arrival, Feb. 3, 1881, was stationed at St. Simeon's School, where she remained engaged in the noble work of instructing youth, until she was called by her loving Creator to enter upon the enjoyment of her eternal reward.

LAY PEOPLE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Foley, mother of the late Bishop Foley, of Chicago, Ill., and Rev. John Foley, Pastor of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, recently died in this city, aged ninety years. She was born in Ireland, and came to Baltimore in 1820 with her husband, the late Matthew Foley. She leaves three sons and one daughter. The sons are Rev. John Foley, D. J. Foley, and Matthew J. Foley, of the late firm of D. J. Foley, Bro. & Co. Mrs. Foley was of quiet and retiring disposition, and was noted for her many acts of charity.

Death of Mr. James O'Hea, B.L.—We regret to record the death of a genial, talented, and distinguished member of the Irish Bar and the Munster Circuit, Mr. James O'Hea. Full of years, and tended

by an affectionate family circle, Mr. O'Hea peacefully departed this life on Saturday morning, in the 73d year of his age. Born in 1809, he was called to the Bar before yet twenty years old. As a youth he had won a classical scholarship in Trinity, and carried off the gold medal of the College Historical Society. Foremost amongst the bright young Irishmen of the day, he early plunged into the stormy vortex of the politics of the period. Mr. O'Hea became the friend, as he was the co-laborer, of O'Connell. His form and his speech were familiar in Conciliation Hall, and no man other than the chiefs of the movement themselves received a heartier welcome, or delivered a more popular address than James O'Hea. His southern temperament, his sunny manner, his sterling character, made him friends in private and in public. As a lawyer, Mr. O'Hea had no undistinguished career. His knowledge and advocacy in criminal cases marked him out early for special selection. He was chosen, under the Lord Lieutenancy of Earl Clarendon, to defend the prisoners before the Special Commission, and he was counsel to the traversers in the State Trials of the time. With so great prestige did he come out of those troublous events, that he was shortly after invited to stand for the Parliamentary representation of the "City of the Violated Treaty," free of all expenses. Mr. O'Hea held the office of Crown Prosecutor for the great counties of Cork and Limerick. In private life full of wit and humor, his character shone out most kindly and attractively.

THE population of Cavan, Ireland, according to the census returns for that county, has fallen off almost one-half since 1841. In that year the population numbered 243,158; last year at the taking of the census it had gone down by regularly decreasing gradations to 129,476, or 8.0 per cent. less than in 1871. The various religious denominations are divided thus: Catholics, 104,685; Protestant Episcopalians, 19,022; Presbyterians, 4,396; Methodists, 1,088; all others, 285. Of the entire population 67,943 can both read and write; 21,505 can read only; and 40,028 are returned as illiterate. The constituency numbers 5,898. The county covers an area of 477,399 statute acres. Of this there were last year 87,547 acres under tillage, 60,683 under meadow and clover, and 246,441 under pasture, making a total of 394,671 acres of arable land, or 86.5 per cent. of the total extent of land in the county; 5,479 acres, or 1.2 per cent. under plantations; 19,205, or 4.2 per cent. under bog and marsh; and 19,600, or 4.3 per cent. under barren mountain land. The remaining 17,547 acres, or 3.8 per cent. were returned as under roads and fences.

The census returns for the county Fermanagh show a decrease in the population, within the past ten years, of 8.5 per cent. In 1871 the numbers were 92,794, and in 1881 they had gone down to 84,879. Three members are returned to Parliament by Fermanagh,—two for the county, with a constituency of 4,544, and one for the borough of Enniskillen, with a constituency of 414. The religious professions are divided thus: Catholics, 47,359; Protestant Episcopalians, 30,874; Presbyterians, 1,708; Methodists, 4,863; all others, 57; and information was refused in eighteen cases. While a diminution took place in the other denominations, there was an actual increase in the Methodists of close on 1,100. A return of the educational status of the people was taken, and this shows that of the entire population, 53.2 per cent. are able to read and write, 17.05 are able to read only, and 29.3 are described as illiterate. The county Fermanagh covers an area of 457,369 acres, or 22 per cent. of the total area of the country. According to the agricultural statistics for last year there were 48,687 acres under tillage, 57,752 under meadow and clover, and 235,423 under pasture, making a total of 341,862 acres of arable land, or 83.2 per cent. of the total extent of land in the county; 5,111 acres, or 1.3 per cent. under plantations; 20,975, or 5.1 per cent. under bog and marsh; and 29,272, or 7.1 per cent. under barren mountain land. The remaining 13,718 acres, or 3.3 per cent. were returned as under "roads, fences, etc., etc."

ARBITRATION IN STRIKES. — In concluding an article on this subject, the Springfield *Republican* says: The obvious fact of the situation as regards these labor contests is that there is no fixed tribunal to hear the grievances, get at the pith of the matter and set it out in a cold light. It does not meet the case at all to have one side interviewed by a reporter and then the other. What is needed is a tribunal of high personal character, with a judge of discernment and integrity, to whom to refer these quarrels. The judge should have only an advisory power; he should have no authority, except to preserve the decorum of his court, but he should hear all grievances of employers and employes, ascertain and report to the public the facts, with an advisory judgment. If this device has worked well to settle railroad disputes, why will it not tend to settle labor disputes? The New York merchants have a judge, Judge Fancher, who arbitrates the disagreements of the commercial world. How much more is a judge needed for the relief of the quarrels of industry! Massachusetts needs such a judge more than she does a chancellor of equity.

FANNY PARNELL.

Obiit July 20, 1882.

BY W. D. K.

Woe and alas,
Unheralded, how often cometh death!
Swifter than ever summer tempests mass
The clouds that hide the lightning underneath;
Faster than whirlwinds gather, and then move
In rapid race across the startled waves,
It comes betimes, and hurries those we love
To early graves.

Well may we weep!
The bravest of our sisters here lies dead,
Where the sad hearts of stricken kindred keep
Their mournful watch above her narrow bed;
Grief is not weakness here, and we who stand
Tearful beside this lifeless form of clay,
Not for ourselves, but for her motherland,
Sorrow to-day.

For whose dear sake
She, whose mute lips were touched with sacred fire,
Bade her sweet harp its sweetest chords awake
That all the world might know her heart's desire;
Soft as the cooing dove's could be her song
When she would sing her love for Innisfail,
But when she branded tyranny and wrong,
Fierce as the gale.

Ah! bright blue eyes,
In whose clear depths we saw the soul within,
No more in mute but eloquent replies
Shall ye flash courage to your kith and kin:
Sweet, silent lips, so tenderly and oft
Whence flowed the numbers of immortal lays,
Never again shall Erin hear the soft
Notes of your praise.

Had she survived
To see the glory of that coming day,
When her dear land impoverished and gyved,
Casts all its woes and manacles away,
Death had not seemed as cruel then as now,
When hence it calls her as the dawning bright
Flushes the paleness of her mother's brow
With its glad light.

Over her grave
Green grow the triple leaves forever more!
Of her young life and love she freely gave
Their best endeavors to her native shore.
Sing, summer winds, your sweetest lullabies
Above the grasses on her tomb that grow,
The bravest daughter of green Erin lies
At rest below. —*The Republic.*

AFTER DEATH.

Written by Fanny Parnell, August 27, 1881.

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze
Break at last upon thy story?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,
As a sweet, new sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence,
That have known but to bewail thee?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises,
When all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay, that sang thee in thy squalor,
When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
Of thy exiled sons returning!
I should hear, though dead and mouldered, and the grave-damps
Should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud, and quiver
As a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round me,
Giant-sinews I should borrow,
Crying, "O my brothers, I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow.

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession.
Let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory."

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VIII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1882. No. 3.

"EDUCATION without religion is infinitely worse than no education at all."

"SECRET Societies are hurrying the civil Governments of the world to the brink of a precipice over which law and order will ultimately fall and perish together."— *Lord Beaconsfield.*

"THE mild and the long-suffering may suffer forever in this world. If the Catholics had stood with their hands before them, simpering at the Earls of Liverpool and the Lords Bathurst of the time, they would not have been emancipated until the year of our Lord four thousand. As long as the patient will suffer, the cruel will kick. . . . If the Irish go on withholding and forbearing, and hesitating whether this is the time for discussion or that is the time, they will be laughed at for another century as fools, and kicked for another century as slaves." — *Sydney Smith.*

NATIONALIZATION OF THE LAND *vs.* PEASANT PROPRIETARY.

THE doctrine of the Nationalization of the Land, as first taught by Lassalle, and at present by Henry George and other Socialists may, in its relations to Ireland, be considered under two aspects: first, as regards the influence its application to that country would exercise on her political future; secondly, as regards the influence it would exercise, in Ireland, as in any other part of the world, on the whole social, civil and economical life of the nation. We will take the narrower view of the case first.

The effect of the Nationalization of the Land, in Ireland's present political condition, would, it seems to me, be nothing short of disastrous. To begin with, Ireland is still in the grasp of an alien and hostile power. She has no national government; she has not even a national legislature. Even if she had the latter, it could not be called a government, for that term is only applicable to the Executive, and the English Crown and its immediate ministers would still be the Executive of Ireland under the most advanced scheme of Home Rule that has yet been proposed. Irish lands cannot possibly therefore be nationalized by Mr. George's programme: they can be handed over to the English Crown, instead of to Anglo-Irish landlords, and the money raised from them in the shape of taxes would be expended just as much outside Ireland, as it now is when raised in the shape of rents. That is all that would be accomplished, with or without Home Rule. To that small section of Ireland's friends — and we must admit she has some sincere, if mistaken friends amongst the number — who

honestly think that separation from England would be a calamity for the Irish, this vesting of the land forever in the English Government, and their securing the eternal subordination of Ireland to England, would not seem much of a misfortune. But I am greatly mistaken if nine-tenths of the Irish both at home and abroad do not desire, more ardently than anything else, not merely Home Rule, which they look upon as a simple stepping-stone, but complete national autonomy. Their aspirations in this direction are both legitimate and praiseworthy. No social scheme for the emancipation of a class can compensate a people for political bondage. Indeed, political freedom is the foundation-stone of all progress. In Ireland, every class, including the Anglo-Irish landlords themselves, suffers from the connection with England, either in moral or temporal ways, and generally in both. Our first care, therefore, should be to do what is best for the whole community; afterwards, we can take up the wrongs of special classes, and legislate for them. We should, however, beware, lest in trying to redress wrongs, we only aggravate them; and this is, as we shall point out a little later on, what the Nationalization of the Land, intended for the relief of the working-classes, would really do for them. Dropping the question of Irish independence, we will take up the simple financial aspect of the proposed plan. The suggestion is, that the English Government should buy out the present landlords at ten years' purchase of Griffith's valuation, and then redistribute the land amongst all who wished to be farmers, recouping itself for its outlay to the landlords by annual payments from its tenants, including interest and instalments of capital, until the total sum was repaid, and, in addition, levying the whole taxation of the country off the farmers; for the essential feature of the Nationalization of the Land is that every industry shall be free, except agriculture; all capital untaxed, except that invested in land. Now, in what position would that put the Irish farmers?

The total yearly rental of Ireland, at Griffith's valuation, is, we will say in round numbers, $80,000,000, though it is really somewhat larger. Ten years' purchase of this would be $800,000,000. Supposing England could raise this sum at 3 per cent., which she probably could do, if nothing happened meanwhile to impair her credit, and that the tenant, besides paying this 3 per cent. were to pay 2 per cent. more every year, in order to repay the capital in a period of fifty years; that would make an annual payment of $40,000,000

It is true that the amount of money the tenant would pay out as interest, would every year be diminished by the gradual paying off of the capital, but it would be long before this gave perceptible relief, and the burden would still be enormous, in comparison with what it would be under the original peasant proprietary programme.

The present yearly taxation of Ireland amounts to $58,000,000. This, added to $40,000,000, makes $98,000,000, or just $8,000,000 more than the peasants have now to pay. I use the word now, advisedly, for it is only

through the agitation of the last three years, that the rental in Ireland has been reduced, as a general thing, to the standard of Griffith's valuation.

This tremendous burden of $98,000,000, drained from the land, would continue — subject to the gradual diminution I have spoken of above — in the teeth of constantly increasing competition from America and elsewhere, and with the further drawback, that while Irish soil is exceedingly well adapted to certain things, producing certain crops in great abundance, and capable, with improved methods of farming, of producing fully one-half as much again, yet, owing to its dampness, and to the want of sunshine, it is restricted as regards variety, and cannot produce successfully more than a limited number of specified things; so that if the farmers found themselves out-distanced by competition in one kind of product, they could not, as in America, cultivate something else instead, and thus turn the current of their losses.

No agricultural population could stand such a load, with such risks. The poorest day laborer now is better off than he would be, as a farmer, under such circumstances. Even under far more favorable ones, land and farm produce would become drugs in the market, and the bankruptcy of the whole tenantry would ensue, long before the fifty years were over.

But if this would be the case, even assuming the absurdly low, and, economically speaking, inequitable price of ten years' purchase at Griffith's valuation, as the basis of the transaction, how much worse matters would be, if the landlords were paid a fair price for their property. Such a compensation as the one contemplated by our new reformers, would be equivalent to confiscation. It would not, in the great majority of instances, even clear off the mortgages on the estates of the landlords, and it would entail ruin on thousands of innocent victims. Here it may be said, that the landlords have no real title to the lands at all, and therefore, it would be quite equitable, not only to give them inadequate compensation, but to turn them out without any compensation. Their estates, it is said, and truly, were acquired by fraud or by force, and either of these elements vitiates a transaction in law, no matter how much time may have elapsed since the date of the transaction. It should be remembered, however, that the men who originally acquired the lands in these ways, are dead and gone; that estates have changed hands so much, especially since the famine of 1847-48, that in many instances they are not now possessed by the descendants of the original "land thieves," but by men, or by the children of men who have paid for them out of their own money, the fruit of their labor and economy, under the protection of English laws, and who have, as a rule, paid considerably more than ten years' purchase for them; sometimes even as high as thirty or forty years' purchase. The English Government, by whose sanction these landlords and all others came into possession, is bound to give them just compensation, if at any time it expropriates them for the good of the community; and, as long as Ireland remains in connection with the English Crown, however slight or nominal the link, she is bound to acquiesce

in such compensation. But supposing Ireland were free, would that alter the case? Practically it would not. The physical force nationalists, as a whole, have never contemplated the forcible expropriation of the landlords without compensation, unless compelled to do so by the exigencies of war, as Lincoln was compelled to confiscate the human property of the Southern planters. Spite of plausible arguments, there is a feeling that the rights of custom, extending over many generations, should be recognized where possible; and the Irish mind, to its honor be it said, has always recoiled from the idea of injustice, of dishonesty, involved in the plans of the Socialists. The question narrowed itself to two alternatives. Either the landlords should be compensated, or they should not. If they should, then they must be compensated reasonably, so that they and their dependents may not be plunged into ruin, and so that they may get a fair return for the money they and their ancestors have sunk in the land. A sham compensation, such as ten years' purchase at Griffith's valuation, would really mean confiscation, as far as the landlords were personally concerned, and would be more dishonorable than open confiscation, which at least would make no pretences. If, on the other hand, the landlords should *not* be compensated, why offer them any compensation? It would be much more honest and more logical to raise the cry at once of no compensation. The whole world would then understand the true drift of the movement, while the proposal for compensation at ten years' purchase, which would leave the landlords bankrupt, looks too much like trying to throw dust in the eyes of people who might object to such a wholesale holocaust as total confiscation would palpably involve.

However, there is not the slightest chance that either the sham compensation project or the frank confiscation one, will ever be carried out, except by a successful rebellion; and I think we may for the present, exclude that consideration from the region of "practical politics." The Land League programme is to buy out the landlords at twenty years' purchase of Griffith's valuation, the capital to be repaid by the tenants in instalments, together with interest at three per cent; the land to become the sole property of the tenants, as soon as the capital is all paid back. The payments would extend over a period of fifty years, and would amount annually to $80,000,000, with the sure prospect of a release from all burdens for the descendants of the present holders. The programme is a feasible one, because it is just both to landlord and tenant, and the burden would be no larger than it is now, would constantly diminish, and would certainly be borne cheerfully for the sake of children and grandchildren. Moreover, as nothing would tend more to the revival of industries in Ireland, than a sense of security on the part of the farmers and a reign of political peace, the rise in the value of land and of agricultural produce which would follow the growth of manufactures, and the development of Ireland's resources — the opening up and working of her extensive coal beds for instance, — would counteract the effects of American competition, and prevent the

payments pressing too heavily. The farmer would be able to lay by money, and thus continue to meet his instalments and interest, even in bad years. Under Nationalization of the Land, he would be saddled all the time with heavy taxes, and would be unable to save anything for a rainy day. One bad harvest would cause a famine. Ireland has always paid a great deal more than her fair share of British taxes. Out of the $58,000,000, some $25,000,000, are spent by England for purposes which do not in any way benefit Ireland, and often injure her. With the land handed over to the English Crown, the temptation to tax the people to the last farthing that they could pay, while keeping body and soul together, would be at least as great for England, as the temptation to the old landlords to keep on raising their rents till the tenants were on the verge of actual starvation.

Even if none of all these objections existed, there would still be one fatal drawback to the scheme of Nationalizing the Land. It has *never been tried before*, except in little communities which are fast dwindling away. Peasant proprietary has been tried, and has proved a success, over nearly the whole of Europe. Those who work for it, know what they are working for; they are sure they are right; evidences of its practical benefits surround them. All political economists of any standing are in favor of it. No untried theory, however plausible, could excite the enthusiasm of the people in the same way, or rouse them to that persistent, self-sacrificing agitation, without which no great reforms can be carried. Only a small minority of dreamers could "get up" an enthusiasm about a doubtful idea, and their ardor, however sincere, would find no response in the breasts of the nation at large. The very first essential to success would thus be lacking, and in Ireland, where nothing can be wrested from England without violent agitation, failure would be certain.

Let us now turn to the purely politico-economical aspect of the question. I shall state briefly the principal arguments used against it, and must confess I have never yet seen satisfactory answers to them.

Mr. Henry George, in his work "Progress and Poverty," furnishes one of the strongest of these objections, in an illustration drawn from the landed system of Hindostan. By this example alone, he unwillingly refutes many of his own arguments. In parts of Hindostan the principle of the Nationalization of the Land is in full force, and this is how Mr. George writes concerning its results: "In other parts where the rent is still taken by the State in the shape of a land-tax, assessments are so high, and taxes are collected so relentlessly, as to drive the ryots, who get but the most scanty living in good seasons, into the claws of money-lenders, who are if possible, even more rapacious than the zemindars. . . . . Below the English officials are a horde of native employées who oppress and extort. The effect of English law, with its rigid rules, and, to the native, mysterious proceedings, has been but to put a potent instrument of plunder into the hands of the native money-lenders, from whom the peasants are compelled to borrow on the most extravagant terms to meet

their taxes, and to whom they are easily induced to give obligations of which they know not the meaning." "We do not care for the people of India," writes Florence Nightingale, with what seems like a sob. . . . . And she goes on to show the causes of the terrible famines, in taxation which takes from the cultivators the very means of cultivation, and the actual slavery to which the ryots are reduced as "the consequences of our own laws," producing in "the most fertile country in the world, a grinding, chronic, semi-starvation in many places where what is called famine does not exist." "The famines which have been devastating India," says H. M. Lyndman, "are in the main financial famines. Men and women cannot get food, because they cannot save money to buy it. Yet we are driven, so we say, to tax these people more." And he shows how, even from famine-stricken districts, food is exported in payment of taxes, and how the whole of India is subjected to a steady and exhausting drain. Here is a terrible indictment drawn up by Mr. George against his own theory; yet he would place Ireland in precisely the same position as India! Nor does it appear that Nationalization of the Land under "Home Rule" works any better. I quote Mr. George again! "The rents to government were, and, where natives rule, still are, levied twice a year by a merciless banditti, under the semblance of an army, who wantonly destroy or carry off whatever part of the produce may satisfy their caprices or satiate their avidity, after having hunted the ill-fated peasants from the villages to the woods. Any attempt of the peasants to defend their persons or property within the mud walls of their villages only calls for the more signal vengeance. . . . . This description does not apply to the Mohammedan chieftains alone, it is equally applicable to the Rajahs in the districts governed by Hindoos."

Here we see all the worst features of evicting landlordism, with which the scenes of the last three years in Ireland have made us so unhappily familiar, reproduced under the Nationalization of the Land. There is no reason to doubt that the English Government would evict defaulting tenants just as mercilessly for its own benefit, as it now evicts them for the benefit of individual landlords.

It may be urged that a good government would not oppress the tenants in such a manner. But it is an axiom that every government is as bad as it dares to be. Any scheme of progress, besides, which presupposes, as its necessary condition, a hitherto unattained height of perfection on the part of a nation or a government, is self-contradictory, and carries within it the germ of its own destruction. Reformers must take strictly into account the *badness* of things, and shape their policy accordingly. Every existing government considers the exercise of patronage one of its chief means of power. The more this power is curtailed, the better and purer, other things being equal, the government is likely to be. Anything tending to widen the range of patronage is disastrous. No one will dispute that the nationalization of the land would increase the means of patronage to an enormous

extent. Unless, therefore, some very stringent rules were observed in the distribution of the land, the corruption and jobbery would be frightful. The only equitable principle to go on would be that of competition. The State would be obliged to give the lands to the highest bidders, and thus competition, that bugbear of the advocates of the nationalization of the land, would be as rampant as ever. There would then be no means of preventing estates accumulating in the hands of a few individuals. One large capitalist might out-bid hundreds of other men, and become the possessor of thousands of acres. The State could impose no restrictions on the quantity of land each might hold. Of course, it is not to be supposed that the letting of the land at a uniform price, good and bad soil being equally taxed, and building land being rated no higher than farm land, could ever be seriously contemplated by any rational being.

Again, when the necessity arose, as it infallibly would, for levying higher taxes to meet extra expenditures, the tax would, like the rack-rents of the present landlords, fall most heavily on the improving tenants. Against the exigencies of the State there would be no protection for the improvements of the thrifty and intelligent farmer. There would still be a premium on idleness, in order to keep down the tax assessment, and the principal object of the tenant would be to prevent his land rising in value.

Finally, it has been shown by the experience of all history, that the less State intervention there is, the better for a nation. In Herbert Spencer's work on "Social Statics," he abundantly proves, by numerous illustrations, that the best rule a government can follow in dealing with the industries of a country, is — Hands Off! The sole function of a Government is to protect its subjects in the exercise of their rights, as long as these do not encroach on the rights of others. I am aware that this doctrine is diametrically opposed to the most cherished theories of the Socialists; and, strange to say, in the very work I have just mentioned, Herbert Spencer stultifies himself by endeavoring to make the nationalization of the land an exception to the conclusions he deduces in everything else from the facts he advances. In one part he writes: "Let a people believe in government omnipotence, and they will be pretty certain to get up revolutions to achieve impossibilities." . . . . "It is not too much to say that this overstepping of the proper sphere of government, leading as it does, to that gross delusion, a belief in the sovereign power of political machinery, is the natural forerunner of such schemes as those of Blanc and Cabet, and of that confusion which the attempt to realize them by State-agency must produce." . . . . "There are other modes, too, in which social stability is endangered by this interference system. It is a very expensive system. . . . Moreover, it is in its nature essentially despotic. In governing everything it unavoidably cramps men, and by diminishing their liberty of action, angers them." . . . "Consider, it then, in what light we may — morally or scientifically with reference to its practicableness, or as a question of political prudence, or even in its bearings upon religious faith — we find this theory, that a govern-

ment ought to undertake other offices besides that of protector, to be an untenable theory." Yet, after writing all this, and a great deal more, Herbert Spencer actually lays down an elaborate plan for that most all-pervading and most despotic form of State interference, the seizing and holding the land, as a machine for squeezing the whole taxation of the country from a single unfortunate class, whose special form of industry is well known to yield a smaller rate of profit than any other form. This singular 'lapsus' of Spencer's is an apt example of the inconsistencies into which a plausible theory, viewed only from the standpoint of abstract reasoning, and entirely apart from its practical bearings, will lead a sensible mind.

It is, indeed, a great truth, that the land belongs to the people, and that, being limited in extent, it cannot be considered private property in the same sense as things produced by human labor. But the only true corollary from this is, that all landowners are morally bound, and should be legally bound, so to use their possessions, that they may yield the greatest benefit to the greatest number, inasmuch as the very life of a nation depends on the soil being worked in such a manner as to produce the largest possible amount of food. Only to secure this end, is State interference justifiable, and anything that militates against this end, may be rightfully forbidden by law. This may seem a very "lame and impotent conclusion," as compared with the rhetorical moralities of the *Irish World* and kindred socialistic organs; nevertheless it will be found that this doctrine is the only true basis of all good systems of land tenure.

The Nationalization of the Land, while obviously detrimental to the farmers, is apparently in the interests of the laboring and manufacturing classes. Only apparently. Between every producing class in a nation there is solidarity of interests, so that the impoverishment of the farmers could not fail to react banefully on the laborers and artizans. *Vice versâ*, the increased prosperity of the farmers involves increased prosperity for all other industries. Higher wages for workingmen and higher profits for employers will as surely follow the emancipation of the Irish agriculturists as day follows night. There are but two or three legitimate ways in which the problem of bettering the condition of the Irish working classes can be solved. One is, by promoting the growth of industries, and the establishment of political peace in a country that has been going through a long and hard, but necessary struggle for its rights — the bare rights of self-preservation. Another is, by establishing cooperative societies; and the third and greatest is, by endeavoring to infuse into the minds of rich and poor alike, capitalist and laborer, more and more of that spirit of Christian love which bids us not "to seek our own," but teaches that law of true fraternity, which, practised as Christ practised it, would forever put an end to a state of things wherein one section of humanity revels in useless luxury, while another and much larger section, has not even the bare necessities of life.

FANNY PARNELL.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., *July* 18, 1882.

We are grieved to learn of the death of the talented author of the preceding article. It was probably the last production from her pen. We received it on the 19th of July and she died on the 20th.

Fanny Parnell, the second sister of Charles Stewart Parnell, leader of the Irish Land League, died at the Old Ironsides mansion, near Bordentown, N. J., at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. She took a carriage ride in the morning, and on her return, apparently in her usual health, was seized with a sinking spell and died. Physicians pronounce the malady paralysis of the heart.

Fanny Parnell was born in Wicklow county, Ireland, about thirty-four years ago. She inherited, in common with others of the illustrious family, the pulse of republican tendencies. The intermarriage with the family of Admiral Stewart brought into the blood the essence of liberal ideas, which has repeatedly reasserted itself in several members of the large progeny of children which was the issue of the union. Miss Fanny Parnell was essentially an American — American in her sympathies, her tendencies, and her course of life and action. Some thirty-five years ago, Lady Wilde, under the *nom de plume* of Speranza, gave by her poetry the impulse and signal for the Irish revolution of 1848. But she was not greater in her sphere of action than Fanny Parnell. In respect of efficiency she was less potent, and addressed a much more limited circle of readers and admirers. Miss Fanny Parnell received a careful and judicious training in her childhood, which, seconded by a natural aptitude for the utterance of forcible ideas, made her in many respects the leading female figure of the Land League. Anna Parnell was its founder and initial encourager in the old country, but Fanny, with a patriotic zest which has rarely been equalled, took up the work in America and carried it to a successful climax, witnessed in the remarkable perfection of organization at present existing in all parts of this country.

Miss Fanny Parnell recognized that, in many respects, America was the backbone of the Irish movement, and she did much to bring to its present definite expression the sentiment of America in the burning issues of Irish rights and wrongs. It is some half dozen years since she came into prominence in the movement, but within this time she has wielded a wonderful influence. The Irish people have ever been susceptible to the force of grand ideas poetically expressed, and it is in this way she has achieved so much for the cause of Erin. It may truthfully be said that she has done more than any other, with the exception of the great leader, Charles Stewart Parnell himself, to bring about that devotional and grateful confidence which the Irish people at home and abroad repose in the Parnell family. Her magnificent reception in Boston last year was but an instance of the general expression of respect and love in which she has been held throughout this country and Ireland and in the more liberal circles of England. One would have to look carefully into the history of the world to come upon many examples, where families of wealth and, what is more significant in the modern movements of the world, the women of these families have thrown themselves and all their best faculties into the popular vortex, for the popular good. This, Misses Anna and Fanny Parnell have done, and the honor which is due them is heightened by the fact that less intrinsically noble and patriotic natures might have lapsed into the indolence and indifference of their wealth and assured social positions.

Though her personal influence in the formation of the Land League is by no means to be under-estimated, yet poetry was undoubtedly her strong weapon in the Irish cause. Her verses were full of power and passion. They were chiefly written in this country and for the greater part printed in the *Pilot*. They were extensively copied, their vivid expression of the right and lurid revelation of the wrong claiming attention in all quarters. Miss Parnell was no superficial poet. She was naturally adapted for the abstract as well as concrete reasoning, and was grounded deep in philosophy. In a literary point of view her poetry was confessedly admirable, though, as is always the case in a vigorous species of literary work, it was often essential to sacrifice polish to force. Miss Fanny Parnell was distinctively the poet of the Irish movement; and the poet of a movement, even in these modern days, when it is the fashion of the finical and cynical to decry its importance, is by no means to be despised. The thorough democracy of the nature of Fanny Parnell is well illustrated by the fact that, when not long since, urged by her publishers to issue her songs of the Land League in a somewhat elegaant and expensive edition, she repudiated the suggestion, and insisted in placing her volumes of poems before the public at a price within the reach of the poorest. Her endeavor was not for renown, literary or social, but purely and simply for the good of her people. Though physically a slight, smallish woman, she had within her delicate frame the energy of a powerful man and the intellect and discrimination of a scholar. Had she been born a man, she would possibly have been co leader in the grand movement for Irish justice and independence, side by side with her noble brother. Socially her death will be deeply felt by her immediate family, by her sympathizing relatives, the Tudors of this city, and many others. Politically she will leave a void in the ranks of the workers for Ireland's restitution to her national rights and standing, which the present or future will find difficult to fill.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING.

PART II.

AFTER the decease of Cardinal Wiseman it was determined to erect a Cathedral for Westminster, as a memorial of the first Archbishop of Westminster. It was no easy matter to find a plot of land in the city of Westminster for such a purpose. However, after long and diligent search, a site was found at the West end of Victoria street and near the station; but this not being deemed of sufficient size, an adjoining plot was afterwards purchased, the cost of the two being £36,500.

Plans for the new Cathedral were drawn by Mr. Henry Clutton, in the early decorated style — prevailing in the latter half of the 13th century — and his design must be acknowledged to be eminently successful, not unworthy to stand under the shadow of the venerable Abbey Church hard by, which, indeed, it is proposed to surpass in length, breadth, and height.

Cardinal Manning has wisely determined not to begin the new Cathedral until such time as funds shall have accumulated as will ensure the uninterrupted continuance of the work; still it would be most gratifying to his flock if he who projected the work and secured the site, would lay the foundation stone, leaving his successors to carry out the design.

At the south-west angle of the site for the Cathedral stood a fine large massive building, (100 feet by 50) called the "Guards' Institute," erected by subscriptions of the officers, assisted by a grant from the War Office. The "Institute" not proving successful, the building came into the market. By the prudent forethought and earnest efforts of the Archbishop (with great personal sacrifice) the building was purchased, and its internal arrangements having been adapted for the purpose, by Mr. Clutton — with noble reception rooms, chapel, and secretaries' offices — "Archbishop's House" is now secured in perpetuity to the See of Westminster.

In 1873 the Archbishop consecrated the diocese to the Sacred Heart, (on the feast day) and shortly after gave his approbation to a pilgrimage from the diocese to Paray-le-Monial. This event marked an epoch in the history of the Church in England, it being the first public pilgrimage since the change of religion. It was eminently successful, and included Bishops, Peers, Clergy, and laity, to the number of about a thousand.

Next year, his Grace himself headed another pilgrimage to Pontigny — the country hallowed by reminiscences of SS. Edmund and Thomas of Canterbury, St. Germanus, St. Hilary, and St. Martin. This consisted chiefly of the clergy of the diocese, the President and pupils of St. Edmund's College, Ware, and the Rector and students of the diocesan Seminary, with some of the laity. Archbishop Manning delivered a remarkable discourse to the assembled pilgrims in the Abbey Church of Pontigny, in the presence of the Archbishop of Sens and other bishops.

In a consistory, held on the 15th of March, 1875, Pius IX. of sainted memory, nominated Archbishop Manning a Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Cælian hill.

On the announcement of his promotion Archbishop Manning was at the English College, surrounded by several friends, mostly English; among others, Archbishop (now Cardinal) Howard. After the presentation and reading of the documents, the gentlemen present offered their congratulations to the new Cardinal, who made them a short speech in the following ing words,—"I thank you all for your presence here to day. I feel sure that it is a sign of good will to me and of your devotion to the Holy Father and to the Church. As such I accept it, and thank you from my heart. I do not affect to think lightly of the great dignity conferred upon me, without any merit of mine. It is truly an honor to be associated with the sacred council immediately around the Vicar of Our Lord, and to share his lot in good and evil; indeed, I would rather that this dignity fell upon me, as it does, in the time of danger than of safety. It is, as it were, being told off to the forlorn hope, in the sight of the world, but a forlorn hope which is certain of victory. I feel that your presence this day is a representation of England, especially of those in England who have preserved unbroken the tradition of the faith; and that your kindness to me proceeds from love to England, and I feel assured that on returning to our country I shall meet with the same kindness and affection."

On taking possession of his titular Church of St. Gregory, on the Cælian, his Eminence said: I can find no precedent for this day's meeting. Never before has any one of my race and nation received possession of this Church of St. Gregory for his title. Never, hereafter, shall any other Englishman, in all human probability, at least, obtain as Cardinal this same title. Other Englishmen, worthier far than I am of such a dignity, will doubtless receive the same rank and office which I bear, but it is unlikely that any one of them will find at the time of his creation the title of this Church of St. Gregory vacant. . . . . From this very Cælian hill went forth in holy mission, in days long past, the first Archbishop of Canterbury. The names of the first Bishop of Rochester, of the first Bishop of London, and of the first Archbishop of York, are inscribed on the walls of these cloisters."

We will leave an able writer in the *Dublin Review* to portray the leading features of his Eminence's episcopate. "English Catholics are fully alive to the special claims which Cardinal Manning has on their respect and affection. He has had a special work to perform. So had his great predecessor; and it would seem, to each had been assigned by Providence, apart from the mission shared by all apostolic pastors, a separate and distinct task. The first great Cardinal Archbishop of the restored Hierarchy had to rebuild and refurnish the holy places, and to display to the dwellers around the beauty and order of its courts: the special office of the second seems to be to open still more widely its gates, and to obtain

for its inhabitants the privileges of citizenship and neighborhood, to make it better known to those to whom it was a strange and new thing; to strengthen its walls, and fortify its bulwarks, and to assert and perhaps — who knows — to defend its sacred and undefeasible liberties. And in each case the same Providence which allotted the task, ordered also the preparation for it. He, to whom we owe the restored splendor of Catholic worship, the plantation in this country of so many religious orders and congregations, the revival among us of so many practices of Catholic devotion, was familiar from his tenderest childhood with the beauty of God's house, and at an early age was called to complete his education at Rome, there to become imbued with the learning, traditions, and usages of the very centre of Catholic life. He, who was to claim for the Church a fair hearing from Protestant Englishmen, was brought up in the midst of them and among their most characteristic national institutions. In his subsequent theological training, essentially Roman in his youthful education and general culture, Cardinal Manning is typically English. Harrow, Baliol, and Merton were the steps which led him to the prominent position which he occupied at an early age in the Anglican establishment. He had won the love and veneration of all who knew him, and of many who knew him not, and many who have entered with him, or after him, into the true fold; of many also who have been unfortunate enough to remain without. Already there was apparent in his public discourses that severe sweetness which has since become so familiar to us all, and there was little — scarcely more than one or two passages — in those four volumes of sermons which might not have been preached now, although the Cardinal has thought it right, in order to assert a principle, repeatedly and steadfastly to refuse his consent to the republication of them."

But with this part of his Eminence's career we have little to do: its features are lost in the light which was afterwards shed upon his path. Ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman in 1851, Dr. Manning soon repaired to Rome, there for several years to drink deep at the richest source of Catholic doctrine. Returning to England, and entering on missionary life, almost his first act was to introduce into the diocese of Westminster, with a rule specially adapted to the circumstances, and under the sanction of the Holy See and of the ordinary, the Congregation which St. Charles Borromeo had founded at Milan, as a help to the Archbishop, in the pastoral work of his diocese. The Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles was established at Bayswater, and Dr. Manning was its first Superior, as well as its founder.

It furnished the Archbishop of Westminster with a valuable staff of auxiliaries, entirely at his command for missionary or educational purposes; and, besides supplying several Churches with pastors, has already given one Bishop to the English Hierarchy.

Since Cardinal Manning has ruled the Archdiocese of Westminster,

with what laborious zeal, with what courage, what self-sacrifice he has toiled among us, we Catholics of England well know. First among the tasks which the Archbishop set himself to perform was the providing of the means of a Catholic education for the poor children of his diocese.

To this all other enterprises were subordinated, and when his Grace at length opened a subscription towards the building of a future Metropolitan Cathedral — he was able to announce that the more important work —"the construction of the spiritual temple," the protection of the Faith of future generations was virtually effected; and that the provision made for the Catholic education of our poor, would, if carried out on the lines now laid down, keep pace with the necessities of the case. More than eighty new Schools had been built within the diocese of Westminster, existing Schools had been extensively enlarged, the educational movement throughout the country had received a strong impulse. There are at present in the Archdiocese 176 Parochial Schools, 6 Poor Law Schools, 4 Industrial Schools, 1 Reformatory, and 11 Orphanages; besides 55 Upper and Middle Schools and Colleges. The attendance at Inspection of Schools in 1857–8 was 8,333; in 1880–1 18,515.

Nor have the personal labors of the Cardinal, as regards instruction and exhortation, fallen at all short of his administrative activity. Unsurpassed, perhaps, by any prelate in the world in the assiduity of his preaching, he has put forth a rapid succession of publications, either in defence of the Catholic Truth, or in exposition of Catholic doctrine. Through all of these, from his Treatise on the "Grounds of Faith," and his work "On the Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," down to his last work on the Internal Working of the same Holy Spirit, there runs, like a thread, the doctrine of the perpetual in-dwelling in the Church of that Divine tincture, as well as His work as sanctifier in every individual soul. This has been the constant key-note of his Eminence's writings and discourses; and it was therefore wholly natural that ever since the meeting of the Bishops, at the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom, in 1867, when the doctrine was first made the subject of general public discussion, the Archbishop should have been most prominent in asserting the Infallibility of the Pope, whenever, speaking from the chair of Peter, as Universal Pastor, he defines a doctrine concerning faith or morals, to be held by the whole Church. This was the doctrine laid down in the famous definition by the Vatican Council, and this it is, and no other, which the Cardinal Archbishop has always taught.

From a still earlier period, the same convictions respecting the prerogatives of the Pope as universal Teacher and universal Pastor, and the consequent necessity that he should be independent of all earthly control, led Monsignor Manning to be more earnest in the defence of the Temporal Princedom of the Holy See. Ever since 1859, and especially in 1860–1–2, he may be said to have borne the whole brunt of that controversy in this country; and a reference to the newspapers of the time will show that it

was he who was selected for almost daily attack as the most conspicuous and redoubtable champion of those temporal rights and that spiritual independence. In his protest against the iniquitous violation of them, which began in 1859 and was consummated in 1870, his Eminence has never wavered. And though we feel certain that he would utterly repudiate the imputations conveyed in Mr. Gladstone's rhetoric about the re-establishment of the Temporal power on "the ashes" of Rome, and the "whitening bones" of its inhabitants; and would consider that few things, even from a mere human point of view, in the present circumstances of the world, could be more disastrous than that the Vicar of the Good Shepherd and Prince of Peace should have to be restored to his independence by the arms of a foreign invader, we have no doubt that the Cardinal's conviction of the necessity of such a restoration is in no whit diminished, and that his hopes of its eventual accomplishment are no more dead than ours.

But while the Cardinal has been thus energetically employed within the field of the Church, another work has been pressed upon him outside her pale. Unable to co-operate with his non-Catholic fellow countrymen in matters of religion, he has continually found himself called upon to give his aid to movements concerned with morality and benevolence. To such appeals his Eminence has never turned a deaf ear. He has always embraced, with alacrity, any opportunity of working together with those outside the Church for any lawful and good end. Nor, we must say, have those engaged in such charitable undertakings been at all backward in soliciting his help and countenance. It is much to their credit, for many of them differ from us *toto cælo* in their religious opinions. Yet the Cardinal has been frequently urged to take a prominent part in such deliberations, and deputations from many parts of the kingdom have waited upon him to ask for his co-operation in the works on which they were engaged. All this has, of course, brought the Cardinal into frequent contact with all sorts and conditions of men; and we refer to this fact here especially for two reasons,— first, in order briefly to point out the advantage which has accrued to Catholics from the course thus adopted by their chief Pastor; and secondly, to protest against the use which some of the more malicious enemies of the Church have made of the fact. First, then, it is obviously for the interests of Catholics to be brought, in the person of their Metropolitan, into frequent and friendly relations with the general body of their countrymen, and particularly with those who interest themselves in meritorious public movements. They are thus more likely to obtain a fair hearing when their own rights are concerned, for justice is still happily a characteristic of Englishmen, and their prejudices against Catholics are owing to their want of knowledge of them, far more than to anything else. It is this kind of social intercourse into which the Cardinal has entered, not into that of mere "society," in the ordinary sense of the word, for this he has rather avoided than sought.

We must acknowledge that the English press and the English public in general received the intelligence of the Archbishop's elevation to the Cardinalate in the most good-natured way. They are rather proud of him, after all, and they by no means dislike seeing so distinguished a countryman selected to fill so high a dignity in the communion to which he belongs.

But in all his efforts to promote the welfare, the prosperity and the mor-

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BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A STORY OF KILCARRICK.

"There now, I have pained you, and cast a gloom over our pleasant evening," said Norah, with great compunction in her voice and eyes. "You are too kind-hearted altogether, Cousin Bonnie. I did not mean to — oh, I am so sorry for what I said. And — and — I must — I *will* try to do what you advise, Bonnie. I will try to get strong and brave, and remain in the open air a good deal, and not dig my grave — such a thing for you to say! — any more. Now I promise that!"

And so there was a tearful treaty made between these two, and Bonnie was smiling; but a great dread — hitherto silenced and stifled — was now quickening in her heart, stealing away the happy ring from her voice, and smile from her eyes.

She tried to reply to Norah's promise, but the words she wished to say would not come. Bonnie felt in her heart that that promise was the saddest of hollow speeches, uttered without spirit, as without hope, for the sake merely of quieting Bonnie herself. And Bonnie, looking down into Norah's eyes, saw — or, fancied she saw — in their depths, an expression which she had never seen there before.

Reader, do *you* know that expression? Have *you* ever gazed into eyes you dearly loved, and found it there looking up at you with the tremendous significance of doom? It may have been but for a moment that you saw that expression, but I venture to say it haunted you for a long time after, and glared in on you with mute anguish when you had fancied yourself mercifully freed from it for a while. It is the most pitiful expression that I have ever seen in human eyes; for it is most surely the precursor of the awful visitant drawing nigh.

"Bonnie, Cousin Bonnie!" said Norah, shrinking a little from Bonnie's shocked gaze, "don't look at me like that. You almost frighten me. I wish — I wish I had not — Bonnie! look!" she broke off suddenly, "Who are those coming down the field? A lady and — oh, Miss Wylde, I declare, and the little Osbornes!"

CHAPTER IX.

WAS IT A PRESENTIMENT?

"Is this you really, Anna?" cried Bonnie who had jumped up, and was advancing rapidly, to meet the small dark-clad figure. "How did you come? It is not possible you walked!"

"We drove in the jennet's car," put in the demure Lucy; for Bonnie had glanced at her by way of friendly recognition. "Jim Delaney is taking care of it on the road."

"We called at Kilcarrick first," said Anna, "and you had gone out with your cousin. So then I made up my mind to find you, and luckily we met an old woman on the road who had seen you both coming down by this pathway to the cliffs."

"Now, children," Bonnie said to the two little girls, "I hope you and Norah will fraternize together, and Miss Wylde and I shall have a little walk along by the cliffs. Won't you come, Anna?"

"Gladly, Bonnie," was the brief, but expressive reply.

"It is a fortnight — yes, fully a fortnight since I saw you," Bonnie said, as they walked away together along the narrow pathway winding in and out, as it followed the irregular course of the cliff-tops. "And are you very well, Anna? You are looking thin, I think — thinner than I like to see you."

"I am very well, Bonnie; as well as usual. I wish I could see you oftener. The sight of you does me good!"

"Well, I should very often drive over to Glenbride," said Bonnie,

"but, somehow, whenever I go, I don't see as much of you as I could wish. You don't seem to be altogether *yourself*, Anna, when Mrs. Osborne and her brood are by. And, indeed, I don't wonder at that," she added, shaking her head; "for my part, I always feel murderously disposed while Mrs. Osborne is going into the painful *minutiæ* of her latest malady. I don't know how in the world you can endure that eternal topic!"

"I suppose custom can do a great many things. And sometimes when Mrs. Osborne is talking, I allow myself the liberty of a little mental digression," said Anna, with her quiet smile. "But, indeed, Bonnie, I am happy enough at Glenbride. There is one thing I like about Mrs. Osborne. She is a lady. To be sure, she has her hobbies; and she is not particularly broad-minded, I fancy; and she has a good deal of small jealousy — of personal attention, and that kind of thing. But, with all that, she is kindly enough in her own way — not the Kilcarrick way, though — and there is a refinement about her which I like. You will never hear her say a bitter or an uncharitable word."

"Yes, Anna, I know; but, dear me! I shouldn't like to have to spend my days with so distressingly charitable and correct a woman as that. I fancy I should feel awfully inclined, now and then, to say all sorts of profane, and sarcastic, and improper things to her, just to see how she would bear it, or whether I could possibly succeed in forcing her to retaliate. For my part, I love spirit in every man and woman. I kick against that calmly-correct, frigidly-measured, intensely 'lady-like' style of woman. Now what do you think of me?"

"I admire your candor, Bonnie. It is refreshing to hear you talk. Go on. What next?"

"No. I've said my say on the subject. Moreover, I don't intend to monopolize the conversation. You shall have to contribute your share."

"I think it would be pleasanter to be down on the sands than up here," said Anna. "Can we manage to get down? That is, of course, if you don't object to the move."

"Not I. I love walking along by the sea. It seems quite a companion — a familiar companion, you know — when one is actually on a level with it. By-the-way, have you the feet of a chamois, and the courage of a mountaineer, Anna?"

"I have courage, Bonnie — at least physical courage — but I don't know about the other requisite."

"Because if you are not distinctively sure-footed and distinctively courageous, you will, I fancy, shrink from *this* ordeal. Look! — behold our route!"

There was a gap in the grassy bank, which skirts the cliff-tops, and Anna, leaning forward and following the direction of Bonnie's finger, saw a narrow foot-way leading down the cliff-side to the sands below.

"Are you afraid to venture?" Bonnie asked. "Wait until you see me."

And before Anna had time to remonstrate, Bonnie had begun the sheer descent, and was getting down as skilfully as a veritable chamois.

"Now I am on *terra firma*, you see!" Bonnie cried, lifting her bright, flushed face to the cliffs above. "Will you go and do likewise? If you think you can't manage it, Anna, don't for the world attempt it," she added, seriously.

But Anna had no intention of showing the white feather, and by slow degrees, very warily, and not a little nervously, she did at last make the descent.

"Hurrah!" cried Bonnie, laughing. "How delightfully independent one feels when one has achieved a feat like that. Whenever I go for a long walk I invariably make it a point to strike out across country, just for the pleasure of encountering sundry ob-

stacles in the way of hedges and ditches, and getting over them."

"But what if the obstacles be too formidable to be got over?"

"Ah, there is the disappointing side! Everything *has* a disappointing side, Anna, my dear. It sometimes happens that I *am* balked, and then I wend my homeward way with a heavy heart.

They had now crossed the white parched sands near the rocks, and were walking out on the shingle alongside of the sea. How cool, how beautiful it was, out here. The dun, wet sand, edged with foam and bits of seaweed, marked the line of the incoming tide all along the shore. The sun was sloping westward, and the nearer parts of the sea were of a deep steel-blue in shadow, while, far out, a yellow radiance trembled on the water; and, farther still, the azure sea-line cut level and defined against the ethereal pearl, and shell-pink, and blue-gray hues of the horizon.

A fresh wind was blowing. Now and then the sand-pipers flew along the beach, crying loudly. The air was full of the briny savor of the sea, and the boom and thunder of its roar.

"What a number of shells are all along here," said Anna; "how pretty they are, Bonnie. You don't find these 'nunnies'—isn't that what you call them?—very often, I think."

Nunnies! The word fell on Bonnie's ear with a ring of almost pain. Her thoughts flew back to the wild night last March when she had had that never-to-be-forgotten talk with the unknown at the window of the Orchard Room.

"You are Bonnie Dunraven! You are the little girl who gave me the handful of nunnies long ago on Liskeelan Strand."

Sweet, thrilling words. They had repeated themselves over and over again in her memory like some dear lines of a favorite poem. And now the whole scene was back again, recalled vividly by the one simple word falling casually from Anna's lips.

The sea before her, the girl by her side, the shingle at her feet, were not more vividly present just now to Bonnie than was the face which the firelight had illumined on that night of nights. The dark face—the lean, browned, uncommon face—with its glorious black eyes, and its flashing white teeth. And then the peculiar circumstances of the meeting gave a distinctive coloring to the affair which no ordinary grouping of ways and means could possibly give.

So sudden and so absorbing was this recollection that Bonnie quite unconsciously had paused in her walk, and was standing perfectly motionless and somewhat pale, looking down at the shells which glistened on the wet sands at her feet.

"Well, Bonnie, are you coming on?" said Anna, at last.

Bonnie started. A wave of color surged full in her cheeks.

"Yes, yes; come along, Anna. Let us walk quickly. O, Anna, I have something to tell you. I want to tell somebody, and you, I think, will—"

Then she paused abruptly. She had all but forgotten her pledged word. Had she not given her promise to the stranger that she would say nothing of their meeting? And was there not a strange subtle sweetness in keeping the affair secret, since he himself had solicited this secrecy?

Bonnie hurriedly changed the subject, feeling, on the whole, somewhat ashamed of herself.

"Well well," she said evasively, "it is time enough to talk of such things afterwards. Our business this evening is to enjoy ourselves, and to enjoy the sea, and to thank God in our hearts for all this beauty. Do you see that hill of sand over there to the left, Anna?—that huge, whitish mass with peaks and gorges—as I may call them—just like a miniature mountain chain? Well, that is the

Rabbit Burrow; though I must say I never in all my life succeeded in finding a rabbit in it, or near it, for that matter. Shall we pay it a visit? It is years since I have been there."

"By all means let us go to it. I think it is a wild spot. Come, Bonnie, step out briskly. That's right. I like to *lean* on the wind — to feel it catching me up like invisible arms, and to struggle with it, and conquer it, and hear it booming and piping its vexation in my ears. I hear it now."

"And so do I, but there is no vexation in its tone. It is a grand storm-harmony which *we* can't understand, but which, I'm sure, the waves know and love, too, as they toss their white crests in exultant applause. Vexation! Psha! What do the winds care for our puny little bodies, and our fluttering appendages of purple and fine linen? They make playthings of our hair, and our feathers, and whistles of our flowing skirts, and they sweep our voices away just for the fun of it, so that we may exert our lungs a little more. Can you hear what I am saying!"

"I can. At least I can follow the drift of your remarks. Bonnie, you and I are an odd pair."

"Why so, pray?"

"We don't fulfil the regulations usually laid down for the conversation of young women."

"Don't we? We are perverse delinquents, I fear. I suppose we should be discussing the newest style of dresses; the proper shade of feathers and ribbons; whether hats are to be worn on the left side of the head or the right, or the back or the front; whether green and scarlet are 'considered'—*considered*, mind you — agreeable contrasts or the reverse; whether it is 'the thing' to walk fast, or to dawdle along so that our neighbors may know for certain that *we* do not belong to the working, and consequently vulgar, order of womankind. I wonder is that the regulation style, Anna? Or shall we go a step higher, and talk of 'enchanting verses,' and 'delicious songs,' and 'heavenly flowers,' or 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses,' like the dear delightful old Vicar of Wakefield's accomplished daughters?"

"Heaven forbid, Bonnie!"

"With all my heart. Let us then bow our heads — as gracefully as we can, under such harrowing circumstances — to the inevitable. Thank goodness it *is* the inevitable. Now that reminds me, some weeks ago two girls — the Talbots of Mullinderk, to wit — came over to Kilcarrick to 'renew their acquaintance,' as they said, with me. Of course I had to appear, *nolens volens*, and, O, Anna! I never before sympathized so fully with poor St. Lawrence on his gridiron as I did during the hour-and-a-quarter of those girls' visit."

"That is strong language, Bonnie, and don't you think it might be a little less profane?"

"To be sure it might, and ought, I suppose. But what matter? It is the truth, anyhow. Such glib tongues as they possess, and when one of them — Harriet — lost or mislaid the thread of her silly vapid discourse Janetta (such a name!) supplied it generously, and so the thing went on, Harriet dropping and Janetta picking up, and *da capo!* When they were gone I fell on my knees and thanked Providence I was not as they were."

"I think a certain Pharisee did something of that kind once upon a time, Bonnie?"

"Anna, you are in an aggravating mood now, so I advise you strongly to get out of it with all speed. How fiercely the wind blows! I think we shall have a stormy night — perhaps rain, too. I shouldn't be surprised. Come, hurry on. We are near the Rabbit Burrow now."

They had by this time turned away from the low-lying sands near the sea, and were making stumbling progress across the stones and sea weed and dry heaped shingle, in the direction of the Rabbit Burrow now

looming up — a mountain of sand — right ahead of them.

It is a wild-looking spot. The high summits and peaks of the Burrow rise up in jagged outline against the sky. When you enter the great hollows between the flanking heights, you seem to leave the outer world far behind you, and you find yourself surrounded by white walls of dry, fine sand, utterly bare of herbage of any kind, save on the summits, where coarse grasses and rushes wave in the wind, and, in summer-time, the pink ground-convolvulus trails its graceful tendrils. Here and there, too, patches of trefoil are to be found, and very refreshing to the eye are the green and yellow hues of leaf and flower, in direct contrast with the arid whiteness of the sand.

As the two girls entered the first of these hollows they were struck with the sudden wildness of the place. The thunder of the sea was here softened down to a low, sullen boom. The wind raved and whistled around the sharp summits of these hills of sand; and, now and then, flakes of light, white sand — miniature avalanches — were loosened from their positions and blown down into the hollow places with a low rushing sound like the breeze through pines. Here and there upon the bottom of the hollow were clusters of pretty pink and white shells.

Bonnie and her companion climbed as best they could — and, by-the-way, it is no easy thing to make progress up the sheer ascent with the light sand shifting away at every touch — and at last their strenuous efforts were crowned with success. They reached a narrow plateau, about midway up the height, and here they sat down with the white summits girding them round, the sandy hollow beneath them, the sky — now darkening in the gathering twilight — looking down on them, and, in their ears, the sullen moan of the sea and the eldritch whistle of the wind.

There was something sinister in the hour and place. Bonnie felt in her heart an anxious longing to set out on her homeward way. Her spirits had fallen low since she entered this wild place. She almost feared to talk above her breath. How did she know who might or might not be lurking in among the nooks and crannies of this lonely Burrow?

And as the twilight gathered, and the wind whistled with a more eerisome keen, her heart still sank and sank within her as if with the awful presentiment of evil to come.

CHAPTER X.

THE EVIL THAT CAME.

"You are very silent, Bonnie," said Anna, after a long pause. "Perhaps you don't like this place, dear? Indeed, I must say it is intensely lonesome and wild. But, do you know, it has a strange fascination for *me*. I like it better — shall I confess it? — than any spot I've been in since I came to this part of the country."

"And what do you see to like so very much?" Bonnie asked, with a little shiver.

"There is something tranquillizing in those great walls of sand. And listen; don't you love that low, mysterious sound of the sea?"

"I don't love it, Anna. It is an awful sound — it is like a lamentation. It is all despair — blank despair — no hope in it. I have no spirit while it moans like that. Anna, I am sorry we came here. I feel caged in and half afraid to venture out again."

"Bonnie! *You* to talk so — you, who are so courageous!"

"Am I courageous? Are you sure of that?"

"But I thought you were a trifle conceited because of that self-same courage of yours."

"That self-same courage of mine, Anna, is a treacherous possession. When I am most sure of it, and most

in need of it, *then* it is that I find it wanting."

"It is well for those who have courage, both physical and moral," said Anna, after a pause. "Bonnie," she added, suddenly turning away her head, "do you ever wonder why I am so guarded in my confidences when I am talking to you? Do you ever say to yourself, 'Who is Anna Wylde? Where did she come from? Why does she not tell me openly and frankly all about herself as I tell her about my affairs?' Well, Bonnie, I have often longed and longed to tell you all. I am weighed down, and yet I have not the moral courage to speak."

"But why should you fear *me*, Anna? Would you shrink from confiding in your sister, if you had one?"

"No sister could be dearer to me than you are, Bonnie. Before God sent you in my path, my life was as dreary and colorless a waste as your gloomiest fancy can picture. Do you know what it is, Bonnie, to rise in the morning with a heart fainting within you; to toil through the dreary desolate day with no hope to cheer you, and no change — not even a change of sorrow itself! — to vary the arid monotony of each lagging hour; and then at the close of the day to welcome — with, oh, such a sigh of relief! the merciful sleep which, for a few hours, at all events, steals away memory and numbs pain?"

"God help you, Anna, if you had to go through the like of that!"

"Well, it is over now, and — and I am, perhaps, all the better for it, Bonnie. I have begun to philosophize on the subject," she said, with a sad, little smile, "and, do you know, Bonnie, I think suffering is a rare strengthener. It braces us up, and opens our eyes wide and full to the truths of the world, and gives us blood and fibre."

"Yes; when it does not grind us down under its heel of iron, Anna."

"Ah, to be sure! *You* could not endure much sustained suffering, I fancy, Bonnie."

"I believe you are right there."

"Yes. You are too impressionable — too impulsive. You have no tough material in you. You would fall down prostrate under the load, and it would crush your heart and your life out."

"But after all, Anna, I believe that a great part of the gloom which we fancy we find in a thing is brought to it by ourselves. 'All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye,' you know. Now, I think you, Anna, are naturally of a saddened temperament. But I generally contrive to find a bright side to things — or, at least, to find a glimmer of hope through some stray chink or other."

"It is well for you, Bonnie. *Yes;* what you say is true. I wish I had the gift at command of discovering even the smallest chink at times. But I have — hush! did you hear a sound?"

"No; nothing but the wind and the sea. Why? why, Anna? Did *you* hear anything?" Bonnie asked, in a whisper.

"I suppose it was only a fancy; but I thought I heard a faint, distant sound like singing. It was the wind, I'm sure. It is getting very late, Bonnie."

"Let us be going. A nice spot, I'm sure, we've selected for our talk. Can you scramble down here? I think the readiest way would be to shut our eyes and roll down like two tipsy sacks of flour. What do you think, Anna?"

"Your simile is certainly most suggestive and elegant. But, for my part, I shall endeavor to remain on my feet as long as I can."

"Down we go, then! One, two, three, and away!" cried Bonnie, seizing Anna's hand and sliding from her sitting posture. "Why we are a famous pair. Here we are safe and sound," she added, laughing; and indeed, they had arrived at the bottom of the hollow with no graver damages

than a powdering of the fine white sand in their hair.

"How lovely these are!" said Anna, now, for the first time, taking heed of the pretty pink and white shells which here and there strewed the sand. "I cannot find it in my heart to leave them unpillaged, Bonnie. Goodness knows when we shall find ourselves here again."

"You may make your mind entirely easy on that point, so far as *my* company is concerned, anyhow," said Bonnie; "I certainly won't venture again into this melancholy place in a hurry."

"Well, then, I won't go away until I gather some of these shells. I shan't be long, Bonnie. Won't you come and help me?"

"Indeed I won't, I'm sure, do anything of the kind. Gather shells indeed, at this hour of the evening! Anna, my good friend, have you taken leave of your senses, may I ask?"

"You may ask nothing of the kind, madam! If you won't help me to pick them, do not at least add insult to injury, but go your way rejoicing. Jokes aside, Bonnie, I shan't keep you long waiting — since you *will* not help me."

"Very well then. Don't delay. I shall wait for you just outside here at the opening into the Burrow. I feel choked up here. You can whistle, you know, when you're ready to come."

Bonnie made her way across the parched sand until she came out on the coarse shingle of the open beach. The salt sea wind blew strong in her face, and already she felt the weight which had lain heavily upon her while in the Burrow wonderfully lightening in the bracing buoyancy of the fresh briny air.

By this time the gloaming had gathered deeper, and the long line of sand was becoming obscured in the gray-purple dusk. The tide was rolling in nearer and nearer upon the shingle, and the white wreaths of foam glimmered here and there through the shadows. What with the advancing tide, the loneliness of the spot, the deepening purple of the twilight, and the shrill piping of the winds, it was small wonder that Bonnie began to feel somewhat uneasy, and extremely anxious to set out briskly for home.

"Anna! Anna! for goodness sake come on," she called at last. "If you don't come, you may stay," she added, with irrefutable logic.

There was no reply. Bonnie, thinking that the wind had carried away her voice, turned and walked back to the opening of the Burrow; then, much to her surprise, she saw that Anna was not where she had left her.

"Anna! Anna!" she cried, "where on earth have you hidden yourself? My goodness!" thought Bonnie, "she must have made her way into the second hollow. She will be lost in the Burrow as sure as fate! Anna! Anna! Anna!"

Still no reply. No sound, save the whistle of the wind, the thunder of the advancing sea, and the hoarse roar which came, through lulls in the blast, from the Bar of Clane — an arm of the sea with a sand-bank in the centre — at the far side of the Burrow.

Could it be possible, Bonnie was thinking, that Anna had really lost her way in the intricacies of the lonely Burrow, now darkening in the gloom of twilight? Well, if so, she would come out on the far side of the beach near to Clane Bar. Once out of the Burrow she would, of course, find her way round easily enough to the spot where Bonnie was awaiting her.

But then, on the other hand, had she lost her way merely, or was there any other elucidation of her sudden disappearance? Bonnie was beginning to shiver a little, and a chilly dread was creeping over her. Her fears had taken as yet no tangible shape, which vagueness made them all the more agitating.

An unaccountable dread withheld the girl from entering the shadowed hollow between the hills of sand. She stood at the opening, her fears momentarily gathering and blackening, as the minutes passed, her heart now beginning to throb heavily, her face growing whiter and whiter.

She strove to reason with herself, to impress upon her shuddering consciousness that all was right — that Anna was safe — that there was in fact no cause for this gathering agitation. Vain effort! In such moments a resistless force thrills us through and through, absolutely ignoring reason, establishing itself in all its bleak horror within us with the stern might of conviction.

How long Bonnie stood there at the opening she knew not. She seemed rooted to the spot, every faculty of her body concentrated in her gaze, which was strained and wild in its effort to pierce the now thick twilight. But the gloom baffled her. She saw nothing but the great walls of sand glimmering gray and indistinct, and appearing to loom higher and higher as the dusk gathered down.

A sudden dismay overcame the girl, and she crouched down upon the dry sea-weed at the mouth of the Burrow, her hands clasped across her knees, her heart now beating with a sound which she could hear.

She felt her limbs become powerless; her face was damp with a cold perspiration. The unaccountable mystery of Anna's disappearance terrified her. It did not seem to be a natural occurrence. It was so sudden, so silent, so absolutely without clue. There was something in it that well-nigh stunned the girl — something sinister, supernatural, *eerie*.

And now again — so fitful are the fluctuations of hope and despair within us — the thought flashed into her mind that Anna had, perhaps, made her way to the opposite side of the Burrow, and was even now coming round by the sands to the place where Bonnie had promised to wait for her. This thought was reinvigorating. Bonnie again called loudly —

"Anna! Anna! *Anna!* I am here, dear. I am waiting for you. Anna! *Anna!*"

Almost instantaneously with this cry a sound came to Bonnie's ears — a sound that paralyzed her with horror. A woman's scream, piercing and prolonged, partly drowned by distance and by the clamor of wind and wave.

There was no mistaking that cry. It rang through the uproar of the winds with an unmistakably human tone.

But whence did it come? *Whose* voice was it? Was it — could it be — *Anna's?*

"O, merciful God, grant not!" Bonnie gasped, rocking herself to and fro where she crouched low on the shingle. "O, Anna, Anna — it cannot be. O, God in His mercy forbid!"

She had not physical strength sufficient to raise herself from the earth. A paralyzing weakness bound her down. She felt a choking sensation in her throat, and the beat of her heart rang in her ears with a muffled thud — thud — thud.

There was no repetition of the cry. Five minutes passed. Storm and sea united the thunder of their voices in one deafening uproar. The hoarse growl and crash of the waves over the Bar of Clane sounded now and then with a deeper boom — a hollow undertone of sullen wrath.

And now another sound came to Bonnie's ears; a prolonged whistle ending with a peculiar shake and turn, which she very well knew.

The sound struck a sudden vitality through her limbs. She rose tremblingly to her feet, then stood still for a minute and listened.

The whistle came again, nearer this time; and now a man's figure was dimly visible in the dusk coming

rapidly along the beach and whistling loudly as he advanced.

At the same moment that Bonnie distinguished this figure, she also was seen; for the man hurried his pace to a run, and called out in his full, ringing voice —

"Bonnie! Bonnie! Is that you, Bonnie!"

"O, Bob!" she gasped, staggering towards him, the pent-up dismay and horror of her heart now finding utterance at last. "I — I can hardly speak. I am terrified. O, thank God you are come. I think I am going mad."

"Bonnie, Bonnie, what is the matter? What has happened to you? Has any one frightened you? I came to meet you. Norah told me that you and Miss Wylde had gone along the cliffs for a walk, and I have been searching for you high and low for the last couple of hours. Good God, child! you are white as a ghost!"

"Something *has* happened, Bob — something *must* have happened," Bonnie gasped hoarsely. "O, I *heard* her scream. I'm sure it was her voice. And she's gone — she's *gone*. I *heard* her scream, I tell you! It is ringing in my ears now!"

"*Whose* scream, Bonnie? What did you hear? Tell me all, Bonnie, my darling." He had his arm about her now, and he felt the violent shudder which shook her from head to foot. "What has frightened you like this, child? Tell me, Bonnie, tell me."

"Anna — Anna — that scream — I heard it — I —"

Her voice died away in a long shuddering sigh.

"Bonnie, Bonnie, what's the matter!" cried Grace, endeavoring wildly to lift her drooping head and to look into her eyes. "Bonnie, is there — Good God! she has fainted!"

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE SEA GAVE UP.

A Glorious July day. Such a day as poor Alexander Smith described when —

> . . . . The bridegroom sea
> Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride;
> And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
> He decorates her tawny brow with shells —
> Retires a space to see how fair she looks —
> Then, proud, runs up to kiss her! All is fair —
> All glad, from grass to sun! . . .

A beautiful joyous day,

> When winds are high,
> And wanton in the happy sky.

And surely the sky is happy to-day, beyond all power of words to tell. Skylarks are singing volubly far up in the blue warm air, fleecy curls of silvery-white cumulus cloud lie back delicately against the azure skies, and the long line of the coast stretches away, away in the blinding light, and melts into the pearl and shell-pink and opal hues of the horizon.

The sea is as blue as the reflection of summer skies can make it. Where the brown and black-green rocks jut out, the blue water is churned up into white glittering foam, and flakes of this are floated out upon the water only to be driven in again upon the rocks. All the briny air, up here on Liskeelan Head, where sit Bonnie Dunraven and Robert Grace, throbs and trembles with the "low melodious thunder" of the ocean.

Bonnie has been very silent for the last half-hour or so. She is not unconscious of the beauty of her surroundings. She is drinking in thirstily the glorious hues of the changeful sea, the sheen of the bright silvery cloudlets sailing across the blue, the fresh salt life-giving breezes which play upon her face, and sing in her ears.

She has changed somewhat since we saw her last. She has grown paler, and there are dark circles under her eyes. Since the evening — the never-to-be-forgotten evening, now nearly three months ago — of Anna Wylde's sudden and unaccountable disappearance, Bonnie has mourned, day and night, with all the passionate sorrow of her warm impetuous nature, for her lost friend and companion.

No clue whatever to the mystery of Anna's fate has been discovered. The police have failed to find out the truth. The Rabbit Burrow and the shore beyond have been carefully searched with a view to the finding of any foot-prints, or marks of a struggle in the sand. But on the night of Anna's disappearance the rain fell in torrents, so that every trace was obliterated. Advertisements in the South of Ireland newspapers have led to nothing. The dangerous arm of the sea, which runs inland alongside of Clane Bar, has been dragged. All to no purpose.

The secret of Anna Wylde's disappearance is a secret still.

Through all this time of sorrow — through the bitterness of the magisterial investigation, and the pangs of hope and despair alternately piercing the girl's heart, the one thing which saves Bonnie from breaking down altogether is this: — She will not harbor the thought that Anna is dead. No matter how forcibly circumstances may seem to point to this dreadful conclusion, she will not allow herself to look the thing straight in the face, and consider it as a reality. She clings on wildly still to the hope that Anna is alive.

At times, to be sure, she finds herself pondering over a question which, do what she may, staggers — for the moment — her fond belief. If Anna were really alive, is it likely that she would leave Bonnie in the agony of suspense as to her fate? This thought recurs with a gathering significance and horror. It haunts Bonnie's sleep. It rushes in upon her mind, strive as she may to repress it. As she sits alongside of Bob Grace on this beautiful July day, it is again before her mind, coming and going like the shadows of the wind over the sea.

"You are very silent, Bonnie. You don't seem to care for talking to-day. Shall I read something for you? I see you have brought a book."

Grace was gazing into her face as he spoke, a wistful look in his kind, blue eyes.

"Yes, I brought a book, Bob — one of Norah's books — though, indeed, I don't know why I brought it. I think it must have been in absence of mind. I never can read much while sitting over the sea like this. But if you read a few of these old ballads for me I shall be delighted to hear them."

"What are they? Oh, I see — 'The Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland.' Was it you that pencilled the margins, Bonnie?"

"No. It was Norah, I dare say. She never reads anything without having a pencil in her hand. She loves these ballads. I've seen her crying bitterly over some of them. They are singularly beautiful — that is to say, the Scotch ones are. Read 'Edom o' Gordon' first — will you, Bob?"

Grace gladly complied. What would he not do, indeed, to afford Bonnie Dunraven pleasure? He read well, with genuine feeling, slowly, earnestly, impressively. He sympathized with his subject. Bonnie was thrilled as she listened.

Reader, have you ever read the ballad of "Edom o' Gordon?" A more despairing, tragical, pitiful story was, I think, never penned.

It fell about the Martimas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And whatna hauld sall we draw till,
My merrie men and me?
We will gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye."

The ladye stude on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun;
There she was ware of a host o' men
Cam riding towards the toun. *

"Oh, see ye not, my merrie men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host o' men —
I marvel wha they be."

* A farm-steading, or residence.

She ween'd it had been her ain dear lord,
As he cam riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha recked nae sin nor shame.

Gordon strives ineffectually to prevail upon the lady to be false to her lord, and to come down to him and be his "bride."

"I winna come doun, ye fause Gordon,
I winna come doun to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far from me."

Enraged at this, the traitor sets fire to the house, and the flames mount up to the "castle wa'," where the nurse and "babies three" have sought refuge.

In this terrible strait the lady is deserted by her old servant, who goes over to Gordon's side.

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man?
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out my grund-wa-stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

"Ye paid me weel my hire, lady,
Ye paid me weel my fee;
But noo I'm Edom o' Gordon's man.
Maun either do or dee."

O then outspak her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee;
Says, "Mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek* it smithers me."

Then comes the reply — the outburst of anguish immeasurable, straight from the riven heart of the mother.

"I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the wastlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee!"

O then outspak her dochter dear —
She was baith jimp and sma —
"O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa."

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa;
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa.

The grim traitor, in the midst of his fell work, looks down upon the child lying there dead on the grass, and his heart is touched; for even he, you see, had a human heart beating in his body, after all.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then wi his spear he turn'd her owre,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, "You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again."

He turn'd her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was white!
"I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight."

"Back and boun, my merrie men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass!"

And so at last they all ride away, leaving the lady and her two bairns in the midst of the fire; and now "her ain dear lord" comes "owre the lea," only to find his home tottering in the flames, and his "ladye and babes" burned to death.

But he has his vengeance — that grim, relentless, complete vengeance — so distinctive a feature in the old Scottish Ballads.

And after the Gordon he has gane,
Sae fast as he might drie,
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid,
He's wroken* his dear ladye.

. . . .

And mony were the mudie† men
†Stalwart.
Lay gasping on the green;
For o' fifty men the Gordon brocht,
There were but five gaed hame.

Grace closed the book, and laid it on the grass beside him, and there was silence for a while between the two.

"I am sorry, Bonnie, you asked me to read that," he said, at last. "It is a terrible — a terrible ballad. What is the good of reading the like? It can only have the effect of

* Smoke.

* Revenged.

needlessly paining one. And you, on the contrary, want something to cheer you, Bonnie."

Bonnie's eyes were full of tears.

This old ballad — composed so long, long ago, founded on an event which actually occurred, indeed, more than three hundred years ago, with its rude construction and strange dialect — had, nevertheless, by sheer dint of the human nature and genuine passion and power which burned in it, struck home to the girl's heart, and filled her eyes with tears.

"Please, don't close the book, Bob," she said, taking up the volume from the grass, and handing it to him again. "These ballads have true poetry in them. For my part, I would place them high above the trumpery mixtures of unmeaning words, coined epithets, jingling phrases, and rant, which, in these days, go by the name of 'poems.' What is a poem if it has no soul — no human feeling — no big heart beating in it?"

"True. But these ballads are *too* despairing. And do you really wish me, Bonnie, to read you more of them?" Grace asked, as he turned over the leaves of the book.

"I do — that is, if you have no particular objection yourself, Bob?"

"'Objection,' Bonnie! — when *you* wish it?" he said, and again the wistful look was in his blue eyes, the look which Bonnie could not, or would not, see.

Forthwith he began to read again. He read "Helen of Kirkconnel," and "Annie of Lochryan," and then, as a variety after those pitiful ballads, he turned to "Geordie," and, finally, "The Heir o' Linne."

"You have done me good, Bob," Bonnie said, taking the book from him at last. "I shall remember this day as being a peculiarly happy one. You have given me very great pleasure."

"I wish I knew how to give you pleasure, Bonnie. I wish I could make all your days pleasant ones, and all your memories happy memories. But what is the use of wishing, after all."

"Why not, Bob? Why should we not wish for things? The next best thing to having what we desire is to wish for it."

She was speaking absently, not thinking very much of what she was saying, her eyes wandering far out over the sea.

"Wishing is so barren a thing at times, Bonnie. It wears us away, saps our strength and courage, and life is withered and crippled for us for evermore. Hope deferred, you know, maketh the heart sick — ay, and the brain, too, for that matter. One cannot live on wishes. I know," he broke off suddenly, pulling his straw hat down over his eyes, "*I* cannot."

She looked down at him for a moment where he lay on the grass a little below her, his powerful muscular figure clad in gray tweed, his crisp yellow hair curling about his head under his straw hat.

And as she looked she sighed. But she said nothing.

Grace heard the sigh, and he pushed back his hat and again raised his blue eyes to her face. Their eyes met; hers, very sad and earnest, and, somehow, unlike Bonnie's eyes, he thought; his, full and brightening with a dawning hope. But, alas! for his hope; for it was the veriest delusion, a delusion rose-colored with fancy's tints — no more.

"Bonnie," he said, softly, still looking up at her. "Bonnie!"

She moved her fingers uneasily among the blades of grass, and sprays of trefoil beside her; then she looked down again at him, and now there was a sadder earnestness in her eyes.

"I am not quite myself to-day, Bob," she said, never removing her eyes from his upturned face; "but we shall have many a happy day yet, I hope, you and I together, here on this dear old Head."

"I was on the point of saying a great many things, Bonnie, just now — I suppose it was a selfish impulse. Well, I shall spare you — for a while longer."

There was bitterness in his voice now, but Bonnie scarcely heard what he was saying. She was looking out over the sea, and was watching dreamily a sea-gull flying low over the ocean. The pure white wings were flashing out from the silvery surface; for the sunshine flooded the sea, and every ripple was fringed with light. Bonnie watched the gull until the white wings seemed to blend with the sun-gleams on the distant surface.

"I wonder," said the girl, partly to herself, "where that gull is going to. Some far away lonely little nook, I fancy, where the huge rocks tower all round, and the wavelets ripple in upon the shingle. Some spot where men do not come, and where the sea-birds hold full sway, undisturbed by anything grosser than their own wild, pure selves. Oh, dear! what a life they lead! They have always the music of the deep sea. In summer-time it sings a holiday song, full of tender, murmuring melody and rippling beauty. Then in autumn and spring the music changes; and there are deep harmonies, wild minor passages, and sobbing, sighing undertones of infinite pathos. But in winter it is surely far otherwise. No softness then! No melody! Grand, crashing, stupendous harmonies, wild and thrilling, and full of passion." Her voice rose, and her eyes glowed. "It is like the voice of God in His anger *then*, and the rocks defy its might, and mock and scorn its wrath!"

And so on and on Bonnie's thoughts found utterance. It was really a spoken reverie; and persons who live much alone, or in the past, and are thrown back on introspection — as she had been thrown, full bitterly to her cost, of late — are prone to this.

By-and-by they stood up, and strolled along the cliff-path until they came to the old stile which brought them out upon the steep little road leading down to Liskeelan Strand. At the other side of this little road (which branches off the highway) there is a second stile, and beyond that the cliff-path continues its winding and irregular course.

A pair of lean and weary-looking horses were dragging two great cart-loads of sand up the steep bit of a road from the strand. The air was cool and wooing down here. Bonnie and Doctor Bob walked across the shingle to the edge of the sea.

Liskeelan Strand is small, and grassy cliffs enclose it in a rude semi-circle. The sands are covered with shells and pebbles, and small rounded rocks, some of them dark green with "bottle-ore," others of a bright grass-green with a soft hair-like seaweed.

Tiny wavelets were breaking in playfully on the shore. Bonnie observed how the sun-gleams sparkled on their summits immediately before they broke into a foamy crest; then, when they had broken, how the sun sparkled in a thousand gem-like reflections in the hollows of the incoming wavelets; and when the curved summit hid the hollow part of the wave, how the sun flung myriads of diamonds on the crystal foam of the falling crest.

A fresh breeze was blowing in from the sea. Away to the right of Bonnie and Doctor Bob, rising high about the rough jagged cliff-tops, was the sombre, gray old tower of Liskeelan.

"I am afraid, Bob, you found me a tiresome companion enough, up there on the hill," Bonnie said, with some compunction in her voice. "I don't know how you have patience with me at times. I shouldn't have such patience, I'm almost certain, if *I* were in *your* shoes, for example."

"You are not altogether yourself these times, Bonnie. Of course I see that plainly, and that explains everything. Such a shock as you received on that dreadful evening," he added, hurriedly, "is not easily got over. It

affects the nerves for a long time after — to one of your temperament, Bonnie."

He did not like to touch on this topic, knowing full well how agitating the recollection must still be to this sensitive, warm-hearted girl.

"I don't think I shall ever get over the shock, Bob," Bonnie said, her eyes cast down upon the shingle. "It was too — too overwhelming. I shudder when my mind goes back to that evening. Bob, it would kill me outright, I think, if I thought seriously that Anna Wylde were dead. Thank goodness I have that hope still to live on."

"But, Bonnie, child; don't you know that sooner or later you must look the thing straight in —"

"Stop! stop! Don't say any more, Bob," she cried, catching him by the arm, her face growing paler and paler. "I know what you would say. But I cannot bear it. I tell you, Bob, I cannot believe that Anna is dead. I cannot allow myself to believe it. O, I could not face that possibility!"

Grace was silenced, and profoundly impressed. Until this moment he had never fully known the depth and strength of Bonnie Dunraven's love for her lost friend.

They were walking slowly along by the margin of the sea. The tide was rising, and the little pools in among the rocks were filling with sea-water.

As they walked on, Grace suddenly caught sight of something lying on the wet sand — something which had apparently been carried in by the incoming tide.

It was not a bit of seaweed, surely. What was it then?

It was still some yards ahead of them; but now, as they drew near, Grace, with a thrill of horror, sudden and intense, saw clearly what this small object actually was.

A bracelet of dark plaited hair, fastened with a silver clasp.

"Bonnie! *Bonnie!*" he cried, suddenly pointing wildly back towards the little road leading to the strand, "who is that — that *man* gazing over the cliff — there — *there* — look!"

Bonnie started violently, and followed the direction of Grace's finger, which was shaking like a leaf in the wind.

"Where, Bob? *Where?* I see no one," she gasped, perplexed.

"Look, Bonnie, look. Just at the top of the cliff. Keep your eyes fixed there! I saw a man — surely."

And as Bonnie looked in vain for this apparition which had so startled her companion, Grace stooped forward and caught up hastily the hair bracelet with the silver clasp, which he thrust wildly into his pocket.

"It must have been only a fancy of mine, Bonnie — *Yes;* surely it was a mere fancy. It was nothing else," he said, but his face was now white, and his voice broken.

"But, Bob, you seemed so startled. Are you sure you —"

"Hush! Hush! Don't talk of it," he interrupted, with ill-suppressed agitation in his face and manner. "It was only a fancy of mine. Don't bother your head about such rubbish. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Come, let us forget it. How — how cool it is down here, Bonnie."

He was strongly agitated still. And with good cause. That hair bracelet with the silver clasp was no unfamiliar object to his eyes. He had seen it last on a woman's wrist; and that woman was Anna Wylde.

CHAPTER XII.

PAUL EARNSCLIFFE.

About a mile inland from Kilcarrick is situated the secluded country churchyard of Drumkyle. The ruins of the old church are in the centre, and ancient hawthorn and elder trees cluster thick about the ivied walls. The arches still remain, and when you step in under the first one — originally the entrance to the chapel — you behold the old stone altar which bears upon the upright slab

a Latin inscription with the date 1623.

The ruin is long and narrow; the hawthorn and elder trees are matted together overhead; and when you look down along the ruined aisle, under the cool green roofing of leaves and branches, the perspective of the old arches — with their festoonery of ivy and their growth of lichens, and brown and gray moss — is singularly beautiful.

All around this old churchyard lie fields of waving corn, now ripening in the July sun. There is a dreamy murmur of the breeze through the whitening ears of the barley. There is a ceaseless buzz of busy insect life all day long.

> A populous calm of tender sound,
> Of leaf and insect, fold, and herd.
> And wild birds revelling all around.

Here and there, amid the fields and trees, the blue-slated and brown-thatched roofs of snug farm-houses and cabins make pleasant bits of coloring in the landscape. And away to the south of Drumkyle — away beyond the barley fields and hedges of hawthorn and furze — is the blaze of the summer sea, its sunny blue surface dotted over with white sails, the deep azure of its hue fading to a paler blue until sky and sea meet, far away there, in dreamy tints of rose-color and pearl.

This old churchyard of Drumkyle was a favorite retreat of Bonnie's during the slumberous July weather. She would come of an evening after study hours and sit on a grassy mound within the ruined aisle, gazing dreamily through the arches at the far blue line of the sea. As she sat here in the unbroken solitude of the spot, she would fall a-thinking at times of her lost friend, and again the agitating question would trouble her mind. "If Anna were alive, would she suffer Bonnie to remain in ignorance of the truth?"

This thought chilled her blood. Hope shuddered and shrank back when brought face to face with this unanswerable question.

Bonnie was sitting here one evening towards the end of July. She had brought the "Legendary Ballads," and was listlessly enough turning over the leaves and reading a stanza or two, here and there, where Norah's discriminating pencil had marked energetic appreciation.

She came, by-and-by, to "Binnorie," or "The Cruel Sister," as Sir Walter Scott calls it, and over the heading of this ballad Norah had written, in big letters, "*I love every line of 'Binnorie.'*"

Bonnie smiled a little as she read this unqualified statement, then she began to read the old ballad, at first in a careless way, enough, but soon with a deepening interest, and a deepening pain.

> There were twa sisters lived in a bower;
> Binnorie, O Binnorie;
> There cam a Knight to be their wooer,
> By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
>
> He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
> Binnorie, O Binnorie;
> But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing,
> By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
>
> The eldest she was vexed sair,
> Binnorie, O Binnorie;
> And sair envied her sister fair,
> By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The elder sister invites the younger to come down to the "river strand," and, seizing her opportunity, pushes her into the water.

> "O sister, sister, reach me your glove,
> Binnorie, O Binnorie;
> And sweet William shall be your love;
> By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

Vain entreaty! The cruel sister replies —

> "Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,
> Binnorie, O Binnorie;
> And sweet William shall better be my love,
> By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks, and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Had garr'd *me gang maiden evermair,"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And so the current sweeps away the younger sister, until she is seen at last by a miller's daughter, who forthwith cries loudly to her father —

"O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There's a mermaid or milk-white swan,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie!"

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
And there he found a drowned woman,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Ye couldna see her yellow hair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

. . . . . .

"Sair will they be, whae'er they be,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The hearts that live to weep for thee!"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

A harper chances to pass that way and sees the drowned lady lying there, and sighs and moans as he looks upon her youth and beauty.

He made a harp o' her breast bone;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart o' stone,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The strings he formed o' her yellow hair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Their notes made sad the listening ear,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He brought the harp to her father's hall;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He laid the harp upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alane,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William sweet and true;"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was, "Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Bonnie raised her eyes from the book with a long sigh; then she started, uttered a low cry of surprise and gladness, and the book fell from her hand.

Right opposite to where she sat, in the cool shadow under one of the arches, a tall man was standing, and gazing straight into Bonnie's startled face. Too well she remembered those wild, black eyes, that lean, browned face, the silky, dark hair under the black felt hat.

"I may come again," he had said, as he leaned in over the window-seat of the Orchard Room on that wild March evening.

Well, he had come again. He was now crossing the grass-grown aisle toward the spot where Bonnie was seated.

"Miss Dunraven, is this really you?" he said, in his lowest tones; and Bonnie again heard the pleasant foreign voice which had haunted her many a day and night. "You were sitting so quietly here when I peeped in that I thought — upon my word — you were something belonging to the other world, until you looked up. And how have you been ever since? It seems, to me, a long *long* time since you gave me that cup of tea!"

He was standing before her, her hand in his. He was looking down into her face, for she had not risen. He saw that she was painfully agitated; for her face had become crimson first and was now pale, her lips were twitching nervously, the hand which he held trembled in his.

"I have startled you, Miss Dunraven. I came too suddenly upon you. You did not expect to see me

* Made, compelled.

here. Perhaps you thought you would never see me again, indeed. But I said, did I not, that I would come again? I think I said that."

"Yes; you did say it," Bonnie said at last, the color returning slowly to her cheeks; "but, somehow, I had not thought to see you so soon. I was reading here. It is a favorite spot of mine. The view of the sea is so lovely, and, you know, one is so utterly alone here."

She was striving to talk lightly, to disguise the emotion which thrilled her. But her effort was an unsuccessful one. There was something legible in every line of her face, audible in every tone of her voice, flashing in every glance of her eyes, which no mere words could cover.

"Yes," he said, still in the same low voice, "you certainly have chosen a charming spot for your readings. Everything favors you here; sound, odor — that salt sea breeze is invigorating — view, *everything*. I don't think I've been here before. What hoary old arches! And what a beautiful glimpse of the blue sea over there beyond the barley-fields."

He, too, was speaking with an effort, and a strong one. He was exerting himself to the utmost to do away with Bonnie's nervous uneasiness. And yet how glad he felt that the girl had not received him with any common-place exclamations of common-place surprise.

"When did you come?" she asked him, after some minutes; and now he was leaning against the ruined wall near her, his hat pushed a little back from his forehead.

"I came very late last night, and arrived at Castle Strange just as they were locking up the doors. I have been knocking about here all day in the hope of — may I say it? — in the hope of seeing *you*. I wanted," he added, "to again thank you for your kindness on that evening last March. I have often thought of it — I have often gone over the happy little scene, word for word, since then."

"You really over-rate absurdly what you call my 'kindness,'" Bonnie said. "Why, I did nothing in the world but give you a hint or two as to the road to Castle Strange. As for the cup of tea," she added, with a nervous little laugh, "you know you wished for a glass of water, and surely it would have been frigidly inhospitable of me to have offered you such a thing."

"You gave me more than a cup of tea, Miss Dunraven. You gave me a happy living memory to bring away with me. I have treasured it night and day, and every day, since then."

Their eyes met for a moment as he spoke, and Bonnie saw, with a pang, that the man was changed since that March evening. Yes; unmistakably he was changed. He had grown thinner, and the hollow look about the wild black eyes was more remarkable than ever. She saw, too, that his tall lithe figure was worn, and slightly, very slightly, stooped about the shoulders.

This man was, you would say, of about two-and-thirty, though he looked, at times, some years older; but this premature age was caused, you conjectured, by bodily ill-health, or, perhaps, mental anxiety.

There was an indescribable charm in his voice and manner, and this charm — together with the dark, thin face, all lighted up and living with its glorious black eyes, the tall figure clad in very dark gray, and the white teeth flashing under the heavy mustache — so fascinated the girl that she succumbed, almost unconsciously, to a dreamy complete happiness which thrilled through her every fibre and spoke in every lineament of her face.

"I hope you found your friend near Lismore very well. Did you really walk all the way?" Bonnie asked, after a pause.

"I really did. And I found my friend very well indeed. She happens, by the way, to be my only sister."

"Your sister! How glad she must have been to see you."

"Yes; she and I were always fond of each other. She always gives me a genuine *caed mille fealta* when I appear at her place. She is leading a lonely life enough, poor thing. She is a widow — a childless widow. Not a particularly joyful mode of existence."

"No, indeed. I wonder you do not spend more of your time with her," Bonnie said, glancing up at him. "She must be drearily lonely. I don't know how in the world *I* should manage to get through life if I were living in an empty house with nothing particular to occupy me. I don't think I should hold out for a month."

"Well, you are spared that, you see, Miss Dunraven. You have a lot of little cousins, haven't you?"

"Three children and a girl of fourteen. And then, you know, I teach them during the day, and we have studies in the evening, so that I have no very wide margin of time to make myself miserable in."

"Well to be you, Miss Dunraven! Now *I*, for example, find the margins of time well nigh illimitable. Pity it is that we cannot preserve, all through our lives, the fresh vitalizing gladness and courage, and unquestioning reliance of our youth —

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning!

Pleasant, indeed, was mine long ago. I sometimes find myself looking back, looking back; and the contrast between what *was* and what *is*, shocks me. I wish the years had never gone by since that summer day I met you with the basket of shells, below Liskeelan Head."

"Poor dead summer-day," Bonnie said; "it is gone the way of so many others. But, after all, what is the use of living in the past? The past was, in reality, not so beautiful an epoch as we fancy. Distance colors it, don't you see — gives it a romantic glamor, and hides all the ugly angles. We look away over a landscape, and we see what we think is a charming little cottage nestling among old trees. Well, now, if we actually go on to that cottage, what do we find? Why nothing more nor less than a tumble-down cabin, most likely, with half-a-dozen poor hungry little children in the door-way, and two or three poor old trees mourning in all their leaves over the unpleasantness of their situation. When the past was present, did we find all the astounding advantages which we now regret? I think not!"

"But you forget one thing, Miss Dunraven. You forget that it is in *ourselves* the change mostly lies. We are not as we were. We have become hardened, keen-sighted, unsympathetic. We have laid aside ideals. Even the real — though Heaven knows it is bad enough! — we distort and deride, and look at with 'jaundiced eye.'"

"I deny that — absolutely!" Bonnie said at once. "Why should we become hardened or keen-sighted (in your sense of the word) or unsympathetic? Why should not our better feelings — our higher selves — ripen and become still higher with our growth? Your theory would make a drove of cattle of us — nothing better. Yes — a drove of dumb, stupid, soulless cattle — sheep and cows — no more!"

The stranger was now smiling as he watched Bonnie's heightened color and sparkling eyes. All this was singularly pleasing to him. There was something freshening in this girl's face, and voice, and words — something that was bracing and reviving to his jaded spirit as a salt wind blowing in from the sea.

"Well, well, well," he said laughing, "we shan't quarrel over it. I think, Miss Dunraven, you will make me a disciple to your creed before long. But you must take pity on me — won't you? — for a while, and not be too rigid. I think you will open my eyes to the truth. I may not look

back regretfully on the past, after all."

He was looking down into her face as he spoke, and he saw that the meaning of his last words had not escaped her. Her color had deepened just a little, and she kept her eyes steadily fixed upon the long grass at her feet.

"Oh, as for my 'creed,'" she said quietly, "I suppose it is only the creed of all of us who believe that life has both meaning and beauty. I think those who find life a hollow unreality, and whose watchword is, that everything is flat, stale, and unprofitable, are, as a rule, either wilfully blind or wilfully false to themselves. They either do not see because they *will* not see, or they do not hear the 'still small voice' because they *will* not hear it. It comes to the same thing, you know."

Then she suddenly looked at him — as no woman, except his sister, had ever looked at him before — with steady, earnest eyes, which, without the slightest alloy of coquetry, or boldness of any kind, gazed straight into his for a minute, in a way that thrilled him.

"Well, Miss Dunraven?" he asked her at last, a smile trembling about his lips; for indeed the situation was a novel one to him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she replied, withdrawing her eyes at once in some confusion. "I have satisfied my vanity — or, whatever you please to call it — at the expense of politeness. I will confess the truth. The thought suddenly occurred to me that you were, perhaps, only laughing at me for my fine speeches, and then I looked at you to find out whether you were or not."

"And what did your shrewd scrutiny tell you, Miss Dunraven?"

"I haven't arranged my impressions as yet," she said, standing up briskly as she spoke; "some other time I may, perhaps, tell you. And now I must be getting home. It is very late. Dear me!" she added, looking at her watch — a present, by-the-way, from the old Doctor to his sister, poor Grace Fitzgerald, long ago — "it is seven o'clock. I had no notion it was so late. Good evening, Mr. — Mr. —"

Then she broke off and burst into a ringing laugh.

"You don't know what to call me?" he said, his dark eyes fixed upon her bright, happy face.

"No. How should I?" she replied, laughing. "The notion of our talking away for the last half-hour, quite unceremoniously, and my not knowing your name!"

"Well, you shall know it now. My name is Earnscliffe, Paul Earnscliffe. When, I wonder, shall we meet again?"

"I suppose you will make a stay at Castle Strange?"

"Yes; perhaps for a week. May be longer. It all depends on — circumstances."

"Oh, we shall meet then, of course," Bonnie said. "And now really I must go. Good evening, Mr. Earnscliffe."

"I thought perhaps you would allow me to walk home with you?" he said, detaining her hand for a moment in his.

"But I don't intend to 'walk' home at all," replied Bonnie, withdrawing her hand and preparing to go. "I have just about eight minutes at my disposal before tea-time, and I must manage to get back to the house, and take off my hat in that space of time; so that I shall have to run for it. Good evening, for the third time, Mr. Earnscliffe. Au revoir!"

To be Continued.

[The Magazine, containing the beginning of this story, can be furnished to new subscribers. The story alone is worth the price of the Magazine.]

PARODY.

"Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave."—MOORE.

REMEMBER the doings of Forster the Great,
Though the rule of the bouchal is o'er;
Though never an "amadan," sad is his fate,
He returns to Eblana no more.
The League, that so oft immense strength did impart
To the battle, is resting a while;
But enough of its teaching remains in each heart
Till it rises refreshed in our isle.

Green Erin, when Gladstone embellished a head
Over thee, with pretensions sincere,
Did he ever intend that the stranger should tread
On thy liberty sacred and dear?
O Freedom! smile sweetly on poor hearts awake,
Go, and tell the oppressor that raves,
'Tis sweeter to die on the hills for thy sake
Than to live in mud cabins as slaves.

Forget not our faithful, brave champions who fought,
In the day of distress, for our cause;
While the powers of the Castle to crush them were brought,
They bowed not to Muscovite laws.
The chief that has fallen, and gone from our sight,
Saw them bound by Coercion's rude chain;
Oh, let him proclaim in the Commons to-night
That again tried it will be in vain.

T. COLLINS, in *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

LONG YEARS HAVE PASSED AWAY.

THOMAS MOORE.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved, by thee and me,
Since then have dropped away;
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flowers 'mid autumn's snow,
Retain youth's color still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heaven, not all their light is gone—
We've some to cheer us yet.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BON-MOTS OF ATTORNEYS.

Pat Costello.—Advice to a young official.—A church on a rock.—A confidential question.—Paddy in the House of Commons.—Phil. O'Connell.—Paddy O'Rafferty's trial for assault.—Joining the army.—Tom O'Meara.—A second edition.—Election practice.—A fighting fee.

My recollections of *bon-mots* are not confined to the Bar. There were several uttered by the attorneys which deserve to be placed to their credit.

The late Patrick, or, as he was popularly called, Paddy Costello, was full of drollery. His broad, strongly-marked Irish face, with short snub nose—his twinkling gray eyes and capacious mouth, denoted the mirth that lurked in his clever brain. He amassed a considerable fortune by Quarter Sessions practice, and, having been of great service to the Liberal party in Kilkenny, obtained a lucrative office in the Court of Queen's Bench, which he held for many years. On his retirement from office I met him at dinner at Mr. (now Sergeant) Sherlock's. This was a few days after I had received my appointment, when Paddy thus accosted me:

"Now, I'm an ould official, and you are a young one, so just mind what I tell ye. Do as *little* in your office as ever ye can, *but do that little well.*"

Paddy had a pretty villa at Dalkey, in which he resided. Walking one day with a friend—a staunch Protestant, while Paddy was a Roman Catholic—they crossed the granite range on which the site for Dalkey Church had, with considerable toil and labor, been cleared.

"Look there, Mr. Costello," said his friend. "You must admit our church is built upon a rock."

"Be my sowl," replied Paddy, "you see it is *on a blasted rock!*"

Meeting the late respected Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, who for years was the secretary and treasurer to the O'Connell tribute, Costello inquired, in a pretended confidential manner:

"I say, Pat, how much *do you allow Dan out of the rint?*"

Costello contested the representation of Waterford city with Mr. Chisholm Anstey, who, on being elected, was petitioned against. Costello went to London to watch the progress of the petition through the committee.

On presenting himself at the door of the House of Commons, when sitting, his further progress was barred by the door-keeper, who politely informed him only members were privileged to pass.

"But I'll be a member in a week or two," replied Paddy.

"Then you must wait until then, sir," observed the janitor, sturdily.

Paddy surveyed the officer, who, in his official dress, looked very important.

"So you won't let me in?" persisted Paddy.

"I cannot, sir," was the answer.

"Then I'll tell you what, my light fellow," said Paddy, while a group of members waited until his portly figure's removal permitted their advance; "when I'm declared the sitting member, the first motion I'll make will be to get the Spaker to clap a pair of plush breeches on your shapely legs!"

A shout of laughter rewarded Paddy's joke, and, I have been told, it was more to the point than the witty attorney was aware, for the door-keeper had been formerly a servant to the late Earl of Derby.

The late A. J. Maley, though a very estimable gentleman and learned member of the Bar, was not as agreeable a social companion as Paddy Costello. Maley meditated a Continental excursion, and borrowed an excellent guide-work from me—"Les bords du Rhin." This book he not only returned, but sent it back handsomely bound. As Costello was speaking of a like vacation ramble, a

mutual friend suggested they should travel together.

"What! go up the Rhine with Maley?" shouted Costello, in a tone of indignation; "bedad, I wouldn't go *down the Dodder* with him!"

Philip O'Connell, for many years an eminent practitioner in Cork, had great comic humor. He was in great practice during the Quarter Sessions, defending prisoners, and latterly filled the responsible office of Sessional Crown Solicitor for the East Riding of the county of Cork. As a sample of his skill when employed to defend, let us take for example the case of Paddy O'Rafferty, a stout lump of an Irish "boy" of two or three and twenty, the pride of his town-land — a good hand at gaffing a salmon, sohsing a hare, leading a hurly match, or kicking the foot-ball to the goal. He was equally ready to hear Mass, attend a wake, or hold the floor at the dance of his village. He was a staunch friend but bitter enemy, and, being suspected of having committed an aggravated assault upon a "boy" of an opposite faction, was indicted at the Quarter Sessions for the East Riding of the county of Cork for, "in and upon one Terence O'Shaughnessy, in the peace of God and our lady the Queen then and there being, did make an assault, and him, the said Terence O'Shaughnessy, then and there did beat, wound, and ill-treat; and the said Terence O'Shaughnessy with both his hands then and there did violently cast, fling, and throw, and violently and grievously did kick, strike, and beat, so that his life was greatly despaired of, and other wrongs to the said Terence O'Shaughnessy," etc. Phil. O'Connell gallantly defended the prisoner, and pleaded "Not Guilty" in the confident air of a man surprised at such an imputation being made against his peaceable client. Several of the prisoner's kith and kin were, with eager faces, and no doubt aching hearts, awaiting the issue of the trial. His wife and aged mother were there, and with intense anxiety scanned each witness as they were sworn. The "boy" in the dock seemed, outwardly, as unconcerned as any spectator in court. He was lively and cheerful, evidently wore his Sunday suit of clothes, and a smart cravat was conspicuous. Instead of evincing any trepidation as the indictment was read to him, he seemed as indifferent as if he was not affected by the document, and when Mr. O Connell made some technical objection to the counts, directed his glance with the air of a man curious to learn how the Chairman would decide the point.

The objection being overruled, the case went on. The witnesses were themselves members of the hostile faction, and when Phil. O'Connell cross-examined them he forced them to admit that they gave as much as they got, and the father and brother of Paddy O'Rafferty were killed in the scrimmage. Terence O'Shaughnessy was the principal witness. He swore that he was knocked down early in the fight, and then the prisoner came to where he lay, and gave him a wipe of a *cluigh alpeen** and he was senseless after that. Phil. O'Connell, on cross examination, obtained the admission "that it was not until after the prosecutor had been knocked down he saw the prisoner in the fight." Then came the question:

"On your oath, how much drink had you taken before the row began?"

"Troth, not much."

"You are on your oath. How many of you were there?"

"Four of us.

"Did you not have half a pint of whiskey a man?"

"I had my share of one."

"On your solemn oath, was it *not all but the pewter?*"

"Troth, it was."

*A huge stick used in fighting.

"Go down, sir," cried Phil. triumphantly.

The Chairman, a journey man, sent by the Lord Chancellor in place of the regular Judge, who was ill, had not much experience of this class of cases, and, to the amusement of the audience, when charging the jury, paid a high compliment to the humanity of the prisoner, who clearly only acted in self-defence. He was so humane to the prosecutor that, when he lay on the ground, the prisoner gave him a wipe with a *clean napkin*. This was the last act the prosecutor remembered of what occurred.

The jury acquitted the prisoner.

The case had excited considerable interest in and out of court, and grave doubts existed as to the prisoner's escaping a heavy sentence, for this was the fourth time Paddy O'Rafferty had faced a jury of his fellow-countrymen. Luckily the presiding barrister was a stranger. Paddy's eloquent tribute to the skill of his advocate must not be omitted. "God bless you, Mr. O'Connell, and preserve *you* to *me*." As he emerged from the door of the Court-house, cheers and congratulations hailed him on all sides. He was supported on either side by his wife and mother, who occasionally stopped to clasp him round the neck, as if to make sure of his bodily presence. I could multiply several cases of like import, but this must suffice.

Some *bon-mots* of Phil. O'Connell are preserved. A friend of his was engaged to be married to the third daughter of Dr. Foot. At this time the friend was expecting a commission in the Line. The late Judge Berwick asked Phil. O'Connell, "Is it true our friend is joining the army?"

"Quite true, Judge," replied Phil. "He is attached to the 3d Foot."

Thomas O'Meara, better known by the initials T. O. than the Christian and patronymic, was a fine specimen of an Irish attorney. He was highly connected, and had the ease and manner of what he was — a well-bred gentleman. His quaint humor may be inferred from his dialogue with the Lord Chancellor, the haughty Earl of Clare, already quoted. He had the reputation of being a practised duellist, and was second in a duel in which Sir Richard Musgrave, author of a "History of Ireland," was one of the principals. The book was so inaccurate that the author was advised to issue a new and improved edition. A friend said to T. O., "I hope nothing will happen to him before the new edition is published."

"By all that's fair in war," replied T. O. "his next edition *will be in boards*."

T. O.'s reputation for ball practice obtained him lucrative engagements as conducting agent during the contested elections in Ireland. He perfectly understood what the unusually large retaining fee meant, and took his measures accordingly. Observing a brother practitioner leaving his post in a hurry, T. O. inquired, "Where are you going in such haste?"

"To my lodgings for my pistols," was the response

"Oh!" exclaimed the more experienced practitioner, "I always keep mine under the poll lists."

He was conducting agent for a parsimonious candidate who was severely spoken of by an opposing elector. The candidate was called "a renegade in religion, a dishonest politician, and disloyal to his country as to his creed."

"My God, Mr. O'Meara! do you hear that?" asked the would-be-member, quivering with rage.

"Every word of it," replied T. O. "Sure I'm not stone deaf."

"And don't you mean to take notice of it?"

"Most certainly not. Your fee, sir, was not a fighting fee," replied the renowned T. O.

He was a fine old Irish gentleman

of the olden time when I met him, and enjoyed his reminiscences of other days and his sporting songs, "The Kilcudding Hunt" and Jackson's Morning Brush," which he sang with great humor. He lived in a large mansion near Blackrock, County Dublin, and to the last preserved his excellent spirits and kindly disposition.

Here, for the present, I conclude my book of the Irish Bar. I have written, to the best of my ability, the lives of men who for the greater number were an honor to Ireland, and whose memory ought to be dear to Irishmen. I have preserved many anecdotes and *bon-mots*, which might otherwise be forgotten or incorrectly quoted. I trust I have done something to preserve "the genius that inspired, the talent that warmed, the wit that relieved the wisdom, and the wisdom that enlivened the wit, the generous emulation that cherished while it contended, the spotless honor which shone no less in the hereditary honor of the high born than in the natural integrity of the more humble aspirant; but, above all, of that lofty and unbending patriotism that at once won the confidence of the country, and gave an inspiring dignity to the national character of the Irish Bar." Such was the reputation of the Irish Bar in the past, such is its reputation now, and it rests with its members to study the lives contained in this work, and inculcate the lessons they teach, so as to maintain its reputation in the future.

The End.

To Girls. — Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man who did not love you should never be your husband. But though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do. If the man is dishonorable to others, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level. It is hard to remember, amidst kisses and praises, that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted — a companion, a friend, as well as a lover. Many a girl has married a man whom she knew to be anything but good, "because he loved her so." And the flame has died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and beside it there has been sitting one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward — or who, if she followed him as a wife should, would guide her steps to perdition. Marriage is a solemn thing — a choice for life; be careful in the choosing.

Boys and Thimbles. — No man can, like the writer, live sixty years without often wishing he had learned to use a sewing thimble well in his early boyhood, especially if he has gone about the world much. Buttons will come off, stitches will break, and how handy it is for boys at school, for men at a hotel, at a friend's house, indeed anywhere away from home — to be able to whip on a button, stop a starting rent, and do many other little sewings, without calling on a woman, or perchance sending for a tailor before being able to appear at a hotel table. One seldom, if ever, learns to use a thimble, if this part of the education has been neglected in small boyhood. The writer has traveled a good deal, and at a rough guess has broken threads at least 500 times in attempting to work a needle through a button or garment without a thimble. Boys, take our advice, and every one of you learn to use a thimble well before you grow up. Do it this very winter; it is not feminine to do so. Do it; and, if you live long, you will many times thank us for our advice.

GOOD SCHOOLS.

Most Rev. Dr. Croke.

WHAT do I mean by a good school? Is not every school good? Is not a school a place where none but useful things are taught, and where scholars are manufactured, just as ships are built, or at least, made seaworthy in a dockyard? No, brethren, all schools are not good, because all knowledge is not good, for there is such a thing as a knowledge of evil, and, like counterfeit coin, there are many things that pass for knowledge and that are really not knowledge at all. Knowledge is truth; and lies, you know, abound and are current in the world; and hence before we can pronounce positively whether any given school or school system is good or not we must have fully ascertained what precisely is taught there and how it is taught. All conceivable knowledge has regard either to this life or to the next; and all that concerns the next life is infinitely of greater consequence than what has reference to this stage of our existence alone. Hence, first and foremost, a school is not a good school if it ostentatiously or otherwise prefers the less to the more important concern; if it crams a child with knowledge of things regarding this world, and gives not so much as a crumb of information bearing on the world to come, or if it rewards a pupil for advancement in secular sciences and cares not a pin's point for proficiency in religious matters. In other words, no school is a good school that does not strive to make the pupils religious first and learned afterwards.

It will not completely satisfy me, therefore, to be told, in reference to the parochial school of any locality that religion is not excluded from it, or sneered at in it, or that it is taught there, though perhaps in a subordinate or surreptitious way; but before I can bring myself to call it a really good school I must know and feel that the teacher or teachers are zealous in their calling and competent withal; that in contemplating the earth under their feet, they do not lose sight of the heaven over their head, and that they earnestly strive, by word and example, to give religion all due and possible prominence in the eyes of their pupils. For want of better, we are sometimes compelled, no doubt, in this, as well as in other countries, to avail ourselves of schools in which these conditions are not fully verified; but these, nevertheless, are the conditions which our holy mother the Church and all her faithful children insist on as essential to the constitution of a really good school. The remarks which I have just made in a general way are not all meant to apply to places of technical training, wherein some special trade or calling professedly occupies the attention of both master and pupil, but only to those establishments that are to be seen scattered over the face of nearly all civilized countries, and which teach young people to read, write, and cast accounts, besides giving them some elementary ideas of geography and mathematics, together, perhaps, with singing and music. To-day, at all events, we inaugurate an undoubtedly good school here, and that is, therefore, a great and memorable epoch in the history of the parish of New Inn. The school I speak of is to be conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. The name and special avocations of this widespread and devoted Sisterhood are surely not unknown here. The good Sisters cannot boast, it is true, of a long line of religious ancestors running far back into ages that are no more; nor have they as yet given any great names to ecclesiastical record, or even one canonized saint

to the Church. They are, indeed, but of yesterday.

Founded about half a century ago by a benevolent Irish lady, they are, marvellous to tell, serving God and God's suffering poor in almost every civilized land that the sun shines upon. They visit the sick and needy in the lanes and garrets of our large towns and cities; they take charge of hospitals and infirm wards, conduct orphanages, and are amongst the most successful of the many religious institutes of women who preside over our primary schools. There is no sacrifice that they are not prepared to make for the good cause in which they are engaged. Those of them that have just settled down here never saw the face of this side of the country until two weeks ago, and they are, therefore, as little known to you, brethren, as if they had dropped down to you from the clouds. They were well known, however, and valued in the place which they left; and yet, when your excellent pastor disclosed to them his wants and yours, like the patriarch of old and the saints and missionaries of all climes and ages, they bade adieu at once to home and kindred, and came to a strange, but, thank God, not unfriendly region, there to fix their abode for evermore, and to toil day and night, without hope of earthly recompense, for the spiritual and temporal advancement of the young females of this parish. Theirs must be a good school. They are competent teachers. They are zealous and devoted teachers. They are disinterested teachers. They profess nothing which they do not practise; and they educate by example even more effectually than by words. They give religion the post of honor that is its due. Not like a holiday garment that is paraded on one day and laid aside for six; they keep it constantly in view, and tack it on, as it were, by way of bouquet to every item of their teaching. They feel for their young but interested charge, as if they were their mothers in the flesh; and, believing that they stand to them in the double relation of priest and parent, and share in no small degree the responsibilities of both, they exhibit in their dealings with them while in school all the characteristics of a mother's love and of a pastor's solicitude. One of the greatest of the seven wise men of Greece caused the words "Let none but the clean approach" to be engraved on the entrance door of his school at Athens, thus publicly declaring his resolve that no wicked one, if he could prevent it, would be allowed to desecrate the sanctuary in which the most sacred treasure of the Athenians was preserved.

The same sentiment of reverential regard for the young prompted the ancient Persians to build their houses of education a distance from the market place, in order that the daily spectacle of earthly traffic might not divert their children's minds from the nobler pursuits of knowledge. And the prince of Roman satirists, though himself but an imperfect specimen of either purity or high principle, has neatly expressed the views of the age in which he lived by saying "Maxima debetur puero reverentia"—youth is entitled to the profoundest respect. This profound respect, this deep and almost reverential regard to which the youth of a parish are entitled, if for nothing else because of their gracefulness and innocence, shall not be denied them by those who are henceforth to reside in your midst as though they were to the manner born, and be the teachers, for generations to come, of a large section of your children. Watch and ward, credit me, shall be kept over the school-room door and the school-house precincts, lest vice or folly should enter or defile them. The pious print should be passed from hand to hand and cherished in your new school: the angel's salutation shall be reverently recited; the echoes of the sacred anthem or patriotic song shall be occasionally

awakened, and the much-loved emblems of that religion for which our fathers fought and bled, and were persecuted, shall be exhibited there at proper times and seasons. The female virtues of modesty, prudence, watchfulness, self-control, the avoidance of display in dress and of vanity in all things, shall be inculcated there without ceasing; and, in one word, the countless and priceless blessings or a really good school are henceforth to be the inheritance of the female youth of this parish.

ORIGIN OF THE "UNION JACK." — The term "Union Jack" is one which is partly of obvious signification and in part somewhat perplexing. The "Union" between England and Scotland, to which the flag owed its origin, evidently supplied the first half of the compound title borne by the flag itself. But the expression "Jack" involves some difficulty. Several solutions of the problem have been submitted, but with a single exception they are by far too subtle to be considered satisfactory. A learned and judicious antiquary has recorded it as his opinion that the flag of union received the title of "Union Jack," from the circumstances of the Union between England and Scotland having taken place in the reign of King James, by whose command the new flag was introduced. The name of the King, in French, "Jacques," would have been certainly used in heraldic documents; the Union flag of King "Jacques" would be very naturally called after the name of its royal author, "Jacques" Union or Union Jacques; and so, by a simple process, we arrive at "Union Jack."

IN HONOR OF OUR LADY. — The "Angelus" in Spain has been thus beautifully described by a Protestant traveller: At sunrise, a large, soft-toned bell is thrice tolled from the tower of the Cathedral, summoning all the inhabitants, wherever they are or however occupied, to devote a few moments to the performance of a short prayer in honor of the Blessed Virgin, called the 'Angelus Domini.' At midday, and again at the close of the evening, the bell thrice tolls again. To a foreigner it is curious and not uninteresting to observe the sudden and fervent attention which is paid in the streets, within and without doors, in the Alameda, on the river, by everybody, high and low, the idler and the laborer, infancy and age, to this solemn sound. The loiterers in the promenade all suddenly stop, and each group repeats within its own circle the consoling prayer. The politician breaks off his argument, the young men are abashed in their gay discourse, and take off their hats, the carriages are drawn up, all worldly business and amusements are forgotten for about three minutes, till the cheerful tinkling of lighter bells announces that the orison is over."

VERY TRUE. — It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. A happy simile runs thus: "A coquette is a rose, from whom every lover plucks a leaf; the thorn remains for her future husband."

A FOND mother, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from the friend, saying: "For goodness' sake take your boys away and send along that earthquake instead."

BEAUTY of person may command a passing admiration, but unless a kindly heart looks out through the eyes, it cannot secure love and respect.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

THERE is to be no lack of honey this year. According to the latest advices, the Californian bee-keepers are having a good season of it, and large consignments are already being sent eastward.

THERE is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His countrymen treat him with superstitious respect, At the table he has the best of everything; and at all ceremonials he takes precedence.

"WHEN you speak to a full-blooded Englishman about Ireland, he does not want to discuss; he wants to swear," says Carl Schurz, in his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard.

INTEMPERANCE has lately been engaging the attention of the Danish authorities, and they are enacting stringent laws against the vice. Amongst other measures the Special Commission appointed to consider the best means of checking the evil recommends that the Government should "signally favor" all public eating and drinking halls from which intoxicating liquors are excluded.

OLD CATHOLICS — A writer once observed, when castigating this sect, though it was then only one year of age: "Old Catholics you are *not*; but old heretics you *are* — old as the folly which begot you; old as the pride which fosters all heresy, and the rebellion which generates schism; old as the turpitude which slanders the Church, and the wickedness that lays waste souls. Gentlemen, I rejoice from the bottom of my heart that the Church has got rid of a small knot of men who were the poison of its spiritual vitals; and that the Pope has thrown over his garden wall the weeds that corrupted the soil."

LONG, pointed finger nails are fashionable among women, but they will never be popular with married men.

IN the richest city in the world — the English metropolis — fifty-four persons died from starvation last year. So says the official yearly return; but how many more unrecorded deaths occurred from the same cause?

TROUBLES have fallen thickly on the Jesuit Fathers at the Zambesi. On Easter Sunday, only two days after the disaster by which the valuable life of Father De Witt was lost, a very serious accident happened to Father Depelchin, to whom the entire direction of the mission has been committed. A wagon by which he was travelling broke down and was overturned, and Father Depelchin was thrown violently to the ground, sustaining a compound fracture of the leg. To add to his sufferings, the accident occurred at a distance from all human habitation, and, of course, out of reach of surgical aid.

IT is wonderful with what avidity the enemies of Ireland gloat over any appearance of discord between Ireland's friends. Mr. Davitt has lately brought forward a plan of land reform, which he calls the nationalization of the Irish land. It is not very easy to understand, but the result aimed at is to make the Irish people ultimately the owners of all Ireland. Mr. Parnell dissents from Mr. Davitt's plan, which he considers most difficult to be worked out, and not likely to fulfil Mr. Davitt's hopes. Both he and Mr. Davitt always speak of each other in language which proves that they are on the most friendly terms; but the enemy tries to convert a difference of opinion into "another Irish row."

IRISH MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES.

Make the country strong, and the cities and towns are sure of support.

Sugar Refining.

Now, this is another permanent business; for so long as the world lasts, I take it for granted that sugar will be used; and the quantity that is consumed in Ireland must be enormous. The town of Greenock, with a population of 60,000, chiefly depends on its sugar refineries, the greater part of which is shipped to Ireland, not to speak of what is bought at Bristol and London.

Ireland has many advantages over Scotland and England for carrying out this branch of industry. We can have cheaper rents, cheaper labor, cheaper pilotage, cheaper harbor and dock dues (and no towage), with many cheaper things besides; and a broker or merchant would sell a cargo of raw sugar cheaper to an open Irish port than they would to a Scotch or English one, on account of the heavy harbor and dock dues charged at the latter ports.

In selecting a place for creating a refinery, there are three things to be considered: firstly, as the vessels that bring raw sugar from abroad are large and deep draughts, a deep harbor ought to be selected; secondly, coals would be required, and a port that charged little or no dues would be preferable; and, thirdly, there would require a good working population in and about the place. Well, Galway has all these advantages, and Galway is the place I would select to erect a sugar refinery.

I would then propose a company should be formed, with a capital of one million pounds sterling in as many shares of one pound each; again to give the chance to every man of becoming a shareholder; and then he would have an interest in dealing with a grocer who sold the Home Manufacture. This company to be named the "Irish Sugar Refining Company." The refinery to be so large as capable of turning out from six to seven hundred tons of refined sugar weekly, with easy extensions, if necessary. A steamship of four to five hundred tons burden to be owned by the company, which would load sugars and sail from Galway once a week for Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Wexford, Dublin, Dundalk, Belfast, Londonderry, Sligo, and Ballina. In short, to deliver at all the Irish ports sugars for the inland towns, to be delivered at the nearest port to the place. All sugars to be sold at the works less two and a half per cent. for cash in fourteen days, and only the expenses of the steamer, with a small percentage for wear and tear, to be charged for freights — of course freights to be as to distance, etc. Because the Dublin Refinery Company did not prosper, that is no reason why this one should not. The wish and will of the people now are quite different; besides, until this movement was got up, not five per cent. of the Irish people outside Dublin knew such a place was in existence.

It was not advertised in any of the papers. No traveller ever was seen in the country towns selling for it. In fact, it never was mentioned, and outside the metropolis it was a dead letter. This is one of the industries which I took exception to at the outset, and stated competition only would be the life of it, and give it a new existence. The Dublin Company need not fear it is going to be done up; there is plenty of room for both, and both working will give the public confidence that they are not overcharged, as they (the public) would be inclined to think if only one were going. There is a large field for labor here, and with good management should pay good dividends, besides giving

the public, from the facilities it commands, an advantage of from two to three shillings per cwt. on all sugars bought. A local agent to be appointed for all towns; and for cities or very large places, two would be required.

Delph, Earthenware, etc.

Here is another wide field for Irish enterprise, as the quantity of delph, china, and earthenware imported every year to this country must amount to a lot of money. Why, then, could not Ireland manufacture her own delph goods, at least? We have the advantage over Glasgow and England so far as rents, wages, freights, etc., are concerned; and these are the main elements in this business. Yet, with all these advantages we have no manufactures of this kind (save one at Belleck, which deals exclusively in high class goods), but get all imported from Glasgow or England.

Then I propose a company should be formed, with a capital of fifty thousand pounds sterling in so many shares of one pound each, and erect a pottery at Cork, as that city imports a great quantity yearly. From the quantities I have seen going from Glasgow to Cork ere now, I wondered more than once that city did not get up a pottery years ago. The goods to be charged as low a price as possible at the works, and every means tried by the company to have cheap freights and carriages for the benefit of its customers.

By an arrangement with the Irish Sugar Company their steamships would get so lightened of cargo at Cork that she could take on board all crates of earthenware for Dublin, Belfast, Newry, Londonderry, and elsewhere, and this would be killing two birds with one stone. Local agents to be appointed, with commission as their salary. For capital invested there is no other business I have named would pay better, perhaps so well.

Leather and Gutta Percha Boots and Shoes.

Here is another large field for employment, now nearly extinct in this country, and the trade gone to Northampton, and other English towns, for leather, and Glasgow for Gutta Percha make. The latter make gives such satisfaction, and comes much cheaper than leather, that there would be no use in reviving the one without the other. What advantages does England or Scotland possess over us that they should command this trade? None whatever; but we possess the advantages over them in cheap rents and cheap labor, which are the main elements in this business. Surely the Irish people should be able to make their own feet covering and not be dependent on English and Scotch people to do so. Not alone have the English and Scotch firms who manufacture these goods the profit on so doing, but in all the inland towns of Ireland they have houses of their own for the sale of their goods, thus not only securing the profit of manufacture, but the profit of retail, and, of course, depriving poor dealers in Ireland of a living. This of itself should be a lesson for the Irish people.

I propose that a company should be formed, with a capital of one hundred thousand pounds, in so many shares of one pound each, and erect factories in the west of Ireland, as that part of the country needs employment so very much, and is so often on the brink of famine. I would suggest Sligo, with a population of 14,000, and little or no trade, as headquarters of this company, with branches at Roscommon, Loughrea, Ballina, Westport, and some other towns as might be agreed on hereafter. Manufacture all kinds of leather and gutta percha goods; if there is benefit to be derived from any kind of goods by the public why not go in for that class, and keep the trade and money at home. Sell to every dealer, either draper, grocer, or whoever likes to buy and pay, in

all the cities and towns of Ireland; as the more those goods are kept before the public, the sooner will foreign makers be put out of the market.

The sole of every boot and shoe to be marked by the company's stamp, and this will prevent English or Scotch shoddy being palmed on the public as Home Manufacture. If this be done I am confident this business will prove highly successful.

Tanneries.

Here is another branch of business that has died an unnatural death — unnatural, I say, for it got no chance to compete for its life.

Our boots and shoes for years past have been of foreign make; therefore there was no demand for Irish leather, and consequently the owners of tanneries could not pay curriers and men just for ornament sake; but I bid those men to be hopeful. If prosperity returns to other branches of trade they will not be left out in the cold.

I know there are plenty of tanneries lying idle all over the country, and I know there is plenty of capital in the hands of owners, and a little touching up will start them as brisk as ever.

I don't propose starting any company in the business, as I am sure it can be fully as well done by the owners of those places themselves; besides, it will localize labor better by having those places scattered here and there all over the country than by having one great concern in one particular place, as it is impossible to bring large works into small places. I hope to see a good many old works of every kind in full blast again.

What I would suggest would be for the owners of such places to hold a meeting in Dublin, and they could arrange amongst themselves which kind of leather his tannery, from its situation, pits, drying-lofts, etc., was best adapted for, so as there could be a division of trade, and not too much of one and too little of another article, so as all moneys could be kept at home.

Knitted Socks, Stockings, Gloves, etc.

Here is another useful branch of industry, and, I may say, nearly all done in other countries; but it can be very easy put to rights.

I have put down in the "Industrial Manufacturing Company's" works at Waterford a part for spinning woolen yarns, and those yarns could be sent to country agents (in fact every draper could become one), who would give out the yarns to the women of the district to knit into socks, stockings, gloves, polkas, crossovers, etc.; and when done could be baled and forwarded to the company's show and salerooms in Dublin.

This would give employment to the female population in the country districts, and besides give good, useful, and cheap goods to the public. I have known a large and profitable trade to be done with the United States in these goods, and I have no doubt it could be revived again greater than ever.

The St. James' Lyceum' of Boston, has been reorganized, a meeting for that purpose being held at Harvard Street, the new headquarters of the society, last week. The organization is to be known in future as the St. James' Young Men's Catholic Lyceum of Boston, and at the above meeting these officers were chosen: — president, M. T. Callahan; vice-president, P. H. Faber; treasurer, J. Fahey; recording secretary, P. H. Conway; corresponding secretary, D. J. Riley; librarian, William Moore; custodian, J. J. Glynn.

The Catholic Order of Foresters of Massachusetts, embracing nearly forty courts, will have a grand combination picnic at Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, on Tuesday, August 22d.

DAVITT.

Address at Albany, N. Y., on the 4th of July, 1882.

As I stand here to-day and think of the difference between you who listen and me who speak, my voice is well nigh hushed — you who represent a people as free as is God's wind; I who represent a race chained and bound. You who know no law save that which in your wisdom you elect to obey; I who know that my people are governed by laws passed by a hostile power. Your people have free speech, a free press, a free ballot, free homesteads, free schools; my people have none of these things. Is it any wonder then that I, as I stand here speaking to you, should be conscious of a feeling of sadness at the contrast between your lot and that of my people at home? But, more than all the personal benefits which you enjoy in this country, your fathers won for you a higher and holier privilege. To you is given the right of sanctuary for the oppressed. America's broad arms are always open for the oppressed of every tongue and every clime. This right — this high and holy duty — was given to you with your freedom, and nobly have you performed it.

He then spoke of the debt of gratitude which Ireland owes to America, and said: Learned men who have studied deeply into the secrets of nature, tell us that force, like matter, is never lost. Is it nothing that every wind which sweeps across the waste of waters from the Old World to the New comes laden with the gratitude of a race? Is it nothing that every mother in Ireland, while speaking with bated breath of the misery of the hunger years, to the prattling babe at her knee, couples with the hideous story a blessing on America? Is it nothing that an oppressed people look to you for help and succor with the confidence of a child, sure that no appeal will remain unanswered, no plaint of suffering be allowed to pass unheeded? To me it seems that the position of America is a great, a godlike position; that of all the glories which have clustered around her name, like the stars upon her flag, none can equal this. Your freedom, and your generosity, have placed you in a position towards Ireland which is unique in history. Without a voice in her legislation, without the power to elect the lowest of her officials, America governs Ireland; American public opinion rules a race three thousand miles away. This is a small part of the reward which America has won for herself: but think for a moment what a grand reward it is. Think for a moment of what this means. The light of liberty in America stimulates my people to struggle for liberty at home. This would happen in any event. But the use to which you have put your liberty has made my people give to you the right to tell them what they shall do. In the long record of crimes, which we call history, there are many entries of races conquered by the sword and held by the same power, invasion bringing in its train the horrors of carnage and of death; the sorrows of weeping widows and orphans, silent tears of strong men, who have fought until they can fight no longer; the lurid glare of burning homesteads, the suffering, the misery, and the pain; invasion has before now resulted in a people prostrate before the conquerors. You have invaded Ireland, but there have been no tears save those of gratitude, no cries but those of blessing, no feelings save those of love. Without a gun or sword, without a soldier or cannon, your race has conquered mine. Your weapons were love and sympathy, and your empire is seated

in the hearts of my people never to be overthrown so long as the stars upon your flag shall shine with the glorious light of human liberty and human right. To me this is a wonderful thing — more wonderful than I can tell you. A people conquered — a race conquered. Think of it for a moment, and tell me if America has not, in blessing others, herself been blessed. What record of bloody fields of conquest can compare with such a victory as this? Weighted in the balance, the sorrow in one scale, the happiness in the other, the blessings in one, the curses in the other, the love in one, the hate in the other — which scale will kick the beam before the judging eyes of coming generations? But with such a conquest comes a duty. Power always carries with it responsiblities. You cannot train a people to trust in you and then desert them. Having taken them to your heart you must listen to their cries. And to-day my people are crying to yours; not for relief in money. That is, thank God, not needed. I hope, I believe, that gaunt famine has fastened her fleshless fingers for the last time upon the Irish race. If it were for money, I know beforehand what the answer would be. America has too often stretched out the hand of protection to Ireland for an Irishman to doubt her now. But my people are crying to yours for judgment between them and England. To you they appeal to say whether it is right that Ireland should be enslaved and held in bondage against her will; to you. as to a race of men who have grown strong and wise in the light of liberty, she appeals to know if it is not her right to be free. To your judgment she appeals without fear, because she knows that a race of free men will not, cannot, say another shall be slaves!

You sit in judgment. Not alone do the Irish cry to you for help. The only thing dreaded by England in the struggle she is now waging is American public opinion. I cannot, in the acts which this day so vividly brings before your minds, and would not say that the Irishman's love for his native soil is greater than that of any other man, but I can at least say with truth it is as great. Love of country is common to all men. With most men love of country is associated with pride in their country's career. What a career of prosperity you can look back at! Your country has been victorious in every way. The thirteen poor colonies have become one of the mightiest nations of the earth. Great as her victories upon the field have been, those she has won in the arts of peace have been far greater. No people in the world can set such a record for a country before the nation as can the United States. Love of country with you is largely mixed with pride. And you have a right to be proud. To what in the last hundred years can the Irish look back? Now pause for a moment and think. You have the consciousness of freedom and liberty, and you have your country's glorious record; you have your flag, at which none of you can look and think of what that flag symbolizes without a consciousness of a faster heart-beat, a tingling of every nerve. Oh! glorious banner of human rights, your stars of liberty shine with radiance among the nations; your bars of red point to the rivers of blood which have been poured out in your defence against wrong and oppression, while your white stripes are but symbols of the peace which awaits beneath your folds the oppressed of every tongue. Float on until wrong and oppression have been banished from earth; float on until freedom is universal; float on until in every nation and every clime in the east and in the west, in the north and in the south, freedom for man and woman shall possess the earth. Then and not until then will your mission be accomplished; then and not until then can humanity allow the flag of liberty to be furled.

You then have your country's record of victories, and your consciousness of freedom. My race has been one long struggle, a record of never ceasing struggle against oppression, and of defeat and a consciousness of defeat. Glancing back with the eye of memory, I see the men of my race carrying on their never-ceasing, ever-beginning struggle for freedom, on the mountains and the plains, by the rivers and the sea, in fruitful fields and in the bog-land. I see a people who have never been deaf to their country's call. In misery, and want, and oppression, and pain, one cry has always been able to raise the Irish heart. It is for Ireland, and the strong man hesitates not. It is for Ireland, and the wife bids her husband go. It is for Ireland, and the mother kisses and blesses her son as he stands upon the threshold. It is for Ireland, and the maiden waves a farewell to her lover as he tops the distant hill. Children in arms throughout the land, have learned love of country as they have learned love of God. Greyheaded grandsires have told the wide eyed boys standing at their knee the story of Irishmen's love for the Emerald land. Seven hundred years has the fight gone on! Seven hundred years has hope, crushed again and again, risen, phœnix-like, as strong as ever. Tell me, you who are blessed with liberty, Does not this race deserve to be free?

In conclusion he said: While in the struggle which is now going on in Ireland between the oppressors and the oppressed, Ireland appeals to America for judgment, she also appeals to her sons and daughters here for aid. It is not necessary for me to more than allude to how nobly, how generously, and how effectively, that appeal has been answered. I know, as does every man at home, that the Land League struggle has been carried on by the aid of the funds sent from here. We see before us success, but in seeing it we are conscious that it has been won as much by the Irish in America as by the Irish in Ireland. When that success comes, when the hated landlordism has been driven from the soil, when Ireland has independence, then I believe, I know, that oppression and misery in Ireland will cease. The long years through which the struggle has been carried on will seem to us but a dream of the night, dispelled, with all the dark horrors which the night brought with it, by the sun of freedom. Then the plaint that the Irish citizens of America are less American than they should be, will cease. The very love of country which shows itself so strongly now towards Ireland will in turn be directed towards the country of their adoption. They will become American citizens in fact as well as in name. They will identify themselves with the destiny of this great and glorious republic, and they will help build up America until she attains the position to which she is so rapidly travelling, that of the thought-mistress of the world! No longer distracted by the tales of wrong and injustice which now set their blood on fire, Irishmen will pay a portion of the debt they owe as a part of your people. My race will become as loyal and as true, as firm in battling for the right and as intolerant of wrong, as are your native born. Then across the wide stretch of the laughing sea there will be a free people looking to America with eyes of love. A race, with liberty at last, will teach their children that to this great republic they owe the precious boon for which their fathers suffered so long. Then, walking hand in hand down the centuries, America and Ireland will go, joined in that union of love which God himself has blessed. What power shall decree divorce between those two?"

Try gargling lager beer for curing of sore throat.

IMMEDIATE AND IMPORTANT.

THE LAND CORPORATION OF IRELAND (LIMITED).

TEMPORARY OFFICES, 20 DUKE ST., ST. JAMES'S S. W., June, 1882.

SIR,—We have had interviews with some of the most influential men in the city of London, and we feel assured that if the £150,000 mentioned in Mr. Kavanagh's circular as the B Share capital is subscribed for, the further capital necessary for starting the company will be found. This B capital will be only subject to a call of 10 per cent. per annum on the amount subscribed for—that is, no more than £10 per annum will be asked for on every £100 subscribed. We shall feel very grateful for any assistance you can give us, not only by subscribing but by influencing your friends. We trust the urgency of the case will plead our excuse for begging an immediate reply. We enclose herewith a list of the sums already promised. The B Shares are of £100 each.

Signed,

DROGHEDA.
ORMONDE.
ROSSE.
VENTRY.
BERNARD E. FITZPATRICK.
ARTHUR KAVANAGH.
E. R. KING HARMAN.
R. U. PENROSE FITZGERALD
L. AGAR ELLIS.

June, 1882.

Since the above was written it has been found necessary to increase the capital. It is now proposed to raise £150,000 B capital and £600,000 A capital.

Upon the above, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* remarks:

"Our publication of the new Irish Plantation Scheme has fluttered the dovecots of Landlordism. Mr. Art M'Murrough Kavanagh has now followed up the premature exposure of the scheme by a letter in the *Times*, in which he admits the authenticity of our publication, and accepts, moreover, in as many words the correctness of our interpretation of the deep-laid plan which we had described as one of "extermination and colonization." We quote Mr. Kavanagh's own words. They have the true Delenda est Carthago ring. "In a case like this," he writes, "the victory on either side, to be a victory, must be complete. Either the landlords must be driven completely from the country or the Land League must be abolished. It is impossible for the two to be co-existent. The absolute expulsion of the landlord class is, we know, the avowed object of the League as a preliminary to attacking the connection with England. The question, then, that we have to solve is this: What is to be done with these lands when the landlords have recovered possession of them? It is not an easy one to answer when we are brought to face with a powerful, universal organization to prevent any tenant from taking them. It is clear the landlords must either work the lands themselves, find some other person or corporate body of persons to work them, or face ruin. This is a question I have long foreseen would have to be dealt with, and unless it is practically, efficiently, and energetically met, all our past action may be little more than useless; but if taken up in the spirit which its importance deserves, it would deal a death-blow to the Land League and to any attempt at agitation of a like nature in the future." It would be impossible to exaggerate the deadly purport of those determined words. The *Times*, commenting on this, describes it as war, "war within legal limits," but all the same "war," and quoting the words of a friend writing to the Strafford, the "Black Tom" of the movement, says: "The Company will do more to pacify Ireland, than an "army." Pacata Hibernia! The tenants now know what they have to expect. No declaration could be more candid or explicit. The newcomers cannot now, indeed, have, in the language of "Pacata Hibernia," the "killing of some Irishrie" as a morning's pastime, but as Froude

describes the old Plantation, the "Plantators" shall get all the land worth the having — the Irish must be driven to the bog, the forest, and the mountain; and lest their frugality should enable them to regain any portion, the Plantator shall be under a strict condition not to alienate any part to the mere Irish. Mr. Kavanagh concludes his letter in the *Times* of Saturday as follows: "I hope in a very few days our prospectus will appear in the *Times*, and that it will include names of well-known gentlemen whose unquestionable position and experience cannot fail to command the confidence of the public." No time is then to be lost. Whatever is to be done should be done quickly. The Plantators descend again upon

"The fertile plain — the softened vale —
For ages birthright of the Gael."

Guiteau is dead, *laus Deo!* but his "spiritual adviser" and literary executor survives to tell how he thought Guiteau was a "phenomenon." "In him the highest and the lowest qualities were developed, but the medium qualities were entirely wanting," etc., etc. He also compares his "client" to Swedenborg, than whom Guiteau was "more eloquent but less learned." It is to be feared that the spiritual adviser will try to inherit his subject's notoriety, but we trust the press will carefully "sit upon" any such attempt. One Guiteau is enough in a century, and we don't want any legacies of the brute.

The Sack of Earth. — A rich man had cheated a poor widow out of a field which had belonged to her husband, and which was the only property she had, in order to make his own garden larger. A day or two after, the poor woman met him in that very field with an empty sack in her hand. With tears in her eyes she said to him, "Sir, I wish you would give me just as much earth out of this field as would fill this sack." The man laughed and said, "I can't refuse such a foolish wish as *that*." The widow filled the sack with earth, and then said, "And now, sir, I am going to ask you to help me to lift this on my shoulder." The man had no wish to do this, but the widow begged him so hard that he was obliged to give way. But when he tried to lift the sack, he found it was too heavy for him to move. He told the widow so, and she said, "Oh, sir, if you find only one sack of earth too heavy, how will you be able to bear the weight of this field, which holds a thousand times as much earth, upon your conscience at the day of judgment?" The man trembled at these words, and gave her land back to her again.

The Heart. — Throb, throb, throb. Never sleeping, but often tired, loaded with care, chilled by despair, bleeding with wounds, often inflicted by those who do not understand it, or burdened with affection, it must beat on for a lifetime. Nothing finds a lodgment in its chambers that does not add to its labors. Every thought that the mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the outer world. The memory of dead loved ones are mountains of weight upon its sensitiveness; the anxieties of the soul stream to the heart and bank themselves upon it, as the early snow drifts cover the tender plant; love, if it loves, fires it with feverish warmth and makes it the most sensitive; hate, if it hates, beats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes the eyelids, the heart is beating — beating beneath all its burdens; it works while we sleep; it works while we play; it aches when we laugh. Do not unnecessarily wound it; do not add to its bleeding wounds. Speak a kind word to cheer it, to warm it, when it is cold; encourage it when it despairs.

THE WIFE'S WAGES.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood looking rather anxiously at him after he had paid the factory hands their week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she, "I thought as I had worked for you all the week, I would come for my wages too. You pay Jane two dollars a week, surely I can earn that, and I would like very much to have it as my own.

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculously you talk! You know, that all I have belongs to you and the children — and don't I furnish the house and everything? What under the sun would you do with the money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the necessaries for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still, but I should like a little money for my very own. We have been married for fifteen years, and in all that time I do not seem to have earned a dollar. As far as money is concerned, I might as well be a slave. I cannot buy a quart of berries nor a book, without asking you for the money, and I should like to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis Mills, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars laughed derisively.

"You're a fine one to talk of independence," he said. "If you should start out to make your own living, you'd fetch up in the poor-house soon enough, for what could you do to earn a living? The girls in the factory know how to do their work, and they earn their wages. When I have paid them, my duty is done; but I have to board and clothe you, and to take care of you when you are sick. And if I had to do that for the girls, they would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since have I envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not earning anything, now I leave it to you to say whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place; and how much would it cost you to do without me a year? I know the girls have little left after paying their expenses, but they enjoy that little very much. Allie Watson supports herself and mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father pay off the mortgage on his farm, and she is so happy that she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is laying by presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas, as much to her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday an Indian woman was at the house with such handsome bead-work to sell, and, although I wanted some money very much, I had not a dollar. I felt like crying when Jane brought in her week's wages and bought half a dozen articles that I really wanted. You often say that all you have is mine, but five dollars would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property did."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of bead trash that wouldn't be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a guardian if she fools her money away like that. She will be in the country-house yet if she don't look out. It's lucky that men do hold the money, for there's not one woman in a hundred who knows how to use it."

"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know better! Look at Jerry and Milly Craig, will you, and say that he

makes the best use of money. She is at home with her parents every night, making her wages go as far as possible toward making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village, wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself besides. And why does Mrs. Satron come to receive her husband's wages herself? Simply because he cannot get by the saloon with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they would all go hungry to bed the day after his wages are paid. And I believe that every woman who earns money here spends it as wisely as the average of men, and I have yet to hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gainsay a word his wife had said, for they were all true. Luckily he thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose Jane will have left when New Year's comes? If she should get sick, how long could she pay for such help as you have?"

"It is not likely that she will lay up many dollars out of a hundred a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister money to buy new school books; and the warm, loving letters they send to her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying by a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if any misfortune should happen to Jane they would only be too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question. Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled angrily as she answered, —

"Nobody. If you should lose your property to-day I should be a beggar, without a claim on any one for help. You have always held your purse-strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my own necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good; but although you have always said that all your property was mine, I never could and cannot now, command a dollar of it."

"Lucky you couldn't, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would spend money as wisely as you do. Who was it that only last week gave a poor, lame beggar five dollars to pay his fare to Burton, and then saw him throw his crutches aside and make for the nearest saloon! Your wife could do no worse if trusted with a few dollars. You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend it as you please, while I cannot spend a dollar without asking you for it, and telling you what I want it for. Any beggar can get it in the same way. Christmas you bought presents for us, and expected us to be very grateful for them. A shawl for me, of the very color that I cannot wear, a set of furs for Lucy that she did not need, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a lot of worthless toys that were all broken up within a week. There were forty or fifty dollars of my money just the same as thrown away; yet when I ask you to trust me with two or three dollars a week, you cannot imagine what use I have for it, and fear it will be wasted."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can spend it as I please. I guess you'll know it, too, when you get another present."

"Oh, it's your money, then? I understood you to say it was all mine, and intended to protest against your spending it so foolishly. If it is your own, of course you have a right to spend it as you please; but it seems to me that a woman who left parents, brothers and sisters, and all her friends, to make a home for you among strangers, a woman who has given her whole life to you for

fifteen years, might be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars, who are very likely to be impostors. I know that you seldom turn them off without help. Perhaps I might be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar. I might say, kind sir, please allow me out of your means a small pittance for my comfort. It is true I have enough to eat, and do not suffer for clothing; but although I work for my master from morning till night, and if his children happen to be sick, from night until morning again, yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for want of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger. The other day while he was from home, I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and not having a dollar of my own, I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified! And not long since the berry woman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl, who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even five cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give her a little money for so good a purpose, but though the wife of a rich man, I had no money. Of course, I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him all about what I wanted with it, and he approved of my purpose, and was in good humor, he would give it to me; but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted anything. People say I am a fortunate woman because my husband is rich; but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking about my helplessness, that if it was not for my children, I think I should drop into the river and end it all."

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband at last, for the far-away look in her eyes as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride if it did not his heart, for he had a good deal of pride in a selfish sort of a way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud that when his children needed new shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed. He did it with a flourish. He was not one of the stingy kind — he liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most spirited young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for a dress or a cloak, he was sometimes tempted to refuse her money, just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have felt aggravated if any one had left his wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be independent of his purse. The idea of her earning money as the other work-folks did, never entered his mind. He "supported her," that was his idea of their relations. He never had happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and his children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wanted big pay for doing it. He had even thought himself very generous for allowing her money to get things to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him just now. Could it be that he was not generous — not even just — to his wife! Had he paid her so poorly for her fifteen years of faithful labor for him that if she had been obliged to begin the world for herself that day, it would have been as a penniless woman, notwithstanding the houses, the lands and mills that he had so often told

her were all hers; for he knew, as every one else did, that not one dollar of all he had would the law allow her to call her own.

How fast he thought, standing there at the office window, looking down at the little houses where the mill hands lived. Could it be possible that his wife envied them anything? Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slaves, whose labors had been appropriated by their masters; and when a negro who had worked twenty years for his master before the emancipation had freed him, came to Jarvis's mill friendless and penniless, the heart of the proprietor swelled with indignation at such injustice. He was eloquent on the subject, at home and abroad, and wondered how any one could be so cruel and selfish as to commit such an outrage against justice. He had called him a robber many a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slaveholder. Massa Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own without even a "thank you" for it. True, when Cuffee ate, he had given him food; when he was sick he had given him medicine; and he had clothed him too, just as he himself had thought best. Mr. Jarvis had married a loving, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her recompense had been food and clothes, such as he thought best for her, — a little better than Cuffee's perhaps, but the similarity of the cases did not please him. He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his life been a mistake? Had his wife no more money or liberty than Cuffee had in bondage? Was Donald Jarvis no better than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strange that his wife, anxious to break the spell, took his arm saying, "Let us go home, dear. The tea must be waiting for us." He put on his hat in a dreamy way, and they walked home in silence. The children ran joyously to meet them. The yard was so fresh and green, and the flowers so many and bright, that he wondered he had never thanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had looked upon them as his; but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars, that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everything around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table which had been a source of comfort to him so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long without even thanking the woman who had provided it. True, she had used his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed day after day for years? And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face as he buttered his last slice of bread. It was not that of a fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mill years before; but at that moment he realized that it was far dearer to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make his home what it was.

And a new thought came to him. "Who was comforting her now, when she had so much care?" Was not that what he had promised to do when he brought her from her old home? He sighed as he thought how far he had drifted from her while holding her in a bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her chains were far more binding than any which had held the negro, and that his obligations to her were so much the greater.

Something called the children out

doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair. His wife came and stood beside him. "I fear you are not well, Donald, or you are displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had shown him what manner of man he was, and there were words spoken that need not be written; but from that day forth a different man was the proprietor of the Jarvis Mills, and there was a brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis's eyes, for at last she had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH SPIRITS.—Bishop O'Connell, writing to the faithful of the Diocese of Grass Valvey in California, says: The spiritual conflict of Christians is not merely against mortal men like ourselves, but against the wicked spirits who rule this dark world. These spirits hover around us and plot our ruin. "It is the opinion of all the doctors, that the air which separates heaven and earth is full of adverse powers." (St. Jerome.) And St. Peter reminds us that "our adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, goes his rounds seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter, v.) In order to resist and conquer such formidable foes, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul exhort us to put on the armor of God; above all things taking the shield of faith, "wherewith we may extinguish all the fiery darts of the wicked one; the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit (which is the word of God.) Through all prayer and supplication praying always in spirit and watching in it." (Ephes. vi.)

SOMEBODY estimated that every man who lives to be sixty years old, has spent seven months buttoning his shirt collar. Thirty years more ought to be added for hunting up the collar button.

A GREAT many pretty girls think it is their sole mission in life to look lovely; they do not consider that they are bound to talk or display anything like intelligence; so long as they dress in a manner to show their beauty off to the best advantage, they are quite satisfied with themselves. You may be very pretty to be seen, and may just look "too charmingly lovely" for any use, as you lie back languidly in your easy chair and never make the least effort in the world to entertain your friends, but what the world wants is a living girl! They like to look at you, of course. Bless your sweet heart, the boys can go down town and buy the prettiest wax doll you ever looked at for a dollar and a half; one that can open and shut its eyes quite as languidly, if not as bewitchingly, as you do yours. Do you see the point, girls? You must know how to talk if you desire to win really solid regard and friendship.

DR. MAGEE, an Irishman, and the Protestant bishop of Peterborough, England, met at dinner the other day a rich, benevolent, but somewhat brainless millionnaire, who boasted that he gave away £2,000 to the poor regularly every year. He said: "I think it's right, you know; a sort of duty in my position. I can't say what becomes of it, but it's given away in charity, that's all I know, and that's all I care about £2,000 every year!" "What!" said the bishop; "do you really mean to say you pay away £2,000 to the poor every year as a religious duty?" "I assure you, my lord, that is so," replied the wealthy man, with careless complacency. "Well," said the witty bishop, "that's the largest insurance against fire I ever heard of!"

"WHY is the letter L like a calf's tail? Because it's at the end of veal.

ST. PETER.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, England.

A FEW days ago was observed the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and in a few weeks we should keep the feast of St. Peter's Chains. Between these two feasts there occurred five Sundays, that is to say, a full month. That month was called St. Peter's month, and during this month we were called upon to consider the life, and character, and office of St. Peter; also to look to ourselves and to ask ourselves whether we were discharging, to the full extent, our duty as Catholics towards the Vicar of Jesus Christ. In former days, during the early Catholicity of this country, a great and tender and personal devotion was entertained for the Prince of the Apostles. Over the whole face of the land churches were erected, and there were more churches dedicated to St. Peter than to any other of the saints of God. For a considerable period in the north of England and the southern part of Scotland it was a rule, that every church built was to be consecrated to St. Peter. And in the old annals we found that every diocese had a large number of churches dedicated to St. Peter. In the diocese of York there were 82 churches dedicated to St. Peter, and in Lincoln there were 263. And if we counted all the churches throughout England which bore the name of the saint, the number rose to 1033. This simple historical fact of the name of Peter being so scattered over the country, showed at once the devotion of the people to the Prince of the Apostles; how prominently his name stood out before the people; how much he was invoked; and how many churches were called by his name. Some people outside might say it was only a kind of antiquated ignorance and superstition, and showed how benighted our forefathers were to consecrate so many churches to St. Peter.

So far from showing any ignorance or any illogical feeling in their character and conduct, it proved just the reverse, because what did our forefathers seek? They felt that, after Jesus Christ, His Mother, and St. Joseph, there was no saint so prominent and none upon whom we were so dependent as the Prince of the Apostles. They saw the nature of Christianity and what was its history; they saw how one truth hung upon another; and they saw how natural it was, after Jesus had held out Peter as the Prince of the Apostles, as the stone and rock of the Church, as the Head of the Church, to whom alone was given the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and the special authority to fill His place when He left this earth; that they should look up to Peter, who was their shepherd, that his name should be ever upon their lips, that they should follow his direction, and love him with all their hearts. It was perfectly logical, perfectly right and just, that the people should have entertained a special and singular love for St. Peter, erected churches and statues in his honor, and gone on pilgrimages to Rome to show their love of Peter and his successors to the Holy See.

This great love proved itself not merely by the building of churches, but by their ready obedience to the voice of Peter. And again, in this country was first instituted what is called "Peter's Pence." Kings, princes, and people made that offering, which was first used to burn lamps round the shrine of St. Peter, so that our Saxon forefathers who were busily engaged at home and might never have an opportunity of visiting the shrine would know that

lamps were filled and kept burning through the offering which they sent to Rome for the purpose. A portion of the money also went to the service of the Sovereign Pontiff and the good of the general government of the church. This system first sprang up in the days of St. Augustine, and in the course of half a century it had spread through the land. Then acts were actually passed into law, laying upon the whole of the population "the obligation to contribute year by year a certain sum called 'Peter's Pence,' for the lamps and benefit of the Sovereign Pontiff." No one complained of this; every man found it was only right to do so. This went on only with slight interruption in the time of Edward III. for 500 or 600 years, and the money was regularly collected and sent to Rome, though there were various modes of collecting it. The mode most generally adopted was to announce the occasion on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, so that between this feast and the feast of St. Peter's Chains the money was paid in and forwarded to the Holy See.

We found in the registers, kept in the Vatican, records of these moneys received from the different parts of the country, and he himself had seen in these records the names of Preston and other places with the particular sums which had been contributed. This went on until the time of the Reformation, as it was called; and then the Catholic religion and the light of faith were all but extinguished, works of charity were quenched, and for three centuries the Church lived a life of persecution. Then we regained our freedom and could worship God as we pleased, and nourish those natural feelings of love and devotion which were prompted by our holy religion. So lately, when a few years ago the Sovereign Pontiff was despoiled of his temporal possessions, which he had received, not from the rulers of the present day, but which were the free gift of kings and princes in generations gone by — when, despoiled of these by the freemasons and other impious societies of Italy, he was reduced to poverty, and yet was obliged to send Nuncios and episcopal dignitaries to the courts from Rome which necessarily entailed a very considerable expenditure. When the Holy See was reduced to great poverty by the persecution which was still raging, there sprang up in this country the old feeling of devotion, and Englishmen began to say, "Why should we not do something for the Pope?"

England then re-established a custom which she had first instituted; then it spread through France, and Germany and Italy; and now throughout the great Christian world Catholics thought it their duty to contribute year by year this "Peter's Pence." It was then a peculiar joy and privilege of ours to have not only in the eighth century established this system, but to have revived the thought during the last 25 years, and to have seen it spring up in the hearts of the Catholics, and spread again throughout the Church. We had the tradition of having instituted the system, and the honor of the revival of the English tradition to maintain. As to the mode of collecting, it varied. But we were not to be satisfied with merely giving Peter Pence; our chief duty was to entertain love and devotion towards St. Peter, and to consider what was his duty, his office, and his character; to consider that St. Peter was brought into very close connection with each one of us, that he was the rock on which our feet rested, that he held the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and that it would be through his office as door-keeper that we should enter into heaven. In these days of rationalism, infidelity, scepticism, and materialism, we could scarcely stand firm, and for strength and help we could invoke no one better, after the Holy Family, than St. Peter.

Throughout the world there was a

contempt for all authority; civil power and anarchy were trying for the mastery, crowned heads were being deposed, revolutions were springing up, and against not only civil but religious authority the masses of people were leagued. What then could we do better than look up to and invoke St. Peter, the head and centre of authority? and if we would bring this country back to the faith, we should foster the love and devotion to St. Peter which prevailed in England for so many centuries. The Ritualists, and certain sections of the Establishment imitated the Catholic Church in all manner of ways; but there was one thing they could not imitate it in, and that was, they had not learnt what is the power of Peter, what is his authority, and how that authority lived from age to age in his successors at Rome.

LIGHTNING.—It is related of a Maryland deacon whose peaches are first in the New York market, that, having company at his farm-house one evening recently, a terrific thunder-storm came on and shook things up worse than an explosion in a crockery store. Everybody was thoroughly frightened, and directly after a blinding flash one of the visitors anxiously asked: "Friends, don't you think we had better kneel and ask for protection?" "No, Brother Jones, no," protested the deacon, "I have just had a lightning-rod put on the house at an expense of $36, and I propose we hold off and give her a fair show to do business."

"Is the neighborhood much bothered with cats?" asked a gentleman who was negotiating for the lease of a house. "It used to be," frankly answered the landlord, "but since a French restaurant was opened round the corner there hasn't been one seen."

AN old maid's laugh — He! he! he!

WHEN Dr. Johnson was paying court to Mrs. Porter, whom previous experience did not disincline to a second matrimonial experiment, the honest scholar thought it no more than fair to hint at some of his antecedents, a degree of honesty which is not always observable in more modern marriages. He told her plainly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that one of his uncles had been hanged. The sensible woman responded that she had no more money than he, and that though none of her relations had ever been hanged, she had several who ought to be.

MCCABE the ventriloquist, was confronted by a highwayman, on one of the lonely streets of Cincinnati, as he was returning to his hotel from a moonlight picnic. The robber presented a cocked revolver to the ventriloquist's head, demanded his money or his life. McCabe's quick wit saved him. He threw his voice behind the robber, exclaiming, "Hold, villain, you are my prisoner!" The frightened scamp turned his head, and McCabe dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then secured the revolver and marched the scoundrel off to a police station.

A SCOTCH Presbyterian minister, while making his pastoral visitations, came to a farm-house where he was expected; and the mistress, thinking that he would be in need of some refreshment, proposed that he should take his tea before engaging in religious exercises, and said she would soon have it ready. The minister replied—"I aye tak' my tea better when my wark's dune. "I'll just be gaun on. Ye can hing the pan on the fire, an' lea' the door aff the sneck, and I'll draw to a close in the prayer when I hear the ham fizizn."

WHEN a man's coat is threadbare, it is an easy thing to pick a hole in it.

BURKE.

Lecture in Glasgow, Scotland, by the Great Dominican.

TEXT.—"Hear ye, oh Israel, thus saith the Lord. They shall be My people, and I, the Lord God, in the midst of them shall be their God."

These words were found in the prophecy of Isaias. That they were spoken by a man filled with the Holy Spirit of God, and that they were addressed to a people the most privileged, yet the most unfortunate that ever lived on the face of this earth, namely, the Jews. They were the most unfortunate people, for they had scarcely tasted the sweets of liberty and national freedom and greatness, when they lost and never regained them. Their destiny was to go forth into many lands and to be the bondsmen of the stranger. They scarcely knew what prosperity was, what comfort meant; yet in the midst of their trials, and throughout all their great sufferings, they were still the most privileged people on the earth — in this, that they were God's own people; that the only true God was their God; that, whilst the nations who acquired greatness and enjoyed prosperity bowed down before filthy idols, the Hebrew people alone kept the knowledge of the true God; and therefore whilst heaven was closed to all the Gentile peoples around them, the gate of heaven was open to them because they were God's own people; and He, the Lord their God, was in the midst of them, and was their God. Now any man reading the history of the world since the coming of Christ our Lord, and the proclaiming of Christianity, must perceive a strange likeness between a certain modern race or nation of men and the Jewish people of old. There was on this earth, a race on one side the most unfortunate, and on the other side the most privileged and highly-endowed of any people in the world.

As a student of history he claimed this strange distinction for the race from which he sprang, and he held that the Irish people in their history for the last two thousand years were the most striking reproduction that Christianity had effected of the privileges and the glories on one side, and the calamities and misfortunes on the other, which befell the people of God in the olden time. In the days of their captivity the Jewish people were scattered in many lands, but wherever genius and intellect opened the way to power, there the child of Israel was found to be more than a competitor for his Gentile rivals. Even so in this race of theirs, scattered over the universal earth, the men who could find no place at home, the men who could find no play for their intellect, no room for the exercise of their powers, history told them that when they went into a foreign land — in the olden time in Spain, France and Austria, and in their own day in the great continent of America — the men who attained to the highest dignities, the men who had shown the greatest powers of government, the men who had climbed to the summit of every social glory and honor, were the children of that strange and sorrow-stricken race whose whole history seemed to be written in tears and in blood, the sons of poor, down-trodden, unhappy Ireland.

Now he had come to speak to them on a subject that he loved to think upon and speak upon — that was, the national character of his people, in so far as that character had been influenced and formed by their religion. The Church of God was more beholden to the Irish race than to any other people in existence at this moment for the spread the Divine Faith had made, and for the way the Catholic Church had made, in the world. He asked them, if the national character was to be formed, where were they to

find the elements of its formation, if not in the individual men or women? Whatever influenced the individual influenced the nation, because the nation was only a collection of individuals; and, indeed, what was there under heaven that so determined a man's character and made him whatever he was, as his religion? When, therefore, the students of history began to consider the national life, the purposes that influence, the motives that guide the public actions of any people or race, he must seek that reason in the national character, and he must seek for the formation of the national character in the national religion. The next proposition he laid down was this; that a man's character was generally formed whilst he was yet a child or a boy at school. People were what they were in virtue of the character that was in them, and that character was formed almost without their knowledge; and as in the individual they must look to the childhood and boyhood for the formation of character, so also in considering the national character of a people, they must go back to early history, to the childhood of the race, to the boyhood of the nation, and there find the elements that made the people what they were. That being the case, he asked them to consider when they came to reflect upon the character of the Irish people, and how far their religion influenced them and formed their character, they must go back to the teaching they received from St. Patrick, their Apostle. That was a long way to go back.

If the English wished to go back to the first days of the Christianity of their country, they had only to go back to the seventh or eighth century, and the Danes or Germans to the tenth or eleventh century, but the Irish had to go back to the fourth century — that was, nearly fifteen hundred years — to find that bright day when the sand of the Irish shore first received the footsteps of St. Patrick, who came to preach the Gospel to the Irish people. Now St. Patrick was only one of a great army of apostolic men who preached the Gospel to the various nations. In each succeeding age these men went forth; every wave of the tide of time brought a fresh supply of them, and even at this day the poor negroes of Africa were hearing from the lips of the Jesuit missionaries and others, the Gospel for the first time. But there was a remarkable fact connected with this preaching, and it was this; that every man that ever was sent to preach the gospel of Christ to a pagan people, was obliged to seal his preaching by shedding his blood in martyrdom, except one, and that one was St. Patrick, who found the Irish people as ready to receive the Gospel as a child was to receive its mother's milk. Now, when he perceived that a people, a nation, a race, accepted in so exceptional and singular a manner the Gospel, was he not entitled to see how far that involved the national life? But he would invite their attention to two or three leading traits of that character, as distinctly marking the Irish as a race from all other people, and as distinctly flowing from the teaching of St. Patrick. First of all, then, he took it that one of the most prominent features of the Irish national character, was the devotion that the Irish people had had from the beginning, and he hoped and prayed would have to the end of time, to Jesus Christ and the Blessed Eucharist. The first proof was the zeal which the Irish race at home and abroad, in every time, had shown in building churches and sanctuaries to Jesus Christ.

Nothing was more remarkable in Ireland, as distinguished from every other land, than the old groups of seven churches which they found here and there. The churches had in these cases been multiplied by the people in the greatness of their love and the strength of their faith, that they might have Our Lord Jesus

Christ present seven times, where once would have been sufficient for others. Had that spirit faded away, had that national characteristic changed? No. The last fifty-two years, since the passing of the Emancipation Act, had witnessed their poverty, their misery, their native parliament taken from them, their metropolis fail by the withdrawal of the nobility of the land. Their native industry was destroyed by the ruthless laws of William of Orange. Famine and desolation swept over the land; confusion and foolish attempts at rebellion brought down the heavy hand upon their people. Perhaps in the history of the world there was no country or no people who had suffered more during the last fifty-two years than the people of Ireland; and yet the day that saw them allowed the free exercise of their religion saw them forgetful of their poverty, forgetful of their persecution, forgetful of their misery; and they had built more churches than all the rest of the nations throughout the wide world. The Irish people were to be found scattered in exile in every land, and wherever they went they showed the same national characteristic. But there was another and more touching trait, and it was this.

There was no people in the Church of God who, up to the present time, at least — for he trembled when he looked to the future — he trembled and shuddered and cast himself down before God, and from his innermost heart asked Him to take that life of his, rather than let him see the Irish people change their religion or lose their faith — had shown such devotion to the Holy Mass. The French, Italian, and he regretted to say, Spanish Catholics, looked upon the Sunday Mass as an easy matter; but the Irish Catholics at home, at least, would let neither storms nor misery keep them from Sunday's Mass. St. Patrick preached another doctrine that went far to form the character of the Irish people, and it was their devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. The virtues of the Virgin Mother had been their ideal of the type of a woman; and the Irish woman for ages and ages had been the solitary light and brightest glory of an afflicted race, combining in herself a mother's love and a maiden's purity. Nowhere in the world would they find a womanhood so grand, so pure, so strong, as the womanhood of Ireland.

What wonder, with a womanhood so strong, that notwithstanding that they had been made hewers of wood and drawers of water, one of their attributes was strength, physical, and intellectual, and moral, asserting itself in a thousand ways, and all derived from that maiden purity and motherly love that they met in the Irish race? Another doctrine that the great apostle drove deeply into the minds and hearts of the Irish people, and which asserted itself in the national character, was the love and veneration of children for their parents. The children of Ireland never forgot their parents, and wherever they were, they even pinched themselves, where still poor, to assist them; or gave them, where rich, their proper position at the heads of their houses. St. Patrick also taught that death did not sever the golden chain of divine charity that bound the living to the dead; and it was that devotion to the dead that saved them; for one of the first things that Protestantism demanded of the Irish people was to forget their dead, to spit upon their graves; and they said "No; we will die before we do that," and so to-day the graves of Catholic Ireland were the most honored graves in the whole world. Was there any wonder then that he said without exaggeration, that the words of the prophet might be applied to them as a race? "Thus saith the Lord, Hear me, oh ye Israel; ye are My people, saith the Lord God, and I the Lord God in the midst of you shall be your God for evermore!"

THE CAT.

"Whip the Rascals Naked through the World."

An English Parliamentary paper enables us to judge of the results of the lash in deterring garotters and footpads from a repetition of their crimes, and completely disposes of the stock argument of the humanitarians, that flogging is of no practical value in such cases. It appears that during the eighteen years which have elasped since the legislature saw fit to authorise the infliction of corporal punishment for highway robbery with violence, 302 persons in all have been subjected to it, and that out of these only five, or less than two per cent., have been found guilty of similar offences and become liable to it a second time. It is evident from this that the lash does exercise a most wholesome effect upon the class by which garotting is practised, and we can therefore see no reason why it should not be extended to the cases of wife-beating and other brutal assaults which from time to time occur in our midst. If it is right that personal brutality should be punished by the infliction of bodily pain upon the offender, and the result is proved to be beneficial to the community, the mere fact that something, however trifling, has or has not been stolen, can surely make no difference. It is not contended that the act of robbery *per se* should entail a flogging, but only that of robbery accompanied by brutal ill-usage. Why then should not brutal ill-usage of a woman or child, though unattended by robbery, also be punished in the only way which experience has shown to be an effectual deterrent? The mere guilt in the latter case is certainly greater, and the perpetrator more detestable in the eyes of all civilized individuals. The lash might also, we think, with advantage, form part of the sentence where the police have been seriously injured in the discharge of their duty. It is no uncommon thing to read in the daily papers of some ruffian, who is described as being "the terror of the neighborhood," being charged for the twentieth time with maiming the constable who endeavored to apprehend him. These terrors of the neighborhood would very soon cease to make their periodical appearances at the door of the police court, if they were aware that their doing so would subject them to the vigorous application of the "cat." Let us have something of the same kind in every State in the Union.

A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest: "Reading, spelling, and definitions." "And what do you get, my little one?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin', spellin', and spankin's."

An Ohio man, after reading of the allowances made to the doctors who attended President Garfield, declared that "Doctor Ignorance" got too great an allowance. "Why," said a friend, "Doctor Ignorance had nothing to do with the case!" "Yes, he had," answered the Ohio man, "don't you know that 'Ignorance is Bliss?'"

"Speaking of cod, would you say the price has gone up, or has risen?" inquired a school-boy of the fishmonger. "Well," replied the scale-scraper, "speaking of cod, I should say it had roes."

What poet probably never smiled? — Sterne.

ality of his fellow countrymen the Cardinal always begins "at home." Thus, seeing and bewailing the sad disproportion of the Easter communions to the population of the various districts of the metropolis, he set himself to find out the cause of this disregard of one of the Church's most stringent laws. He traced it to the fearful intemperate habits of a very large proportion of his flock, and he immediately set to work to eradicate this great evil. For with the Cardinal, as with all great men, to will is to do. He called together the few staunch and steadfast teetotalers who had received the pledge from Father Mathew, and had faithfully adhered to their promise. With the aid of these he formed the nucleus of the "Total Abstinence League of the Cross." Warmly seconded by his faithful clergy, this association spread from one parish to another, till it now counts some thirty branches in London and as many more in the country, and numbers some hundreds of thousands of members. Never has the Cardinal spared himself in the organization and carrying out to its present state of efficiency this League. He has presided at monthly meetings at his own house, and addressed assembled thousands at Exeter Hall, Hyde Park, Tower Hill, and elsewhere. Nor, if we are rightly informed, has the good work been confined to the lower orders, but many of the upper and middle classes have taken "the pledge" at his Eminence's house. The great importance and salutary consequences of this great temperance work has excited the attention and interest of the general public. One of the leading papers of the day writes: "Who can tell to what an extent the Cardinal's advocacy of the teetotal movement has aided him in winning over the minds of the masses? He knows that excessive drinking is a most destructive vice; he knows that temperance is a most praiseworthy virtue; and he knows, too, that teetotalers as a class are increasing in numbers and the benefits to be derived to religion from that increase. Of course there are some that rail at all this, and treat such a course of conduct with objections; but they are, as a rule, men who understand very little of the masses, and are greatly ignorant of what must be done to win them. They may accuse the energetic Cardinal who, to serve his flock and his Church, does not hesitate to deprive himself of any enjoyment or rest, so long as he may succeed in bringing over the former to his way of thinking. But while they are laughing, *he is working, and with what success let any one who knows London and its people well attempt to estimate.*"

All, from the magistrates to the police, bear willing testimony to the great change that has come over our people since the Cardinal began the great work of temperance. The former, who on the day following certain great feasts and saints' days had their whole time taken up with cases of drunkenness, have now scarcely a solitary case brought before them; and the latter will tell you that whole districts, in which the constant state of drunkenness of its inhabitants rendered it unsafe for a stranger to perambulate, have now become quiet, orderly and peaceful. But the chief reward of the Cardinal's unceasing labors in the cause of temperance, and the one which gives him the greatest consolation, and rejoices the paternal heart of our Metropolitan, is that since he began the work the confessionals are thronged, and the recipients of the Holy Sacrament are more than doubled in certain districts of the metropolis. Nor is this great work a mere temporary ebullition of religious and social enthusiasm, it has taken deep root among the people, and by the incorporation with the League of the Cross of women and children, the rising generation will be reared in those principles of temperance which will secure a future generation of sober, temperate and fervent Catholics.

Having given a sketch of the Cardinal's career in the episcopate, we will conclude by quoting an appreciation of his Eminence by a non-Catholic writer in one of the leading daily journals of England: —

"Cardinal Manning is to the Roman Catholic world a preacher of great dignity and commanding authority. He is renowned for his ability; he is noted for his energy; the daily personal sacrifice of his life ensures his being greatly esteemed by all who admire consistency of character and regularity of habit. . . . His somewhat austere air and the meagreness of his intellectual countenance are familiar characteristics, and well befit a spiritual Prince of the Church. It is a face from which one would say the passions and weaknesses of human nature have passed away, leaving behind the dry fire of thought and ecclesiastical government. This is perhaps one reason why *the world* looks rather with the admiration of fear than that of affection upon the distinguished head of the Roman Church in England. Cardinal Manning's appearance is, however, a grand and impressive one. When clad in scarlet cap and robe, he stands upon the altar steps of the Pro-Cathedral, one hand uplifted, his eyes flashing fire, he reminds one rather of those religious pioneers of old, such as Origen, or to come to later times, Fénelon,* than a divine of such quiet times as ours.

"His sermons, too, may be said to resemble their author — they are stern, firm, logical, unyielding efforts of reasoning. They know no admission to unbelievers; they do not give way upon a single point of doctrine; they acknowledge no right on the part of doubt or independent judgment. 'The Church is infallible.' 'It has,' the speaker tells you, 'the warrant of Scripture and the testimony of ages. It has had its witnesses in Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs and Confessors; in spite of all persecutions — persecutions which would have beaten to pieces anything that was not Divine in origin and purpose — it still flourishes and increases; and, though for the moment in some parts of Europe the infidel may seem to conquer, all the machinations of the Prince of Evil shall not prevail against it.' There is a curious insistence upon one point, which always pervades the discourses of Cardinal Manning. No question can be mooted about the truth of what the Roman Church teaches. . . . For him it is sufficient that the dogmas that have been pronounced at successive councils, approved of by successive Bishops of Rome, and that have stood the test of time, should be believed. They must not be disputed; in schism lies perdition.

"Born with an immense aptitude for reading men and the signs of the times, he has proved himself to be the most accomplished teacher of Roman doctrines that has appeared in this country for more than two centuries.

"He is at once the cabman's friend and the head of a great temperance association. His one aim in life seems to be to identify himself with the masses, and to come to be recognized by them as one of their most natural leaders. To find him on a platform, ready to make an appropriate speech in support of any good cause is an event of constant occurrence. He is never on the wrong side; he never fails to be in time with any good cause, his name figures on a hundred committees; he is invariably in his place when the necessity demands it, or opportunity offers itself. And the result of this is that, as a Teacher, he wields an enormous influence."

* Many have fancied a resemblance, in the personal appearance of Cardinal Manning to that of the pious Archbishop of Cambrai, as portrayed by Lamartine.

KNOCK.

Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, Canada.

THE PALACE, SLIGO, *June*, 1882.

MY DEAR LORD — On Friday morning, the 9th inst, I left Dublin for Claremorris. I was met at the station and most hospitably entertained by the Very Reverend Canon Bourke, parish priest of that place. As I was somewhat discouraged to go to Knock by some people who never saw the place, I determined to interrogate sharply the good Canon before I would proceed further on my journey, or, rather, pilgrimage. The Very Rev. Canon was secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission of Investigation appointed by the late illustrious Archbishop of Tuam to inquire into the reported apparitions and miracles of Knock. The present Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, the worthy successor of the late Archbishop M'Hale, assured me lately at Maynooth College that Canon Bourke was a gentleman of very great ability, piety, prudence, and learning, so I was prepared to abide a good deal by the information which I should receive from him. He assured me that fifteen witnesses of different ages and sexes, and quite worthy of belief, were interrogated apart from one another, all giving the same testimony as to the apparitions, none in any essential particular differing from the rest, so that as far as human testimony could go, it was conclusive. On earth we need not expect any other than human testimony, as the angelic is seldom vouchsafed. It cannot be supposed that all these persons either combined together to invent a falsehood and stick to it, or that all were under the same hallucination and conceived that they saw at different times what did not exist.

"Then, as regards the miracles, many were fully proved. I did not care to interrogate about the miracles, as we had many of them in Toronto ourselves. After dinner we took a carriage with the Very Reverend Canon, and two lay gentlemen, friends of mine, and drove to Knock, about six miles and a half distant. Alas! on the road I was saddened to death at seeing a number of cabins deserted, with the doors roughly walled up with cobble stones. The land around appeared to be of the worst kind and was left untilled. Eighteen poor families were recently evicted from these miserable cabins and bad land. The scene of desolation was most oppressing, and the more so when we considered the sufferings of the poor former inhabitants of these cabins. I visited a neat wooden cottage such as you would see in America, built on a safe piece of ground for a poor evicted family by the charity of the people through the Ladies' Land League, without whose help thousands would have perished of cold and starvation. The children were some of the most graceful and beautiful I ever saw. They were evicted from the place of their birth and childish happiness. I thought that it was a most merciful condescension on the part of our Immaculate Mother to appear in the neighborhood of such a place, and to give the patience and courage of saints and martyrs to these poor people who had to bear a cross — one of the heaviest that could be imposed on a father, mother, and children — to be driven from their homes by no fault of theirs, but because in the mysterious ways of Providence three bad harvests had deprived them of the means of paying their rents. I have been told by their parish priest that these poor people left their homes as quietly as saints, resigning to the will of God, but praying to the Holy Mother for patience and another home.

"With a heart depressed by the thought of human depravity, and consoled in turns by the thought of human virtue, and praying that these poor people might be comforted by the Almighty God in their affliction, we approached the Church of Knock. We came first in sight of the gable upon which the apparitions appeared. A vast number of crutches and sticks lined the walls, and another lot stood in a sort of a pen in the chapel yard. We felt greatly moved in that venerable place. There is a marble statue of the Blessed Virgin in the attitude and in the place where she was seen by the crowd of people, old and young, on the 21st of August, 1879. This statue was presented by a pious lady of Dublin, and statues of St. Joseph and St. John are expected to be presented by some devout clients. There is a very fine iron railing around the ends of the church to prevent the pilgrims from again removing the plaster from the gable; the old plaster was taken down and preserved, and also given to pilgrims from all parts of the world, and, like the water of Lourdes, performs wonderful cures, according to the faith and fervor of the people who use it. The things that are not, God makes use of to confound the wise of this world. The surroundings of the church have been so often described that I need not say anything about them. We entered the venerable church, which is large and imposing, with a magnificant marble altar, the gift of another servant of God.

After adoring the Most Blessed Sacrament, and invoking the intercession of the Holy Mother of God, St. Joseph and St. John, we took another view of the church. The venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, who had been hearing confessions, came to salute us. He is a quiet, unassuming priest of middle age, tall and thin, and ascetic-looking, and well calculated to make a favorable impression on all who approach him. This is another stroke of the holy Providence of God to have such a priest in so celebrated a place that the pilgrims may carry away, besides other gifts, a great reverence for the priesthood of Ireland.

"We returned to Claremorris the same evening, calling at the Presentation Convent, near Claremorris, to see the good nuns of the Presentation Order and Sister Mary Frances Clare, formerly the 'Nun of Kenmare,' who resides with the nuns till she can build a convent of her order at Knock. A convent there is much needed for the reception and instruction of the female pilgrims, and I hope there will be also a monastery with an hospice or lodging-house for the men, for in the neighborhood there are but few hotels, and the crowds of pilgrims betimes is very great. There are such establishments at Lourdes, at Lough Derg, and other places of pilgrimage. The convent of the Presentation is situated delightfully in the midst of an ancient forest, with a wide road leading to it through overtopping trees. The house appears about 200 years old, large, and commodious. I had the curiosity to inquire who built it or lived in it. One of the last occupants was called the priest-killer, from the number of priests that he hunted down or killed in the old penal times. Time has his revenges, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is now offered up, where a priest would be killed by English law for doing so, and especially if the former owner of that house caught him. Sister Mary Frances Clare is collecting funds for her future convent, and is awaiting the orders of her ecclesiastical superiors to commence the work. We have sent our little contributions towards the good work to the Archbishop of Tuam, that we may have a share in the graces that our good God and our Blessed Mother are giving to that holy place of Knock. Next morning at half-past six o'clock, we again left Claremorris for Knock, and at eight

o'clock we commenced Mass, offering the Holy Sacrifice for ourselves, clergy, religious, and people committed to our care, for we seldom offer the Holy Sacrifice for ourselves alone. There were a few hundred people at Mass, the pilgrims as well as the people from the neighborhood. I gave the Communion to about thirty. The fervor which appeared on the countenance of the people and their attention at prayer were very edifying. I said a few words to them, exhorting those who lived in the neighborhood to honesty, sobriety, and holiness, so as to leave no bad impressions on the pious pilgrims who come to visit the holy shrine which is in the midst of them. I spoke to only one witness of the apparition. The young man made a good impression on me. I did not come to investigate, but to pray. I was satisfied with the account of the investigation already made, which is published in a small volume, and sold at Gilt and Sons, Sackville street, Dublin.

About the same number of cures and improvements are recorded here as at Lourdes, about 10 per cent; but it is to be hoped that all go away to bear the cross which our Lord refuses to take from them. A few imaginary cures have been related, and some relapses also, and on that account the real cures are denied by the incredulous. All this, of course, is not surprising, nor should we be surprised if some of the nine lepers who were restored to their health by our Lord got again a touch of the leprosy for their ingratitude. St. Peter, also, began to sink in the waves for either too much or too little confidence. The followers of Thomas, before he was truly converted by the descent of the Holy Spirit, are, of course, to be met with everywhere. There are now our would-be scientists, who explain away every miracle — that Lazarus was only in a trance; that the cure of those that were thrown into the probatic pond was effected by the sudden dash into cold water, &c. Our Lord said, "Though you do not believe Me, believe My works," so I would say that the works performed at Knock speak enough for those who are prone to believe. The most extraordinary objection was, I presume, said in a joke, that Archdeacon Cavanagh's piety and fervor in the cause rather hinder than hasten the recognition of the wonders of Knock. Yet the testimony and fervor and enthusiasm of our little girls at Lourdes, in France, did not hinder the recognition of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin. The testimony of a crowd of witnesses, and the piety and enthusiasm of the Archdeacon of Knock supported by many well-authenticated miracles, should be at least on an equal footing with those of Lourdes.

The ecclesiastical authorities will, of course, imitate Rome in its slowness in giving its solemn decision on the wonders of Knock; but that slowness is not intended to disprove the apparition or to operate against the devotion of the people or the power of the Blessed Virgin. We recollect how much discussion and divergence of opinion there were about the apparition of Lasalette and of Lourdes, but time cured all these, and will, I hope, act in the same manner with respect to Knock.

A GENTLEMAN somewhat given to boasting of the high company he frequented was indulging this amiable weakness at his club one evening when Jerrold was present. "Very singular!" he began. "I dined at the Marchioness of So-and-so's last week, and we actually had no fish." "Easily explained," said Jerrold; "no doubt they had eaten it all up stairs."

A MAN who wants his wife to love and respect him, will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

Capture of the Defaulting Clerk of the Bishop of Belgium.

DETECTIVE DORSEY, of Inspector Byrne's staff, returned to New York from a long and successful pursuit after the defaulting Canon, Leon J. Bernard, clerk of the Bishop of Tournay, Belgium. Bernard, taking advantage of his position as Receiver of all ecclesiastical moneys of the diocese in the absence of the Bishop, ran away with 1,700,000 francs about a year ago, and sailed for this country. The crime was committed just before the installation of a new Bishop in the diocese, and was not discovered until he had taken possession of his Bishopric. Then for many months no steps were taken to bring the embezzler to justice, as the new Bishop wished to avoid a church scandal, and hoped that Bernard would return to Belgium and make restitution of the stolen moneys; as he did not do this, Belgian authorities finally were informed of the circumstances of the theft, and they took immediate steps to discover where the thief was. The Belgium Minister at Washington was informed, and he sent the details of the case to the Belgian Consul in this city. This was nine months after the commission of the crime. By the advice of the legal representatives of Belgium in this city, the Condert Brothers, the case was placed in the hands of Inspector Byrnes, who detailed Detective Dorsey, of the Central Office Squad, to follow the criminal and arrest him. The detective learned that when Bernard reached this city, in June, 1881, he took rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. From there he went to live at 68 West Thirty-ninth street, where he rented an apartment and was known under his own name. He lived at several boarding-houses in this city for six months, but when he found out that the police were on his track he quitted New York in March last. Before leaving the city, however, he placed $40,000 in bonds with the Credit Lyonaise Banking-house at Cedar and Nassau streets. But he failed to get the money on them, as the investigations of the police compelled his hasty flight from the city. The pursuit of the criminal after he left this city reflects much credit on the detective who followed him, never losing the trail, in the face of all efforts on the part of Bernard to elude pursuit. The embezzler was traced first to Boston, then to Montreal and Quebec. At Quebec Bernard employed a lawyer named Goodhue to go to Belgium to try to make a compromise with the new Bishop of Tournay. Goodhue's efforts were unsuccessful, and he himself was locked up as an accomplice of the theft. Since the arrest of Bernard, however, he has been released.

Learning at Quebec that Bernard had gone to Chicago, Detective Dorsey went there, but he failed to discover any trace of him. He returned to this city, where he found out that Bernard, on leaving Canada had gone South, and had been living in Montgomery, Ala. In the latter part of March Dorsey went to Montgomery, only to find that his man had gone to Mobile. He followed him to Mobile, thence to New Orleans, where he learned that Bernard had been living in a house on Canal street, under the name of Leopold Ball. During his stay in New Orleans Bernard had his photograph taken, and to this indiscreet act his detection was largely due. He is a large man, and although he continually changed his whiskers and went under false names, owing to the photograph, he was successfully followed. Bernard went to Atlanta from New Orleans and then he returned to the

Crescent City. After sojourning there a few days, he informed his landlady that he was going to South America. This was done with the evident intention of misleading any pursuers. Instead of going to South America the thief went to Houston, Texas, where he registered at the Hutchins House as Joseph Leopold. He only remained there a few days and informed his landlord that he was going to San Antonia, but he went instead to Galveston and stopped at the Tremont Hotel, under the name of Leopold Bertrand. He left Galveston after a stay of two days. The detective who had been following him was baffled at this point and unable to find out whether the thief had started for St. Louis or Vera Cruz. None of the steamers which left Galveston for Vera Cruz contained the name of his man, and Dorsey hearing that he had gone to St. Louis, went thither. Not finding him he went to the Hot Springs, Ark. and then to New Orleans again. At the office of the Morgan Line of steamers he learned that a man answering the description of Bernard had bought a ticket for Vera Cruz, but had not sailed. Nevertheless, Dorsey heard from a passenger on the steamer Whitney that such a person had gone on board the vessel at Galveston on April 2d, and had gone to Vera Cruz. His buying his ticket in New Orleans was the cause of Bernard not being registered among the passengers who sailed from Galveston.

The passenger, Fruz Henderman, had accompanied Bernard to the City of Mexico, and thither Dorsey followed him. There the landlord of the Hotel de Bazar identified the photograph of Bernard as that of a man who had boarded with him from April 8 to April 10, under the name of L. Brown. On going away he told the landlord that if any mail came for him it was to be forwarded to Apajaico until June 1, and to San Luis Potosi until June 25, and to St. Leon until July 10.

Dorsey went to Apajaico and had a letter forwarded there, but Bernard did not call for it. Dorsey following, various clues, went first to Orizaba, thence to Cordova and thence back to Vera Cruz. At the latter place he once more discovered the trail of the fugitive, and found it apparently fresh. By the aid of the tell-tale photograph he learned at the office of the Royal Mail Steamship Company that Bernard had sailed for Havana on June 2d, under the name of J. Lyon. The Belgian Consul at Havana was informed of Bernard's arrival and his false name. By means of this description therefore he was recognized and arrested in that city. Dorsey went to Havana and had the pleasure of seeing the man he had been tracing so pertinaciously. Bernard was turned over to the Belgium Consul and is now on his way to Tournay. There were found in his possession $200,000 of the stolen money, and thirteen keys to boxes in the offices of Safe Deposit Companies in this city, Boston and Quebec. Forty per cent. of the stolen securities are said to be in the possession of Weir and Laird, lawyers in Quebec, and it is thought that most of the balance is in the vaults of Safe Deposit Companies.

A COUNTRYMAN, seating himself in a fashionable restaurant with the intention of having a hearty dinner, summoned the waiter and made known his purpose. The latter skipped briskly away, and soon returned with a handsomely bound bill of fare, which he opened and placed before his guest, who, however, pushing it away, scornfully observed, "Oh, come now, I don't want no literature! Vittals is what I want — vittals — and pretty quick too!"

BEFORE marriage she was dear, he was her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer.

EGYPT.

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

As many persons are asking one another, in relation, to the Egyptian war, the question addressed by little Peterkin to old Kasper, we give a short synopsis of the causes that led to the bombardment of Alexandria.

Ismail Pasha, the father of the present Khedive, was an unscrupulous despot of unbounded extravagance, and squandered millions in a way that has not been equalled since the days of the Roman Emperors. He succeeded in saddling Egypt with a load of debt greater than the Pyramids and with mortgages and promissory notes more numerous than the sands of the Nile. Whenever he wanted money, and that was incessantly, he borrowed it right and left, and was as careless as Micawber about giving his notes. Indeed, like that gentleman, he considered that a note "settled" the debt. The greater portion of these interesting documents, to which the most usurious interest was attached, are held by the nobility of England. The rest of them are held by the Jews of Paris.

The Downfall of Ismail Pasha.

When Ismail Pasha, finding that the generous persons who had advanced him money, expected their interest, and began to complain of his method of administering the country, he asked the English and French Governments to supply him with competent persons to assist him in the work of administering the various departments of State.

These Administrators,

who in turn were succeeded by a host of commissioners, directors-general and controllers, and most of whom were absolutely ignorant of the language of the country, dismissed from the various departments they controlled the old-established Arab and Coptic clerks, who, perhaps venal, obstructive and scheming, were in many cases capable. These native officials were replaced by a crowd of English officials, who hastened from India, where they had been preying on the natives, to Egypt, as a richer field was there for exploitation. The plague of locusts in the time of Moses was little more than a temporary inconvenience compared to this swarm of hungry English officials. Many of these carpet-baggers received salaries equal to that of the President of the United States. The wretched *fellaheen* — the Egyptian farmers — had to pay as high as eight dollars for each acre of ground they tilled, in payment of interest for the money squandered by Ismail on his six hundred wives, his swarm of hungry pashas, and in bribing the idiotic Sultan — the late Abdul Aziz — to grant him virtual sovereignty. When the oppressed Egyptians tired of their too expensive ruler, kicked him out and put his son in his place, the "noble" English creditors and their French confrères continued to get hold of the management of the Egyptian finances, to secure the payment of the Shylock's claims. Arabi Bey, representing the native political element of the country, naturally rebelled against the summary disposal of the wealth and resources of the land,

The Young Egyptians,

who found themselves debarred from public service because they were Egyptians, the dismissed officials, the sheiks, and other personages, who continuously found themselves treated with rudeness and brutality by the English officials, joined to-

gether and formed themselves into what was at first known as the Young Egypt party, and lastly as the National party. The programme of this party was: 1. Independence of Egypt from Turkey. 2. The formation of a Chamber of Representatives to be elected by the people. 3. The direct administration of the country with or without control. 4. The dismissal of the highly-paid foreign officials. 5. The employment of Egyptians in all departments where foreigners were not absolutely necessary. Arabi Pasha, who, by his eloquence, integrity, and force of character gained the confidence of the army and National party, soon found himself at the head of this movement, which he did not create, but which was created by the rapacity of the English bondholders, supported by their Government. The people, headed by Arabi, rose up against the Khedive, because he yielded to this national robbery by the English and French Governments. And to perpetuate this system of organized national robbery, in the interest of her bondholders, England has laid waste the city of Alexandria, and carried all the horrors of war into a land just beginning to emerge from the degradation of Turkish rule to the light of freedom and progress. — *McGee's Illustrated Weekly.*

A Sketch of Alexandria.

Alexander the Great sought to found a city after the destruction of Tyre, and in 332 B. C. selected the site of Alexandria because of its excellent position for trade. It is twelve miles west of the western Nile and between the Mediterranean Sea and Lake Mareotis. The city grew rapidly and soon became the great centre of Eastern commerce. The Ptolemies succeeded Alexander, and under them the city contained 300,000 free inhabitants and as many slaves. It became the centre of learning, and schools of Grecian philosophy flourished there. Magnificent monuments were erected, among them the Pharos, the Museum and the Temple of Serapis, and there were many gorgeous palaces and public buildings.

Julius Cæsar besieged and took the city in 48 A. C., and eighteen years later Augustus made it an imperial city. It now began a new season of prosperity, continuing till the establishment of the seat of empire at Constantinople. The catacombs, public baths, and Pompey's pillar, with the Roman city wall, were erected during this period. In the year 215 the Roman Emperor Caracalla visited the city and ordered a general massacre; and under the rule of Gallienus a famine swept off half the population. In 273 an insurrection resulted in the destruction of the great library of the museum. In 296 another revolt ended in a general slaughter, and in 365 an earthquake destroyed 50,000 persons. The Persians captured the city in 616 and yielded it to the Arabs in 641. It then contained 400 palaces, 400 theatres, 4,000 public baths, and 12,000 gardens. From this time on, it rapidly decayed, and its population and trade diminished. Cairo took its place as the chief city of Egypt. It finally sunk so low that, in 1777, its population was only 6,000. Since then the city had been rebuilt and raised to importance again. It resembled an Italian city, and had large streets, well paved, lighted with gas and abounding with fine residences. The great promenade of the Mehemet Ali or Franks' square, where the massacre of June 11 began, was the central point of the city. Railways connected the city with Cairo 130 miles distant, and with the Suez Canal. The city was a great central station for passengers, as the steamers to and from India, the Mediterranean and the Levant, all stopped there. Among the prominent buildings were the palace of the Khedive at Ras-el-Tin, the large naval arsenal, the naval and military hospitals, the Custom House, Tribunal of

Commerce, Italian college and the various schools. The Turkish quarter was irregular, but the European quarter had many good streets and fine buildings. The city has two harbors, one east and one west of Pharos. The former has a breakwater, mole and quays. The city was supplied with water from the Nile and was the seat of several large Government and other manufactories. The principal exports were corn, cotton, wool, gums, rice, dates, sugar, cotton seed, wheat, beans, senna, and hides. The principal imports were woolen and silk goods, hardware and machinery, with timber, coal, petroleum, drugs and other products. In 1872 the population was 212,034, of whom 47,316 were foreigners.

TERRIBLE RECORD OF CRIME.—Seven wives were murdered by their husbands in a single day. At Jackson, Mich., a wife called in a policeman to protect her, whereupon the husband shot her, the officer and himself. At Ridgetown, Ont., a wealthy farmer shot his wife as the climax of a violent quarrel. At Xenia, Ill., a husband committed murder and suicide because he was not prosperous in business. At Burlington, Ia., a wife was stabbed to death by her husband in consequence of her refusal to provide him with whiskey. At Canton, O., a woman was shot in a manner that indicated that the crime had been perpetrated by burglars, but it has transpired that her husband did it. At Milford, La., a negro woman was poisoned, and at Adelphi, Tenn., a bride of a month was thrown over a precipice. It is strange that none of these wife-slayers were actuated by jealousy. —— The criminal news of a single week makes a sad showing of boyish depravity. A boy of Belleville, Ill., killed the girl who rejected his addresses on account of his dissipation. Two Arkansas boys quarrelled over a rabbit hunt, and one slew the other with an axe. A St. Louis boy stabbed his playmate who teased him for his ignorance of English. A West Virginia boy shot his rival in a girl's affections. A Virginia boy confesses the poisoning of two persons. A Texas boy shot a little girl because she refused to put down a pail when he ordered her to. A Kansas boy is on trial for intentionally drowning a playfellow. Two Wisconsin boys maltreated a child nearly to death. Three boys pleaded guilty to highway robbery in Chicago. An Iowa boy is a forger. A Missouri boy set fire to a house. A New Mexico boy shot a baby. A Colorado horse thief is aged 8 years, and none of the other criminals mentioned was over 16.

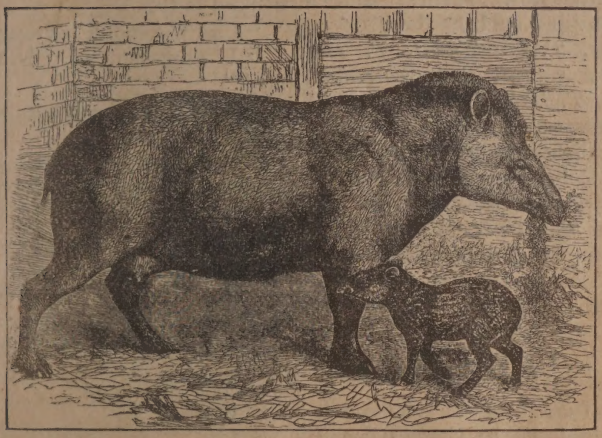
MAGISTRATE to mendicant whom another mendicant has had arrested for assault and battery: "What made you beat this paralytic man, your companion in misery, eh?" Mendicant, in a confidential manner: "I'll tell you, your honor. For a whole month I dragged him about in our little cart, we being partners; and then when, according to our rules of partnership, it was his turn to drag me about for a month, and mine to be the paralytic, he refused to fulfil his contract."

A TRAGEDIAN was in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady. She was once sitting in the pit with her little girl, when her friend the performer was about to be stabbed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh, don't kill him, sir — don't kill him; for if you do he won't give us any more pit orders!"

A RISE in the price of beef — when the "cow jumped over the moon."

WHAT interjection is of the feminine gender? Alas!

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.



TAPIR AND YOUNG.

The first tapir known to have been bred in Europe was born in the London Zoological Gardens, February 12. It is a cross between the two principal American species, the mother (*Tapirus Americanus*), from Brazil, being a brown animal, and the father (*T. roulini*), from Colombia, having black hair. The young one, like all young tapirs, is curiously lined and spotted with white on a ground of bright fawn color. The time of gestation was fourteen months. The young one is a lively little fellow, about the size of a roasting pig, and appears to enjoy life amazingly. When but a day old it readily entered the water, and when not following its mother about frequently indulges in a swim. The white markings will probably disappear when it is about a year old.

The tapir is a pachyderm, one of the links which unite the elephant with the wild boar and rhinoceros.

The snout of the animal forms a small proboscis, not unlike the elephant's but much smaller, and minus the finger-like tip. It has the appearance of a trunk cut short.

The American tapir is a great swimmer and haunts wooded parts on the margins of streams; it is powerfully built, and has the merest apology for a tail.

The food of the tapir consists of leaves, young shoots of trees, native fruits, and probably submerged water plants and other vegetable matter. It often does much damage to the manioc plantations of the natives. The flesh is good to eat, though somewhat dry and tough. The tapir is much hunted by the Indians, who watch for their large but timid game from platforms built among the trees overlooking the animal's feeding-places.

The tapir is of a very gentle disposition, and becomes quite affectionate in confinement, which may be observed with the specimens now in the Gardens; the attentive young keeper moves about among them as if they were sheep. The tapir is a different animal if hard pressed, and becomes a formidable opponent; he

does not always come off second best. He goes in search of food by night, is very shy, and has wonderful powers of hearing and scent. The jaguar is its most formidable enemy.

There are now several known species of tapirs, such as the *Tapirus Americanus*, *T. laurillardi*, *T. Malayensis*, *T. roulini*, *T. Sumatranus*, *T. Indicus*, *T. Bairdii*.

The Sumatran tapir has a white band encircling the body; the Brazilian and Colombian tapirs have a stiff bristly mane; the Malayan has none. The *T. Bairdii* is found, it is said, only on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama.

HOW NOT TO TALK TO CHILDREN.

One day I sat in a car seat on the Saugus branch of the Eastern Road, behind a pale, careworn lady, who was taking a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What is that, auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the careworn lady.

"What is hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is hay made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does He make it in the day time or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie, that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment, little Willie broke out:

"Where do stars come from, auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me!"

Another short silence, when Willie broke out again:

"Benny says oxins is an owl, auntie; is they?"

"O, perhaps so!"

"I think a whale could lay eggs — don't you, auntie?"

"O, yes, I guess so," said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"O, I guess so!"

"Where?"

"I mean no. Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

"Oh, dear! you ask so many questions."

"Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes, dear."

"Where?"

"Willie, sit down on the seat and be still, or I'll shake you. Now, not another word!"

And the lady pointed her finger sharply to the little boy, as if she were going to stick it through him. If she had been a wicked woman she would have sworn.

LITTLE MAMIE.

At the Hospital of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, in Columbus, Ohio, there was an edifying little funeral recently. It was that of a particularly interesting child of five years old, that the Sisters had taken to raise about a year ago, and that good Father Rhode, the Chaplain of the Hospital had baptized. Little Mamie, as she was called, was a favorite of everybody, and especially

of Bishop Watterson. She died of tubercular meningitis. The Bishop said Mass at the Hospital on the morning of the funeral, and after Mass gave the following instruction to the Sisters, children, and other inmates of the Hospital, and to the people, who had gathered in from outside to be present at the funeral. The text is from the Canticle of Canticles, sixth chapter, first verse:

"My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the bed of aromatical spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies."

My Dear Children — I am glad to see the beautiful instructions of the Roman Ritual carried out so perfectly on this occasion; for the Ritual directs, that, when a baptized child dies before it has come to the use of reason, it is to be clad in fitting raiments according to its age, and, "a crown of flowers or of aromatic and odoriferous leaves is to be placed upon its head," as a sign of the sweet innocence of its soul and of the virginal integrity of its body. You asked me to say the Mass of the Angels this morning. I am sorry that the rubrics of to-day's Office did not permit me to do so. The custom of saying the Mass of the Angels indiscriminately on occasions of this kind and without any reference to the Office of the day, has been condemned time and time again by the Sacred Congregation of Rites; but I have said the Mass of the day, not for the repose of the soul of this dear little one, that died in baptismal purity, and, therefore, does not need our prayers, but in thanksgiving to our Blessed Lord, the Beloved of the Canticle of Canticles, Who has come down into the garden of His Church, and from the bed of the aromatic spices of virgin innocence, has gathered this fair little lily of spotless childhood to Himself. I am glad to be here this morning and to bear witness to my affection for the little ones of Christ and to my love of childlike innocence.

In His spiritual tillage our Lord cultivates many flowers, *seemingly* only for their beauty and their fragrance; for oftentimes, when they are just bursting into bloom in the soft sunshine of the early morning of life and with the heavenly dew of holy baptism still fresh upon their leaves, then His Divine hand gathers them from the earthly fields, where perchance the frost of human neglect or the heat of natural passion might sooner or latter blight their loveliness, and transplants them to the blessed garden of immortality above. Thus little children are taken from the world, some in the fair young bud, some in fuller blossom; but never too early to add their immortal bloom to the beauty and fragrance of God's celestial kingdom.

Truly to the eye of Faith there is nothing fairer than the death of young children in baptismal innocence. Natural sights and sense indeed recoil from it. Like a breathing lily, the child under the care of good Christian parents, fills heart and home with sweet delight. Then how stricken the heart with sore anguish to find the stem broken and the flower gone! But to Faith, eagle-eyed and eagle-winged to mount above this vale of tears, how consoling to know, that God in His tender love has plucked the lily from its bed on earth to keep it in unsullied beauty in His heavenly home against the coming of those that loved and cherished it here below!

How comforting, to be certain, that mortal loveliness has put on immortality, and that the child's joyous soul has grown up all at once into the power of an almost angelic intellect! Truly does our Lord say: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The child's earthly ministry is well done, when it teaches us God's love of holy innocence and thus helps to draw us closer to Him; for the lily, according to its measure and its kind,

does its work as beautifully in its virgin bloom, as the tree does in its fruit. In the baptized child we recognize a worthy member of the Church of Christ, a living temple of the Holy Ghost. We reverence, aye, we truly reverence it as a being enriched with gifts so precious and sublime, as to make it an object of Heaven's love and a source of blessing to all around it. Oh! that all would so look upon it, so venerate and treat it, as a sacred thing! "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin; and I say to you, that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these." And if our dear Lord could speak thus of the material flowers, which He so clothes with natural beauty, how much more fitly may we say it of the supernatural beauty of His spiritual ones, even while they are still blooming in the earthly fields! But when they are gone from the Church of earth to the Church of heaven, raptured through the gates of Paradise, Oh! then, how surpassingly lovely must they be! And how thankful we should feel, that after they have helped to sanctify and lift heavenwards the very hearts that sorrow at their parting, they are gone, ere the winds chilled or the rains soiled their beauty, leaving the world they blessed still sweet with their lingering fragrance, gone to their glory, as lilies ever unfolding in the celestial garden of their God.

But why do I say these things today, my dear children, and in such a place as this? Here in the nature of things death is no uncommon thing. Of those that happen, very many are full of consoling and even confident hopes, others full of sadness. But a death like this? Ah! it is the first you have ever had. Here certainty takes the place of hope; certainty, that, in procuring for this poor but lovely little one of Christ the grace of holy Baptism, you have given another soul to God, and for yourselves obtained in Heaven another intercessor. It is mainly on this account, as well as to show my reverence for little children, that I make this an event in the quiet history of your humble work. A few minutes ago you sang the *Laudate, pueri, Dominum*, "Praise the Lord, ye children." Let us remember, that, unless we also "become as little children, we cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." By love and word and work let us always praise Him here, as little children in humility, simplicity and innocence, that so we may hope to praise Him for all eternity hereafter. — *Catholic Columbian.*

The City of Alexandria was founded by Alexandria the Great in 332 B. C. It was beautifully and regularly laid out, and in the height of its prosperity comprehended a circumference of fifteen miles and contained 300,000 free inhabitants and as many slaves. The city lies low, and the approach from the Mediterranean is the reverse of picturesque. But few remains of the ancient city, which stood on the western mainland shore, opposite the island of Pharos, since converted into a peninsula, are now extant; its extent from east to west seems to have been four miles, traversed by two grand streets, each 100 feet wide. The Catacombs, the public cisterns and Pompey's Pillar, with some portions of the Roman city wall, still remain. Alexandria owed its wealth and prosperity to the conformation of the seashore, with the shelter afforded by the small Pharos islet, providing a commodious harbor, called by the Greeks, Eunostos, with good anchorage in deep water, on the western side. The eastern or new harbor is little used, being exposed to the north winds, much clogged with sand and having a foul and rocky bottom. The two harbors are separated from each other by a broad causeway, or artificial isthmus now joining Pharos to the mainland of Egypt.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

SCALLOPED FISH.—Freshen, boil, and chop the fish as for fish balls. Put it in a pudding-dish with pounded crackers or bread crumbs in alternate layers. Add a little butter, pepper and salt to taste, and bake quickly to a light brown. Well seasoned, quickly baked and eaten hot, this is nearly, if not quite, as good as scalloped oysters.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Scalloped potatoes make a nice dish for tea. Prepare in this proportion: Two cups of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, and one of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Stir the potatoes, butter, and cream together, adding one raw egg. If the potatoes seem too moist, beat in a few fine bread crumbs. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, taking care to have the top a rich brown.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS.—It may be useful to some of our readers to know how strong to make the brine; if made too strong it will sometimes cause the pickles to wilt or wither, in which condition they are not salable, and if too weak they will ferment too much and get soft. The proper strength is just enough to float a potato. If your subscriber wishes to market his pickles in vinegar, they must be taken out of the brine about a week before being sold; when taken out they are at once placed in fresh water and the water changed twice a day until the pickles taste quite fresh, which usually takes two or three days. The pickles are then placed in strong cider or whiskey vinegar, and spiced to suit the tastes of the customer. It was formerly the almost universal custom to scald the pickles in a copper kettle before freshening and before placing them in vinegar; the verdigris of the kettle would impart a bright green to the pickle. The very small amount of copper required to impart this color was probably harmless, for I am not aware that any case of copper poisoning ever resulted from the consumption of the enormous quantities of pickles that were a few years ago prepared in this way; but of late years, the fashion has changed, probably through a knowledge on the part of the buyer of the green color, and a fear of injurious effects therefrom, and now the demand for green pickles is very light as compared with the so-called English pickles that are prepared without copper; they have a dull, yellowish green color, but are crisp and good, and as digestible as a cucumber can be, which is not saying much.

THE first air-pump was made in 1650.

SAVING HAY.—Many suggestions have been made from time to time, and numberless plans tried with the object of lessening the risk to the farmer, who is often compelled to cut his hay in wet weather, and either to leave it on the ground until it becomes a sodden colorless mass of pulp which no respectable quadruped would think of touching, or else to rick it while still in a damp state at the imminent danger of taking fire. One of the best and most effective plans for saving hay that has come under our notice is that which was tried at Roehampton within the last few days by Mr. Allender, and which, as far as we are aware, combines the maximum of success with the minimum of cost. Mr. Allender's hay had been cut during a heavy down-pour of rain, and lay upon the ground for several days after, exposed to more or less unfavorable weather. It was then carted up and ricked upon a stand about 20 feet by 18 feet, although perfectly wet, and would, beyond all doubt have taken fire in a very short space of time under ordinary circumstances. A drain pipe, which communicated with an air chamber at one end and a "chimney" in the rick at the other, was placed underneath the stand. One of the Neilson fans also communicated with the air chamber, and was worked by two men at the rate of 500 evolutions per minute. After an hour and a half's work the moisture in the hay was drawn off, clouds of steam having all the time been issuing from the fan pipe, and water of a milky appearance dropping through the lower end. The temperature near the centre of the rick, which at the commencement of the operation was found to be as much as 142 Fahrenheit, was reduced after a little time to 98. This plan of suction is in our opinion by far the best of any of the numberless contrivances that have been invented; and absolutely free from danger or inconvenience of any kind. Mr. Allender's hay, which would otherwise have been perfectly valueless, became sound and safe after being subjected to it for about an hour and a half.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Slice half a cabbage fine; boil together two eggs, one cup of vinegar, one teaspoonful mustard, one of salt, large lump of butter; when cold, pour over the cabbage.

"ONE should be careful not to carry any of the follies of youth into old age; for old age has follies enough of its own." *Gœthe.*

THE first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493.

THE HUMORIST.

A WIFE, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried sobbing. "You know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

JOB is said to have been a very patient man. He had boils all over him. Many a man now boils all over himself when the preacher reaches thirteenthly on a hot summer day, and never thinks of the grandeur of Job's example. It is natural for a man to disregard good example.

AN emaciated humorist, who had been sick for a long time, was required by his doctor to have a large mustard plaster put on his chest. "Look here, doctor, isn't that a great deal of mustard, when the quantity of meat is taken into consideration?" asked the sufferer.

"YOU can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin avenue milkman, held up his hand and said, "That may do with the sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk, I've seen it tried."

A CERTAIN literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, ordered his Irish servant to admit no one, and, if any one should inquire for him, to give an "equivocal answer." Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his callers. "Did any one call?" "Yes, sir, one gentleman." "What did he say?" "He asked was your honor in." "And what answer did you give him?" "Sure, I gave him an equivocal answer just. I asked him was his grandmother a monkey."

THE recently deceased Irish barrister, Macdonagh, who was one of the leaders in O'Connell's defence and conducted that of Parnell, was a character at the bar. He always wore kid gloves in court, and came thither in a carriage, robed and got up in a quasi-juvenile fashion. He had a devoted servant familiarly known as "the faithful Rooney," who was an indispensable element in his existence. Macdonagh was one day promenading in faultless attire at Brighton, with his umbrella open to ward off the rays of the sun, the faithful Rooney following at a respectful distance. On their return Macdonagh asked: "What did they think of me: much struck with my appearance, eh?" "Don't ask me to tell, don't," said Rooney, scratching his head. "I command you," said his master. "Well then, sir, when they see me following you in this way they say you are a lunatic and that I am your keeper." "Rooney," said Macdonagh, looking very blank, "I shall go without you for the future."

THE MAN OF MUSCLE AND THE MAN OF BERRIES. — There are scores of respectable and reputable heads of families who take regular lessons in the manly art of self defence, and who spend an hour every evening in swinging clubs and otherwise developing and hardening their muscle. One of the most enthusiastic of the lot had finished his boxing-lesson the other night, when the trainer said: "I am sorry to lose your money and your company, but I feel it my duty to say that I can teach you nothing further. You have the science and muscle to clean out a crowd, and Heaven help the man who stands before you!" The citizen went home with a consciousness that only cowards carry revolvers, and he wondered how a man would look after he had given him a sockdologer straight from the shoulder. The next morning, as he was leaving his house, along came a strawberry man, who was yelling his wares at the top of his voice. "Do you sell any more berries for yelling in that manner?" asked the citizen, as the peddler drew rein. "Oh, take in your nose!" was the reply. "Some one will take your whole body in some day." "But it won't be a man with a wart on his chin!" "No impudence, sir!" "And none from you, either!" "You deserve a good thrashing!" "And perhaps you can give it to me!" There was the golden opportunity. The one had science — the other impudence. The one had received thirty-eight lessons in boxing — the other fairly ached to be pounded. "Don't talk that way to me or I'll knock you down!" said the finished pupil as he gently threw himself into position to mash a brick wall. "Oh, you will, eh? Then let's see you do it!" Even the graduate couldn't tell exactly what took place. He remembered of being kicked on the shins, struck on the chin, and twisted over a horse-block after he fell; but when consciousness returned, his wife and children were crying over him, and the peddler was two blocks down the street, shouting: "Straw-bu-ries — great big ones — perfect daisies — two shillin's a quart without any thumb in it!"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

DEATH has silenced the eloquent and poetic pleading of Miss Fanny Parnell, for Ireland. It is remarkable that the great movements toward Irish independence have not lacked the divine poet. It was said that the melodies of Moore were as potent in the Irish cause as the orations of O'Connell; and certainly the songs of Thomas Davis were capable of arousing splendid enthusiasm.

Miss Parnell's poems are chiefly distinguished for intensity of feeling, which at times is actually painful. There is none of the cant of sorrow or shallow sentiment for Ireland's wrongs; but a fervor of emotion which cannot be counterfeited, a vividness of portrayal unequalled, in our judgment, in this species of poetry. Tom Moore, lolling upon a sofa, at HOLLAND HOUSE, was a far different person from the lady who gave her jewels, and time, and brains to the furtherance of the League movement. Ireland should never forget this brave, poetic soul, who deserves to rank with the daughters of the old sea-kings, and with those feminine spirits who rise at times, to shame man by the display of virtues and qualities which he claims for himself exclusively.

It was not given her to behold the glory of her disenthralled country; but the soul that breathes in these lines cannot be held bound by death:—

Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze
Break at last upon thy story?

. . . . . .

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises
When all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor
When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
Of thy exiled sons' returning!
I should hear, though dead and mouldered, and the grave-damps
Should not chill my bosom's burning.

THE only hope for Arabi Pasha is to proclaim the "Tehad" or Holy War, and this hope appears to be a very slim one. Unquestionably, Egypt is right in her attempt to rid herself of England and France, for every country has a right to rule itself, by its own sons. The treatment of Egypt by English and French capitalists for the past twenty years, would make a nation of rabbits spring to self-protection and revenge; and the wonder is that the people submitted so long to exactions and misrule unparalleled in modern times, not excepting even Ireland, where, until lately, there has been some law. Much against the will of England, the last scoundrelly Khedive was deposed. He was a fellow that was in the habit of making presents of million dollar necklaces, etc, as mere bagatelles, and then of grinding Egypt with taxation to pay for them. The condition of the *fellahs*, or laboring classes, is admittedly the worst in civilized or uncivilized humanity. By a system of miserable subjection to whatever Power bribes the government of the Khedive the most, Egypt has derived no substantial benefit from the Isthmus of Suez, which would have infinitely benefited a people who had a good government.

Islamism, or Mohammedanism as a vital religion no longer exists; and to expect it to arouse the people is to expect an impossibility. The few hardy Arabs that hold to the traditions of the Prophet are a handful compared with the masses of sensual and unbelieving Turks and brutalized East Indians. The age of chivalry and that of religious fervor is gone; and the defeat of Arabi, and the subjugation of Egypt simply depend upon the longest purse. Still, all these insurrections in the East, like the agitation in Ireland, whilst they show the evils of British rule, sometimes secure a measure of good government.

OCTOBER 1882 is the bi-centennial of the founding of Pennsylvania. Although the State at large has a wonderful career of prosperity to recount, the Catholic Church has an equally remarkable story. In 1686, there were only thirty Catholics in Philadelphia, and now there are 225,000. Even so late as 1834, Bishop Kenrick gave the census of his diocese, which included all Pennsylvania, as 35,000. Of course, it was the immigration consequent upon the development of the minerals of Pennsylvania, that really swelled the number of Catholics. The people of Ireland fairly took possession of certain counties in the coal and iron districts of Pennsylvania, and to this day, there are towns in which the Irish language is almost wholly spoken, even by the children born in America. Scranton, forty years ago, was only a blacksmith's shop, where stage horses were shod, as they rested before crossing the mountains. The coal industry, like the lamp of Aladdin, built it in a night, and it is now the See of a Bishop, and a real centre of Catholicity.

Philadelphia, by reason of its vast population of North of Ireland Orangemen, is, in a quiet way, the most bigoted city in the union. The officials never take part in any movement even remotely connected with Catholicity. Such a proceeding as the Mayor of Boston's presiding at the recent centennial of the Sisters of Charity, would cost him his seat in Philadelphia if he ran for re-election. In fairness, however, it must be said that this bitter spirit is confined to Orangemen, who, it is to be hoped, may one day imitate the example of some of their brethren in wishing well to the Land League.

THE Carmelites, and indeed the whole Church, are determined to celebrate the Tercentenary of St. Teresa, in October, in a befitting way. The greatness of this illustrious servant of God, like that of the sun or of an apparently dim and remote planet, has been of gradual discovery. Persecuted and calumniated in life, her death was her triumph.

Still, one discovers, in her life, the exceeding care of the Church never to accept any statements hastily. The claim that St. Teresa made that her manner of prayer had no less an authority than that of Jesus Christ, who repeatedly appeared to her, and made her the confidant of his designs, made the Church subject all her writings and the whole tenor of her life to the severest scrutiny. Not that the Church for a moment questioned the likelihood of the adorable condescension of the Heavenly Spouse, in deigning to instruct Teresa in the spiritual life; for such apparitions and instructions are sufficiently common in the Church. But it may be said that St. Teresa's method of prayer practically revolutionized the spiritual life, and truly made for many souls a short cut to perfection. Instead of long meditations, the will is exercised chiefly in making acts of love to God, and as the will is the only power of the soul that can merit, every one of its devotional acts brings a special grace and reward. St. Thomas teaches that every act of the love of God merits eternal life.

The extraordinary ability of St. Teresa, her freedom from excitability, her profound humility and other virtues give her writings great force. She ranks as a classic in Spain. Not the slightest doubt can possibly rest upon the appearance of Christ to her, or her mystical life. It is strange that though she lived in the times of the Protestant Reformation, she only once refers to it, as a deplorable source of the damnation of many souls. She was divinely illuminated to know that heresy is a punishment of sin, and that God will

withdraw the grace of the faith from those who neglect its practice. This is the greatest of the divine chastisements and the certain prelude to damnation, as without faith it is impossible to please God. Therefore, when she was dying, she kept repeating, "I die a daughter of the Holy Roman Catholic Faith."

It is evident to faith and reason that nothing can be more displeasing to God than the spirit which makes excuses for heresy, and sees no difference between the faith which the Son of God died to secure to us, and the theories and opinions of Luther, Wesley, or Beecher. Unfortunately, Catholics who flatter themselves that they are liberal, often speak in an excusatory way of heresy. You may love Protestants as much as you please; but you are bound, under pain of mortal sin, to hate and detest the spirit of unbelief and misbelief which drew their fathers out of the ark of Christ; and you are bound to pray for them and place in their way means of conversion.

THE LATE FANNY PARNELL. — The family of the late Miss Parnell have been thrown into deep affliction by the death of this talented lady. Her venerable mother is still suffering from the shock. And the intelligence comes from Ireland that the sad news has prostrated her sister. Her distinguished brother is also suffering from the shock of the death of his sister. May God comfort them.

THE CATHOLIC is the name of a very neat compact paper published at the seat of government by Henry M. Beadle, Esq. The form is quarto, and each number has sixteen pages. If it could be circulated among the members of Congress, great good might be done.

THE REPUBLIC. — We are indebted to our enterprising contemporary THE REPUBLIC, for the engraving of the late Miss Parnell, which appears in our issue of this month. We sent to purchase an electro, but Mr. Maguire refused pay, and sent it to us with a hearty good-will. Such generosity will not be forgotten. THE REPUBLIC in its first issue stated that "it came to stay." It looks like it. A paper with such enterprise must succeed.

FASTING IN ACUTE RHEUMATISM. — Dr. Wood, professor of chemistry in the Medical Department of Bishop's College, Montreal, reports a number of cases in which acute articular rheumatism was cured by fasting, — usually from four to eight days. In no case was it necessary to fast more than ten days. The patients were allowed to drink freely of cold water, or lemonade in moderate quantities if they preferred. No medicines were given. Dr. Wood says that, from the quick and almost invariably good results obtained by simple abstinence from food, in more than forty cases in his own practice, he is inclined to believe that rheumatism is, after all, only a phase of indigestion, to be cured by giving complete and continued rest to all the viscera.

HOME FOR DESTITUTE CATHOLIC CHILDREN. — Of all the charities in Boston, this stands at the front. No child entitled to shelter under its peaceful roof, is refused admittance. No pay is asked or received, the only question is — Is the child destitute? and the doors are open to him or her. The Home at present, never stood better. The treasurer, Mr. Ring, has lately paid five thousand dollars on the mortgage, leaving thirty-five thousand dollars debt now on the Home. This he was enabled to do through the generosity of the late Michael Mahar, who willed to the institution the bulk of his estate, which, with interest, would reach nearly ten thousand dollars. Mr. Mahar and Mr. Donahoe were old friends; the latter interested him in the Home; the result was he left the amount already specified. We could name a dozen of Catholics in Boston who could pay off the balance of the debt were they so inclined, without injury to themselves or families, and thus leave the institution free of debt. We sincerely trust that ere long a movement will be set on foot to accomplish this desirable result.

CERVANTES wrote "Don Quixote" in 1573.

COLONEL CHARLES G. GREENE of this city published the first number of the *Boston Post* Nov. 9, 1831, and was its very able controlling editor from 1839 to 1875, when he sold it. Colonel Greene is one of the finest looking men to be seen on our thoroughfares, and he and MR. PATRICK DONAHOE, another old Boston publisher and editor, are not a bit "sicklied o'er with that pale cast of thought" that the bard of Avon speaks of, to be seen in the faces of men who do similar hard, studious work. Both have done plenty of it, not only by the oil lamp, but by the tallow candle light.

DONAHOE'S popular Magazine for August is issued. It opens with a charming sketch and portrait of His Eminence, Cardinal Manning. This is followed by a paper on "Irish Sculpture and its Masters," by Prof. M. J. Murphy, a paper the perusal of which conveys much instruction on a subject not sufficiently known or appreciated by Irish readers. The leading story "Bonnie Dunraven," continues increasing in interest. There is a good instalment of the story given in this number, fully nineteen pages being devoted to it. The remaining subjects are of the usual popular character, edited with care and judgment. The August number of DONAHOE'S Magazine is up level with the stirring events of the period and is sure to please its friends and patrons.— *The Catholic Herald, Lawrence, Mass.*

FINDING A STOLEN DIAMOND.— A Natal paper related the following tale as related by a visitor from the Diamond Fields: —It appears that two partners in a claim were certain that their kafir had stolen a diamond of considerable value. They accused him of the theft but he denied it point blank. He was given another chance to acknowledge the robbery, but he stoutly denied it. Partner No. 2 accordingly picked up the Dutch "knot," and flogged the native till the blood started with equally fruitless result. It never struck the two friends that the kafir had not stolen the diamond. Without further ado, they ordered the fellow to take a spade and pickaxe and follow them. They walked a good distance out into the lonely field. Then the two partners commenced digging a trench about seven feet long. The kafir looked on quietly; then when the excavation was fully completed said: "What's that for, baas?" "*Get in there* !" was the only answer. The kafir laid himself full length in the grave, and partner No. 1 levelled a revolver at the wretch's head exclaiming: "Now, where is that diamond ?" "There, baas," said the kafir, spitting it out. There is great potency in the terror of death.

ORANGEISM — An unhappy event, showing that the fell spirit of Orangeism is not dead in the North of Ireland, took place on a recent Sunday. It is an annual custom for a large number of Catholics to assemble, on the first Sunday of July, along the shores of Lough Neagh. Two Catholics were proceeding quietly homewards through a place in Armagh called Oghalee, when five shots were fired at them. A bullet lodged in the neck of one and in the stomach of another, and both are in danger. No arrest has been made, but from the character of the locality there is no reason to doubt that it was Orangemen who intended to commit the double murder. —— The "glorious 1st July," as the Orangemen call the anniversary of the Boyne, was observed in Downpatrick by the opening of a new Orange hall. The speeches were in the usual style, led off by the chairman, Lord Arthur Hill, M. P., son of the Marquis of Downshire, and all present recorded a solemn vow to uphold the integrity of the empire against any "crafty conspirators" who may attempt to repeal the legislative union. And yet it was near the same place that the Protestant nobility and gentry of the North of Ireland a hundred years ago declared unanimously that laws for Ireland ought only to be made by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland.

WHERE DO THE PUNCHED COINS GO ? —Into the contribution box at church. We saw a poor sexton of one of our fashionable churches the other day who was boldly trying to pass off a lot of the stuff, and he said he had just been paid for his services about the church, entirely in mutilated coins. It would seem there are great numbers of church-goers, who make it a business to save all such bad pieces as they happen to get stuck with during the week, and religiously drop them into the church collection on Sunday. And yet such fellows expect to get to Heaven. We can imagine the kind of reception all such will have from St. Peter or St. Paul when they apply at the "golden gates" for admission. "No sir. You tried to cheat the Lord down yonder by passing bad money on him; you can't come in here, go to the other place." Bang goes the door.

BOYCOTTING.— All the barbers in St. Paul are negroes. One of them was refused a drink at a fashionable bar on account of his color. The next time the rumseller went to a barber shop he was informed that no negro in that city would shave him until he abolished the color line at his bar. He is growing a full beard in consequence.

THE causes which have led to the present disturbances in Egypt are admirably stated by a contributor to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, who resided for several years among the natives there. He concedes that, unscrupulous as Ismail Pasha has been, he has pushed Egypt further on the path of progress than any other Moslem land. For some time, however, Europeans have been reaping the harvests of the labors of the natives. Ismail asked his foreign creditors, whom he could not pay for pecuniary loans, to supply him with three experts to administer his finances, but Europe forced on him a host of controllers, commissioners and office-seekers, who superseded the old and capable Arab and Copt clerks, and have since treated them and the other natives rudely. The natural result was that the people rebelled, formed a party first known as the "Young Egyptian Party," but recently called the National party. Their motto is: "Egypt for the Egyptians." Arabi Pasha, who is the head of this party, has secured the confidence of the army, and the people call for the deposition of the Khedive because he yields to the French and English Governments. The writer asserts that "no greater mistake can be made than to accept the assertion that the movement is confined to cities of Cairo and Alexandria. All the leading men in the villages, the sheiks, the mudirs — in fact, all the people who influence the masses — are warm supporters of the National party."

TWO PRIESTS obtained distinguished rewards at the annual distribution of prizes, held by the French Academy. One is Abbé A. Fabre, to whom a prize of £40 was awarded for his work on "The Youth of Fléchier," the great Catholic preacher of the seventeenth century. The other is Abbé Petitjean, who received a prize of the same value for his services rendered to humanity. We prefer to translate the very words in which the president of the Academy mentioned the merits of that excellent man. He said: "This worthy priest, who is now 72 years old, has spent all his life in seeking to relieve the sufferings of the poor. He himself studied medicine in order to give more efficiency to his efforts. He treats patients who suffer from typhoid fever; and when the cholera was raging in Germany, he went there on purpose to study its symptoms so as to assist his own people in France. Twice the cholera appeared in the two parishes in which Abbé Petitjean has ministered. In one parish alone, he saved the lives of 300 people. He thus appears in the double character of the village priest, who does good both in words and in works. How often does a poor man knock at the door of the presbytery and carry away from it not only sound advice, but also the last coin of the poor priest who is, perhaps, poorer than the man on whom he bestows his charity?" This is a picture of a French priest taken from life. There is many and many a priest in Ireland to whom the same picture applies, but no Irish Academy to acknowledge and reward their merits. — *London Universe.*

MR. PARNELL'S HEALTH. — Mr. Parnell announces his intention to go to the Continent for some time, to stay among the Swiss mountains for the benefit of his health, after the passage of the Arrears Bill. Before leaving for the Continent, however, Mr. Parnell will complete the organization of an Anti-Eviction Committee in Dublin, to protect tenants from the operations of the landlords' corporation, which aims at carrying out wholesale evictions under the new Coercion Act. Mr. Parnell's policy will be to keep Ireland as quiet as possible, and thus deprive the English Government of all excuse for using the despotic powers conferred by the "Repression Act," until the next general election. Meantime, the Irish Party will endeavor to obtain as many as possible of the minor reforms to which the "Liberals" are pledged. Mr. Parnell calculates on having seventy-eight reliable Irish Nationalists in the next Parliament, by whose aid the Irish party can exercise sufficient pressure to compel any Ministry to grant a measure of self-government which will satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people, for the present at least.

MGR. CZACKI, the able Polish prelate who has so signally distinguished himself in the French Nunciature during the last few years, is about to be relieved from his laborious duties, and, owing to failing health, recalled to Rôme, where he is to be rewarded with the *cardinalice* purple. The French Government itself, recognising the merits of the Nuncio, craved that that honor should be conferred upon him by the Holy See, and Mgr. Czacki will receive the *beretta* from the hands of the President of the Republic, and not leave Paris before his successor is installed in his place.

WITHIN the last twelve months Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, has confirmed 30,000 persons, many of them emigrants from the widowed dioceses of Germany. Within the past six months he has laid the corner stone or performed the ceremony of consecration for twelve Churches in Chicago and its environs. This speaks well for the Catholic growth of the city by the lakes. — *Western Watchman.*

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE WORD CELT?—A German philologist, Herr Clück, traced the word to a root *cel*, which he stated to mean "raise" or "elevate," but he could never find any proofs to back up his theory. A French antiquary, M. d'Arbois de Jubainvaille, professor of the Celtic language and literature in the Collége de France, has lately found the missing link and placed it before the Society of Antiquaries of France. We translate what he says on the subject: "In a biography of St. Columban, written by an Irish priest in the eleventh century, the word *celthe* is used in the sense of top or summit; in a M.S. life of St. Bridget, dating from the 14th century, the same word stands for the steeple of a church; and in an Irish glossary of the 16th century it is given in the sense of high, great and noble." This goes to show that Herr Glück's theory was, after all, correct, and that the word Celt is connected with the same Latin root from which we derive the English words excel and excellent, and from which Longfellow took the title of his first poem, Excelsior.—*London Universe.*

THE RECENT MURDERS IN PHŒNIX PARK.—A good deal of justifiable surprise has been expressed as to the lamentable fact that two estimable gentlemen could be brutally murdered in the broad daylight in Phœnix Park, unknown to the police and without the interference of anybody. It must, however, be borne in mind that Phœnix Park is of enormous extent—larger than all the London parks put together—and that on week days it is well nigh deserted. The murders referred to are, nevertheless, most horrible and nationally disgraceful. But see what occurred at Epsom the other day. Two foreigners were on the race-course on Derby Day, robbed and nearly murdered whilst hundreds of well-dressed people looked on with indifference. Indeed, one of the strangers was left for dead upon the ground. No loss of life has resulted. The unfortunate men were not Secretaries of State, but in every other respect the outrage was quite as brutal as any that has occurred in Ireland. Such outrages elicit general expressions of horror from the people of Ireland. The outrage at Epsom was sought to be palliated by some of the most respectable newspapers.

ENGLAND will be held responsible for the destruction of neutral property during the bombardment of Alexandria, and an enormous bill of damages is sure to be presented. There is a very uneasy feeling in ministerial circles, and Bright's resignation makes the position of the Government peculiarly difficult.

THE TRADE SITUATION.—The *Chattanooga Tradesman* concludes an article on the business situation in these words: The balance of trade is still running against us, and is likely to go that way through the summer. Exports have considerably fallen off as compared with last year, but the main trouble about the "balance" is the enormous increase in the importation of luxuries. Never have we been buying so many diamonds, silks, satins, laces and gewgaws generally from Great Britain and the Continent of Europe as since the year 1882 opened. Nothing short of a war can turn this state of affairs round before next fall, and even then, if the European crops are good, we shall hardly get even. The consolation business men take to themselves over this feature of the general condition is that the drain of gold to pay for foreign goods will probably be so slow that the final squeeze will end in a general stagnation instead of a destructive panic.

CONTRARY to all the predictions hazarded by the *quid nuncs*, the Peers will not oppose the Arrears bill. Lord Salisbury has advised them, and they have accepted his advice. My Lord thinks the mess Mr. Gladstone has got himself into over Egypt, will be political ruin, and that he, himself, will be called upon to take his place, and such being the case, he does not want to be hampered by landlords and tenants. The landlords are beginning to grow tired of the land war; they are not receiving their rents and they want money, Irish landlords always do, and so they are forced to compromise. It will be better for all parties. If the war in Egypt assumes serious features, the Irish people will, no doubt obtain Home Rule, when they will be in a position to settle the land question for good and for aye.

FARMS.—If the number of farms in the United States is 4,008,907, as Gen. Walker's completed census report indicates, then there has been an increase of 1,348,922 in the number, or almost one-third, during the last ten years. New York has 241,058 farms, and ranks third among the States, Illinois having 255,741 and Ohio 247,189. As the population of this State is 5,082,871, and there is about one adult male to every five inhabitants, there is nearly one farm for every four adult inhabitants. New York has a large manufacturing population, and perhaps a larger per cent, of male inhabitants engaged in indoor pursuits, than any other State west of the Hudson river, but the farm statistics show that her interests are preponderatingly agricultural. The number of farms in the whole Union gives one for about every thirteen inhabitants.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for August, contains a portrait of Cardinal Manning and a sketch of his life. An attractive story, "Bonnie Dunraven," is continued in this number and the remaining selections are in every way worthy of the high rank this periodical is taking among Catholic and Irish publications. — *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

JAMES REDPATH has purchased *McGee's Weekly*, and will, therefore, have an organ of his own to help him in the good work to which he has devoted his brilliant pen. He states that it is his intention not to make the *Weekly* a rival of any Irish-American journal, but rather "a companion or supplement to all of them." In his new venture he will have the hearty good wishes for success of his countless admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE FOP OF THE PERIOD. — Young men in the country who wish to make themselves absurd in outward appearance as are some of the fashionable youths of London will be interested in the following description: — "The gilded youth of the day wear exceedingly tight trousers, well-defined waists, slightly suggestive of corsets, hats with curved brims, very tall collars, very light ties, and a white flower placed very near their estimable chins. Their boots taper at the toes to points so sharp as to defy nature and encourage chiropodists." *Punch* occasionally treats us to a view of the gilded youth arrayed in this fashion, Mr. Linley Sambourne being particularly clever in presenting him to us. Not since the days of "Tom and Jerry," immortalized by Cruikshank, has anything so unbecoming and absurd in the way of masculine costume found favor among us.

PROMISE OF OUR LORD. — This promise is contained in the writings of B. Margaret Mary: — "I promise thee, in the excess of the mercy of My Heart, that Its all-powerful love will grant to those who receive Holy Communion on the first Friday of every month, for nine consecutive months, the Grace of Final Perseverance, and that they shall not die under my displeasure, nor without receiving the Sacraments: and My Heart will be their secure refuge at that last hour." This is truly an astonishing promise, and we may wonder that among the millions of Catholics in the world, so few seek to avail themselves of it. It becomes more wonderful when we reflect on the sanction given to it by the Church in the beatification of the B. Margaret Mary, which is at least an indirect approval of all her writings, including this revelation.

A SISTER'S REPLY. — In a certain city in France, not long since, a Religious presented herself before the Board of Examiners for her certificate, as a teacher. The president of the Board addressed her the following impertinent question: "Tell me, Madam, what action cost you most since your entry into religion?" The good sister was taken entirely by surprise, and did not answer immediately. "Can you not tell me?" insisted the learned gentleman. "Yes, sir, I can." "Well, tell me then, candidly." "What has cost me most since my entry into religion is to be obliged to present myself before you."

To govern an Irishman you must gag him, then kick him until he cannot get up, and then you must sit on him in case he comes to. This is the opinion of a writer in the *Glasgow Herald*. Pat will take a deal of beating before he will give in. He must be gagged first, and then kicked senseless, after the manly fashion of Lancashire; and even then he must be sat upon, or he may rise, refreshed from contact with mother-earth, like another Antæus, and lift the critical Sawney sky-high with the toe of his brogue. Seven centuries of oppression have not knocked the spirit out of him. Bravo, Pat! — *London Universe.*

THE CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY. — The New York *Times* of recent date, had an article covering six columns and exhibiting the progress of religious denominations in that city between 1845 and 1882. According to the figures given, while the population has increased 225 per cent, the total Protestant population has increased but 76 per cent. During the same time the Catholic Church membership has increased 900 per cent., or from 50,000 to 500,000. These are certainly very significant statistics; they show the decline of Protestantism and the active growth of Catholicity in America at one and the same time.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO. — A large number of audiences have been of late granted to congregations and private individuals as well as to numbers of Bishops who have been passing through Rome, and who have been the bearers of large sums from their dioceses as offerings of Peter's Pence. Amongst others, Mgr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, was received on the morning of May 19, and remained with the Pope for about half an hour. He presented the Holy Father with 14,500 fr. as Peter's Pence from the Archbishop, clergy, and faithful of Toronto diocese, and was commissioned on his return to Canada to give the Papal Benediction.

To be within reach of daily Mass during life, and voluntarily to throw away this inestimable privilege and its benefits is a folly great enough to set the soul wondering at its blindness for all eternity.

BAD FOR PENNSYLVANIA. — Comparing the murders committed in Ireland and Pennsylvania in one year, James Redpath says that Ireland must kill 76 landlords within the next six months before she gets equal.

IT will be a source of satisfaction to Catholics in general to know that the Christian Brothers, who have a fine college at Alexandria, as well as a school at Ramleh, were warned in time to escape the recent troubles there, and for the present have taken refuge in Jerusalem.

THE CROPS IN IRELAND. — In some parts of the country, the harvest prospects are gloomy in the extreme. The corn and potato crops are nearly ruined by the continual rain of the past few weeks, and the means of raising the rent are gradually disappearing.

MR. DAWSON, M. P. for Carlow borough, has been re-elected mayor of Dublin for 1883. This is right. Mr. Dawson is a man of the people, and always seems proud to proclaim it. He got a first-rate education at a Catholic college and at the Catholic University. He was the originator of the coming National Exhibition of Irish Manufactures, and has been a faithful member of Parliament.

THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS. — The twenty-ninth Catholic Congress will be held this year at Frankfort-on-the-Main about the end of August or the beginning of September. It will be closed by a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Boniface at Fulda, which, in fulfilment of a vow made at the last Congress held at Bonn, will have for its object to implore, through the intercession of the Apostle of Germany, peace for the Church and for the country.

ALWAYS BEGINNING. — St. Francis used to say continually to his brothers, "My brethren, let us begin to love God a little." He felt that he was only at the outset of the way of perfection, a mere beginner in the science of God. If we think ourselves to be more, it is because we are less. If we think ourselves more than beginners, it is a sign that we have hardly yet begun. There is no security for perseverance except in always advancing. To stand still is impossible. — *Cardinal Manning.*

THE Dublin Exhibition opened on the 15th of August.

GUITEAU. — The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* says: "We feel it our duty to reiterate the opinion that Guiteau was an irresponsible lunatic, and should neither have been tried by an ordinary criminal process nor have been sentenced to death."

MICHAEL DAVITT left New York the 15th of July, on the steamer *Pennland* for Antwerp, from whence, on arrival, he intends to start for Paris, where he will meet Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Patrick Egan, and other leading men of the Land League organization, and arrange a plan of action for the immediate future.

THE German papers are maliciously reproducing the words of Garibaldi at Palermo to M. Lipke, the member of the Reichstag. "Germany," said Garibaldi, "has rendered a great service to humanity by crushing France." This is the man whom some oblivious Frenchmen delight to honor. In their happiness at the thought that Garibaldi hated God and religion, they have quite forgotten his avowed hatred of even Republican France.

Now that the signal guns of glorious war have belched forth destruction in the land where the pyramids be, we beg to suggest that no better use of the skirmishing fund could be made than to help Arabi Pasha and his brave Egyptian people to blow up the Suez Canal, and deal eternal smash to British marauders and their proceedings generally. What say you, gentlemen, custodians of the fund? — *Catholic Union and Times.*

OBSERVER OF SUNDAY. — One word about the Catholic Sunday all over the world. Sunday is preeminently a day of rest for mankind. A day of rest should be a day of joy, for joy is rest. As a day is set apart by God for man, the first fruits of it are given to God. So Catholics are bound under pain of mortal sin to hear Mass and abstain from manual labor. That obligation observed, they are free to rest; to amuse themselves in any way they please, provided of course the amusement be lawful. The Puritan Sunday goes against this. It makes God a sour and angry task-master, who frowns on everything on his own day; on the child's laugh, on the boy's play, on innocent mirth. This is not God's day, but an evil spirit's. — *Catholic Review.*

IRELAND, MOTHER?

By Fanny Parnell.

Vein of my heart, light of mine eyes,
Pulse of my life, star of my skies
Dimmed is thy beauty, sad are thy sighs,
Fairest and saddest, what shall I do for thee,
Ireland, Mother?

Vain, ah vain is a woman's power;
Vain is a woman's hot despair;
Naught can she do, naught can she dare,—
I am a woman, and can do naught for thee,
Ireland, Mother!

Hast thou not sons, like the ocean-sands?
Hast thou not sons with brave hearts and hands?
Hast thou not *heirs* for thy broad, bright lands?
What have they done—or what will they do for thee?
Ireland, Mother!

Were I a man from thy glorious womb,
I'd hurl the stone from thy living tomb;
Thy grief should be joy, and light thy gloom,
The rose should gleam 'mid thy golden bloom,
The marish wastes should blossom and bloom;
I'd smite thy foes with thy own long doom,
While God's heaped judgments should around them loom;
Were I a man, lo! this would I do for thee,
Ireland, Mother!

Married, on the 17th of July, at St. Joseph's Church, Boston, Patrick M. Donahoe, to Miss Jenny Healy. The ceremony took place at 8 o'clock in the morning, during the Nuptial Mass. The groom is the second son of Patrick Donahoe by his second marriage and is not quite twenty-one years. The bride is about the same age.

McGee's Illustrated Weekly.—James Redpath, Esq. so well known to the friends of Ireland throughout the world, has become the editor of *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*. The name has been changed to *James Redpath's Illustrated Weekly*, and is published at the same price, $3 a year. Donahoe's Magazine ($2) and the *Illustrated Weekly* ($3) will be sent to subscribers for four dollars ($4) a year. Address, Patrick Donahoe, Boston, Mass.

The Brown Scapulary.—An appeal is made to the tens of thousands of the children of Mary to aid in the erection of a Convent and Chapel in New Orleans, for the poor daughters of St. Teresa, the Carmelite Nun. We refer to the appeal in our advertising pages.

Her Majesty has placed a residence close to Balmoral at the disposal of the Earl of Kenmore during the autumn, as it is considered that the state of Ireland does not permit of his returning to Killarney at present.

Napoleon had only 5,000 troops with him when he overran Egypt; and Abercrombie took the city with less than 12,000 men; though he was opposed by 10,000 French.

The statue of King William the Third, in College Green, Dublin, met with a serious mishap recently. It was not blown up by exasperated Ultramontanes, nor daubed with tar by jocund Trinity students. Grim Time was the offender. The sword worn by the monarch of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," its attachment becoming rusty and weak through the action of time and the weather, fell to the earth with a crash. The occurrence has not been scheduled as an "outrage."

Michael Davitt.—In an interview he said, that he would not fight the question of nationalization against peasant proprietary if there was the slightest chance of creating dissension in the Land League. He said he would return to Ireland immediately, to put a spoke in the wheel of Mr. Kavanagh's land co-operation scheme.

Liverpool is a famous city. It has the grandest docks and the biggest ships in the world. But this is not all. Since Monday, it has had the largest alligator in Europe. Whether this amphibious curiosity is to form a permanent addition to the attractions of the premier seaport is rather doubtful; for Barnum has been "looking round" within the last few days, and has actually laid his eyes on the monster.

It is stated that as soon as Michael Davitt can find leisure he intends writing a "History of England's Criminal Classes." He gathers his material chiefly from what he saw and heard during his seven years' of prison life, which brought him in contact, however reluctantly, with English criminals of every class, from the aristocratic swindler down to the common pickpocket. Among other characters whom he met, Davitt was for many months in the same prison with the notorious Tichborne claimant.

The Guion Line.—This line bids fair to surpass all competitors. The Arizona and Alaska are masters of the ocean. Now the company are constructing a vessel to eclipse even these performances. The Oregon is to be 500 feet between perpendiculars, 54 feet beam, and about 30 feet moulded depth, indicated horse-power 13,000; consumption about 220 tons per day on very full steaming.

LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

THE PALACE, THURLES, July 11.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your Drogheda correspondent has led you and the public astray in at least two important particulars as regards the import and provisions of the Circular Letter which His Grace the Primate is said to have read for the clergy of the Deanery of Drogheda assembled yesterday in conference.

The first resolution of this important Circular, according to your correspondent, "directs the Clergy to give no support or countenance to the Ladies' Land League, as it was calculated to exercise an undue influence over, and weaken the functions of maidenly modesty."

No such resolution was passed by the assembled prelates, nor does it, or anything like it, appear in the Circular Letter read for his clergy by the Archbishop of Armagh. The bishops have issued no condemnation whatever of the Ladies' Land League.

Again, "the third resolution," says your correspondent, "forbids any curate to attend any meeting, either in or out of his own parish, without the consent of the parish priest."

This, too, contains a misstatement. There is no such resolution. The truth is, that the regulation as actually set forth in the Circular concerning the attendance of priests at public meetings will be found in practice to be a very harmless affair indeed, especially when it is borne in mind that, in case of a difference of opinion between the pastor and his curate, as to the expediency of attending a particular meeting, the matter is to be referred to the Ordinary of the Diocese, who, I feel convinced, will never interfere with the civil rights and liberty of his subject without ample evidence and cause.—I remain, my dear sir, your faithful servant,

✠ T. W. CROKE,
Archbishop of Cashel.

THE funeral of the late Fanny Parnell, on the 24th of July, was a mournful reminder of Church day in November, 1869, when all that was mortal of Admiral Stewart was conveyed from Montpelier, or Ironsides, as it is now called, to the cars to be carried to the cemetery at Philadelphia. Ninety-two years of age, Commodore Stewart had outlived the time of man. The corpse of his granddaughter, Miss Fanny Parnell, was carried down the same winding path to the train, which bore it to a receiving vault at Trenton N. J., prior to its removal to its final destination, Ireland. There were many people of note at the obsequies, including John Parnell of Georgia, Mr. Tudor of Boston, Commodore McCauley, U.S.N., Lieut. Wheeler, Thomas E. B. Hopkinson, great grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, William Redmond, Stephen J. Meany, M. D. Gallagher, O'Donovan Rossa, Hugh King, Miles O'Brien and Patrick J. Ford. At 9.30 A. M. over one hundred ladies and gentlemen arrived representing various Land League branches in New York, Rochester, Jersey City, Newark and Trenton. An hour latter forty delegates from the Philadelphia Land League marched to the Parnell mansion. People residing in the vicinity added their quota, until the house and lawn were overflowing with people.

"CARDINAL" FEEHAN OF CHICAGO.

SOME wag in Rome has started the story, and the genus *gobemouches* has swallowed it, that the Pope is about to create the Archbishop of Chicago a Cardinal. To obviate the necessity of arguing all the reasons for which what is not ought to be true; and the other reasons for why it could not be true; it may perhaps be sufficient to state one little fact:—There is not one atom of truth in the story,—and no shadow of officious rumor from which, as a dream, the canard could have been set flying abroad.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

EVICTIONS.—A Parliamentary return, which was ordered by the House of Commons on the 8th of April, 1881, on the motion of Mr. Forster, the late Chief Secretary for Ireland, gives full information regarding the number of evictions reported by the police in Ireland, during the last twenty or thirty years. From this document it would appear that from 1849 to 1880 (both years inclusive) no less than 90,107 families, or 460,510 persons, were turned out of their homes by Irish landlords! In 1860, one of those benevolent Land Acts that have been passed periodically to "settle" the Land Question became law; and it is curious to note that one of its results was to increase enormously the number of evictions for the four succeeding years. In 1870 another of those Acts was passed; but still the evictions went merrily on, no less than 8,413 having occurred between 1871 and 1880, both years being included in the calculation. In 1880, the evictions numbered 2,110, and affected no less than 10, 457 human beings. Many disinterested people, who are at a loss to know why it is that the Irish are so discontented with their government from London, can find the difficulty more than half solved by a glance at these startling figures, furnished by the allies of the landlords themselves.—*Irish American.*

FATHER DRUMGOOLE'S NEW PURCHASE.

A large tract of land on the south side of Staten Island, consisting of over 250 acres, along with the stock, crops and farming utensils, was purchased recently for the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. Preparations have already been made to erect a few buildings needed for immediate use. Each building, when completed, will — according to the plans carefully drawn out — afford the most perfect ventilation and ample facilities for recreation at all seasons of the year. As soon as the buildings are ready, the children at present in the House at Lafayette Place, and those in the Nursery at Fort Washington, will be transferred to their new quarters. The farm will be thoroughly drained, and no expense spared to make it one of the most productive and best cultivated farms on Staten Island. It runs two thousand feet along the Bluffs fronting Prince's Bay, affording a most beautiful view of the scenery along the coast, and of the Atlantic Ocean, as far as the eye can reach. The sea rolls up to the Bluffs and offers facilities for bathing purposes that cannot be surpassed.

The magnificent gift of a large tract of land on Rockaway Beach to the Mission last year by the Hon. Judge Donohue, and which runs a quarter of a mile along the most beautiful part of the beach, from the Atlantic Ocean to Jamaica Bay, can be sold for a sum sufficient at least to defray the expense of the late purchase, besides meeting the outlay for drainage and whatever improvements may be necessary for making it a first-class farm in every respect.

Father Drumgoole and friends have been looking out, for over five years, for a place suitable for their purpose in Westchester County, near the Sound, and elsewhere, but could find nothing to compare with this for healthfulness of location and beauty of scenery. By the advice of Judge Donohue, Father Drumgoole made the purchase as the most suitable in every respect for his purpose that could be found.

Already the architect and builders are at work, as Father Drumgoole is very anxious to complete the buildings as soon as possible, in order to enable him to remove the children from their present quarters to the farm as — in accordance with his original plan — he is determined that the Mission House in Lafayette Place will be opened next Fall for the exclusive use of the homeless working boys of New York.

JOHN O'DONOUGHOE, Esq. of Toronto, has been made a Senator, and Mr. M. P Ryan, Collector of the Customs for the Port of Montreal, — both Irish Catholics.

BOY SMOKERS. — Whatever may be thought of smoking in the case of adults, and comparatively few persons, we believe, are to be found at the present day who would condemn it when practised in moderation, there can be but one opinion on the part of all who have ever given the subject a thought as to its consequence in the case of growing boys. Brain and nerve, and bodily strength are one and all most seriously affected by juvenile smoking, and the sad and injurious effects are often only too painfully visible in after-years. The sickly appearance and pallid features of so many French and American boys are, beyond all doubt, in great part due to the fact of their being permitted to indulge in this most pernicious practice, which, we regret to notice, is extending in this country among a similar class. We hold that no one should, under any circumstances whatever, be permitted to indulge even in a cigarette under eighteen years of age at the earliest, and that any infraction of this rule should be sternly and relentlessly punished. It cannot be too sedulously impressed upon the young, that there is nothing either clever or manly in the practice, and that their own best interests in after-life require them to abstain from it, until they have done growing. Boys have no idea of doing anything in moderation, neither do they know which kinds of tobacco are least likely to affect the nerves or heart, and, as a rule, when surreptitiously smoking, make use of the strongest and most unwholesome compounds they can find. But in any case, whatever be the nature of the tobacco which they inhale, and however moderate the quantity, all medical men are agreed that it can not only be of no possible advantage to them, but must almost inevitably do them harm. By all means let grown men smoke if they like, and we are far from saying a word against their doing so, but let us discourage and hinder it by every means in our power in the case of our growing boys, if we wish them to become stalwart and healthy members of the community.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT.— The children of the late Gustavus A. Austin, of Burlinglington, formerly of Orwell, Vermont, five in number,— Mr. Charles Austin, and the Misses Sarah, Eliza, Julia, and Kate Austin, all of whom are converts so the Catholic Church, — have given from their father's estate the munificent donation of $27,000 to the new St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, which is now being erected on North Avenue, in Burlington, and which, when completed, will be one of the handsomest charitable institutions in the State. The Sisters of Providence have charge of the orphans.

PERSONAL.

THE great Cardinal Manning celebrated his 74th birthday on the 15th of July.

BISHOP IRELAND has been appointed chaplain on the staff of Governor Hubbard, of Minnesota.

MOST REV. DR. BUTLER, Bishop of Limerick, has restored Father Sheehy to his parish at Kilmallock.

MR. M. P. RYAN, late member of Parliament, has been appointed to the collectorship of the port of Montreal.

THE VERY REV. FATHER ANTONINUS WILLIAMS, of the Priory, Haverstock-hill, has been elected to the office of Provincial of the Dominican Order in England.

THE London "*Gazette*" states that the Queen has appointed the Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald to be Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, with the dignity of Baron Fitzgerald of Kilkenny.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Q. C., of the Munster Bar, and one of the criminal prosecutors for Dublin, has been appointed to the vacant judgeship in the Irish Common Pleas Division. The new judge is a Catholic.

THE REV. FATHER CUDDIHY, of Milford, Mass., sailed for Ireland on July the 8th. He was to meet his bishop, O'Reilly, at Clonmel. This, we believe, is the twelfth time Father Cuddihy has crossed the Atlantic.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE has bought a large tract of land on the south side of Staten Island for farming purposes. Thither those children, wards of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, who are now in Lafayette Place and in the Nursery at Fort Washington, will be removed as soon as suitable buildings have been erected. The large tract of land on Rockaway Beach, which was given to the Mission last year by the Hon. Judge Donahoe, and which runs about a quarter of a mile along the most beautiful portion of the beach from the Atlantic Ocean to Jamaica Bay, can be sold for a sum large enough to defray the expenses of the late purchases, besides those of drainage and other improvements necessary to make it a first class farm in every respect. It will also help to erect some of the buildings needed for present use. The Staten Island purchase was made by Judge Donohoe's advice.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, of Toronto, has arrived home.

THE REV. JOHN J. MURPHY, S. J., formerly of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and latterly at Woodstock, Md., has been appointed to succeed the Very Rev. Father Fulton, S. J., as rector of St. Gonzaga's College, Washington, D. C.

OF GEN. P. A. COLLINS, who is prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination to Congress from the Boston district, the *Manchester Union* says: "His position and ability are such that he would at once reach the leadership which is so much needed in the House."

THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN BRIGHT, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has withdrawn from the English Ministry, giving as his reason that he does not like the war against Egypt. And thus is the Gladstone Government falling to pieces, a government which two years ago had a hundred of a majority at its back, but was the other day defeated by thirteen majority in a House of over four hundred.

THE REV. PATRICK F. DEALY, S. J., who for the past few years has been pastor of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in New York, has been appointed by the new Jesuit Provincial, the Very Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., to the office of President of St. John's College at Fordham, in place of the Rev. Father Gockelp, S. J., whose term has expired. Rev. Father Fulton has shown excellent judgment in this appointment. Father Dealy will make Fordham the great seat of Catholic education in America.

IT must have been a genuine surprise for Mr. Cowen, M. P. for Newcastle-on Tyne, Mr. Collings, M. P. for Ipswich, and Mr. Labouchere, the colleagueless senior Member for Northampton, to learn, on the authority of the *Freeman's Journal*, that they were natives of the Emerald Isle. The leading Irish organ published a list of the "Irish Members" who supported Mr. Dillon's amendment to the eighth clause of the Crime Bill, and among the names given are those of the three hon. gentlemen. Whether the surprise occasioned by the discovery of their Hibernian origin has or has not been an agreeable one to the hon. members themselves will probably never be known; but the accession of this doughty trio to the ranks of Ireland's true-born champions is certainly a bright augury for the near triumph of her cause.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

BIBLE STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. Price 25 cts.

This little book, compiled at the instance of some Sisters, is an attempt to present the beautiful Stories of the Old and New Testament in a plain, simple form, suited to the capacity of little children. In this endeavor, the publishers have drawn from various sources, notably from the "Simple Bible Stories" of the New Testament, by Mrs. E. Dwyer Gray. A number of illustrations, made expressly for the book, are introduced in the hope of making the work still more attractive to the little ones.

A DECREE of the Index condemns some works, among the rest Renan's "Ecclesiaste," and Mamiani's "Social Questions." Chaillot, the author of "Pie VII. et les Jesuites," has submitted to his condemnation.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Arthur and Martha," Comic Song, by Arthur Lloyd. "When the Leaves Begin to Fall." Waltz Song by Chas. D. Blake.

Instrumental: Valse from "Sylvia" by Leo Delibes, arranged by James M. Tracy, "Woman's Love Waltzes," by Jahrbach, "Sunflower Waltz" by Chas. D. Blake. "Pretty Primrose Schottische" by same author.

PRACTICAL METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE, by LOUIS KOHLER, vol. II. A standard work issued in superior style.

THE levee recently held at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales on behalf of her Majesty was attended by the Earl of Kenmare, Lord Bury, and other distinguished Catholics. Mr. M. D. Kavanagh, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, and Counsel to the ex-Gaikwar of Baroda and other Indian princes, was on the same occasion presented to his Royal Highness by the Lord Chancellor. This being the first occasion on which a member of the outer bar has been presented at a royal levee by an occupant of the wool-sack, the compliment paid to Dr. Kavanagh — who, by the way, is a native of "The Kingdom" of Kerry — is as rare as it is deserved.

DEALERS in the staff of life must not forget that the new wheat crop is coming in, that it is abundant in quantity, and that all efforts to keep up prices in Chicago must fail. The hot weather which set Eastern cities to sweltering a few days ago worked wonders with the growing corn in the Northwest, and next winter we shall reap some recompense for our midsummer suffering in the shape of a general reduction in prices of cereals.

IMMIGRATION statistics for 1881 show 34 per cent. of the whole number of immigrants as of German origin to 9 per cent. of Irish. Germany is much more populous than Ireland, and the immigration from the latter is relatively quite large, but the poverty of its people and a lingering hope that the land may yet be won for the people restrict the exodus to a great degree.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.— The head is clear, the health is better, the heart is lighter, and the purse is heavier.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for August is a specimen number. The article on "Irish Sculpture and Its Masters" is of general interest. All the articles are good ones. This is the leading Irish magazine. — *Boston Sunday Globe.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for August is as full of good things as usual. Why should the young read such trashy and demoralizing papers as many of them do, when better reading can be bought for about the same price. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE costs 20 cents a number, or $2 a year, and has as much reading matter, to say nothing as to quality, as the vile stuff that is destroying our youth. —*The Catholic*, Washington, D. C.

MANY of the Land Leagues throughout the States have assembled and passed resolutions of condolence on the death of Miss Parnell.

THE IRISH BAR.— We conclude in our present issue the extremely interesting sketches of the Irish Bar. We will commence in a future issue "*The Munster Circuit*," by the same author, J. R. O'Flanagan, Esq.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND PRIESTS.

MGR. JEAN BAPTISTE JOSEPH LEQUETTE, Bishop of Arras, Boulogne, and St. Omer, died June 14th, after a short and painful illness. Mgr. Lequette will be always associated in the minds of the Catholics of Europe with the recent canonisation of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, the celebration of whose festival in the Cathedral of Arras was one of the last acts of the deceased prelate. Mgr. Lequette was the only foreign Bishop specially invited to the ceremony of canonisation.

THE death is announced of Mgr. de la Bouillerie, Coadjutor-Bishop of Bordeaux.

THE VERY REV. JOHN A. MCSHANE, O. P., lately elected Prior of St. Rose's Dominican Convent, Washington County, Kentucky, died June 30, in Bellaire, Ohio, whither he had gone temporarily to supply the place of his nephew, Rev. D. B. Cull, who was absent at the commencement of Nazareth Academy. He was about thirty-five years old, and a native of Ohio.

REV. M. MURPHY, the highly-esteemed curate of Mahahide Church, died lately. Father Murphy was a native of Kilkenny, and labored about ten years in the mission. He spent a number of years in the parishes of St. Agatha, Wicklow, and Lusk, and became attached to the Church of St. Sylvester, Mahahide, two years ago. Among all classes Father Murphy's frank and amiable manner won him multitudes of friends.

REV. JOHN T. DWYER, a young priest of Trenton, N. J., died at Camden, on Wednesday night, of hemorrhage of the lungs, while on a visit to the pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

REV. JULIAN WALL died on Monday, July 10th, at the parochial residence of St. Joseph's Church, Somerville, Mass. He was ordained on the 3rd of June at Baltimore, Md., and until his recent illness exercised his sacred functions at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston.

ONE of the pioneer planters of the Cross on the Pacific Coast died recently at the Cœur D'Alene Mission, Idaho. Father Gregory Gazzoli, S. J., was in his 68th year, 45 of which was spent in the Society of Jesus, and for 35 of these years he had labored zealously and successfully among the Indians of the Northwest, by whom he was beloved with a degree of veneration second only to their high regard for their first missionary, Father De Smet, S. J.

ADMIRAL JOHN C. BEAUMONT, U.S.N. died at Portsmouth, N. H., recently, at an advanced age. He was a popular and brave officer. He was interred from the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Portsmouth, where Mass was said for the repose of his soul.

REV. JOSEPH J. COUGHLIN, for several years assistant pastor of St. Cecilia's Catholic church in Brooklyn, N, Y., died July 17th, at the home of his parents, at 129 Essex street, Jersey City, aged 34 years. He had been ill since last Christmas.

THE REV. JOHN O'DOWD, who has been connected with the Cathedral of Portland as Chancellor for over two years, has been appointed to Eastport, Maine, as pastor of that parish.

DEATH OF FATHER AUGUSTINE FREITAG C.S.S.R. — The Catholics of Boston will be grieved to learn the death of good Father Freitag. The melancholy event occurred on the 29th of July at St. Alphonsus Church, New York, aged 46 years. He was assistant pastor of the Church for the past two years. The funeral took place on the 25th. The Rev. Father Rathke was the celebrant of the Mass, and was assisted by the Rev. Fathers Colonel and Krist; Bishop Gross, of Savannah, Ga., delivered a funeral oration and pronounced the absolution. Among the friends of the deceased who were present were the Rev. Father Konings, of Ilchester, Md., the Rev. Father Wynn, of Annapolis, Md., Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., and Rev. Father Henning, of Boston. After the Mass, Bishop Gross, delivered a brief address. Taking the Apostle's words for text: "Where is thy sting, O death? Where thy victory, O grave?" he showed vividly how this defiance of death and the grave — so strange, so incomprehensible to the Pagan mind, and still so incomprehensible to men who live for this world — had its explanation and its fulness of joy in the fervent Apostle of the Gentiles, and, in its measure, in those servants of God who, while still living on earth, had died to the world, and lived only for God:

"No wonder, therefore, a St. Teresa rejoiced when the hour of death arrived. No wonder the glorious Apostle and so many other saints have exulted when death approached. Be not surprised that these thoughts possess my mind, when I look at that coffin wherein rests the dead body of Father Freitag. I knew him well. In February, 1857, I first met him, a fellow

novice, in Annapolis. In 1858, we again met in the House of Studies of the Redemptorist Fathers in Cumberland, Maryland. For five years we were fellow-students, attending the same classes. On the 21st of March, 1863, with eighteen other young Redemptorists, he and I were elevated to the holy priesthood, in the dear old church at Annapolis, by the sainted and learned Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. Never shall I forget how Father Freitag and I, with the rest of this band of twenty young Redemptorists, waited on the venerable and learned Archbishop Kenrick, to return him our thanks. The face of the illustrious Archbishop beamed with delight. He told us it was the largest number he had ever ordained Priests in one day. It was his last ordination; for in less than four months his own earthly course was finished. At the time of Father Freitag's ordination the late sad war was in the height of its terrors. The Naval Academy at Annapolis had been converted into a vast military Hospital. On another side, just outside of Annapolis, a permanent camp of paroled prisoners had been established. Here Father Freitag found ample scope for the exercise of his unmeasured charity. I was a witness of the devotedness of his sacrifices in the spiritual and temporal care of the sick and dying. "I was with him for many years, in giving Missions through various States; and I have another testimony to bear to his charity. He used his life only to do good; he cared for money only to relieve distress; but there is a charity harder to practice. In the close community of the conventual life there are sometimes good men, but with dispositions difficult of accommodation to the ways of others. Here, before his dead body, I bear this testimony to him, that his brethren of the Congregation will ratify. He had never among his brethren other words than of kindness, of conciliation, and of an unfeigned charity. . . . . But make not the mistake of saying of him, or of any priest, after his death, — 'He was so good, so holy, that he needs not my prayers; I need have no Masses said for him!' 'To whom much is given, of him will much be required;' and a severer scrutiny will be made by God over souls that have been favored with great graces, than over others. You, therefore, at least you his friends, forget not, delay not, to pray for Father Freitag's soul."

LAY PEOPLE.

Henry Giles, the eminent author and lecturer, died at Hyde Park, Mass., on the 11th of July. For eleven years Mr. Giles has suffered from physical and partially mental prostration through paralysis. He was born in Wexford, and at his death was about 73 years of age. He has been in America forty-two years, and made lifelong friends in all worthy classes of society, and never hesitated anywhere if occasion needed to avow his love for the land of his birth. He was her brilliant champion in the most intellectual as well as among the lowlier circles of life. Mr. Giles was ever ready to respond to the call of charity, and probably delivered more lectures for the poor, without money or price, than any lecturer who has lived in the 19th century. He was a strong, out-spoken anti-slavery man, but, not being an "agitator," and merely expressing his honest convictions, without leaguing himself with anti-slavery societies, he was tolerated in southern cities when other northerners were liable to be driven across Mason and Dixon's line. The Irish people of Boston must remember with gratitude Mr. Giles' willing efforts in behalf of anything charitable, in which his country people were interested. His last public lecture for a charity was to aid the family of "Serjt. Tom" O'Neill of the Mexican war and Maj. O'Neill of the army of the Rebellion, which was delivered in Boston, For many years, Mr. Donahoe sent money to his mother in Ireland from his scanty means. The remains were interred in Bucksport, Me., with those of his wife and children.

Sir Richard Emanuel Moore, the premier baronet of Ireland, died the 1st July, and is succeeded in his title by Thomas, his eldest son. The deceased had been for some years in struggling circumstances. The baronetcy was created in 1681. The deceased, who had been a Protestant, became a Catholic some years ago.

We regret to learn the death of Mr. Joseph Finotti, son of Chev. G. M. Finotti, formerly Italian Vice-Consul at Boston. He was connected with a United States Surveying party in Dakota. He, with others, went in to bathe, and not being able to swim, entered deep water and was drowned. Young Finotti was a promising young man. He was greatly loved and respected by all who knew him. We deeply sympathize with his afflicted family. May his soul rest in peace, Amen.

Dr. William George Ward, who was a most conspicuous actor forty years ago in the "Oxford Tractarian Movement," died on the 6th of July at his residence in Hampstead, London, aged 70 years. His father was a Bank of England director and an M.P. for London. At Winchester school he was a contemporary of Palmer, Lord Selburne, and Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke, and among his university associates were Dean Stanley and Archbishop Tait, all of whom continued to be his friends after he "made his submission

to the Catholic Church." Dr. Ward was a prolific writer on "Anglo-Catholic" theology. His first book (published in 1844) was entitled "The Ideal of a Christian Church," and its publication resulted in its condemnation by the Oxford convocation and in its author being deprived of his M. A. degree. He wrote a sequel to it and many pamphlets, and succeeded Cardinal Wiseman as editor of the Dublin *Review*. For several years he was a lecturer at St. Edmund's college, and while there received from Pope Pius IX. a doctor's degree — rarely given to a layman.

WE regret to chronicle the death of Dr. J. B. Foley of Boston Highlands, on the 25th of July, aged 32 years and 11 months. He had been sick but two or three weeks. He graduated from the Harvard Medical School, in 1877. After receiving his diploma he spent a year as an assistant in the city hospital, and one year in Europe, nine months of the latter period being passed as a physician in the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin. Dr. Foley has been practising in the Highlands but three years, and during that time had gained a large business and hosts of friends. He was unmarried. The remains were taken to St. Joseph's Church, where a requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul, after which the remains were conveyed to Calvary Cemetery for interment.

The deceased was a son of Mr. BERNARD FOLEY, a gentleman who has done good work for our charitable institutions.

THE late GENERAL JAMES M. LYNCH of Milwaukee, Wis.— It is now twenty or more years since first I heard from the lips of a very dear friend, Rev. George T. Riordan, then of Kenosha, Wis., warm and eloquent words in praise of the character and qualities of James M. Lynch, who at that time, I believe, held an important position in the office of the adjutant general of Wisconsin. "Father George," as the good priest was familiarly termed, seemed never to weary in recounting the admirable traits and the excellent talents of his friend, so that long before I came to know him in the subsequent opportunities of personal intercourse, I too had learned to hold him in esteem and honor as a man of sterling qualities and of amiable character. It was the lamented decease of the brilliant Father George Riordan, formerly of Boston, that gave me occasion first to meet General Lynch, and since that day, through many years of uninterrupted friendship, I was more and more strengthened in the sentiments of esteem which I had entertained for him even before we had personally met. General Lynch's character was strikingly pure and without blemish. Singularly modest and diffident in his manner he had all the softness and tenderness of a woman, united with a delicate and refined taste — an unerring discrimination in matters of judgment and a lofty sense of honor which everywhere and always marked him as the true gentleman. He possessed literary abilities of no mean order, though I am not aware that his inclination ever led him to employ his pen in a literary venture, or through any of the multiplied channels of journalism. His opinion on books and on subjects of current discussion was always keen and close, and showed a well-balanced and critical judgment. His nice tastes were manifest in his surroundings; a well-ordered collection of books chosen with excellent judgment; choice pictures selected with chaste and artistic discrimination; all his surroundings in fact insinuated rather than proclaimed the gentleman. But his highest virtues and his most splendid attributes lay beneath. He was a sincere Christian, faithful to every obligation of his holy faith and never wavering in his loyalty to it. Unostentatious in his piety he was equally unobtrusive in his charities,— which were generous considering his means and resources. Unswerving in his devotions to the free institutions of America, and filled with an intelligent comprehension of citizenship, General Lynch never forgot the land of his fathers and followed with keen interest every change in its varying fortunes. That his sympathy went out to it in every trial, goes without saying; and that he looked hopefully forward to the time when the just demands of the Irish people would result (through the employment of legitimate agencies) in the emancipation of the land as well as the people of Ireland, was with him a most warmly cherished hope. In every relation of life, as a dutiful and affectionate son, as a loyal and faithful citizen, as an upright and stainless public officer, as a consistent and devoted Christian, James M. Lynch has left behind him an honorable record. That he has earned the greater and the far loftier reward for which the thoughtful man struggles may reasonably be hoped from his blameless and Christian life. These words of sincere though imperfect tribute may be permitted to go on record from one who esteemed him during life, and who will not soon forget him, now that the grave has closed over his mortal remains.

W. J. O.

Chicago, July 5. 1882.

THE recent fair in aid of St. Mary's Church on Endicott street, Boston, netted the sum of $41,133. The Church was built some five years since at a cost of $300,000, and but about $15,000 indebtedness now remains. This speaks well for the energy and good management of the Pastor, Rev. Wm. H. Duncan, S. J., and his assistants.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

ARCHBISHOP MCCABE.

IRELAND'S NEW CARDINAL.

ARCHBISHOP MCCABE, who had been made a Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII., is the son of Mr. William Bernard McCabe, a well-known journalist and author, who wrote the "Catholic History of England," "Bertha, or the Pope and the Emperor, etc., and who belonged to the Parliamentary staff of the *Morning Herald*. Edward McCabe, he prelate who has just attained this high ecclesiastical rank, was born in Dublin, and was educated at Maynooth College. He early gained the notice and confidence of the late Cardinal Archbishop Cullen, whom he assisted—first as secretary, afterwards, when parish priest of Kingstown, as a member of the Chapter of Dublin, and as one of the Vicars General. When, in 1877, Cardinal Cullen visited Rome to celebrate the Jubilee of Pius IX., he was suddenly stricken with illness. He consented to the appointment of an assistant, and named Dr. McCabe, who had been made a prelate with the title of Monsignor. Pius IX., accordingly appointed him Assistant Bishop on June 25, 1877. The consecration of the new Bishop took place in his parish chapel at Kingstown on July 23 following, Cardinal Cullen officiating as consecrating prelate, and a large number of the Irish Bishops and superior clergy assisting. From the period of the elevation of Monsignor McCabe to the Episcopate, Cardinal Cullen almost ceased to interfere in the mere ecclesiastical administration of the metropolitan diocese, and concerned himself chiefly with the matters of an Irish Catholic policy. In the direction of University Colleges, charitable institutions, and parochial matters,

Bishop McCabe took the chief part, and thus came in contact with the clergy of the diocese and the religious Orders. On the death of Cardinal Cullen, the administration of the Archdiocese fell into the hands of Bishop McCabe, pending the election of a successor to the Archbishopric. At a meeting of the clergy of the Chapter the auxiliary Bishop was returned to Rome as *dignissimus*. It was only in March, 1879, that the Pontiff determined to accept the nomination of the Chapter, and appoint Bishop McCabe. On May 3, 1879, the Most Rev. Edward McCabe was formally enthroned in the Archiepiscopal chair, and received the homage of the Chapter of the diocese. The new Archbishop had hitherto never delivered a political speech. Early, however, in his career as Archbishop the Land League was formed, and he published two pastorals warning his people against the principles of the league, but his views on politics met with no favor among the body of the Irish hierarchy and clergy. But his chief utterances have been on educational questions, claiming for Catholics a share proportionate to other members in the Irish educational endowments. He is a member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland, and takes a constant share in its deliberations. Recently, at Rome, the new Cardinal was formally installed as Protector of the Church of Santa Sabina, in that city. Every member of the College of Cardinals has titular and honorary charge of one of the numerous parish churches in Rome. The ceremony was attended by the head of the Order of Dominicans, and by the Rector of the Irish College at Rome, who presented addresses of congratulation. Many of the English and Irish Catholics residents or visitors to Rome were present.

There are those who hold that the old devotion of Ireland to the Holy See is being lessened — the best answer to such slanders are the demonstrations with which the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin has been received on his return to his See. No worldly advantage which Ireland could gain would give more joy than has been given by the distinguished mark of favor conferred on her by the Holy Father, who has at once honored Ireland and reinforced the ranks of the Sacred College with a Cardinal second to none of his colleagues in all the qualities which should distinguish a Prince of the Church. Shortly after Cardinal McCabe's arrival in Dublin, Father Burke, in the course of an address said: In him Ireland entered into the most sacred councils of the Church of God — in him Ireland had been taken into the very heart of the supreme Pontiff and Vicar of God — in him Ireland would be called upon to answer the most momentous question ever asked on this earth, "Who amongst those is the man whom the Holy Ghost has chosen to be the Vicar of God and the head of His Church?" Their joy was great, as the joy of children who saw their father exalted — great because it was a spiritual joy — because of the exalted honor, because of him who conferred that honor, and because of the man who had received it. Their new Cardinal was no stranger coming amongst them. He was not a man coming with merely a reputation for great knowledge. His life had been a life publicly led for years in the sanctuary in the midst of them. They had looked on him, spoken familiarly with him, and the poorest amongst them had been as dear to him as the highest in the land. Humble curate, laborious parish priest, zealous, enlightened Archbishop, and now Cardinal of the Church of God, they had watched him and admired him throughout; and who was there amongst them who had not sometimes felt strengthened by the grand example of his life? What message did he bring from the Pontiff? He had brought from the Vicar of the Prince of Peace a message of peace, with authority enormously strengthened and increased to preach the Gospel of peace, to defend the truth, to watch over the people, to save them from all invidious dangers that might be in the land, to warn them against all false teachers and false principles, to uphold their rights, to maintain the eternal laws of justice and authority in their relations to one another — in a word, he came, that under his guidance every man in this land, in this diocese, might walk in the pathways of justice, equity, charity, and obedience.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VIII. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1882. No. 4.

"OF such a powerful instrument of good and evil, we should be all anxious to extend the beneficent and check the baneful influence. If, therefore, you wish to have an honest press, you ought honestly and generously to support it." — *Archbishop MacHale.*

"IRISH nationality rooted in our hearts is like the altar of the Druid pillared in our soil." — *Meagher.*

"WITH a climate soft as a mother's smile, and on a soil fertile as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns." — *Davis.*

"THE proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the supreme pontiffs. . . . She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the Old World; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." — *Lord Macaulay.*

THE PHYSICAL ENDURANCE OF THE IRISH RACE.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

THE failure of the Russian Jewish refugees as workmen, furnishes the latest proof of the superiority of Irishmen in all branches of physical labor. The Jews have gone to join their fellow-laborers, who entered the lists against the Irish. Black and Mongolian, German and French, Italian, and even burly John Bull, have in turn succumbed to the exhausting labors of the railroad and the mine, the roof and the cellar; and the unanimous verdict of employers is that an Irishman's day's work is unquestionably the best day's work. It is little to the credit of most of the employers that this verdict has been wrung from them. This position has been won by the Irish laborer in the face of difficulties and of open opposition. But the position is the very keystone of the arch of American industry.

The real work of the world is the hard work, the work which is unnoticed, or, by shallow observers, contemned as low and material. The vast roads of a country are like the arteries of the human body. Without the deep foundation, the stately superstructure would crumble. Close the mines,

and the hum of business would cease. Neglect the fields, and human life would perish. The whole world of art, comfort, literature, and even religion rests upon the broad back of the Atlas of labor.

This Atlas for America is the Irish race. Strength, which is the glory of man, is their heritage. As the warlike nations of old could be traced across a continent by burning villages and desolate cities, the kindly progress of the Irish people can be traced by the railroad and its consequent civilization.

Here are the materials of a truly epic poem. Our imagination is fired by a voyage of the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece. The scout, tracking his way through the primeval forest, has furnished tales for the novelist. The man of science, voyaging in pursuit of the verification of certain theories, is also a noble figure, next to the sublime career of the missionary bearing the Cross of Christ to nations in the shadow of death. But this last element has also entered into the great migration of the Irish people. There is no parallel in history to the steady career of honest labor and industry which this people have pursued in America, and their future historians will dwell upon it with a fervour to which the chronicle of a nation of conquerors can lay no claim.

The victories of such a career have been victories of peace. To tame the savage wildness of the forest; to regulate and bridge the turbulence of rivers; to lay out great roads; to develop the mineral resources of a vast realm of riches; to build up cities and towns; to make comfortable the habitations of man; and, in serene consolation, to lay down their wearied bones by the side of noble works in peaceful resignation to the will of Him who laid the command of labor upon the brow of man—these are the triumphs of the Irish race, and, contemplating them, the career of the embattled Greeks through desolated Persia, or the triumphant eagles of Napoleon over prostrate Europe, sink like the blood-red sun of a disastrous day.

What is the secret of this survival of the fittest? The splendid strength of the Irish, their invincible energy and superiority to the elements, mark a race which first of all must be profoundly moral. The Creator has bound the physical with the moral nature by a blessing which all the world can read. Man was created to rule the inanimate forces of nature, to be superior to heat and cold, and to hold the powers of the lower creation in check. To recover this pre-eminence there is only one way, and that way is through the triumph of virtue and grace over sin. The first race was swept into death by a deluge, which is the type of every deluge of sin that has since destroyed or maimed the generations of mankind. And as womankind is the fount of physical life, its degradation or its defilement tells upon the race. No enemy, however bitter, has raised his tongue against the unsullied virtue of the daughters of Erin. Even when persecution and distress would seem to have broken all social bonds in Ireland, the stern law of public sentiment would oblige an erring and unfortunate maiden to flee from her father's house, and the stigma of her shame would affect her remotest

relations. Where such a sentiment exists, moral purity flourishes as in the Eden of God before the fall.

Juvenal, the most observant of the Latin poets, ascribes the hardihood of the ancient Greeks and Romans to the moral integrity and chastity of their women. "It is the mother," said Napoleon, "who forms the race."

Nothing can be falser than the statement "that the Irish are a lazy race." Even when a premium is placed upon thriftlessness by the wretched land system in Ireland, which taxes improvements, there is not a busier place on the globe than Ireland. The people are energetic even in their amusements. Compare the lazy pleasures of the Turk with the resolve to tire one's partner down in the dance; or to follow the chase; or to engage in the innumerable athletic sports of the field? What amount of work is there not in a game of foot-ball between two townlands? Are not the athletic sports of the world kept up by men of Irish blood? Who is fonder of a long procession, in spite of rain or mud? What audience is more enthusiastic or demonstrative? Their blood is in a continual ferment; the transitions of their minds quick and varying; and even in old age, you will find the gaiety and sprightliness of youth.

In instituting a comparison between the Irish and other nationalities, in the matter of physical endurance and capacity, we have no intention to hurt any one's feelings or to deny the existence of other good qualities. We approach the subject simply as a physiologist or a statistician. We believe that the statement can be abundantly substantiated that the Irish people are, physically, the finest race upon the planet. They have that union of physical stamina with mental buoyancy which made the Greeks the rulers of Asia, and the Romans the subjugators of Europe. It is not bodily strength which alone leads, but its union with and tempering by a certain spiritual and mental energy which triumphs over difficulties and conquers misfortune. History shows that this energy in the people of Ireland is indomitable.

No race had a better prospect of improvement before them after the Civil war than the colored. Public sympathy was with them. The war had been fought for them, at least as representing an element incompatible with free institutions. Many and great enterprises were undertaken for their betterment. The Constitution was amended for their secure possession of the rights and privileges of American citizens. Besides, a vast American industry was almost wholly in their hands. The labor market, North, was fully open to them. Their friends claimed for them an equality with, if not a superiority to, white labor. They bore evidence of having been well fed, and in prime physical condition. Nobody at all acquainted with the treatment of slaves upon Southern plantations, as a whole, believed the Mrs. Beecher-Stowe stories about the sufferings of Uncle Tom. The negroes have never been better off physically than they were under the slave *régime*. They were tested and failed. They gave out physically. The man who was supposed to have little short of the strength of a beast of burden panted in vain after the nimble feet of the Irishman.

Then, too, freedom spoiled him. Unaccustomed to being his own master he fell into habits of indolence. His importance disappeared with the war, and threatens soon to vanish from politics. It is idle also to deny that the Creator has not been pleased to bless him with much intellectual aptitude, and this defect seems to be congenital. Labor *must* be intelligent. The facility of the hodman follows upon the observance of laws, as mathematically exact as those which regulate the motions of bodies. The astounding fact is proved at every building that there are Irishmen, in this humble branch of labor, that daily can keep a bricklayer busy who can set two thousand bricks a day. In England nine hundred is considered high-water mark. The negro could not stand this competition, which ran through every industry in which he found the Irishman. He has gravitated to what Irishmen as a class call women's work—the kitchen and the dining-room.

The failure of the Chinese was even more ignoble. As a race, the negro is infinitely his superior, morally and physically. Sly, lecherous, idolatrous, and bound by a hideous superstition, which makes his heaven depend upon his return to China, thus making him useless to the country as an immigrant. John Chinaman entered the lists against the poor washerwoman. The failure has been ignominious, and if decent people knew who the principal patrons of Chinese laundries are they would quickly revoke their orders.

In the city in which we write, the Chinese have a monopoly of the wash of houses of prostitution; and everybody should know that syphilis and several of its related diseases are contagious, personal innocence and purity being no protection against its virus, which may be transmitted by clothing or even by the water in which the victim washes. Our readers will excuse our allusion to the disagreeable features of the subject; but the country has made up its mind that the presence of the Mongolian is a menace to our civilization; and, whilst the East pretends to deprecate the feeling against the Chinese in California, no Eastern city would stand their multitudinous hiving together for twenty-four hours.

The Irishman brushed aside the Mongolian like a fly. The Chinese could not stand the labor on Western roads or in the mines, and now sneak for covert to filthy dens, the festering nucleus of diseases which lay waste nations, there to carry on paltry industries and hoard up a few hundred dollars on which to retire with dignity in China. Meanness and low vice are their characteristics; and it is now ascertained that the drilling holes in the silver coinage of the country, which resulted in so much annoyance and loss, was mainly the petty pilfering of John Chinaman, who can buy a wife in the Celestial Empire for an ounce of silver.

The American looks askant upon the immigrant who comes here only to make the money, which he will spend at home. He believes that no other country is comparable to this; and whilst he admires a reasonable patriotism, he does not see why people who come here cannot make a new and even happier home than the places which tyranny obliged them to flee. For this

reason he dislikes the Chinese, who believe that their country is the portal of heaven. The Irishman announces his intention of becoming a citizen as soon as he lands. He gives his work, his life, his blood to the land; and that is the kind of men that any country prizes.

Thanks to the paternal care of the Fatherland, the Germans are acquainted, as a class, with some trade. They, however, have not the physical endurance of the Irish, and are, moreover, quickly discouraged. It is no uncommon thing for a German out of work to commit suicide. This alone shows that he lacks, as a rule, that patience which is one of the best qualities of the laborer. The Italians are enervated by their native climate, and find it as much as they can do here to keep themselves from shaking to pieces with the cold. They have also been farmed out under an iniquitous system of cheap labor by *padrones;* but the experiment of trying them as laborers has generally failed. To physical weakness they add laziness, as, indeed, they have no hesitation in admitting. Besides, there is no comparison between the labor of France and Italy and labor here. America does more really hard work in one day than all Europe, including England, does in a week. Statistics prove it. The condition of the people shows it. The enthusiasm or frenzy for work here is noticed by all who land; and whilst it is commendable under some respects, it is not an unmixed good. Too constant work, too intense application to business, have killed many a fine man in this country, who in England or Ireland would have lived long to enjoy the fruits of his toil.

The Irish solve the labor problem. They know their worth. The American stock, hardy as it is, is the only one that can compete with the broad-shouldered, honest, and smiling Hibernian. But Uncle Sam, though not afraid of work and loving it, prefers to invent, and to set others to working out the invention. With the American as leader and the Irish as helper, this country leads the world. All strikes will bring out the truth of this essay more fully. It is in vain to put the negro or the Italian upon the works which the Irishman has abandoned. If the strikers never lifted a little finger the experiment will fail. To send an Italian or a negro into a mine is either to kill him or to frighten him to death. The strong Irish arms that handle the shovel as a plaything have dug the foundations of American prosperity. The unconquerable joy in the Irish heart laughs at toil, and makes sport of danger.

This man holds in his strong hands the fate of the country. He will eventually be the farmer of the Great West. His very honesty and generosity of character will win him a foremost place in a land which despises the penurious shifts and paltry economies of nationalities, which seem ever to fear starvation, even in the midst of laughing harvests.

But the Irishman must be paid fairly and squarely for the rough work which no other man can do. The whole country admires the honest, temperate, and straightforward action of the striking workmen. Such men cannot be sneered, laughed down, or frowned down. They make or mar

the nation. Let them cease to work, and commerce rots in the harbor and wealth starves upon the untilled field.

But this giant of labor, like the fabled one in the story, may be blinded and led by a petty mannikin. The danger to the laboring man comes from his exposure to the wily speech-maker or unsafe guide. He whose life-work necessarily cuts him off from the study of social problems, is peculiarly liable to be misled by men who may have a specious flow of words, or a plausible scheme. Labor has been deluded and fooled in the past, and we believe that the education of the working-man must be begun in the school-room, if we are to save future generations from the mistakes of the past. Why not put a primer of political economy and the relations of capital and labor, the nature of wages, the respective rights and privileges of employer and *employé*, into the hands of the boy in the school-room? It would be a far more useful study to him than astronomy, for this is the planet on which he will have to make his living.

Let not Samson part with his strength. The Irish race, blessed by God and honored by man, have only to prove true to themselves and their traditions, to honesty, sobriety and industry, and the whole world of America, with all its possibilities of competence, plentiful living and wealth, is all before them where to choose.

THE JESUITS.

William J. Onahan.

The religious order known in the Catholic Church as the "*Society of Jesus*," commonly called "Jesuits," was established by a *Bull*, or decree of Pope Paul III., dated Sept. 27, 1540.

Ignatius de Loyola, the founder of the Society and its first "General," was descended from a noble Spanish family. Introduced in early life as a page at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, Ignatius subsequently adopted the profession of arms, and was severely wounded at the siege of Pampeluna in 1521, where he distinguished himself by his gallantry. Transferred by this mischance from the ramparts to the hospital, the warrior lay there several months in weary and irksome confinement. To relieve the tedium, he sought solace in books, devoting his attention to the Holy Scriptures and the lives of the Saints, copies of which were put in his way.

The study of these works and the meditations to which his enforced confinement gave rise changed the entire current of his thoughts and ambitions — thereby moulding and influencing a character and a career destined afterwards to exercise a prodigious influence over the Church and the World. He determined to abandon the profession of arms; to relinquish all aspirations after earthly renown, and to devote himself thenceforth to God and the service of the Church.

Succeeding the period of his weary convalescence, having made a solemn vow at the "Convent of Our Lady," Montserrat, Ignatius undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where it was his intention to labor for the conversion of the infidels. Discouraged by many obstacles, and finally abandoning this design, he returned to Europe; and then set about preparing himself for the still greater undertaking which had taken root in his mind — *i. e.* founding a new religious order.

Though well born and educated, according to the fashion of the age, he was still without the special training necessary for the priesthood. He was accordingly obliged to begin *de novo* and take his place on the benches of the grammar-school, and gradually acquire by study and training the knowledge and qualifications indispensable to enable him to carry out his projects.

Having mastered the rudiments of Latin in the schools, he pursued his studies at the Universities of Alcala and Salamanca, and finally at Paris, leading meanwhile, as is shown by abundant testimony, a signally austere and mortified life. It was during his attendance at the University of Paris, that he prevailed upon several of his fellow-students to adopt his example, abandon all worldly designs and pleasures, and give themselves wholly to a spiritual life.

The principal of these recruits were Peter Lefevre, a Savoyard, Francis Xavier, James Lainez, Alphonsus Salmeron and Nicholas Bobadilla, all Spaniards, and a Portuguese named Rodriguez, — each destined to become afterwards famous, though in different spheres and countries.

The 15th of August, 1534, the "Feast of the the Assumption of the Holy Virgin" is the red-letter day in the annals of the Society of Jesus. In the Chapel of Notre Dame, Montmartre, in the outskirts of Paris, Ignatius that day assembled his associates, and at the Mass which was celebrated by one of their number, they then and there bound themselves by solemn oath and vow to "give up the world, renounce home, friends and fortune, and consecrate themselves to God and religion." The rule of life adopted by the little company was laid down in the now famous "Spiritual Exercises" drawn up by Ignatius himself — a rule subsequently perfected, and which the Society observes with exactness to the present day. After entertaining various projects for their future labors Ignatius finally repaired to Rome in 1539, and there submitted the plan and rules of the proposed new order to Pope Paul III.; and, after the usual scrutiny and deliberation, though not without strenuous opposition, the Order was formally instituted (Sept. 27, 1540). Its aim is concisely expressed in its well-known motto: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, "the greater honor and glory of God." The number of "professed" members to be admitted into the Society was at first limited to *sixty;* but this restriction was afterwards removed, and many and important privileges and concessions, not usually granted to religious orders, were conceded to the newly enrolled Jesuits.

Taking into account the end and purpose for which the Society was

established, and to the steady promotion of which each individual member is bound by vow and qualified by previous training, the *Constitution* of the Society of Jesus is confessedly a marvel of human wisdom. The bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church and of the Jesuits acknowledge the singular wisdom and perfection of this body of rules; indeed, the fact is manifest in the power and influence of the organization for which they were framed. It may be claimed that it is by reason of a close adherence to the letter and spirit of its constitutions, that the Society has been enabled to gain a rank and position, and to accomplish works and wonders so enormously disproportioned to the apparently insignificant human agencies employed in their execution.

According to the constitution of the Society, the vows taken by the members are what is known as "simple," or "solemn": the simple vows do not bind irrevocably to the order; those who take them may be afterwards released from them and dismissed the Society. The solemn vows bind until death.

The following is the vow and obligation taken by the members, which, it may be remarked differs scarcely in any particular from the vows taken by the members of all other religious orders in the Catholic Church: "I profess and promise to Almighty God, in presence of the Holy Virgin, His Mother, of all the Court of Heaven, and of all the persons now present, and to you Reverend Father-General, (or the "Provincial" before whom the vow may likewise be taken) whom I regard as holding the place of God, and to your successors, *perpetual poverty, chastity,* and *obedience;* and in virtue of this obedience particularly to instruct children (youth) according to the rule of life contained in the Apostolic letter granted to the Society of Jesus, and in the constitutions." The *fourth vow*, as it is termed, — to distinguish it from the ordinary three vows, *poverty*, *chastity* and *obedience* — binds the person taking it to go wherever the Pope should please to send him, whether among the faithful or the heathen, without offering any excuse, or asking money for the journey; and without seeking directly or indirectly to persuade or influence the Pope on the subject of their mission.

The Constitutions, Rules, and the "Spiritual Exercises" of the Jesuits are now widely known, and can be found printed in many different languages. Great courage, indomitable energy, genuine devotion, consummate prudence, and a clear view of the object to be attained, were admitted to be characteristics of the Society; and its interior qualifications were derived the character and the impress given by its sagacious founders. The principles of its interior or spiritual life came from Ignatius: the form and organization has been attributed to Lainez, who succeeded him in the Generalship of the Society. The members are divided into what may be termed four classes: —

1st. The *Temporal Coadjutors*, or Lay-brothers, whose duties are limited to temporal matters, and usually serve as laborers and domestics in

the colleges and houses of the Society; these receive no special scholastic training; they may take the final vows when they shall have attained the age of thirty, and served ten years in the Society.

2d. The *Scholastics*, who are engaged in the course of study presented by the rules — as a preparation for the sacred ministry. After a course of Rhetoric and Philosophy, the Scholastics are employed as teachers in the schools and colleges of the Society.

3d. The *Spiritual Coadjutors*, who, having first been ordained priests, are thenceforward employed in missionary duties or in teaching. They may be admitted to all posts of authority in the Society, except a few of the highest. They are admitted to the final vows when ten years in the Society and thirty years of age.

4th. The *Professed*, who shall have attained a special and exalted standard in learning and virtue; and who form, in a special and restricted sense *the Society*. It is from these latter that the General and his Assistants, as well as the Provincials, are chosen. The required probation for the *Professed* is from fifteen to eighteen years, and they must be at least thirty years of age when they take the four solemn vows.

The General of the Society is elected for life. He is selected in a Convention or Council made up of the Provincials of the Society, that is, the head of each province, and two members chosen to represent each province — these latter being elected by and from the members of the Society in each province respectively. The cabinet of the General, or Assistants, five in number, are selected in like manner as the General.

The General alone has the power to appoint *Provincials*, Superiors of the Professed Houses, Rectors of the Colleges and Novitiates. His power, though very great, is defined with strict exactness by the Constitution, which also lays down with equal precision the powers and duties of every one in subordinate authority. The Provincials and other superiors are appointed for a stated term of three years, which may be twice renewed. A Jesuit can accept no promotion out of the Society (unless by express command of the Pope) nor may they seek any promotion within the order.

We have here given the principal essential rules of the Society; the special characteristics and work in which the zeal of the members was shown will be made clearer later on in the course of this sketch.

When the Society was formally instituted and had been fully confirmed by Papal decree, its members eagerly entered into the work assigned to them. At first devoted to missionary duties, preaching, etc., in Italy and France, the labors of the Jesuits everywhere met with the most astonishing success; and the scope of their operations speedily extended over the entire Continent of Europe, and embraced, shortly afterward, the far off Indies and China, as well as the lately discovered countries of the American Continent. Influenced by the example and inspired by the zeal of Ignatius and his associates, important accessions were early gained to the ranks of the Society, and it speedily became a power in the Church, and an

influence at every European court. Macaulay has pictured, in language of graphic power and suggestive eloquence, the wonderful development of the new order, its earnestness, its enthusiasm and its wonderful success.

"The Old World," he wrote, "was not wide enough for this strange activity. The Jesuits invaded all the countries which the great maritime discoveries of the preceding age had laid open to European enterprise. In the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China, they were to be found. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter; and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word. . . . . .

"In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of gibbets and quartering-blocks, Jesuits were to be found under every disguise, and in every country — scholars, physicians, merchants, serving-men; in the hostile court of Sweeden, in the manor-houses of Cheshire, among the hovels of Connaught, arguing, instructing, consoling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying."

The Society of Jesus came into existence at a period critical in the history of the Catholic Church. It was the epoch of the Protestant Reformation. Indeed, according to Catholic writers, the Jesuit order was raised up providentially to combat and arrest the spread of the new heresy. — Certainly, its history demonstrates that it has been in perpetual conflict with Protestant principles: as at the present day it leads in the war against infidelity and unbelief.

At the sessions of the celebrated Council of Trent, convened in 1545, the Jesuits Lainez and Salmeron attended as theologians representing the Pope. They took an important part in the deliberations of the Council, and exercised a marked influence over it. The eloquence and power with which they discussed the various important questions under consideration, the depth and variety of their learning, won the admiration of all in so great a degree that the title of "Orators of the Sovereign Pontiff" was unanimously conferred on them; and they were given precedence of speech in the Council. In fact, so great and signal were the honors conferred on them that the jealousy of the less favored orders were more than once aroused.

The renown for learning early acquired by the Jesuits and the fame and representation they acquired as preachers caused their services to be eagerly sought all over Europe. At the death of Ignatius, July 31, 1556, the order which he had founded barely fifteen years before, already numbered more than a thousand members, possessed a hundred houses and colleges, and comprised twelve provinces, including the Brazils.

In the education of youth, the Jesuits achieved the most wonderful success; and already at the beginning of the seventeenth century their

colleges and universities bore away the palm from the most ancient and renowned institutions of learning. The new professors and teachers won distinction in every department of knowledge, in literature, the arts and sciences. They were, as one who knew their system testifies, "the best antiquaries, botanists, and mineralogists. They became watchmakers, as well as mandarins in China; they were astronomers on the "plateau" of Thibet; they taught husbandry and mechanics in Canada; while in their own celebrated and peculiar conquest on the plains of Paraguay, they taught the theory and practice of civil architecture, civil economy, farming, and all the trades of civilized life.

They played on the fiddle and the flute, to draw the South American Indians from the forests into their villages; and the story of Thebes rising to the sound of Amphion's lyre ceased to be a fable. We find them in Europe, and at the antipodes in Siam and at St. Omer's, in 1540 and in 1830, — everywhere the same. Lord Bacon had said of them: "For education consult the Jesuits, nothing hitherto tried in practice has equalled them," and Sir James Mackintosh bears testimony to their marvellous talents and success: "The most famous casuists, the ablest schoolmasters, the best teachers of the humblest mechanical arts, the missionaries who could most bravely encounter martyrdom, or who, with most patient skill, could infuse the rudiments of religion into the minds of the ignorant tribes or prejudiced nations were the growth of their fertile schools."

An American (Irish) writer (though not a Catholic) thus warmly eulogizes the Order; "It had become," says Henry Giles, in his essay on Cervantes, "a wonder among men; ubiquitous in presence, it stood by the thrones of kings; it entered into their secret chambers; it lectured in colleges; it taught in schools, it sat by the bed of the noble and the beggar; it conversed with the American Indian in his hut. From Delhi to Pekin, and from the Canadas to Peru you may find its tracks where missionary had never left a print before. Briarean in skill, it had hands for a hundred arts, to forge a cannon or to make a pin; to raise a tent or to build a temple; ready to paint the likeness of a Chinese monarch's stupid face, or to take the measure of the stars.

"More than Protean in variety of adaptation, there was no nation or class to whose manners it could not conform, and with whose speech it was not familiar. It wore the vesture of Brahmin, Bonze or Mandarin with the grace of native habit, and it spoke their formidable dialects with the ease of native instinct. Invincible of spirit as it was universal in genius, it had courage to dare and it had ability to direct. When it failed, it had strength in reserve to sustain it in endurance and crown it with the victory of martyr death."

It was to the Jesuits that the Roman Pontiffs chiefly committed the task of combating the new heresies which had spread with alarming virulence throughout Europe; and, beyond question, the members of the new Order proved themselves valiant and faithful soldiers of the *Holy See*. In

France, Germany, Poland, Bohemia, as in Spain and Italy, the labors of the Jesuits were uniformly attended with wonderful success. They were repelled by no obstacle, they shrunk from no peril, but went resolutely forward, heedless of danger and of death, in their mission to win back to the old faith the countries which were well nigh lost to the Church; and where they did not wholly succeed, as in Germany, they at least greatly restrained the progress of the doctrines of Luther and Calvin.

Members of the Order clandestinely entered England and Ireland, to succor the Catholics of those islands — with what consequences to themselves is shown by the hundreds of Jesuits who suffered death, tortures and imprisonment in those countries in the reign of Elizabeth and her successor. In Japan, the Indies, and in North and South America the labors of the Jesuit missionaries, their zeal and unselfish devotion, form a brilliant and touching chapter in the history of the Christian Missions in these respective countries. They even penetrated, two centuries ago, into the remotest parts of Africa, though they effected little in the way of results among the barbarous tribes of that country — except only to win for themselves the coveted martyr's crown and reward.

On the death of Aquaviva, the fifth General of the Order, in 1615, the members of the Society had increased to thirteen thousand, with five hundred and fifty houses, divided into thirty-three provinces. Its career, though attended with great success and steadily increasing influence, was marked at the same time by a bitter and equally growing opposition, which became fierce and unrelenting. Strangely enough, this hostility was most powerful in countries regarded as firmly attached to the See of Rome, and the bitterest enemies of the Jesuits were often found amongst professing Catholics. As the Jesuits acquired power and influence they excited the envy and aroused the animosity of powerful adversaries, who had been stirred against them from different causes. Charges and imputations were levelled against them from on every side. Their system of morals was impugned, their teachings and missionary work assailed. They were accused of engaging in political intrigues, and every *Machiavellian* art was ascribed to them — and they paid the penalty. As a notable writer remarks: "They were driven out of Venice; twice they were expelled from France; they encountered, like St. Paul, stripes, perils and prisons in Poland, in Germany, in Portugal, and in Hungary. They were hanged by dozens in England. Their march for two centuries through Europe was only to be compared to the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon."

In England, the Jesuits were charged with conspiring against Elizabeth, and every domestic disturbance during her reign was conveniently laid at their door. So, too, in the following reign, the Gunpowder Plot, by which a few Catholic zealots sought to make away with James I. and the Parliament, was proclaimed, and universally admitted to be, the work of the detested Order. Even eminent writers did not disdain to give currency to

this calumny, though modern historians admit the charge was *not proven*, while the Jesuit records and State papers lately brought to light clearly demonstrate that the society and its members in England were free from the guilt of the famous plot, which prejudice has so often distorted to their disadvantage. Similarly in France, the Jesuits were accused of conniving at the assassination of Henry IV., and, in consequence of the cabals raised against them, they were expelled from that kingdom and their property expropriated. Though restored again at a later period, they remained objects of hate and of suspicion, according as malice or envy moved their enemies.

It is the fortune of societies, as of individuals, when exercising commanding influence and giving proof of extraordinary qualities, gifts, and talents, to sometimes arouse, perhaps involuntarily, the most deep and deadly animosities. The very qualities which excite admiration provoke jealousy and hate. It was the misfortune of the Jesuits to be too often misunderstood, and their designs distorted and misrepresented. This, at least, seems a natural and an obvious conclusion when their history and career is considered. In the 17th century the Jansenists, the Encyclopædists, and the Parliament of France combined to effect the ruin of the Jesuits.

Pascal, a zealous Jansenist, gifted with splendid and versatile talents, turned his fascinating pen against the order with powerful effect. In the now famous *Lettres Provinciales*, by the adroit use of opinions, particular passages, and extracts from the writings of individual theologians and casuists, members of the society, Pascal sought to inflame public opinion against the Jesuits by apparently demonstrating that the society held and inculcated false and pernicious doctrines; that its system of morals and ethics was equally unsound and unsafe. He dragooned the Jesuits in satirical chapters, and lampooned them in paragraphic epigrams. This style of attack was novel and effective.

The maxim that "the end justifies the means," and like propositions destructive of social order, were imputed to the society; and in the noise and din raised by these vociferous outcries, the denials and indignant disclaimers by the Jesuits were unheard or unheeded.

It must be said, in justice to the society, that its members have steadily denied the justice of the inculpation pressed by Pascal, Voltaire, Rousseau and other assailants of the order. The questions and issues involved are too various, abstruse, and far too complicated to be considered in the course of a sketch of this nature. This much, however, is certain—and the fact goes far to explain and simplify the subject matter of controversy—the code of morals and the system of ethics taught by the Jesuits cannot be distinguished from the teachings and definitions of the Catholic Church.

As obedient sons and servants of that church, the Jesuits cannot hold or advocate any different system of faith, nor advance any doctrine or tenet contrary to the received and defined doctrines of the Church itself. This is manifest from the nature of things. It is idle, therefore, to discuss Jesuit

teaching or Jesuit morals apart from the Church, of which the society is only a subject. What the Church holds and teaches, that the Jesuit holds and teaches—otherwise he ceases to be a Jesuit: or, in other words, he ceases to be a member of the Church.

During the 17th and 18th centuries the Jesuits had to contend against enemies from within and without; "Princes and Powers" were inimical to them. While popular writers assailed the society as hostile to popular liberty, it was denounced by servile courtiers as opposed to authority and to the "divine right" of kings and princes. Thus diverse elements combined in Europe to effect, if possible, the suppression of the much-dreaded society; and especially it had awakened the wrath and stirred to displeasure the Bourbon kings, who formed a league against it.

In Spain (1767) as a result of this royal alliance, the Jesuits were driven from the kingdom under an arbitrary order of the reigning monarch, Charles V., as well as expelled from the Spanish possessions in America and the Indies.

In the same manner, and under cover of a similar pretence, Pombal, the Prime Minister of the Portuguese King (1759), had previously caused the arrest and incarceration of every Jesuit in that kingdom. They had previously been expelled from France and from the Kingdom of Naples—in fine, "powers and principalities" combined against them, and, as too often happens in worldly affairs when fortune frowns on a cause, however worthy, or an individual, however blameless, their "friends" joined in the outcry and hastened the downfall of the society.

The failure of a speculation or commercial adventure in which one of the superiors of the society had unwisely engaged—the head of the Jesuit establishment at Martinique; the capture by British cruisers of the vessels loaded with merchandise for Marseilles, invoiced by the Jesuit superior—contributed to swell the outcry against the doomed society.

It mattered not that the enterprise was promptly disavowed by the authorities of the society, and that Lavallette, the superior, acknowledged that he acted in the matter without the knowledge of his superiors, and even against the express rules of the society—public clamor was aroused, and the disclaimer and declaration were alike disregarded. The cry of "commercial speculation" was added to the accusations multiplied on every side.

The literature of the period shows how bitter and envenomed was the outcry raised against the Jesuits; and they were powerless to avert the doom to which all this was a forerunner. The reigning Pope, Clement XIII. had been importuned to suppress the society, but he could not be prevailed upon or coerced into issuing the mandate. The Bourbon kings were more successful with his successor, Clement XIV.

Cajoled, importuned, and finally threatened by the envoys of these princes, the Pope, after considerable delay, and having vainly attempted to avert the

calamity to the society, finally gave way, though plainly to constraint and threats.

July 21, 1773, Clement signed the famous *Brief*, "Dominus ac Redemptor," by which the Society of Jesus was summarily suppressed throughout the world. The General, Ricci, set the example of submission, and the members of the society everywhere followed the example of their chief. At the suppression, the order numbered 22,782 members, possessed 39 houses for the "professed," 669 colleges, 61 novitiates, 196 seminaries, 335 "residences," and 223 missions. When the Jesuit houses were seized by the respective governments, the "treasure" which it was confidently expected would be brought to light was nowhere discovered. The act of the Pope in suppressing the Society of Jesus is not to be confounded with the exercise of his authority as an "infallible" teacher. The prerogative exercised by Pope Clement related to matters of discipline—not to definitions of faith and morals. Hence the decree might be revoked, as, in fact, it was, by any of Pope Clement's successors. Indeed, the decree itself was challenged as informal—some said intentionally—in many essential particulars.

That it was issued under compulsion is apparent in the history and circumstances of the case, and was confirmed by the subsequent conduct of the Pope, who betrayed the bitterest remorse on the subject until his death, little more than a year afterwards.

Though the Order was thus formally disbanded, it nevertheless retained a shadowy existence in at least two countries in Europe. Catharine of Russia refused to permit the promulgation in her empire of the Papal decree; and Frederick the Great insisted on retaining the services of the Jesuits employed in his university. The social and political convulsions throughout Europe that followed shortly after the suppression of the society are well known. Professor Leopold Ranke, referring to this period, says:—"The suppression of the society produced the strangest effects in the Catholic countries. The animosity to the Jesuits, and their overthrow, were chiefly attributable to their defence of the supremacy of the See of Rome, in the most vigorous acceptation of the word . . . . The fact that the society, which had made the instruction of youth its special business, and which still had so large a portion of it in its hands, should be annihilated at one blow, without any preparation, must needs occasion a convulsion of the Catholic world to its very centre—to that core of society wherein new generations of men are formed. The outworks being taken, the victorious party proceeded with greater ardor to the attack of the fortress. The agitation increased from day to day, and desertion and apostacy thinned the ranks of the Church, and what hope remained?"

The society was reinstated by Pope Pius VII., August 7, 1814. The surviving members, who had eagerly looked forward to this vindication, proceeded to rehabilitate the order; and it is worthy of remark that among the throng who sought admission to the restored society was Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia and Piedmont, who abdicated the throne in favor of his

brother, Victor Emmanuel, and spent the rest of his days in the Jesuit novitiate, where he died, 1819.

The countries which before had banished the Jesuits with so much eagerness were now as promptly clamorous for their return. They were recalled to Spain, Austria, Portugal, Naples, and, after some hesitation, they were "permitted" to establish themselves in France, and were generally reinstated in the possession of a part or the whole of their former property in these kingdoms.

Curiously enough, Russia, which country was the first and almost the only one to shield them after the suppression, was now scarcely less prompt in banishing the Order from Russia and Poland. They were permitted to form establishments in England and Ireland, in which countries they possess several flourishing colleges and houses, as well as in other parts of the British dominions abroad.

On the Continent, the reorganized society speedily began to exhibit something of its ancient spirit and zeal in the education of youth, for which the society at all times has been signally distinguished; and their colleges were again thronged as formerly by the *élité* of Catholic youth.

The influence of the order soon reasserted itself, and, as before, aroused antagonism from many different quarters. The cry of "Jesuit" awakened anew slumbering and latent animosities, which seem to respond to the prayer of the founder Ignatius, who expressed the wish that his society might ever experience the pain of persecution, and thus it would be known that his followers were faithful to the mission he laid down for the society. The triumph of revolution has uniformly been the signal for an outcry against, and is usually followed by the "expulsion" of the Jesuits. Thus they were driven out of France in 1830; again in 1845; and the present government, responding to infidel demands, recently closed the colleges of the Order throughout France, and turned the professors and teachers out of doors.

A curious and suggestive commentary on Republican liberty! They had the same experience in Italy, Germany, and Spain, as well as in Mexico and many of the South American States.

In North America, under happier auspices, the Jesuits have been more fortunate. Nor is it surprising it should be so. The pioneer explorers of the West were missionaries of the Jesuit order; and every chapter in the early annals of the North American continent bears testimony to the heroic zeal, the apostolic labors, and the martyr devotion of the Jesuit missionary explorers. Bancroft, referring to this fact, says:—

"The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America; not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but *a Jesuit* led the way."

The memory of the saintly Marquette is held in veneration equally by Protestants as by Catholics; and the examples of heroism and virtue illustrated in the character and career of the Jesuit missionaries — now part of

the history of the country — has served in a great degree to soften, or altogether remove the prejudice and odium unjustly attached to the name and character of "Jesuit."

Archbishop Carroll, the friend of Washington, was a Jesuit; and our revolutionary history demonstrates the important aid he rendered on many occasions in critical missions to the cause of the struggling colonies.

In our own days, the value to the government of the labors and services of the Indian missionaries, drawn from the ranks of the Jesuits, have been more than once acknowledged by officers of the army and of the general government —notably in the instance of the lately deceased Father de Smet —who, for upwards of thirty years, exercised a powerful sway over the Indian tribes of the far West.

The society in the United States possesses flourishing colleges in nearly all the principal cities; and the Order counts as an important factor in the sphere of higher education; chiefly, of course, as to the Catholic youth of the country. Their colleges at Fordham, N. Y.; Baltimore, Md.; Boston and Worcester, Mass.; Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco, and at other less important points, rank among the leading institutions of learning; and though the American Jesuits have done vastly less than their English brethren for the cause of literature, they are acknowledged to have shown themselves zealous and indefatigable as missionaries and teachers.

The society is divided into the Eastern and Western Provinces, with the head-quarters of each respectively at Baltimore and St. Louis. The fathers of what is known as the "German Province" retain an organization independent of the American, and it is affiliated to the Order in Germany. The head-quarters of this branch is at Buffalo. The number of Jesuits in the United States, according to the latest official statistics of the society, is 839, including all classes of members — priests, scholastics, and lay brothers. The present General of the Order, Rev. Father Beckx, was elected in July, 1853.

Since the expulsion of the society from Rome, he has established his head-quarters at Fiesole, near Florence, where, for the present at least, he is permitted to conduct, without serious interference from the Italian Government, the affairs of his vast and multifarious responsibilities. The total number of Jesuits enrolled in the entire society throughout the world is 10,481. These are scattered all over the habitable globe —from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," as will be seen by the following tabular statements. The first shows the number of Jesuits engaged in missionary labors throughout the world, and the "provinces" from which they are drawn. The second table exhibits the total number of Jesuits in the entire society by provinces and assistancies. The figures given are taken from the official reports.

Though not designed for public use, the statistics and information are accessible to 'whoso it may concern.'

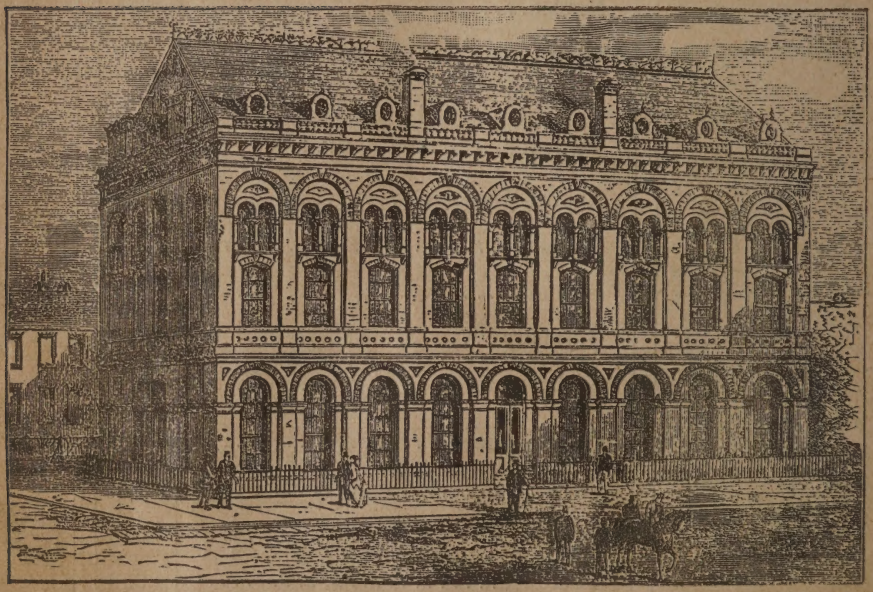
JESUITS ENGAGED IN MISSIONARY WORK THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

From the Provinces of	In Europe.	In Asia.	In Africa.	In North America.	In South and Central America.	In Oceanica.	En Route.	Total.
England and Canada	20	7	10	34	6	..	2	79
Aragon	1	..	2	9	146	86	..	244
Austro-Hungary	..	1	..	8	1	32	..	42
Belgium	..	72	5	8	..	..	..	85
Champagne	2	39	4	15	..	..	..	60
Castile	98	..	..	138	99	6	..	341
Paris	1	93	1	17	..	..	6	118
Poland	..	3	..	3	..	1	..	7
Germany	2	89	5	93	66	..	..	255
Ireland	1	1	..	..	..	20	..	22
Lyons	..	97	70	109	..	1	..	277
Mexico	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	21
Missouri	..	..	..	25	..	..	..	25
Naples	2	10	5	56	4	..	..	77
Netherlands	..	3	4	1	..	25	3	36
New York	..	1	..	17	..	..	..	18
Rome	8	12	3	27	36	..	..	86
Sicily	42	..	5	6	2	..	..	55
Turin	1	5	5	139	4	1	..	155
Toulouse	..	72	70	7	..	..	1	150
Venice	23	10	..	8	12	..	3	56
	201	515	189	741	376	172	15	2209

TABLE SHOWING MEMBERSHIP OF THE "SOCIETY OF JESUS."

Assistancy.	Province.	Total No. of Jesuits.	
Italian	Rome	409	1,523
	Naples	305	
	Sicily	219	
	Turin	313	
	Venice	277	
German	Austro-Hungary	524	2,764
	Belgium	773	
	Poland	239	
	Germany	852	
	Netherlands	376	
French	Champagne	518	2,924
	Paris	865	
	Lyons	648	
	Toulouse	693	
Spanish	Aragon	696	1,631
	Castile	914	
	Mexico	21	
English	England and Canada	456	1,639
		140	
	Ireland	204	
	Missouri	325	
	New York	216	
	Maryland	298	
	Total	10,481	

Which shows an increase of 274 over the membership of the preceding year.



CARDINAL MANNING'S RESIDENCE.

At the south-west angle of the site for the New Cathedral stood a fine large massive building (100 feet by 50), called the "Guards' Institute," erected by subscriptions of the officers, assisted by a grant from the War Office. The "Institute" not proving successful, the building came into the market. By the prudent forethought and earnest efforts of the Archbishop (with great personal sacrifice) the building was purchased, and its internal arrangements having been adapted for the purpose, by Mr. Clutton — with noble reception rooms, chapel, and secretaries' offices — "Archbishop's House" is now secured in perpetuity to the see of Westminster.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC GOVERNOR.

Rev. P. F. Dealy, S. J., before the New York Historical Society.

THERE are personages who have played a conspicuous part in the affairs of men, some of whom history has treated with indifference, and others with injustice. Col. Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York, is an example of the former. His royal master, James, Duke of York, is an example of the latter. The truth is, the imagination of mankind is more dazzled, and their admiration more captivated, by the achievements of physical than of intellectual powers. The successful soldier stands out in bold relief on the pages of history. The statesman, to whose probity, patriotism and genius a people owes its liberty and greatness, fades upon the canvas. The generations that enter successively into the heritage of a nation's greatness are but too apt to forget the skilful hands that planted and laid the foundations of the political edifice, and the genius and prescience which made it possible to become what it is, by the natural process of development, without the disastrous shocks of revolution.

To James, Duke of York, and his high-minded Minister, Col. Thomas Dongan, this country is indebted for the most striking and the most salutary of those constitutional principles which underlie our present form of government, as well as those principles of domestic and foreign policy which, — making all allowance for the difference between an infant State feeling its way to greatness, and the same State in the maturity of its development and power, — have been adopted by it ever since its separation from Great Britain. Nor has it ever been to the advantage of the country when any one of those principles has been deviated from. The first authoritative recognition of religious freedom, in its integrity, was in Maryland, whose Proprietory decreed the right of every individual to complete liberty of conscience, amongst the organic principles of its government. It is true, that this sacred principle was substantially subverted when the command of that Province was seized by other hands, and when the gentle rule of Lord Baltimore was superseded by intolerance. But it was re-asserted, in all its integrity, by those who presided at the organization of the young Republic; it has been maintained with unflinching firmness ever since; and, to this day, it constitutes the most gracious and benevolent feature of our political institutions.

It was Governor Dongan who, opposing himself to the policy of the New England settlers towards the Aborigines of the country, set us the example of endeavoring to treat them, not as conquered peoples, nor even as allies, but as fellow-citizens, owning fealty to the same government, and sharing its privileges and protection. His efforts in this direction were, however, rewarded with greater success than has as yet attended ours, — because they were not continually baulked and thwarted by the agents of political corruption. It was Governor Dongan who first conceived the grand idea of a vast English federation in the West, whose limit should be the Pacific Ocean, on one side, and the Atlantic on the other; to the North, the Canadian lakes; and to the South, Spanish America. In pursuit of this object, he would not suffer a French soldier to cross the boundary he had assigned; and, by an ingenuous and manly policy, he completely won the loyalty and esteem of the natives of the land.

To him, too, belongs whatever credit there may be in having been the first to establish, with the approval of the Duke of York, representative institutions, in what was obviously destined to become the most powerful and influential of the British possessions in America. Singular as it may seem, it was a cloistered Nun, — the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation, — who first pointed out the importance of the position of the valley of the Hudson, to the power that should hold sway in America. But her advice fell unheeded on the ears of the men who then directed the destinies of France. James, Duke of York, with the prescience of a true statesman, saw that it would never do to allow France to secure, for Canada, that second pathway to the ocean, thus cutting off New England from Maryland and Virginia, and hemming in the two isolated groups of English colonies on the seaboard. A Dutch commercial company had detected its importance for trading purposes, and had established a settlement there, to which they had given the name of New Netherland. The city, — now New York, — they called New Amsterdam. The Dutch were not to be dreaded, and they had no business to be there. But France might, by a stroke of adroit diplomacy, plant her "*fleur-de-lis*" at the mouth of the Hudson. The situation was urgent; and there was no hesitation nor indecision in the English councils. On a sudden an expedition strong enough to make resistance hopeless anchored in front of Fort Amsterdam. The city was blockaded. English troops, supported by Long Island and New England militia, lined the river-bank, at Brooklyn. The most conciliatory terms were offered; and forty-eight hours were allowed for an answer. Before the expiration of that time the Dutch garrison marched out of Fort Amsterdam with all the honors of war; the English troops took their place; and the English flag floated over the fort, never again to be displaced until the revolted colonies renounced their allegiance to the English Government, and, as a federation of States, under a Republican form of government, flung the American colors to the breeze. Fort Amsterdam became Fort James, and New Netherland and New Amsterdam what are now the State and City of New York. But for this energetic and determined stroke of statesmanship, it is probable that what is now the seat of a vast and harmonious federation of States; — great in commerce, great in war, great in the arts of peace, — would have been occupied by a number of discordant and rival States, whose animosities would have been fatal to the prosperity or greatness of all alike, and of which the aboriginal populations would have been alternately the allies and the victims.

The Rev. gentleman then gave a rapid sketch of the prominent men who flourished in England and America in the middle of the 17th century, and distinguished themselves in statesmanship as well as by military achievements. He then continued: —

But high as was the reputation of these distinguished men, it was surpassed by that of the subject of this sketch, Col. Thomas Dongan, whom the Duke of York appointed to govern New York after the resignation of Sir Edmund Andros. The historian Smith says of him: "He was a man of integrity, moderation, and genteel manners; and, though a professed Papist, may be classed amongst the best of our Governors." And he adds; —"He surpassed all his predecesors in a due attention to our affairs with the Indians, by whom he was highly esteemed." Valentine writes: — "He was a Roman Catholic in his religious tenets, which was the occasion of much remark on the part of the Protestant inhabitants of the colony. His personal character was, in other respects, not objectionable to the people, and he is de-

scribed as a man of integrity, moderation, and genteel maners, and as being amongst the best of our Governors, who had been placed in charge of this province." Booth also writes of him: — "He was of the Roman Catholic faith, a fact which rendered him, at first, obnoxious to many; but his firm and judicious policy, his steadfast integrity, and his pleasing and courteous address, soon won the affections of the people, and made him one of the most popular of the royal Governors." Colden, in his "History of the Five Nations," calls him an "honest gentleman," and "an active and prudent Governor." To chivalrous loyalty, and the most disinterested devotion to the interests of the proprietory were joined, in him, great aptitude for affairs, the broadest, most statesmanlike and liberal views, conciliatory manners, and, above all, a moderation of disposition which is sometimes, although rarely, a natural gift, and is very often a consequence of aristocratic refinement.

This eminent man was descended from an ancient Irish family, distinguished for an energy of character, and a spirit of enterprise which he did not allow to expire with his ancestors. His father was Sir John Dongan, Baronet, of Castletown, in the county Kildare, Ireland. His uncle was Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, who was a conspicuous figure in the reign of Charles II., as well as in that of his brother and successor, James II. This Earl of Tyrconnell was one of those against whom Titus Oates informed. He was made Lieutenant-Governor of Ireland, and afterwards Lord Deputy, on the recall of Clarendon by James II. His nephew, Thomas Dongan, was born in 1634. After passing through the usual course of a polite education, he embraced the profession of arms. Through his brother's and uncle's influence, he gained advancement at the English Court, and was quickly promoted to a colonelcy. He subsequently entered the military service of France, then on terms of close alliance with England, and served as colonel of a French regiment under Louis XIV. In 1678, he was forced, by the order of the English Parliament, to quit the French service, and had to leave France at forty-eight hours' notice, sacrificing his position, and losing sixty-five thousand livres of pay due him, which he never succeeded in recovering.

The new Governor succeeded to his high and responsible office in difficult times. The capture of the New Netherlands from the Dutch, in 1664, its recapture in 1673, and its restitution to Great Britain, six months afterwards, had introduced confusion into the question both of boundary and jurisdiction as well as questions of administration in New York. The fact of Col. Dongan being a Catholic Governor over a people almost exclusively Protestant might seem to have made it difficult for him to make his administration satisfactory to the people. His moderation, sagacity, and uprightness, however, were such that he was esteemed and liked by almost every one. He not only made friends with the white people, but also conciliated the Indians, from the Delaware Bay to the Western lakes. By his masterly policy, Governor Dongan controlled the Five Nations, and effectually broke up the French influence with the Indians. Among other measures which Dongan proposed for restricting the encroachments of the French was his plan for bringing to this country colonists from Ireland. By a judicious mixture of policy and courtesy, Governor Dongan satisfactorily adjusted many important disputes of boundaries to which the personal passions of landholders had given rise. The Governor began his administration by convoking an assemblage of the people for the purpose of discussing matters of taxation

and home government. The constitutional legislative body, consisting of the Governor, the councillors, and seventeen representatives elected by the people, assembled in the city of New York, on the 17th of October, 1683; and it may be safely asserted that this, the first representative legislative assembly of New York, was not inferior to any of the subsequent ones up to the present time, either in administrative capacity or patriotic motive. Some of the legislation of this first assembly was of such wise and far-seeing character, that its influence has reached to onr own day. The Court of Chancery which it established, and many principles then introduced, remained unchallenged and unaltered by subsequent legislation during a period of nearly two centuries. This is all the more remarkable as the body represented two distinct nationalities, the Dutch and English; but the two, directed by the genius of Governor Dongan, listened only to their patriotic feelings, and labored harmoniously for the general good.

If, however Governor Dongan laid the foundation of that more extended system of popular representation adopted by the whole nation since its separation from England, the entire Union owes him a debt of gratitude for having stamped deep in the hearts of the people that sacred principle of freedom of conscience which the doctrines of the Catholic Church pronounce to be the inalienable right of every individual, and which this country has cherished and maintained with a consistency and devotion that distinguishes it above every other nation on the face of the globe. Governor Dongan had been anticipated in the vindication of the individual right of liberty of conscience by the Catholic Proprietory of Maryland. When Calvert, Lord Baltimore, laid the foundation of that province in 1649, that great principle was emphatically decreed in an enactment, than which no more substantial proof could be addressed, that the Church does not regard freedom of conscience as a right belonging only to Catholics, but as the common inheritance of every human creature. When, at the English Revolution, in 1688, power changed hands in that province, the noble Catholic principle was trampled under foot by men who repaid the liberty they had themselves enjoyed under Catholic rule by a violent and unrelenting persecution of Catholics. They not only deprived them of all share in the Government, and every right of freemen, but they went to the extent of adopting against them the whole body of the odious English "Penal Laws." The Liberal and able Governor of New York met a fate similar to that of his brethren of the Catholic faith in Maryland. As he was the governor who set his seal to the first charter of civil and religious liberty in New York, so he was the first victim of religious persecution after its abrogation. The charter in which James conveyed his instructions to Dongan ordains, among other things:—

"For the better establishing the Government of the Province of New York, and that justice and right may be equally done to all persons within the same," &c., &c., "the supreme legislative authority under his Majesty, &c., shall for ever be and reside in a Governor, Council, and the people met in a General Assembly." . . . "That a session of a General Assembly be held once in three years, at least. . . . . That every freeholder and freeman in any corporation shall have his free voice and vote in the electing of the representatives, without any manner of restraint or imposition; and that in all elections the majority of the voices shall carry it. . . . . That no aid, tax, tollage, assessment, custom, loan, benevolence or imposition whatever shall be laid, imposed, assessed, or levied on any of his Majesty's subjects within this province, or their estates, upon any manner or color of

pretence, but by the act and consent of the Governor, Council, and Representatives of the people, in General Assembly met and assembled. . . . . That no person professing faith in God by Jesus Christ should at any time be in any way disquieted or questioned for any difference of opinion in matters of religion." After the accession of the Duke of York to the throne, as James II. in 1686, Governor Dongan received a royal commission appointing him the "King's Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief over his province of New York and the territories depending therein in North America." The government remained as he had established it, and the mild, liberal and judicious administration of Governor Dongan left nothing to be desired by a free and contented people. Guided by all the grand and lofty views that befit the true ruler and statesman, Governor Dongan, in 1686, signalized his administration by granting, in the name and by the authority of the king, the celebrated Charter of the City of New York, known as the "Dongan Charter," bearing date the 27th of April of that year. That document constitutes to this day the basis and foundation of the municipal laws, rights, privileges, public property, and franchises of the city.

The rapidity and thoroughness with which Governor Dongan acquainted himself with the condition, wants, and probable prospects of the Colony, as well as the domestic and external policy demanded for its prosperous development, is evidence of the single-mindedness and conscientious devotedness he brought to his responsible task. His report on the condition of the colony is a masterly production.

But, while the interests of New York were developing and taking form under the able administration of Governor Dongan, his statesmanlike views stretched far beyond the limits of New York. The boundary then established as the line dividing the English and French dominions was afterwards recognised by solemn treaty; and in our day the visitor to the great lakes and the Falls of Niagara sees the American flag proudly floating where Dongan once flaunted its English predecessor. The energetic and far-sighted policy of Dongan gave to New York the commercial ascendancy in North America. The foresight and statesmanship of the able and energetic governor appears all the more striking when we contrast it with the utter want of policy and fitful neglect of those who followed him. They seem to have had no appreciation of the importance of the American colonies, or to have sought in any way their well-being. The wretched appointments of governors, their misplaced energy, joined to their neglect of American interests, led to the final loss of the colonies, which promised to be a mightier England in the Western hemisphere. The king, following out the plan which Dongan had previously given, united as far as convenient all the North American British provinces under one viceregal government. Thus the conception of a union of the colonies into one grand State, extending from ocean to ocean, south of the St. Lawrence and the lakes, under one system of laws and one form of government, places Governor Dongan among the foremost statesmen of his time, and entitles him to the honor of having prepared the way, by his policy, two hundred years ago, for the establishment of our Republic, a union of States, and a land of religious liberty.

The statesmanlike views of Dongan, however, did not always meet with favor. His bold and independent policy incurred the displeasure of his royal master, which caused the governor to resign his office about April, 1688. Smith, the historian, says of Dongan's removal, that "he fell under the king's displeasure through his zeal for the true interests

of the province." After his retirement from office, Governor Dongan spent his time in Staten Island, and though he was offered the command of a regiment in the service of James II., nothing could induce him to accept it.

The first act of the first Assembly of New York convened by Governor Dongan was the "Charter of Liberty," passed 30th October, 1683; and was, with all other laws passed by the previous General Assembly, repealed by the Protestant Assembly of New York in 1691, and a so-called "Bill of Rights" was passed, which, though a copy of the Charter in many points, differed from it in the very essential particular that Catholics and Quakers were expressly excluded from participating in its privileges, and were thus deprived of all their political and religious rights.

In 1697 this "Bill of Rights" was repealed by King William—probably as being too liberal—and, in 1700, an act was passed more strictly in accordance with the spirit of bitterness towards the Catholic Church which asserted itself in England on the expulsion of James II., and the accession of William, and which had extended to the colonies, bringing with it the spirit of legislation of the "mother country." The preamble of this act sets forth that "Whereas divers Jesuits, priests, and Popish missionaries have of late come, and for some time have had their residence in the remote parts of this province, and others of his Majesty's adjacent colonies, who, by their wicked and subtle insinuations, industriously labored to debauch, seduce and withdraw the Indians from their due obedience to his most sacred Majesty, and to excite and stir them up to sedition, rebellion, and open hostility against his Majesty's Government;" it is enacted that every priest, &c., remaining in, or coming into the province after November 1st, 1700, should be "deemed and accounted an incendiary and disturber of the public peace and safety, and an enemy of the true Christian religion, and shall be adjudged to suffer perpetual imprisonment; that, in case of escape and capture they should suffer *death;* and that harborers of priests should pay a fine of two hundred pounds, and stand three days in the pillory."

If it is alleged that the law of 1691 was the result of high party excitement and public alarm, what excuse, it may be asked, is to be alleged for the more illiberal and persecuting law of 1700? It is but justice to James II. and to Governor Dongan to point to the "Charter of Liberties" of 1683, and then to the laws of 1691 and 1700, passed under William and Mary, and remark that though the Revolution gave the colonies to William and Mary as rulers in the place of James, it also gave penal and odious laws and a deceptive "Bill of Rights" in exchange for a Charter of Liberties.

To the colonies in the Western hemisphere the accession of William and the Georges was an unmixed calamity. To the careful and large-minded government of the Duke of York, continued after he had mounted the throne, succeeded the indifference, even contempt, of a foreign and decidedly incapable dynasty, which was too much occupied in settling itself into its new dignity to concern itself about young colonies three thousand miles away. Instead of a succession of able men to whom James entrusted the administration of the Colonial Government, whose statesmanship stayed the encroachments of the French, secured the friendship of the native tribes, conciliated the Dutch, and, even by their moderation, appeased the bitterest sectarian animosities, laying the foundation of that honest toleration which to this time distinguishes our American Republic above all other nations of the earth—in her transatlantic colonies a succession of incapable favorites of the reigning

power, whose capacity for their high office seemed not to reach beyond undoing all that had been so well done by the governors appointed, by the last of the Stuarts — religious animosities were lashed into fury, which even the most violent persecution could not sate; the native tribes were outraged, and their affections wholly alienated; the commercial and political interests of the colonies were utterly neglected or sacrificed to the selfish interests or Court intrigues of the mother country; religious and popular liberty were supplemented by tyranny, until systematic misgovernment by degrees separated the heart of the English colonies from England. Religious toleration, which the government of Maryland, and which the Duke of York, through the agency of his several governors, had made a part of the organic laws of New York, was trampled under foot. The malign spirit of sectarian hate winged its way from England to England's American dependencies. From that hour, peace, contentment, and prosperity deserted them. Secular followed in the wake of religious oppression, until the colonists, weary of being governed from a distance of three thousand miles, and by methods so different from anything they had hitherto been accustomed to, resolved to receive no longer either government or religion from the mother country; provinces and proprietaries became sovereign states of a Federal Union, under a Democratic form of government. The right of every citizen to unrestricted freedom of conscience, which Lord Baltimore had consecrated in the Maryland Constitution, and the Duke of York, by his governors in New York—was reconsecrated in the organic law of the National Government, which has since respected and maintained both with a completeness and consistency that have distinguished this Republic above any other nation on the face of the earth.

The illustrious subject of this sketch, after the passage of the "Bill of Rights" in 1691, returned to England. On the death of his brother William, Earl of Limerick, in 1698, he was advanced to the earldom by right of succession. His efforts to recover the confiscated estates of his deceased brother, succeeded in obtaining the passage of an Act of Parliament for his relief on the 25th day of May, 1702. He died in London on the 14th of December, and was interred in the church-yard of St. Pancras, Middlesex. The highest eulogy that can be pronounced upon him is, that it was he, beyond even and above his able predecessors, who, by his magnanimous statesmanship, moderation of temperament, and unaffected respect for the rights and liberties of others, prepared the way for all that is most admirable in the Constitution and policy of our great Republic, which rose from out of the ruins of a neglected and ill-governed colony, to be glorious in the future with the brilliant records of conquest in the domains of peace, liberty, and religious freedom.

In the Austrian Service the four officers of the Austrian army highest in command in Bosnia are Irishmen. The governor of Livno is Major-General O'Reilly. The second in command of the cavalry is Colonel O'Herlihy, and there are two Captain O'Sullivans under him. One of the generals of brigade is Rudolph Oliver Swanston, who comes of a West Cork family. It seems that, still in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade, the Irish soldier is foremost in the path of honor, glory, and small pay.

"Ah," said an Englishman the other day, "I belong to a country where the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there is no correct map — it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

O'CONNELL AND NAPOLEON I.

Few people know that the great Irish patriot, O'Connell, was the first to propose that the remains of the modern Cæsar should be brought from their prison-grave at St. Helena to France.

In a well-known work, which is a continuation of Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years, 1830 to 1840"—"Histoire de Huit Ans," by Elias Reynault—I find the following proof of the fact, which will, I believe, be new to many Irish readers:

"O'Connell had been for some time pressed by one of the relatives of the Emperor to do something in the matter, and this celebrated agitator resolved to make a motion for the restoration to France of the remains of the martyr of St. Helena.

"However, before doing so, he mentioned his intention to Lord Palmerston. The Anglo-French alliance, he said, seemed to be in danger, and the friendly feeling that existed between the people of both nations was cooled down a good deal. [In Ireland, the feelings of the people were unchanged—their love for France, if anything, increased.—Translator.]"

"I believe," O'Connell said, "this generous restitution would strengthen the tie, rather too loose at present."

"Don't be in such a hurry," said Palmerston. "We must first ascertain if France would accept the present, if it would not, perhaps, embarrass her."

"I am decided," replied the great 'Tribune,' "to present my motion. The duty of Great Britain (he said nothing of Ireland), is to give up the remains of the Emperor, and the House of Commons cannot deny it."

"Well, wait awhile," said the Minister. (It was Palmerston who signed the order to have Napoleon placed on board the Bellerophon.—Translator.) "I shall write to Thiers, the new Prime Minister;" and he did so, informing him that he was about being forced to state in the House of Commons that the Government never refused to give up the remains of the Emperor, but that no Minister of France since 1830 had claimed them from England. M. Thiers saw at once the advantages he could derive from a measure which would appear to be due to his own initiation. He escaped being accused of indifference, and got cheap popularity. A note was sent to Guizot, then ambassador of the English court, asking him to make the formal request. The answer was known in advance. Lord Palmerston was most gracious, reserving his hostility for more serious questions."—"Histoire de Huit Ans," par Elias Reynault, vol. 1st, page 142.

And this was in 1840, when war between the two nations was threatening. In 1870, thirty years after, the bond of union between the two nations must have been a very loose one, at least on the English side.

J. P. L.

If ye consider the matter aright, is there anyone worthy to be crowned that doth not strive lawfully? (2 Tim. ii. 5.) For a proof of a good soldier is in the combat. Lay aside the attacks of temptations and the assaults of tribulation, and there will be no victory. And if no victory, no crown of reward is of right due to any one.—*A Kempis.*

A devout man, now deceased, used to say that Mass was his harbor of refuge, and that during that brief half hour, he always fitted himself to meet the great labors, anxieties and contentions in which he was professionally engaged all day. He would far rather have missed his breakfast than have missed Mass.

IRELAND'S VOW.

Come, Liberty, come! we are ripe for thy coming—
Come, freshen the hearts where thy rival has trod:
Come, richest and rarest! come, purest and fairest!
Come, daughter of science!—come, gift of the God!

Long, long have we sighed for thee, coyest of maidens;
Long, long have we worshipped thee, queen of the brave;
Steadily sought for thee, readily fought for thee,
Purpled the scaffold and glutted the grave.

On went the fight through the cycle of ages,
Never our battle-cry ceasing the while—
Forward, ye valiant ones! onward, battalioned ones!
Strike, for dear Erin, your own darling isle.

Still in the ranks are we, struggling with eagerness;
Still in the battle for freedom are we.
Words may avail in it—swords, if they fail in it!
What matters the weapon, if only we're free!

Oh! we are pledged in the face of the universe,
Never to falter, and never to swerve;
Toil for it—bleed for it—if there be need for it—
Stretch every sinew and strain every nerve!

Traitors and cowards our names shall be ever,
If for a moment we turn from the chase;
For ages exhibited, scoffed at, and gibbeted,
As emblems of all that was servile and base!

Irishmen! Irishmen! think what is liberty—
Fountain of all that is valued and dear—
Peace and security, knowledge and purity—
Hope for hereafter and happiness here.

Nourish it, treasure it, deep in your inner heart;
Think of it ever by night and by day;
Pray for it, sigh for it, work for it, die for it—
What is this life, and dear freedom away?

Irishmen! if we be true to our promises,
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,
Life's choicest blessings, love's fond caressings—
Peace, home, and happiness—all shall be ours!

THE MARQUIS SHOCKS 'EM.—There was commotion in the polite circles of Montreal after the grand ball at the Windsor. The gossips were shocked to learn that the marquis had not danced with the right people. There was Lady This, who had arrayed herself at ruinous expense in order to dance with him, and who was not so much as introduced to him; and then there was Lady That's daughter, with all her own, and all her mother's, and all her first cousin's diamonds in the upper sections of her toilet, who had to waltz with the young men of Montreal. Meanwhile the marquis was dancing with young ladies who were pretty and nice enough, to be sure, but who did not grace the first walks of society, don't you know! When the supper-room was opened matters went from bad to worse. The marquis, who had been doing his best to make himself agreeable to everybody during the evening, took down stairs a very accomplished lady, to be sure, but one whom Lady This and Lady That's daughter consider slightly beneath themselves inasmuch as she is a brewer's wife or daughter, or something of the sort. Wherefore there are heartburnings, and the committee in charge of the ball are condemned as unmitigated noodles. All these things tend to make the unregenerate Yankee smile.

THE CAUSES OF THE REFORMATION.—Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who was a far-seeing barbarian, and who disliked hypocrisy as much as he liked power, said briefly of the causes of the Reformation:—"If you reduce the causes of the Reformation to their simple principles, you will find that in Germany it was the work of interest, in England the fruit of lust, in France the effect of novelty. And all historians have agreed in saying that Henry VIII. owed his Protestantism to exceptionally weak views upon chastity." The Protestant Heylin remarked bluntly:—"Henry, being violently hurried by the transport of some violent affections, and finding that the Pope appeared the greatest obstacle to his desires, extinguished his authority in the realm of England." And so of Queen Elizabeth the same author said as candidly:—"She knew full well that her legitimacy and the Pope's supremacy could not stand together, and that she could not possibly maintain the one without discarding the other." Accordingly, her Majesty remained a Protestant.

WHY THE BANNS ARE PUBLISHED.—The Church, acting on the principle that marriage is honorable in all, has prescribed that the banns of marriage should be published previous to the celebration in the parish church. She does so, not only that whatever obstacle or impediment to the due solemnization of the Sacrament should exist may be made known and thus removed while there is still time, but also to interest in the happiness of the young couple the faithful amongst whom they live. She does so especially for the sake of the future wife, to protect her from deception, as far as possible, and to shield her from any slur that might be thrown upon her good name in after years, if her marriage were clandestine or secret. No true Catholic woman, then, should ever consent to be married, unless in very rare cases, without the publication of the banns, in order to show that she is not ashamed of her marriage. We desire the pastors and rectors of the different churches to explain these and other reasons for the law of the banns, and to apply for no dispensation from them except in rare and exceptional cases.

IT is said that all the Catholic Kings of England, except, perhaps, Rufus and John, heard Mass daily. Henry VIII in his early days heard three or four Masses daily.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A STORY OF KILCARRICK.

Paul Earnscliffe, standing under one of the old arches of the ruin, watched the girl's tall figure until it disappeared round the turn of the road. And even when Bonnie had gone out of sight, he was still gazing, gazing; but now he was staring into vacancy, and his eyes had a dreamy look in them, an expression shared by his whole face.

This girl had a charm for him such as he had never found in any other woman before. Was it her freshness, frankness, simple straightforwardness, and warm-heartedness, that won him? Or, had their casual meeting, long ago on Liskeelan Strand, given a romantic zest and coloring to their meeting now?

Earnscliffe was one of those radically weak men who love to analyze their emotions. He was impressionable to a degree of almost effeminacy. The whim of the hour swayed him pitilessly; and even in his good points — for he had good points, bear in mind — were cruelly nullified by a temperament which first satisfied its cravings, and then bethought itself of remorse.

Earnscliffe had little or nothing in his varied character in the way of self-sacrificing nobleness, or tenseness of purpose. He loved his ease; not in an obstinately selfish way, however paradoxical as the statement may, at first sight, appear.

He was — in his way — good-hearted; hated to *see* any human being suffering; and if, during his walks, twenty persons appealed to him for charity each day, he could not, I believe, refuse alms to any one of them. But, at the same time, if, by crossing a field, he could manage to avoid any of these people, you may be sure this is the very course he would adopt.

His sympathies were wide-spread, but only surface deep. High and noble instincts the man really had; but whenever his better nature endeavored to be true to these instincts, there was always an ugly lot of little obstacles to be got over, and Earnscliffe constitutionally shrank from obstacles, just as he used to shrink, long ago, from those terrible periodical doses of salts and senna which his good mother had judged indispensable necessities of life.

This man's desultory fancy had now been arrested by the freshness and genuineness of Bonnie Dunraven; or else by the charm of the associated circumstances distinguishing his acquaintance with the girl. He was not sure wherein the secret of her power lay hid. He was not sure of himself, nor how far this newest fancy of his had penetrated. He was not sure of the future — what it would or would not bring forth. Most of all was he in doubt as to what his own *modus agendi* should now be.

And so he dismissed the knotty subject from his thoughts, and — like a great many more of us, strong and weak alike — soothed his conscience by the reflection that, after all, it is a fruitless labor for a mere human being to attempt to map out the future; and that what is variously called trusting to circumstance, chance, or destiny, is, in fact, the wisest course to adopt.

So Paul Earnscliffe, from this July evening forward, succumbed very gracefully to Fate, and Fate — nothing loth — carried him along on its current, and drifted him to his doom.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROAD TO EAGLE CRAGS.

About this time the small mistress of Kilcarrick was turning over and over in her busy little brain a certain project which, when it had arrived at a satisfactory maturity, she submitted to the Doctor himself.

"Do you know what I've been thinking of, Hugh?" she said, one

day, coming in to the Doctor's study, where he sat chuckling appreciatively over a paper in the *Saturday Review*. "Now make up your mind not to throw cold water on my suggestion."

"Oh, I see, Mary. You want to secure a victory by anticipation. Well, out with your gigantic scheme for the reformation of society — or maybe, you have views tending to the civilization of the Maoris."

"Maybe so, indeed," she said, standing beside the table and smiling very pleasantly; "at present, however, we shall waive those matters. I was thinking of a picnic, Hugh. Bonnie, poor child, really wants something to rouse her. She is not the same Bonnie since that terrible affair about poor Miss Wylde. And the weather is so beautiful just now. And I can manage it very nicely — only a few people, you know. The Osbornes, and the Talbots, and the L'Estranges, and Bob and ourselves. That would be quite enough."

"And where do you think of going to, Mary?"

"Oh, somewhere near the sea, of course. I've been thinking of Tinnarush — or, perhaps, if it wouldn't be too far, Hugh, Eagle Crags. It is a charming spot. There is a level bit of grass, just big enough for our dinner table, right under the crags, you know, and the sea is below us, and I am sure the whole place along there is all abloom with the purple heather now."

"But Eagle Crags is nearly fourteen miles away. However, that is not too long a drive in such weather as this. Very well, Mary; do as you like, my dear. But don't knock yourself up by too many preparations, and that kind of thing. For my part, I think the great charm of a picnic lies in its being a somewhat rough-and-ready affair, got up on the spur of the moment, you know, and all that."

"So it does, to be sure," said the little woman, delighted in her heart at her success. "I don't intend, Hugh, to have anything very grand — and that. What do you think of *this*, now?"

And forthwith she treated the Doctor to a complete list of the proposed dishes and removes, which catalogue she recited with an unhesitating fluency, ending off with a triumphant little "*There*, now!" and an emphatic nod of her head.

"Oh, upon my word, Mary, that will be very nice, indeed. Faith it will, Mary. Really very nice. It couldn't be nicer. Why you are a wonderful little piece of goods altogether!" he added, his kind eyes full of good humor.

Mrs. Fitzgerald lost no time, you may be sure, in bringing her pleasant little project into execution. It so happened that all who were bidden to the feast promised to come, and when the day arrived there was happily neither rain nor yet too intense heat. It was indeed a magnificent August day, with a fresh breeze blowing, just sufficient to temper the heat of the sun. Mrs. Fitzgerald, having left no stone unturned in the way of making her picnic all that a picnic should be, now felt her spirits rise with that most buoyant, perhaps, of all human emotions — the consciousness of labor rewarded.

Bonnie Dunraven and Norah, together with little Rosa and Master Freddy, had crammed themselves into the pony-phaeton fully an hour-and-a-half before their elders started from Kilcarrick.

Robert Grace had, indeed, petitioned eagerly to be allowed a corner in the phaeton, but he had to content himself finally with a place on the side-car beside Mrs. Fitzgerald.

So Bonnie and her little cousins drove away in the beautiful August morning — away along the lonely white roads where the tall hawthorn and dog-rose hedges were now beginning to glow with their scarlet hips and haws. All the country was laughing under the happy blue sky,

perfectly blue, save where, coming up with the light wind,

> The sailing clouds went by,
> Like ships upon the sea.

The fields and uplands were opulent with the yellowing corn, darkening where the breeze passed over its wavy surface, then raising its ears again with a low murmurous sound. Up along the sunny hill-sides the cloud shadows chased one another over the short green aftermath. The low banks along the road-sides were overgrown with the beautiful wild flowers of the early August; the graceful blue hare-bells ringing an inaudible peal in every light gust, the ox-eyed daises, the sweet-scented golden-rod, the rose-colored convolvulus, and, here and there, some late blossoms of the tall creamy-tinted meadow-sweet filled the air with fragrance. And, coming and going, now hidden for a time when the road dipped and the fields were high, now fully revealed again in the happy sunshine, was the sea, with, here and there, the white sails of fishing boats glancing like silver wings against the deep pure blue.

"Are you sure you know the way, Cousin Bonnie?" Master Freddy asked, suddenly. "Because I fancy we are going wrong. I don't remember that big hawthorn bush there."

"Don't you, indeed?" said Bonnie. "May I ask when *you* were at Eagle Crags last, young sir?"

"We brought Miss Quinlan to see the place one day last — last — I forget, Cousin Bonnie. I think, though, it was last July twelvemonths."

"Yes, so it was," little Rosa put in — she always made it a point to clinch Freddy's statements with corroborative testimony — "the reason why I know is, because Miss Quinlan got a new bonnet that very morning, and grand'ma coaxed her not to wear it, but she *did* wear it, and, mind you, it began to rain on the way home, and —"

"Oh, Cousin Bonnie, if you saw the look of it when she got back!" Master Freddy broke in here; "the feathers were twisted out of all shape, and the color of the ribbons and things was washed out in streaks of blue all over the crown of the bonnet. You never saw such a sight!"

"And I hope I never may," said Bonnie laughing. "It was really too bad. I'm sure I hope *we* shan't have rain *this* evening. What on earth shall we do, Norah, if we have rain? Our grand new hats — and all!"

And very pretty hats they were, indeed, and by no means calculated to withstand a wetting. Big sun-hats of gray muslin, with wreaths of wild flowers — poppies, daisies, and forget-me-nots — intermingled with ears of corn and feathery hair-grass twisted around the crowns. They were tied down at each side with bands of gray ribbon, and the wide leaves came low over the foreheads and brows in a singularly picturesque and becoming manner.

Bonnie looked particularly well on this happy August morning. Her bright hair was gathered up daintily — but not too tightly — under the big hat, and her pretty gray muslin dress fitted her to a nicety. She seemed to be in the gayest of gay spirits. The prospect of the day's merry-making filled her with delight. And in each of her rose-colored anticipations one figure stood out prominently in the immediate foreground. Were not all her joyful fancies, indeed, called into being by this one figure? She had met Paul Earnscliffe three or four times since that evening of their *rencontre* in Drumkyle Churchyard. He was prolonging his stay at Castle Strange from week to week. He was to be one of the party to-day at the picnic, and herein lay the secret of Bonnie's unmeasured gladness.

Bonnie will never, in all her years, forget her drive to Eagle Crags on that beautiful August morning. Every sight and sound and odor added to the gladness of her heart. The long

white roads winding in and out through the rich verdure of the country; the red-brick chimneys and brown-thatched gables of farm houses "bosom'd high in tufted trees;" the broad fields of yellowing corn waving in the sunshine; that old, gray windmill over there on the upland, standing out with its drab sails in relief against the blue background of the sea; when, in long years to come, Bonnie closes her eyes and falls a-thinking, all those pleasant sights will come up again before her mind almost as vividly as she saw them now under the happy skies.

By-and-by, there was a sudden shout from Master Freddy, and a clapping of hands from little Rosa, and now they had come to a turn of the road, and lo! there was the chosen spot at last, within a quarter of a mile of them.

"I believe we are the first arrivals, after all," Bonnie said, as they drew nearer and nearer to the sea. "Oh, no, though!—there is a phaeton on before us."

"That is the Mullinderk phaeton," said Norah. "Yes. Don't you see Harriet Talbot's blue bonnet? She wore that the day she came to see you, Bonnie."

"Oh, indeed, she did! And I see Janetta has that exquisite green hat with the red feather. I wish to goodness we hadn't come so soon, Norah. But I thought Tiny would not travel so well."

Bonnie was by no means overjoyed, as you may guess, at the prospect of the Misses Talbot's society. Perhaps there was a little bit of disappointment mingling with her chagrin. She may not have recognized the Mullinderk phaeton at first, you know, and possibly she had her own views as to the occupants thereof.

And now the Mullinderk vehicle had drawn up, and here were the two Talbot girls "swinging along the road" (so Bonnie said in *sotto voce* for Norah's benefit) to meet the Kilcarrick pony phaeton.

"We are the first comers—only think!" Harriet exclaimed, as they drew near. "I thought our clock was awfully slow—I know it *used* to be—and I hurried Jan out of the house in a most unceremonious fashion. And I'm awfully afraid we've come too early, after all. What an exquisitely lovely day, Miss Dunraven! I think the view here is so charming, and I always said so, though Mr. Teeling—don't you remember, Jan?—could never see any beauty in it; he used to say so, but I really think it was merely for the fun of rousing my ire! Ha! Ha! He was such awfully good company, Mr. Teeling! Of course he was dreadfully satirical and all that—oh, perfectly *dreadful*, Miss Dunraven! You can't imagine. I'm sure I don't know how in the world *any* girl could have the pluck to marry him; and yet—lo, and behold you!—he was married last spring, wasn't it, Jan?—last April—*no!* May—no; *April*,—wasn't it?"

"The twenty-fourth of May, Harrie," replied Miss Janetta. "Don't you remember mamma's saying that Aunt Polly was married on the same day twenty-six years ago?"

"Yes—yes—yes! To be sure! To be sure! What a dreadfully treacherous memory I have! I have no memory for dates at all, Miss Dunraven. I sometimes say the most outlandishly ridiculous things, and I'm sure people who don't know me well must think—must think—ha!—ha!—I'm taking leave of my senses! Ha! ha! And it's all because of my defective memory. A terrible thing not to have a good memory. Jan, now, has a capital memory. *Yes*, Jan—you *know* you have, now! (for Miss Janetta, unassuming virgin that she was, had interposed at this juncture a mild expostulation). You always *had* a good memory, Jan. You take after poor papa. But *I* am more like mamma's people. They all had positively outrageous memories. Have

you a good memory, Miss Dunraven?"

"I think my memory is about up to the usual standard, Miss Talbot," replied Bonnie, smiling quietly; "I have not an exceptionally good one, nor yet a very bad one."

"I envy you! I do, upon my honor," said Harriet, hardly waiting for the end of Bonnie's speech. "Now, when I was at school I never *could* remember an event nor a date — especially a date — in English history. O, dear me! I don't know how on the living *earth* I endured the perfectly dreadful manner in which the girls used to make a butt of me, at times. And I couldn't help it. I really couldn't. At one public examination I was asked, I remember, to tell all about the — the what-d'you-call-it? — Magna Charta, you know — and — and — what's this I said, Jan? Upon my word I forget. But I know it was something actually *awful*."

"You said, Harrie, that it was a scheme for the blowing up of the Parliament House in London, got up by Praise God Barebones, in the year of grace, 1215."

"Yes! yes! Praise God Barebones! I always had a weakness for *him!*" screamed Harriet, her portly frame shaking and writhing with a sudden explosion of laughter. "O my goodness! — yes, to be sure! How the superioress *did* cough and sneeze, and twist herself into the most ridiculously uncomfortable attitudes, and how the girls tittered in the background; and there was *I*, like an abnormally scarlet peony, bearing the brunt of hundreds of astounded eyes!"

"You must have had a good deal of moral courage, at all events, Miss Talbot," said Bonnie. "Now I think *I* should have rushed off the platform altogether, had *I* been in your shoes."

Miss Talbot was drying her eyes — for laughter always affected her lachrymal glands — and smoothing her red hair — both girls, by-the-way, had abundant tresses of rich unmixed red — and hitching her blue bonnet to the correct angle. Bonnie had, of course, brought Tiny to a stand-still during this pleasant little colloquy.

"Moral courage? Well, I think I always had that, more or less; so has mamma, and, as I say, I take after *her* people. Now, Jan hasn't half as much of that kind of thing. I have the advantage of her *there*. Yes, Jan, it is the truth! You are dreadfully timid at times, and so was poor papa. Would you believe it, Miss Dunraven, papa was afraid of the *cat?* I suppose it was constitutional, and all that, but it seemed so outlandishly silly. Poor papa. He was always so awfully — *Jan!* who are those?" she exclaimed, abruptly, as a handsome open carriage now made its appearance round the turn of the road, followed immediately by the Kilcarrick side-car.

"Oh, I know now. They are the L'Estranges," Harriet resumed hastily, before Miss Janetta had had time to frame a reply. "What a handsome turn-out they have. Mrs. L'Estrange has such surprisingly good taste. She was painting pictures — wasn't she? — or something of that kind, when Mr. L'Estrange married her. I really forget the story; but I think it was something deliciously romantic, you know, Miss Dunraven, and that kind of thing. Something about — O, Jan, look! *look!* There is the duck — the *pigeon* — in grey! Look! He is sitting beside Mrs. L'Estrange."

"Who may the 'pigeon in grey' be, Miss Talbot?" Bonnie asked; but the wave of color in her cheeks seemed to argue some apprehension of the subject of Harriet's gushing phraseology. "Oh! do you mean Mr. Earnscliffe?"

"Yes; isn't he a dote? I do so *love* that style of man. Just like Dare Livingstone, you know, or Guy Stamer, or that *pigeon* in 'Comin' Thro' The Rye.'"

"I suppose you mean 'Guy Livingstone' and 'Dare Stamer,' Harrie?" suggested Miss Janetta of the capital memory.

"And what did I say, Jan? O, yes to be sure! How ridiculous of me! Of course I meant — I declare he has got down. He is looking. (Jan, is my bonnet straight?) O, my goodness, Miss Dunraven, he is coming towards us. His eyes are fixed on your hat!"

But Bonnie was not by any means anxious that Earnscliffe should come toward her just now. Perhaps she scarcely relished the anticipation of a possible *tete-a-tete* cruelly destroyed by the presence, on the scene, of the gushing Harriet and her sister. By whatever motives impelled, the fact was, at all events, that Bonnie administered a slight touch of the whip to Tiny's glossy gray flanks, and was soon being conveyed briskly along the road, leaving the Miss Talbots — much to their inward flurry — mistresses of the situation.

CHAPTER XIV.

"O MERRY MY HEART, YOU HAVE GOTTEN WINGS OF LOVE."

When one goes to the trouble of preparing the viands for a picnic, selecting a suitable scene of action, and inviting the guests, it is at least to be expected that one will be repaid in some measure for one's labor by having one's efforts crowned with decent success.

Can any human being — above all, a painstaking little woman — be supposed to preserve courage, or even ordinary patience, when, on the very day of the event, the skies blacken, and the rain begins to fall? Such endurance is not within the compass of any mere mortal woman here below. Why, even the fact that the cork-screws have been forgotten is in itself a staggering thing enough.

But when a picnic goes through its several stages without hitch or flaw of any kind — coming up, indeed, singularly near to the fond ideal which has glimmered for the previous week or so upon the mind of the mistress of ceremonies — then, truly, there is a harmony in the whole thing, a tidal wave of satisfaction surging around the cloth from the entertainers to the entertained, and back again, and gently washing away all incoherent particles in its course.

Precisely such was the state of affairs on this happy August day, as the guests gathered in various picturesque (or otherwise) attitudes about the big tablecloth under the shelter of the crags.

The spot chosen for dinner was a broad level plateau midway down the cliff-side, and arrived at by a somewhat steep and winding foot-way leading from the heath above. This plateau is covered with thick grass and trefoil, and is shut out from the world by the crags behind, and the sea in front. In the late afternoon the place is gloomy enough, for then the shadow of the crags is cast over the grass as the sun slopes westward. But, just now, nothing could be more delightful than the chosen spot; for the strong, fresh, sea breezes tempered the heat, and the sunshine flooded the place, drawing out the odor of the trefoil, and glancing on the glasses, knives, and spoons in myriads of stars and diamonds.

And then the crags — how beautiful they look, up there against the warm blue sky. Their slopes and crannies are overgrown with the deep purple heather, tufts of late yellow trefoil, and long spear-grass waving in the breeze.

The eagles have deserted those purple crags long ago. Nothing but their name remains now. But as you lie here on the heathery slopes and look up to the summits, all flooded in the yellow sunshine, you feel how perfect would the picture be if a great golden eagle were soaring far up there against the radiant skies over his eyry.

It is a secluded, beautiful spot for

a long drowsy summer-day's reverie. Nothing disturbs you here. The wash — wash of the wavelets over the shingle below croons a lulling undertone to your thoughts. The deep purple of the heather, stretching away over the crags and cliff-tops, sooths the dreamy eye. The briny savor of the sea is in the air,

> And drowned in yonder living blue,
> The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Mr. Teeling, of happy memory, must have had singularly bad taste if *this* spot failed to please him," Norah remarked, in a low voice to Bonnie.

"Maybe Mr. Teeling is only a 'Mrs. Harris,' after all, Norah. I wish to goodness," added Bonnie, "all this feeding process were over. To my mind this is the only drawback to the day's enjoyment.

Perhaps we may find some excuse, if we look into the thing, for this very unsocial remark. Bonnie may not have been altogether pleased with her situation just now. She was wedged in tightly between Mrs. Osborne and Norah, and the men were occupied either in carving or tumbling into hampers of wine and glass. The lemonade and soda-water corks were popping noisily on all sides, and the clink of carving-knives, clatter of plates and dishes, and pleasant accompaniment of voices and laughter, blended together with somewhat deafening effect. On the whole, therefore, Bonnie's patience was sorely tried, and we may consider her something of a martyr at this particular period of her life.

At last, however — much to her inward satisfaction — the heavier portions of the feast were got through, and the fruit made its appearance. And now as they all sat on the grass — the running hither and thither of the men being at last over — somebody proposed singing, a proposition promptly seconded and carried.

Bonnie's eyes glowed, and her spirits rose again at this suggestion. She had a passionate love for music — a love which was not merely accidental, bear in mind, but inherent in her nature as the sap in a tree. Music exerted a powerful sway over the girl. It thrilled her with delight — unbounded delight — and could, on the other hand, sadden her to tears. Her heart seemed to beat time to the cadences of her favorite airs; and she had many favorites. But most of all did she love the beautiful old melodies of Ireland and Scotland.

And now Robert Grace — always only too anxious to make himself agreeable — was singing "The Hundred Pipers." He had not very much voice, but such as he had he made the most of. His blue eyes glanced at Bonnie as he began the spirited old ballad. That glance said, as plainly as blue eyes ever said anything, "I am singing 'The Hundred Pipers,' Bonnie, because *you* like it." Bonnie was pleased at this, and smiled back cordial approval.

> Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
> Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
> We'll up an' gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
> Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
> Oh, it's owre the border awa, awa',
> It's owre the border awa', awa',
> We'll on, an' we'll march to Carlisle ha',
> Wi' its yetts, its castles, an' a', an' a'.

The music sent an electric thrill through Bonnie's heart. She could not analyze — indeed she had never tried to analyze — the effect which these Scottish airs exerted over her. Now, this song was, surely, not a pathetic one, and yet why should there be something remarkably like tears in Bonnie's eyes?

Grace was singing away loudly. What a fine picture is given of Bonnie Prince Charlie in the third stanza:

> Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a',
> Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
> Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah!
> Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
> His bonnet and feathers he's waving high!
> His prancing steed maist seems to fly!
> The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair!
> While the pipers blaw wi' an unco flare!
> Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an, a', etc.

By this time they were all joining in the chorus, and right merrily they did it. And now what an abun-

dance of humor — genuine humor, "like sunshine on the deep sea," — overflows the concluding stanza —

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep;
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep,
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw —
Dumfounder'd, they heard the b'aw, the blaw!
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a', etc.

"Bravo! Bob, my boy!" cried Doctor Fitzgerald, his kind old face all lighted up as he spoke. "Why Bob, you have excelled yourself. I never heard you to such advantage before, boy."

"You musn't flatter me, sir," said Grace. "And now I suppose I have a right to call on somebody." He was smiling across the cloth at Bonnie. "Now, Bonnie, won't *you* give us one of your Scotch songs?"

"Oh, do, *please*, Miss Dunraven," Mrs. Osborne added, in a politely persuasive voice. "I think you sing *so* sweetly, and you articulate your words *so* prettily! Listen now, Lucy and Minnie, dears," she said, in an undertone, to her two little girls. "Miss Dunraven is going to sing. Try now and benefit by it. I am always telling you both that you sing too quickly, and that you don't articulate your syllables distinctly."

Perhaps it is not the most agreeable of preliminaries to an amateur singer to hear her excellences thus publicly canvassed, and to feel that the articulation of her syllables is about to be carefully observed. Bonnie was, however, far too happy, just now, to allow any such considerations to stagger her. And so it is to be hoped that Lucy and Minnie reaped a fat harvest on this occasion.

Bonnie sang "Haud awa' frae me, Donald," and her rich mezzo-soprano voice did full justice to the tender plaintive melody —

Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa', frae me, Donald;
What care I for a' your wealth,
Or a' that ye can gi'e, Donald?
I wadna leave my Lowland lad
For a' your gowd and gear, Donald,
Sae tak' your plaid, and o'er the hill,
And stay nae langer here, Donald.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
I lo'e but him alane, Donald;
And in bonnie Scotland's isle
Like him there is nane, Donald.
He wears nae plaid nor tartan hose,
Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
But, O! he wears a faithfu' heart,
And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.

Sae haud awa', bide awa',
Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
I wadna break my Jamie's heart
To be a Highland queen, Donald.

"That is positively *delicious*, Miss Dunraven!" cried Harriet Talbot, enthusiastically. "Oh, dear me! I'm afraid all the beautiful old romance and unselfishness are dying out of the world! We are all getting so dreadfully prosaic and self-seeking in these ridiculously common-place days! What girls, I wonder, now-a-days, would lose the chance of Donald's what's-this-you-call-it? — 'gowdie-gweer,' isn't it? The Scotch words are *so* funny!"

"Harriet!" said Miss Janetta, in an undertone, "you mean 'gowd and gear.' 'Gowd' means *gold*, and 'gear' *dress* or *goods*, in English."

"I see — I see! I never," continued Harriet, addressing the company at large, "*can* remember the words of a song. I don't know how it is. And it seems so insanely stupid — pig-headed, indeed, would be the proper term! Now that reminds me, when Mr. Teeling was with us — you remember Mr. Teeling, don't you, Mrs. L'Estrange?" she broke off here to ask.

Mrs. L'Estrange — a washed-out blonde, some twenty years, or more, younger than her lord and master, — smiled assent; and Harriet accordingly resumed the thread of her agreeable reminiscences.

"As I was saying, you know, Mr. Teeling — or rather, I didn't exactly *say* it, but he really *was* so dreadfully particular about the words of a song. And one evening we — that is, he and I — were singing a duet. What's this it was? 'Flow on, Thou Shining River?' No. 'Let us Dance on the Sands?' No, no, *no!* What was it, at all? Jan, *you* know. You have such a good memory."

"*Surely*, Harriet, you know very well that it was, 'What are the Wild Waves saying?'" replied Miss Janetta, losing patience just a little at this public declaration of her endowment.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes! Of course it was. Well, Mr. Teeling — who has a positively magnificent voice — had sung his part, Paul, you know, poor little Paul in 'Dombey and Son,' a bewitching book, *I* think, though Mr. Teeling couldn't read it — at least he *said* so; but he was always saying the very diametrical opposite to what *I* said! He was so awfully satirical! Well, though, I must tell you. It was absurdly amusing! When he had sung his part, there was I suddenly *minus* the words, and we had no music. So I went on in this fashion as a desperate resource:

La, la, la — la la, la, la, la,
La, la, la — la la, la.

Up jumps Mr. Teeling from the piano, and — and," here an explosion of laughter cut the thread of the narrative. "He said — he said — tell it *you*, Jan! I can't exactly remember the words he used. But they were so ridiculously amusing!"

"What he said is really not worth repeating," said Miss Janetta, now fairly — or unfairly — showing her teeth at last. "He said simply that 'Florence Dombey was never intended to be a jabbering dummy!' *Violâ tout*!" (this with withering scorn).

"A jabbering dummy! Wasn't it rich?" screamed Harriet, convulsed with laughter, while the tears ran down her fat jolly cheeks. "I thought I'd fairly *die* when he said it! and he looked — he looked — ha! ha! ha! — so desperately disgusted, you know, so —" and another explosion carried away the remainder.

"He must have been a singularly polite man, Miss Talbot," said Bonnie. "And now, Mr. Earnscliffe," she added, glancing quickly across the cloth to where Paul Earnscliffe lay on the grass beside his kinswoman Mrs. L'Estrange, "now I call on you for a song."

Earnscliffe had been very silent during the repast. His big black eyes had followed every movement of Bonnie Dunraven's with a lingering, jealous gaze. Now when she looked across at him, the lean browned face changed. It broke into a smile — one of the softest of smiles — and the eyes caught up the brightness and flashed back a reply to Bonnie's words.

"You are fond of Irish ballads, Miss Dunraven," he said in his low foreign tones; and, without further preface, he began —

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light!

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long, an endless year,
Of waking bliss without thee.
My own love, my only dear!

"Well, Paul; that is not the whole of it. There are two stanzas more," Mrs. L'Estrange said, for Earnscliffe had paused in his singing.

"Yes, I know there are," he replied, "but I shall not mind them now. They deal with vanished hopes and that kind of thing. Let them pass. The first two stanzas I like better.

He had sung in a way that thrilled those who heard. This man was seemingly inspired with the very soul of song, and his rich baritone voice had trembled and throbbed on the air like to the low tones of an organ.

Every word of his song had sent a pang of delight indescribable to Bonnie's heart. Her eyes were lowered to the grass, a beautiful color had surged into her cheeks. She was hardly conscious, after that, of what was going on around her.

Grace sang a second song, then little Mrs. Fitzgerald herself, and then Bonnie was again asked, and again, and yet again. She did not know the effect of her songs. She sang out from her full, happy heart, and, unconsciously to herself, she was singing as she had never in all her life sung before. Those who heard her on that day were first surprised, incredulous, then deeply impressed. Had these simple old ballads ever before found so thrilling an interpreter of their beauties? She sang "Logie o' Buchan," and "The Bonnie Breast Knots;" but when she began, "And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire," her listeners were carried away altogether.

> And ye shall walk in silk attire,
> And siller ha'e to spare,
> Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
> Nor think on Donald mair.
> O, wha wad buy a silken gown
> Wi' a poor broken heart?
> Or what's to me a siller crown,
> Gin frae my love I part?

"Bonnie, my dear," Mrs. Fitzgerald said, when the song was over, and there were traces of tears in the little woman's dark blue eyes, "I have never heard you sing so beautifully before — really beautifully. The word is no exaggeration. That was a favorite song of your poor mother's, long ago."

"Many a time I heard her crooning it over, of a summer evening," the old Doctor added. "Poor Grace! But her voice was nothing in comparison with yours, Bonnie."

"It is the greatest pity in the world to have such a voice thrown away on mere ordinary people, you know, Miss Dunraven," exclaimed Harriet Talbot, with good-natured enthusiasm. "Now, there was Mary Devereux — don't you remember all about Mary Devereux, Mrs. L'Estrange? She was Captain Devereux's daughter, and she sang several times at a concert in London. You see, she and her father had their own private house in Bedford Square, I believe, and she had her own carriage, and she did not mix, of course, with any of the professional singers, and — I forget how many thousands she made one season. Something fearfully enormous — fifteen thousand, I think. Do *you* remember the amount, Jan?"

"I think I heard she made two-hundred-and-fifty pounds, Harrie."

"'What a falling-off was there!" said Bonnie; "and I suppose *I* am to go and do likewise, Miss Talbot? After all, I am not sure that the game would be worth the candle — even if one were sure of success. However, I shall think over your suggestion. It is too good to be thrown away."

Bonnie was talking at random, hardly knowing, indeed, what she was saying. When a girl wakes up, suddenly and but confusedly, to the force of a truth which, she vaguely believes, must now direct the current of all her future life, it is not to be expected that she can — during the first shock of her discovery — have very much attention to bestow upon any matters foreign to this one absorbing fact. She must grasp this thing first ere she can turn her thoughts elsewhere. Bonnie, indeed, did not feel fully conscious of her surroundings until by-and-by — half-an hour or so later, she fancied — when she found herself strolling away quietly from the merry-makers who had now taken up their positions in various comfortable attitudes upon the deep purple heather which grows along the top of the cliffs.

She heard their voices behind her grow fainter and fainter, and then, little by little, it all came to her mind, strong, fresh, life-giving, as "ae blast o' the wastlin' wind."

She loved this man, Paul Earnscliffe. She no longer allowed herself to be blind to this vitalizing fact, which, indeed, her consciousness had revealed for some weeks past if she had only looked straight at it and read it. She saw all now. With a glad rush of blood to her cheeks, and

a wild bound of her heart, she knew that she loved this man. Could she not now, with Fatima, cry aloud to her spirit —

> And, isled in sudden seas of light,
> My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,
> Bursts into blossom in his sight.

"O Paul! Paul! Paul!" she said, repeating, over and over again, the word which thrilled her like a chord of music. It was the first time she had ever spoken his name aloud.

She had by this time lost sight of the party on the cliffs. She had gone out on the heathery slopes overlooking the shingle below, and here she sat down, with the glorious ocean stretching away before her; with the gulls hovering in the warm air, glancing white against the blue; with the boom of the sea in her ears, and the breeze from the sea playing with her bright hair. For she had unfastened her big hat, and laid it beside her on the heather.

How long she sat here, absorbed in her sudden huge happiness and wonder — for, does not this first consciousness of love amaze and astound us, for a while, as well as delight? — Bonnie never afterwards could tell. She was roused at last from her reverie, or trance, by the sound of a voice which chimed in harmony with her thoughts.

The voice of Paul Earnscliffe himself. No other.

He had come along by the sands, at the foot of the crags. He was looking up, looking up. And now he saw her. Their eyes met. He was smiling. He waved his hat and his brown hand, and in his hand he held a wild white rose, the last of the roses of the waning summer.

"I have had a break-neck scramble for this rose — this poor little white wild rose!" he cried out, as he climbed up the craggy ascent to the spot where Bonnie sat. "I heard you say you were fond of wild roses. This poor little one seems to have outlived her sisters and brothers —

> "No flower of her kindred,
> No rose-bud is nigh,
> To reflect back her blushes,
> Or give sigh for sigh,"

he sang, as he handed the wild rose to Bonnie, who smiled, and fastened it in her dress.

"Poor little lonely rose!" said the girl, looking down into the white chalice of the flower, with its delicate tinting of shell-pink and its golden heart. "I will take care of you and cherish you. Mr. Earnscliffe," Bonnie added, "I think flowers have souls. I wonder is that an heretical theory?"

She glanced up at him as she said this, and she saw that a quickening happiness glowed in his dark face, and gleamed and flashed in his wild black eyes. He sat down alongside of her on the heather, and laughed a long happy laugh — a laugh that pealed out on the air like to a mellow-toned bell.

"If flowers *have* souls," he said, "I suppose they have also understandings, and little hearts, too, hidden away somewhere under their soft tender leaves. Perhaps that little white rose is whispering a story to *you*, now. Listen, and maybe you will hear the whisper. *I* know what it is, because I have told the little rose my secret!"

When he said this, he looked full into Bonnie's face, and his black eyes seemed to burn into hers.

"Yes, I've told the rose my secret. What was it? You do not ask me, Miss Dunraven. Do you care to hear?"

The girl said nothing. Her lips slightly parted. The color in her cheeks was deepening.

"Will you sing something for me, Miss Dunraven?" Earnscliffe suddenly said, drawing just a little nearer to Bonnie, and still gazing into her face. "One verse of the last song you sang, 'And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire.' It is ringing in my ears still. *Do* sing it for me again — won't you?"

A sweet dreamy expression came over the girl's face. She was looking down into the chalice of the flower. There was a pause.

And then suddenly, Bonnie broke the silence. Not by words — they would have jarred — but by song. Her clear beautiful young voice rang out on the air —

> And ye shall walk in silk attire,
> And siller ha'e to spare,
> Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
> Nor think on Donald mair,
> O, wha wad buy a silken gown
> Wi' a poor broken heart?
> Or what's to me a siller crown,
> Gin frae my love I part?

Her beautiful voice trembled, and for a moment broke down. Her eyes glanced for one second into Earnscliffe's. In that quiver of the voice — in that momentary glance, heart rushed to heart. Earnscliffe seized her hands. He bent towards her.

"Bonnie!" he whispered, "Bonnie, my love — my only love — we understand each other at last. Oh, at last — at last. Bonnie, we love each other. What is the use of keeping it a secret any longer? It *cannot* be a secret. Nature *will* not conceal it. Our hearts are speaking to each other. We dare not deny the truth — even if we would. I say we *dare* not! O, Bonnie, how can I tell you how I love you, my love, my love, my love!"

He saw that her eyes were dim with tears. She was trembling in every limb.

"Bonnie," he went on passionately, "look up at me and tell me that you love me. Give me one full glance of your eyes — just one glance — only one glance." And the passion surging through him made him wild.

"Paul — Paul — Paul," she said then, in a whisper, as she slowly lifted her eyes and fixed them, full of tears, upon his, "Paul, is this only a dream, or are we both awake and alive? — awake, with all this living joy, in this world which they say is a weary world. Is it true, Paul? Tell me. Is it *real?*"

"Real and true, Bonnie, darling," Earnscliffe cried, with emotion. "Look at the sea before us. Is that real? Look at the skies. Are they real? Do you see that skylark far up there, near Heaven? Surely she is not a fancy, and that flood of song is no fairy music."

He broke down with the passion which shook him. His voice dropped to a husky whisper.

"I loved you all my life, my darling. The little girl who gave me the shells long ago on Liskeelan Strand grew, in spite of me, into my heart and my nature. Her influence thrills in every fibre. I have no life but the life *you* give me. Bonnie," he whispered, drawing her in to his heart with hungry arms, "come to me, my love — come to me — and, if you love me, if you love me as I *want* to be loved — give me this — give me this!"

The girl's passionate upturned face deepened in color. Her eyes seemed to dilate and soften with a love and tenderness immeasurable. With a long sigh — a sigh that came up from the very depths of her being — her bright head sank upon his shoulder, and her lips met his.

CHAPTER XV.

"O, MY AMY, MINE NO MORE!"

At about eight o'clock on that happy August evening the picnic party bethought themselves of setting out for home. A gipsy-tea had been duly prepared and keenly relished — how delightful it was, to be sure, to be half-sitting, half-lying amid the deep purple heather, in the mellow evening glow, sipping one's tea out of the dear old-fashioned Kilcarrick china! And now the vehicles were in readiness on the road, and the women were putting on their gloves and "wraps," and Bonnie was busily occupied in packing up

the tea-cups in hay, with a view to the prevention of breakage.

Mrs. Osborne and her two little girls had taken flight immediately after tea.

"We are all so very, *very* apt to catch cold, you know, Mrs. Fitzgerald — miserably so! You have no idea," Mrs. Osborne had said, by way of apology. "I always dread the night air. Lucy, child, wrap yourself up well. I heard you coughing during tea, dear."

"It was only a crumb of the seed-cake that went against my breath, mamma," explained Lucy, in very demure tones.

"Oh, I don't know about *that*, dear. You are too rash altogether," Mrs. Osborne persisted, shaking her head as she spoke. "And, moreover, Mrs. Fitzgerald, I am extremely nervous when it grows late. I fancy all sorts of things. That melancholy affair of Miss Wylde gave me a shock which I shall never, by any possibility, get over. Come now, dears!"

And so these lively people were gone, and were not, it may be, hopelessly regretted by those whom they left behind.

The Talbots were the next to go, and then close on eight o'clock, Mrs. L'Estrange's handsome phaeton rolled away, and Bonnie, bending over her tea-cups, felt that the place had suddenly become a desolate waste — without life, without color, without interest. She was anxious to get home now. What business had she here any longer? Was not Paul Earnscliffe gone away?

"Why, Bonnie, my dear, if those cups were made of soap-bubbles, there would be no fear of their breaking *now*," said Dr. Fitzgerald, who, indeed, was impatient to be off. "Where is this precious box to be put, my dear?"

"I think it will fit nicely in the well of the car, Uncle Hugh," Bonnie replied, laughing. "There now! There is no fear of any damages. I should never forgive myself if any of these old cups were smashed."

"And now," said Dr. Fitzgerald, some ten minutes or so later, when they were all assembled on the road where the side-car and pony-phaeton awaited them, "now, who are to come on the side-car, and who are to go in the phaeton, I wonder?"

"Why, Uncle Hugh? Where's the obstacle?" Bonnie asked promptly. "I suppose we may as well do as we did this morning."

"What! You to drive home all by yourself, my dear? Faith, Bonnie, that would be no joke! — that would never do!" said her uncle. "What do you say, Mary?"

"I think we must only coax Norah to come with us, Hugh, and — *you*, Bob, you will take charge of Bonnie?" added the little woman, turning to Grace, who had waited — with what eager wistfulness he alone knew — to see if Bonnie herself would express any wish on the subject.

"Perhaps Bonnie doesn't care to be taken charge of," he replied, and he was looking away over the fields as he spoke.

The tone of his voice smote the girl. She glanced at him quickly, and then the expression of his face decided her.

"But Bonnie *does* wish to be taken charge of," she said; "do you want to have me robbed, and, maybe, murdered, Bob, and no one by to take my part?"

"Now, boy, you hear what she says!" exclaimed the old Doctor in great good humor. "Here, now, once for all, let us be under way. Come, Mary; up with you. Come, Norah, and you, Meg. I suppose Freddy and Rosa will go with you two, Bonnie?"

"It was all arranged finally, and so away they drove at last, in the hush of the August evening.

How still was the country in the gathering gloamin'! Now and then the voices of peasants were borne clear and full across the fields, and the faint music of a violin from some

cross-road or other, where a country dance was going on; and, at times, the harsh call of the corn-crake sounded on the air, and the rattle and creak of cart wheels from a distant roadway.

A fresh breeze was blowing. The sky was a tender grey-blue, but toward the west a dreamy rose-flush colored the heavens, varying, as it neared the horizon, with hues of primrose, lemon, and lavender. There was an odor of woodbine all along the lonely winding roads where the broad embankments at each side were overgrown with wild flowers and ferns.

It was a pleasant drive.

They came, by-and-by, to a place where four cross-roads branched off, and lo! here was a country dance going on—they had heard the music when a long way off—with such fun and spirit that Bonnie felt her feet dancing on the floor of the phaeton, and a strong desire to jump out and join the merrymakers seized upon her. The fiddler—a red-cheeked, black-eyed, arch-looking County Cork "boy"—was scraping away at "The Top of Cork Road," and then with a preliminary shriek and groan, he began that most bewitching of the Scotch reels, "Mrs. Macleod of Rasy."

How the boys and girls did dance, to be sure! Nobody who has not witnessed an Irish country dance can have any notion whatever of the manner in which the "steps" are executed. There is no such thing tolerated as even a momentary loss of time. The true Irishman has a soul for music. This love is almost a madness, indeed, so relentlessly does it sway its victim; rousing him up to insane good spirits, or depressing him to the extreme of melancholy. Every note is marked by the Irish country dancer. You will see his eyes flash, and his head nod from side to side, as he keeps time to every bar, and each scrape of the violin has a corresponding movement in the shuffle, hop, or rattle of the dancer's shoes while he "humors" the music—as only an Irishman can.

Bonnie was delighted with the picture now presented. The girls were mostly brunettes, and their brown cheeks, wide, laughing mouths, white teeth, and arch black eyes, looked charmingly picturesque and gipsy-like under the red kerchiefs which covered their heads. The "boys," too, were comely, as the County Cork peasantry mostly are. Bonnie would have liked to draw rein and linger here for half an hour or so, listening to the reels and jigs, lilts and doubles, and watching the dancers; but Grace drove on, and soon they were again in the solitude of the country, and by this time the twilight had gathered thick; and what with the drowsy quiet of the hour, the wooing breeze, and the pleasant warmth of a big rug, Master Freddy and little Rosa were altogether unable to resist the sweet temptation of forgetting life for awhile, and had fallen fast asleep, curled up cozily together in the folds of the rug.

"Upon my word," said Bonnie, laughing, "they are wise in their generation. I hope they won't fall out, though. You can keep your eye on Rosa, Bob, and I will see that Freddy doesn't come to grief."

"Oh, there's not the slightest fear of them, for that matter," Grace replied; "there is, I believe, a special Providence for the welfare of people who are asleep, and people who are tipsy. I hope you enjoyed yourself to-day, Bonnie," he broke off abruptly, and without looking at her.

"Yes, Bob. I usually make up my mind to enjoy whatever happens to be 'going.' It is a very good rule—the best social rule I know of, indeed."

"Eagle Crags is a pretty place."

"'Pretty!' Such a word to select! Why, you would talk of a 'pretty' *doll!*" said Bonnie, with much emphasis. "I consider Eagle Crags a

place to dream of—a place to write poetry about—if, only, one could."

"Perhaps," said he, "you might benefit by half-a-dozen lessons in the art. You can have them whenever you like, you know—now."

There was some bitterness in the way he said this, and as yet he had not vouchsafed even to turn his blue eyes to the girl's face.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Bob," she said. She was on the point of adding, "perhaps *you* will give me a lesson or two?" but her good-nature checked the words on her lips.

"You are usually quick enough, then, Bonnie! I am surprised at your obtuseness now. I mean, you know, that that fellow, Earnscliffe, is a good hand at stringing exquisite phrases together — talking about 'dreamy seas,' and 'impassioned twilight,' and 'glints of heaven between the rifts of clouds,' and that style of thing, you know. And, you know, you can get him to train you whenever you like. It would be a very charming, idyllic sort of thing—Elsie and Prince Henry all over again, by Jove!"

Bonnie was silent for a minute or two—a painful silence. It never so much as occurred to her to say anything sharp or resentful to Grace in return for his amiable speech. She liked him too well, understood his character too thoroughly, sympathized—with a sense too keen and fine—with his nature, to allow of her treating him in any other but the very kindest way she could.

Grace—waiting cynically, and possibly expecting a hot and excited rejoinder from the girl—was almost startled when Bonnie at last laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up steadily and sadly into his face.

"Bob, why is this? Why is this?" she said, in very low tones. "You and I were always the best of friends—dear, true, unchangeable friends. And now it seems as if you wished to— *No*, Bob! I won't finish that ugly sentence. Please God, I shall never have reason to finish it. Why are you giving me all this pain, Bob? *You*, above all others."

"*I* give you pain, Bonnie! *I* give you pain!" cried poor Grace, turning suddenly round and looking full into the girl's eyes. "You know very well, although you say that, that I—that I—why, I would chop off my right hand, Bonnie, to do you a good turn of any kind. You know that well. *I* give you pain! Good God, child, don't you know that my very heart is tied in you!"

There! It was all out now. No room for any further doubt. Bonnie felt her heart sink within her.

"Oh, Bob, Bob!—O, Bob, I am sorry for this—O, I am sorry for this," was all she could say; and now there was a sob in her voice, and her face was pale as death.

"Surely you cannot have been blind to the truth, Bonnie," went on Grace, with ill-suppressed passion. "Heaven knows I never concealed what I felt for you. From the very moment I saw you, that day last February—the day after you came back to Kilcarrick, you know — I knew that we could never be merely brother and sister any more, I knew that I loved you with all my heart and soul. Why, child, you are the first, the *only* girl I ever loved. All the others may go to Kamschatka, for aught *I* care. And you were always kind, and affectionate, and all that, but, O, Bonnie, it was only the kindness of a sister, and my heart ached with longing, longing, day and night, that it were otherwise."

Bonnie said nothing. Her hands were clasped tight together across her knees. Her head was bowed. She could not utter a word. But Grace saw how her figure trembled as he spoke.

"And sometimes I thought you were changing, Bonnie; and, O, my God, how overjoyed I felt at that! It was as if an overpowering weight were suddenly lifted up and cast off

my heart. I was a new man. Do you remember that day, last month, Bonnie, when we were on Liskeelan Head, you and I together—the day I read the old Scotch ballads for you."

"I do, Bob. I remember it well. That was a happy day," Bonnie said, her head still bowed down, her voice low and broken.

"Well, Bonnie, on that day I was on the very point of confessing all. You sighed once, and I *felt* that you were looking at me, and then I looked up and our eyes met, and I called you by your name. O, Bonnie, if you only knew—if you could only imagine—the joy I felt in that minute! It thrilled through every vein like fire in my blood. And then, again, my hopes sank down, down, down, and I knew it was an accursed delusion—no truth in it, and I was miserable again. And now, to-day—to-day, again, I was anticipating a long talk with you, and you see how it turned out! I hadn't a word with you the whole day long. You were away from us all the evening, and *that* man was with— O, child, I *can't* dwell on it! Bonnie, for God's sake tell me how is this to end? Am I to go on loving you, and wearing my heart and my life out, bit by bit, day by day? Tell me, Bonnie—tell me."

He had let the reins fall now, and was holding the girl's trembling hands in his.

"Tell me, Bonnie—tell me!" he urged passionately, his blue eyes flashing into hers, his straw hat pushed back upon his head showing the crisp curls of his hair. For one minute Bonnie hesitated. Then her decision was made. Surely, her more merciful course now was simply this: she would speak out candidly and clearly. It was too late for any specious phrases now, be they never so well intended.

"Bob," she said, looking full into his face as he spoke, "it never occurred to me, even for a moment, at any time of my life, to look upon you in any other way than as being my brother. I always considered you my brother. I was always proud of my brother, fond of my brother. I always loved him, and I love him still, and I am proud of him still. But, Bob—Bob—that other love—the love *you* want—that is impossible. Yes, absolutely impossible. You must put it away from you—far away from you, Bob. Don't examine it at all. Don't bring it so near to you as that. It can never be, Bob—never, never, never, never."

She had spoken slowly, earnestly, impressively. Had there been any hurry, excitement, confusion in her words, Grace would have still urged his cause. But what could he say to this? Bonnie's eyes were fixed full upon his. She was very pale. She was very much in earnest. And when she slowly pronounced the four words, "never, never, never, never," it seemed to poor Grace as though she was striking out, one by one, the last faint hopes which had lingered in his heart.

"Is that your decision, Bonnie?" he said, and he could not say another word just then.

He wanted to ask her if that other man occupied the position for which he, himself, so hungered. But he could not utter the words.

"I have told you the simple truth of the matter, Bob," Bonnie replied; "I can say no more. I am sorry for this. I have never felt so sorry, indeed, in all my life before, I think, as I feel now. I might have spoken differently to you, Bob, less directly, less truthfully. But I think I have chosen the better course. I think you will thank me, afterwards, for this. And—and, Bob, surely this will pass away. We shall be to each other as of old—we—" But there was a hopeless ring in her voice now, in spite of her strong efforts to silence it.

"No, Bonnie; that can never be. That is impossible. There is a breach made between us to-night which will only widen and widen and

widen. How could I ever look at you and think that another—No—*no!* It can never, never be!"

He had taken up the reins again, and they drove along now in silence. There was no word spoken for the remainder of the drive. When they arrived at Kilcarrick, Mrs. Fitzgerald was waiting at the front door to receive them; but Grace said he was in a hurry to get home—he would not go into the house to-night.

"Not come in, Bob!" exclaimed the little woman, who had seized his arm and was endeavouring to bring him in whether he would or not. Bonnie, meanwhile, had disappeared with the children, who as yet were only half awake—"Oh, come now, Bob, do come in. Hugh is waiting for you in the parlour. And, Bonnie, I'm sure will expect—"

Then she paused suddenly, and looked into his face, now clearly visible in the light from the hall.

"Bob, Bob, what is wrong with you?" she asked, her voice dropping to a whisper. "Has anything happened? Tell me, Bob, what is it. Is it anything about Bonnie?

This little woman had always been as a mother to Robert Grace. She looked upon him as her son, and no mother ever loved a son more than she loved him.

"Don't ask me to-night. O *don't* ask me to-night!" cried poor Grace, looking down at her for a moment as he spoke. She was shocked at the expression of his eyes. She had never seen a look like that in them before.

"Tell me what has happened, Bob," she urged, standing in front of him, and looking up full into his face. "I shall not ask you to come in, if you don't like to come in. But you can tell me all, out here under the trees. I hate to see that expression in your face, Bob. You are not yourself, to-night."

"Don't ask me anything just now. I am *not* myself to-night," Grace replied, turning away his head. "I cannot say any more. I must think it all over as I walk home. Good night, now. Good night. You will catch cold out here, and I cannot afford," he added, looking down at her suddenly, and wringing her small hand, ere he turned away, "I cannot afford to have *you* ill. You are the dearest, truest friend I have in all the world!"

She drew down his head and kissed him, as naturally as a mother would kiss her son finding him in sore trouble.

Then he was gone, and with a heavy heart the little woman went back into the house.

Bonnie, meanwhile, had gone up to her room and closed her door, and was now sitting on the low window-seat, her hands clasped across her knees, as she thought over the events of this never-to-be-forgotten day. She had not lighted her candle, and the vague semi-darkness of an August night filled the cozy little room.

What a day it had been for her! A day of strangely varied joy and pain. And now, as she sat here alone in the hush of her darkened room, the huge delight which had burst in upon her at Eagle Crags rushed again over her heart, sweeping away with its resistless current all the sadness of what had occurred during her homeward drive with Robert Grace.

For joy goes deeper than sorrow. Our human mechanism adapts itself readily enough to the ways of weeping and gnashing of teeth. We fall into the groove as a matter of course. It is our natural heritage in a world which is, in bald fact, a valley of tears. But joy is a comparatively rare visitant, and when it rushes into our souls, every fibre tingles with the novel sensation—every vein expands with the surge of new blood. It is not that we become selfish in our sudden happiness. We are simply carried away beyond self, beyond circumstance, beyond that state of mind when the Past is our unfailing

source of sadness—the Present, a drag—the Future, a bugbear.

It was so with Bonnie now. She forgot everything save the two all-absorbing facts—that Paul Earnscliffe loved her, and that she loved him. The Past was nothing to her now, save in so far as it had concerned *him*—the Future was a rose-colored dream. The Present was full of happiness almost too strong to be borne sanely. Verily—

> Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
> Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Bonnie had sat here for about half-an-hour or so, when there was a knock at her door, and Mrs. Fitzgerald came quietly in.

"What on earth are you doing, Bonnie, sitting here in the dark?" the little woman said, in a strangely nervous way. "You cannot be sleepy, my dear, evidently. I—I have something to say—something to ask you. I am greatly troubled, Bonnie, and you can ease my mind if you like, my dear."

She was standing beside Bonnie, her hand on the girl's shoulder. Bonnie—suddenly recalled from her glowing thoughts—did not know, as well as you and I do, what the little woman meant. She was looking up into her aunt's face in unaffected bewilderment.

"'Troubled,' Aunt Mary? I am very sorry to hear it," she said, in her frank, kind way,

"Yes, Bonnie; and I think you ought to know what I mean. It cannot be, I think, that I am mistaken in my suspicions. Bonnie, I think—I am afraid, my dear—you have treated Robert Grace somewhat hardly to-night."

"Not 'hardly,' aunt," replied the girl, promptly, now thoroughly alive to the subject. "I told him the simple truth. I spoke out frankly to him. Surely that was the very kindest way to speak. Would you have me feign what I never, never could feel? Would it have been good-natured of me—not to talk of honest-hearted—to have deceived him with false hopes, Aunt Mary?"

"And is it really so, Bonnie?"

"Really and truly so, Aunt Mary. I always loved Bob as a brother; and I always *shall*, please God. But as for anything else—that is altogether out of the question, and I told him so."

"Oh, Bonnie, what am I to say, at all! Why, I was building on this—and so was your uncle, my dear. We had your fortune mapped out, child, and, heaven knows, we thought nothing could be happier—better, in every way, for you and for Bob—nothing! Bonnie, Bonnie, take care you are not acting on some impulse, my dear, some foolish impulse of the hour?"

"Nothing of the kind, Aunt Mary. I know my own mind thoroughly. I was sorry from my heart for Bob—I was shocked and pained more than I can say. But I feel convinced that I have acted towards him as only a true, affectionate friend and sister would act."

"Oh, Bonnie, my dear, this is a great blow to me. May God direct you for the best! I thought," added the poor little woman, through her tears, "I always thought, my dear, that you and Bob would be married and settled down near us, and I had built up so many fancies—so many happy fancies, Bonnie—for I love you both from my heart, my dear, and always did. I don't know in the world how I am to break this to your uncle. He will be dreadfully—dreadfully disappointed!"

To be Continued.

[THE MAGAZINE, containing the beginning of this story, can be furnished to new subscribers. The story alone is worth the price of the MAGAZINE.]

LIFE'S STRUGGLE AMONG THE LOWER CREATURES.

Let us consider what a different place this world would be if no living thing had ever existed upon it. From our earliest infancy there is scarcely a waking moment that our eyes do not either rest on some living creatures, or things that were once alive. In our houses, neither the furniture nor doors could have been made without the action of life; the paper on the walls, the carpet on the floors, the clothes we wear, are all manufactured from materials produced by living animals. Even the marble mantelpiece is the work of tiny creatures, since it is composed of their broken shells. What is yet more remarkable is, that the very air we breathe is teeming with invisible germs of life. There is scarcely a street in which, if not frequented for a time, some seed or blade of grass is not seen pushing its way through the chinks of the pavement, and we can scarcely find a spot where some insect is not creeping, or spinning its web till ruthlessly destroyed by us. In the country, we find tall forest trees or tiny plants covering every inch of ground, and even the stagnant ponds are full of eager creatures, for everywhere life is busily at work. We may see the water beetles skimming on the surface of the wayside pools, or watch the snails feeding on the muddy banks, and the tiny newts lifting their heads above water to take breath. We must also bear in mind that there are, besides these, innumerable other creatures invisible to the naked eye. Many minute insects are darting across the pool or floating near its surface, and the microscope proves that the very scum which may have been blown in one corner, is composed of plants and animals. Moreover, how many insects do we not find hidden in the moss or thick grass, rolled up in the leaves, busy boring into the stems and trunks of trees; or eating into the strongest rocks? Then there are all the larger animals, such as the tiger, the lion, and the elephant roaming over distant countries, ruling as it were a world of their own. In our own country, we know how the rabbits multiply by thousands, as do the field mice, the land and water rats, squirrels, weasels, and badgers, &c., while countless insects are swarming everywhere. The atmosphere, also, is peopled with bats, butterflies, bees, and winged insects, of all shapes and colors, who fight bravely their way through the ocean of air. And, lastly, there are the birds of every species sailing among its invisible waves.

Again, if we pay a visit to the sea coast, we find masses of seaweed—the plants of the sea water—and along the shores myriads of living creatures left by the receding tide. In the rocky pools, thousands of busy little beings are at work, and acorn shells, some of them scarcely larger than a pin's head, crossing the rocks and waving their delicate fringes in search of food. Then we can see the small crabs scrambling along or swimming across the pools, the sand-skippers darting through the waters, feeding on the delicate green seaweed, which, in its turn, is covered with tiny shells, invisible to the naked eye, but each the home of a living creature. Even in the depths of the ocean are found abundance of life, from the monsters which glide along as lords of the ocean, down to the jelly-like masses which float on the surface, and the wonderful banks of rocky coral built by tiny creatures in the midst of the waves. In short, there is not a spot either on the surface of the earth, in the depths of the ocean, or in the lower currents of the air, that is not filled with life.

Whether there is room for more living beings or not, they are constantly launched into the world. For instance, the little seed which will probably be stifled by other plants before it can put forth its leaves, is nevertheless thrusting its living root into the ground, and trying to send forth a feeble shoot. Millions of insects are every moment born into the world which cannot live because there is not food enough for all. According to Professor Huxley's calculation, if there were but one single plant in the whole world to-day, and it only produced fifty seeds in a year, and could multiply unchecked, its descendants would cover the whole globe in nine years! But, as other plants prevent it from spreading, millions of its seeds or young plants must perish as soon as formed. In the same way, says Professor Wallace, one pair of birds having four young ones each year, would, if all their children and descendants lived and multiplied, produce two thousand millions in fifteen years! Consequently, as there is not room in the world for them, most of them must certainly meet with an early death.

Some may be ready to say:—"But why is all this overcrowding of our globe permitted? Would it not be better that fewer were born, so that all could have sufficient space and live to maturity?"

Not so. Let us call to mind what every creature needs to keep it alive. Though plants can generally live on water and air, animals cannot, and, unless there were myriads of plants to spare in the world there would not be enough food for them. Besides this, many animals live on each other. How would birds exist if worms, snails and insects were not abundant? Upon what would such animals as lions, tigers, bears, and wolves feed, if other animals were not plentiful? And, if numbers of larger animals did not die and decay, what would the flesh-feeding snails, maggots, &c., find to eat? There is, too, yet another reason. We know that it is the struggle for life and necessity to work which makes people invent, plan, and improve everything around them, and so it is with plants and animals. The prize of success, as it were, is given to those who best fight the battle of existence and best do their appointed work in the world. Hence, as the whole earth is teeming with life, and countless seeds, eggs, and young beginnings of creatures are merely waiting for the chance of filling some vacant nook, every living thing must learn to do its best, and to find the spot where it can best succeed and be safest from danger. If the sea and rivers be rather too full, some have to learn to live on land; therefore we have, for instance, sea snails and land snails, and whereas one species breathes air by gills in the water, the other breathes air by means of air-chambers, and between these two kinds are the marsh snails of the tropics, which can breathe both in water and air. Many animals choose the bright light, while others prefer the dark corners, where there is more room for them to live undisturbed. One can hardly raise a stone —especially by the sea shore—without coming upon some little creature which was contentedly making its home and seeking its food in the dark ground.

And other living things, which can find no chance for life, either on the earth, in the water, or in the air, take refuge on the bodies of other animals and feed on them.

Every plant, also, is born, lives, sleeps, breathes, feeds, and digests its food, as truly as any animal, and it is always diligently at work either in procuring its own food or in purifying the air, and thus preparing it for animals to breathe. Many plants store up food for winter, and they all bring forth other plants of their own kind, which they send forth each in their turn to labor in procuring the food needful for their growth.

Every animal has not only to earn its own livelihood, but to protect itself from the attacks of others. Would the spider work as diligently to spin her web if food came to her without exertion on her part? Would the oyster have learnt to take lime from the sea water, to form a strong shell for its dwelling, if it had no enemies to contend against? Would the bird take such pains to build her nest, or the beaver its abode, if it were not necessary? The particular tools to work with, and weapons of various kinds wherewith to defend themselves, grow upon the bodies of these creatures. They thus work and fight with their teeth, their claws, their tail, their sting, or their feelers. Or, they construct cunning traps from materials given out from their own bodies, like the spiders.

The sponge-animal learns to form in one body two kinds of cells, with different functions which, by their mutual labor, carry on, in the one being, the work of life. It is also provided with sharp spikes, by which it pricks the mouths of such enemies as dare to take a bite at it. The tiny tender coral animal is endowed both with the power to catch and to feed on the creatures of the sea, and also to build a solid skeleton with grains of lime. In the midst of winds and storms they struggle on, laying the foundations of rocks which shall endure for ages to come. Besides this, they have their use in the world as food for the larger animals. Even yet more bravely do the prawns, crabs, and lobsters struggle for their livelihood, scarcely sparing any sea creature of moderate size. So desperately do they fight, that, in sending lobsters to London, fishermen are obliged to insert a piece of wood in the joints of their claws to prevent them from maiming each other on the journey.

Some of the small animals provide for their young ones, either by procuring food for them, or by placing their eggs where their food is all ready for them, as soon as they are born.

In studying the history of the vertebrate animals, we shall find the development of yet higher feelings. We shall see that the struggle for existence, which taught the ants the lessons of self-sacrifice for the community, teaches also the higher devotion of mother to child, friend to friend, recognizing that mutual help and sympathy are amongst the most powerful weapons, and the noblest incentives that can be employed in fighting the battle of life.

In many localities the fight is extremely fierce, each one having to battle for himself and his little ones. The chief struggle consists in all the individuals of each species doing their work in life to the best of their power, so that all, while they live, may lead to a healthy, active existence. If we could but know all the thousands of different ways in which the creatures around us struggle to live, we should be filled with exceeding wonder.

Then, surely, we who stand at the head of God's creatures, are even more bound to fight our own battles bravely, and to work, strive, and bear up patiently under all the difficulties and dangers of our mortal combat here below.

M. B., in Catholic Progress.

It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the counsel, who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Isn't that a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am proud of it." "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar.

WHO ARE THE CARMELITES?

"I believe, in the ninety-two years of the existence of the Diocese of Baltimore, that not one scandal has occurred in the person of any priest belonging to that Diocese. And I attribute this to the holy penances and prayers of the Community of Carmelites of St. Teresa, that Baltimore possesses."—*Missionary Priest.*

THE appeal of the Carmelite Nuns of New Orleans naturally suggests the question, Who are the Carmelites?—and it is one to which many, even among practical Catholics, must answer, "I do not know."

The name Carmelite is taken from Mount Carmel, which lies in northwestern Palestine, upon the south coast, and forms the southern boundary of the Bay of Acre. This sacred promontory is the termination at the sea of the Carmel mountains. The word Carmel itself means "Vineyard of the Lord," a designation to which in a natural sense the mount is well entitled by reason of its fertility, and in a supernatural, more so, for it has been during ages a place of holy men and a central point from which, in God's mercy, grace has radiated to all quarters of the earth. It is noted often noted in Biblical history, and upon its slope it was that Elijah confounded the prophets of Baal, as related in III. Kings, chap. xviii.; and it served as an asylum and place of retreat for both Elijah and Elisha.

The Carmelites are one of the four great mendicant Orders of the Catholic Church, who, taking as their especial model Christ crucified, seek to imitate his blessed example by voluntarily imposing upon themselves a life of abnegation and penance. To this they are drawn, not so much by the more selfish impulse of making individual salvation certain, as by the fervent desire of glorifying the Redeemer by imitating his expiatory and suffering life, and his entire sacrifice of self for the spiritual good of the world; practising thus, at the same time, and by the same means, an exalted charity towards men.

The Catholic Church alone has the merit of teaching and practising in all its grandeur and beauty the doctrine of a Community of Saints, and can point to so many thousands of her children, religious and secular, who voluntarily embrace the penitential life in greater or less degree of rigor. They who, moved by the grace of God, sacrifice human liberty, human appetite, and human aspirations, and who impose suffering upon the body, are industrious and zealous laborers of the Church, who store its granaries with graces and merits. We who have not received this high vocation nevertheless share in the virtue of these holy mortifications and penances, for, by reason of the Communion of Saints, these, as all other good works, are the common property of the Church, participated in by all who are on Earth, in Heaven, or in Purgatory, each so far as he is capable.

With Catholics no argument is necessary to convince of the truth of this dogma, for it is our happy privilege to found religious belief upon something infinitely higher than human logic. Nevertheless, it is a fact that all Catholic doctrine compels the acquiescence of sound and unbiassed reason, and the dogma of the Communion of Saints forms no exception in this respect.

The fall of our first parents brought the human race under the dominion of original sin, whereby, until the coming of the Redeemer, all men were deprived of the right to enter heaven. Jesus, God and Man, was crucified on Calvary, and, by the stupendous merit of his sufferings and death, humanity was delivered. Have we not here the agony and death of

our Divine Master proving effective for others; and has not every one shared in their merit, as well as in the merit of his sacred life and virtues?

They who admit that Christians should imitate their Master, Jesus Christ, by what warrant do they divide the sacred lesson of His life? Did not our Lord voluntarily endure mortification and pain, as well as practice the most exalted virtue; and if we should imitate his other pieties, why not imitate his penances as well? Surely what he has done cannot be other than meritorious!

Furthermore, his fasts and agonies were for the welfare of the human race in general; and if so, why may not Catholic monks or nuns impose sufferings on themselves with the same intent? May not all who recognize the fact that the pains of our Lord constitute, in great measure, the Treasury of the Church, lawfully strive to contribute, in the same way, their mite to the same treasury?

We may make one reference from the Old Testament — the portion descriptive of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. It will be remembered that when the Lord announced the approaching destruction of those wicked cities, he declared to Abraham that Sodom should be spared if so few even as ten just men could be found therein; that he would spare the place "for their sake." Here, had it not been so thoroughly reprobate, a whole city, despite its prevailing abominations, would have profited by the merit of ten virtuous men, and been saved from the dreadful penalty of its crimes.

The Carmelites are of those who put into practice the more difficult lesson of our blessed Saviour's life and death. They seek the bloody footprints of the Redeemer in his pilgrimage to Calvary, and strive, so far as is in the power of humanity, to follow in his steps. Therefore is liberty sacrificed, and they become in the cloister willing prisoners for Christ. They fast, they scourge themselves, in fact as well as in figure; they deny themselves all the pleasures of life, even to that of family association. And if any question their conduct, can they not point to Jesus and say, His example is our warrant? And when they make such reply, who that believes in Jesus can dispute with them?

Think, oh, fellow Christians, with terror, how nearly the world resembles Sodom and Gomorrah, and be anxious to multiply among you the number of the truly just! Consider the blasphemies, the sacrileges, the sins against faith, purity, honesty, the murders and violences, the profanations of holy places, persons and things with which the world abounds; and remember that these, as in the case of Sodom, call for something to counterbalance them, and to maintain the treasury of good deeds in which we, by the mercy of God, are allowed to participate. Let us, therefore, rejoice at the extension of these Orders, whether Carmelite or other; and now that the Carmelites are appealing for assistance, in our own behalf and that of our children, let us respond liberally, for thus will we multiply the number of the truly just among us; so that, when the time comes, we may not, like Sodom, be without Saints whose virtues shall be a bulwark of protection.—*X.*, *in the N. O. Morning Star.*

Somebody observed to the younger Charles Mathews, that blind persons generally appear pretty contented, and wound up the remark by asking, "How *can* the blind be happy?" "I suppose," replied Charles, "they see no reason why they shouldn't."

Some malicious old bachelor says that there is a musical society in the next villa to his residence, which is fifty years old, and that "several young ladies have belonged to it ever since its commencement."

SISTER MARY ST. AGNES.

"I will show you what great things you shall suffer for My sake."

Sister Mary St. Agnes, the noted teacher of vocal music, and the possessor of a phenomenal voice, died at the St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, lately. The remains were sent to Wheeling, Va., for burial. Sister Agnes was of French extraction. At the early age of eighteen months Louise astounded the family by singing with correctness and sweetness "By the Margin of Fair Zurich's Waters"— a simple song, then very much in vogue, which she had overheard some one singing. As she grew up a remarkable talent for music developed itself, and at a very early age her facility in reading at sight the different parts of any score excited universal surprise among musicians.

When between fourteen and fifteen years of age, the Musical Fund Hall Society in Philadelphia was occupied in getting up a concert, in which a number of amateurs were to take part. Amongst the compositions selected for the occasion was Rossini's "Stabat Mater," but no one could be found capable of singing the "Inflammatus," until an old and experienced musician, Mr. Cross, asked Mrs. Gubert if she thought it would be possible for her young daughter to take the part. "I think she can," was the reply, and at the rehearsal the little girl appeared, and, to the amazement of all present, electrified the audience with such a volume of tone on the high, sustained notes as to make her success undoubted. Perelli, the eminent Italian vocalist, who had volunteered to conduct the orchestra, was completely thrilled by the qualities of this marvellous soprano, and after the rehearsal sought out the father and requested the privilege of training so magnificent an organ. Louise was shortly after placed under his instruction. Being already a thorough musician, having studied the piano and harmony under Mr. Wolseiffer, a German professor, well known in her native city, her progress was exceedingly rapid, and she soon became the greatest ornament of her teacher's soirees, as well as the prominent feature at concerts for charitable purposes. She also sang in the choir of St. Augustine's Church with great *éclat*.

Before her education was completed the Sisters of the Visitation from Georgetown, D. C., made a foundation of their Order in Philadelphia, and the already renowned young vocalist became one of their first pupils. Among the daughters of St. Francis of Sales her conscience became aroused to the necessity of living for eternity alone, and her tender heart, inflamed with the love of God, beheld the beauty of the religious vocation, while the will, inspired from on high, determined on embracing it as soon as practicable. Meanwhile most tempting offers were made to her father to induce him to give his consent to her appearing in public. Madame Laboide entreated permission to take her to Paris and place her in charge of Meyerbeer, who, she said, would write operas especially for her voice. Madame Sontag heard her in private, pronounced her voice superb, advised her to take no more lessons, but to follow the bent of her own genius, and concluded by giving her her own method of study. After this there ensued, in the course of a year, a marked difference in her style. She became enamored of the German school, and commenced to sing with a pathos and dramatic power seldom if ever equalled. Her talent for imparting was fully equal to her powers of enchanting both the

cultivated and natural lovers of music, and this rendered her an eminently successful teacher, bringing her an income of about three thousand dollars a year.

Two or three years after her father's death, Miss Gubert, having completed all her family arrangements, accompanied Bishop Whelan to his episcopal city of Wheeling, and after a delay, requested by the right rev. bishop, in order to give him the opportunity of making her rare gifts known to the citizens of Wheeling, she entered the Community of Visitation nuns there established. By her genius and energy she soon gave the school a reputation second to none in the Union.

Before the removal of the academy to its present commanding site at Mt. de Chantal, she was visited by every distinguished musician who came to the city of Wheeling. Adelina and Carlotta Patti, Carl Formes, the great basso, Thalberg, the pianist, and others of lesser note had the privilege of hearing her sing, in obedience to the commands of her Superiors, and Carl Formes remarked to the writer that her voice appeared to him *miraculous*, as he could not otherwise account for its perfect freshness and sweetness. He recognized at once its rare dramatic force, and counselled her to study the grand aria from Oberon, "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster," which afterwards became one of her grandest efforts. "The Earl King," by Schubert, and the principal arias from Der Freyschutz, were among her most celebrated songs. The pathos of her ballads was incomparable, and the last time that she sang in the convent chapel was on the occasion of a First Communion, when, without organ accompaniment, she poured forth with the feeling for which she was so remarkable, those beautiful words of Father Faber's—

Oh, Jesus! Jesus! dearest Lord, forgive me if I say,
For very love Thy sacred name a thousand times a day.

No one who heard her then will ever forget the tones of that exquisite voice, now hushed in death, as the emotions of her own pure soul were echoed in the burning words of the sainted poet, who preceded her to the tomb. Such was the special gift which won the admiration of the world, and which, employed according to its dictates, would have secured her vast wealth and world-wide renown. How striking a lesson, therefore, does her early renunciation of earth's perishable advantages convey! She valued them according to their true worth, and counted nothing as a sacrifice save the innocent joys of home and the companionship of her idolized widowed mother.

She laid upon the altar of God with an unfaltering hand *all* he had given, without division or reserve, and deemed it a glory to walk in the footsteps of her crucified Saviour. By her unaffected piety, humility, and modesty, united with her sweet, genial character and engaging manner, she won many hearts to God, and some to emulate her example. She trained a large and able body of teachers to perpetuate her work at the academy, and all this was accomplished amid frequently recurring attacks of illness, from which she recuperated with such astonishing vitality, as showed the hand of God sustaining her for an appointed work.

For the last six years she had been directress of the academy, and in its government had displayed such firmness, combined with prudence and discretion, as ensured her universal confidence. During the past two years, however, her attacks of illness became so violent in their nature as to excite serious alarm, and last January she was seized with sharp pains in the limbs, which were deemed muscular or neuralgic in their character. No remedy gave any relief, and by the month of May her sufferings had become so acute that the nervous system gave way under their pressure, and every means resorted to in order

to restore strength served only to aggravate the evil. Therefore, it was finally resolved to try change of scene and air as the last resource.

And here, again, the hand of God was manifest in giving the last touches to a noble work, so near its completion. Her heavenly spouse was not satisfied with her having given up the home of her childhood, with its tender associations; her convent home, her dearly-loved sisters, the venerable mother who, in her old age, had found a home among them, was all in turn to be sacrificed; every human prop was to be taken away from under her, and God alone was to be her support. So, "obedient unto death," she was taken at midnight to a special train, and borne rapidly to Baltimore. When she reached the depot she was so much benefited by the trip that she was able to proceed on foot, with assistance, to the carriage waiting to take her to St. Agnes's Hospital, which was four miles distant. The next morning she was so much better that all felt convalescence had commenced, and the happy tidings imparted new life and hope to her community. Alas! a few days sufficed to dispel the illusion. Her case proved as great a puzzle to the medical advisers there as in Wheeling, and after excruciating sufferings, she expired at midnight, on the Feast of the Transfiguration, without a struggle, after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness. Her venerated and grief-stricken mother, with an out-sister from Mount de Chantal, and other attendants, were present. The last Sacraments had all been given while she was yet conscious.

The precious remains arrived at Mount de Chantal about noon of the following Tuesday, the 8th July, and were received with many tears and aching hearts by those who had vainly hoped to see her return in renewed health and vigor.

In the evening, between three and four, the body was placed in the grave besides her much-loved and venerated Mistress of Novices and Superior, Sister M. Michaella Jenkins, to whom the spiritual education of this beautiful soul had been entrusted for so many years.

This history might have been so extended as to fill a volume, but enough has been written to prove the oft-repeated lesson that perfection is attainable only by such sufferings as render life a martyrdom. The sole promise given by our Blessed Lord to his faithful followers is this:—"I will show you what great things you shall suffer for my sake," Let the votaries of the world come and gaze on that mound of fresh earth in the modest cemetery at Mount de Chantal and see the end of all this world's glory. And let the members of the household of faith lift up their eyes to heaven and hear that voice—now hushed on earth—singing with a chosen throng that canticle which only they may sing.

When Louise Gubert (that was her name in the world) entered the cloisters of the sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, about a quarter of a century ago, there was lost to the world one whom Liszt pronounced to be the greatest cantatrice in the world. Wealth, honors, the plaudits of thousands, were hers if she would take them. But she turned away from the munificent offers made by those who saw how grand a triumph would be hers upon the stage, and, as Sister Agnes, has spent her life in training the voices of class after class of the schools of the Order, transmitting to hundreds of young girls some portion of her heaven-born knowledge of music.

BEAUTIES often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

A WIT being asked, on the failure of a bank, "Were you not upset?" replied: "No; I only lost my balance."

IRISH MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES.

Transatlantic Line of Steamers,

As a line of railway connects two cities, so does a line of steamers connect two countries, acting like a telegraphic cord, binding and connecting the union and friendship between the people.

England can support ten monster lines of steamers to America. Scotland, less in population and extent than Ireland, can support two lines of steamers. Yes, both can do this — but with Ireland as an auxiliary. Why, then, cannot Ireland support one line of steamers? Yes, it can and must. The next step to home government is for a nation to have her own mercantile fleet.

To give a weekly sailing it would take at least five steamers, and I propose a company should be formed, with a capital of half a million pounds sterling, in as many shares of one pound each, one-fourth only to be called up at present, as it will be time enough to call on more, according as the vessels are building or built.

The company to contract for the building of five ocean steamers of about four thousand tons burden, with accommodation for six hundred steerage and two hundred cabin passengers each, and be so constructed in the building as to have separate stairs and companion-ways for the male and female passengers, and to put an end forever to the complaints and scandals we have heard so much of in the present year, I don't mean this passenger accommodation for the purpose of carrying emigrants as heretofore, as I hope Irish emigration is a thing of the past; but I mean it to give accommodation to our people on this side to visit their friends on the other, and *vice versa;* for thrice the number of friends, tourists, etc., would visit Ireland every year but for the worry and trouble at Liverpool with baggage, etc., and then a nasty channel passage, often worse than the ocean voyage.

The company to be named the "Irish Transatlantic Steamship Company," with head officers and starting-points to be at Dublin and New York, and the vessels to be named after five of Ireland's cities, viz.: "City of Dublin," "City of Cork," "City of Limerick," "City of Waterford," and "City of Kilkenny." and to sail once a week from Dublin and New York.

It would not be too much to ask any Irishman, who is an agent for an English or Scotch company, to give up such agency, and take on for the Irish line, thus securing all out-going passengers; and request our countrymen in America, through the press there, that in paying certificates for bringing out any of their friends they should book with the agents of the Irish lines, a lot of which will have to be appointed in all the cities and towns of the United States.

I cannot conceive a grander nor more beautiful sight than one of those noble vessels, officered and manned by Irishmen, steaming away from the North-wall, her green flag flying at top mast, and inscribed thereon in letters of gold, "Help Ireland to flourish," with her cargo of manufactured goods going out to our kith and kin in the New World. The quays and banks of the Liffey crowded with our countrymen and women, and the river down to Kingstown studded with crafts of all kinds, steam and sail, and hearty cheers and "God speeds" given as the vessel started on her maiden voyage.

In connection with this line of steamers the company should have two coasting ones of, say, six or seven hundred tons each, one of which would lie on the off side of

the ocean steamers on arrival, and take from her hold the goods for other places, such as Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Belfast, Derry, Sligo, etc., and thus save the trouble and expenses of putting them in a shed, and having to reship them. Those two steamers to be kept going from all other ports of Ireland, and take in return all manufactured and other goods for America, and ship in turn from their holds to the ocean liners.

No more addressing Irish goods per Guion line *viâ* Liverpool, and thence per steamer and rail to so-and-so; all Irish goods in future to be addressed "per Irish line;" when they arrive at Dublin we will have a speedy and cheap transit awaiting them. If this company could have one (I cannot expect more) of those vessels ready for the use of the visitors to the Dublin Exhibition (at least a large number from America), perhaps as many as would give the company a taste of the profits of passenger traffic.

We have been large importers from America for years past, of maize, wheat, flour, bacon, hams, beef, lard, cheese, etc.; we will have in future to add another, and that is cotton, and I hope to a great extent. When the existing contracts with the United States have expired, our members of Parliament should insist on this line of Irish steamers getting a portion of the mails to carry equivalent at least to what we send and receive.

Ship-Building.

If Dublin had taken the initiative in this industry some years back, what a difference would be to-day. Well, it is better late than never, and all that can be done now is to make the most of it in the future, and Dublin must have its ship-building yard, and the sooner the better. I think I have hewn out some work for it in my last article. Let us see what it is: It is five ocean steamers of four thousand tons burden each, and two coasting ones of six to seven hundred tons each, for the "Irish Steamship Company;" and a steamship, indeed I might say two, for the "Irish Sugar Company," that is nine vessels in all, amounting to twenty-two thousand tons,— say six months on an average for building each, or nearly five years' work in prospect. Not a bad order, indeed the best work on the Clyde might feel proud of *such a line*.

Now, the Antrim Ore Company and the Leitrim Coal Fields will find a market for their goods at home, for one thing brings on another. Then I propose a company should be formed, who would lease a piece of ground on the banks of the Liffey, with a capital of, say one hundred thousand sterling, in so many shares of one pound each. The capital does not require to be very large, as ships are sold, generally speaking, before being built, or in other words, built to order; and any company ordering such vessels generally pay to account as the work progresses. But this company should bestir themselves, and set to work at once, and give us at least one steamer for the present year's Exhibition.

Flour-Milling.

Here again we have been going backward for years past, and with our splendid water-power (the best in the world) allowed English and foreign makers to rob us of the employment of manufacturing. True, we must import wheat, but we can at least turn it into flour second to no other country in the would; and if our shopkeepers and bakers would insist on getting Home Manufacture, I have no doubt but it would spur our Irish millers to make every kind of flour needed, and thus set going all the country mills that are lying up rusted for want of trade.

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect, it resembles a young lady in a street-car when a gentleman gives her his seat.

THE RELIGION OF STREET TRADERS.

THE London season is the flower-sellers' season, though one fact has nothing whatever to do with the other, and one half of the great city's world does not know how the other half lives. Already we see in second-rate thoroughfares flower-stalls at the edge of the footwalks, or women crouching at street corners among banks of bloom, flowers by the huge basketful and the pailful. Some of the commercial streets brighten in the afternoon with trays of buttonhole nosegays, perched row above row, a miniature gallery of blossoms; and through the suburbs wanders the hoarse cry of "All a-growing—growing!" with the rather incongruous accompaniment of a donkey dragging a moving *parterre* of brilliant colors. With all its smoke and hurry, London is a flower-loving place; provincial towns have no such flower trade, perhaps because in a small circuit of streets there is no need of bringing into town these glimpses of the country. The London flower trade increases every year; it is the most pleasing, and to the upper classes the best known, of all the branches of street traffic. But the rough appearance, the poverty, hardship, and home-wretchedness of those engaged in the flower traffic are in sad contrast with the natural beauty of their stock-in-trade. They are not flower gatherers "roving the woods and the meadows green," as the old song said, but simply traffickers bargaining in the early morning at Covent Garden Market, and dividing their "market bunches" into more numerous lots, to make a profit. As the most attractive of the street trades, and one that is plied vigorously at the present time (for the primrose is the Londoner's first favorite) we have looked at the sale of flowers first, before saying a few words about the religion or irreligion of the classes that in many other less attractive "lines" make their living in the street as costermongers or basket traders. The evidence which we can gather shows but another of the many proofs that among the poorest classes the Catholic Church exercises permanent and effective attraction, and that outside her influence the indifference of the masses is apt to sink from irreligion almost into barbarism. We must be understood to be speaking of the trading classes generally, not of flower sellers, whose "bloom" only lured us to the subject at this season. Nor, of course, do we speak of individual instances, but in a general sense of those classes as a body.

Twenty years ago, when Mr. Mayhew compiled, from information collected among the poor themselves, his volumes on "London Labor and London Poor," the account which he gave of the street-trading classes was, from the moral point of view, extremely dismal. Even then the costermonger class in the great city alone was equal in numbers to the whole population of many a small town; and finding them collectively to have "consciences as little developed as their intellects," he remonstrated somewhat hotly with his Protestant fellow-countrymen after his visits to the New Cut and the Broadway. "The moral and religious state of these men," he wrote, "is a foul disgrace to us, laughing to scorn our zeal for 'the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts,' and making our many societies for the civilization of savages on the other side of the globe appear like a delusion, a mockery, and a snare, when we have so many people sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism round about our very homes. It is well to have Bishops

of New Zealand when we have Christianized all our own heathen; but with thirty thousand individuals in merely one of our cities, utterly creedless, mindless, and principleless, surely it would look more like earnestness on our part if we created bishops of the New Cut, and sent 'right reverend fathers' to watch over the cure of souls in the Broadway and in the Brill."

It is quite true that Protestantism has always shown a tendency to devote funds to sending light to the Hottentots rather than to Ratcliff Highway; and it has held more meetings for evangelizing New Zealand than for the New Cut. In fact its method reminds one irresistibly of the mission of a certain lady philanthropist drawn by Dickens, whose house abounded in dust and wreck, and whose children entangled their heads in area railings outside, while she fixed her devoted eyes on Borioboola, South Africa. One has not to go far to find the reason for the similar household arrangements and Borioboola missions of English Protestantism. The Church of England is not the church of the poor.

It is most gratifying to find, in the pages of the Protestant writer from whom we have quoted, one grand exception to the dismal picture, an exception so marked that it is necessary for him to plead that it is recorded "in all the simplicity and impartially of history," While proving that the majority of the costermonger class neither have nor know any religion whatever, and that their moral state has degenerated into what may well be called barbarism, he constantly excepts one portion of that class—the Irish. "The women," he says, in speaking of them after his laborious personal survey, "present two characteristics which distinguish them from the London costerwomen generally;" those characteristics are purity of life and "attention to religious observances." When this was written there were ten thousand Irish street traders in London, chiefly selling oranges or other fruit or vegetables, and "mostly all wretchedly poor," Yet even in the depth of poverty they were keeping the glory of their inherited Catholic teaching and their high standard of morality. "They talk like haythens," said one of the speaking men of the crowd among whom his life was cast in the strange city; "I never miss Mass on a Sunday, and they don't know what the blessed Mass manes. I'm almost glad I have no childer, to see how they're raired here. Indeed, sir, they're not raired at all, they run wild." "Never missed Mass on a Sunday" is an almost invariable word in the accounts given of the Irish poor in the written photograph of London labor and poverty. Or if the Mass be missed, the religion is known, and there is a hope of yet "a going regular, please God!" But on the subject of morality, the contrast between the Irish and their fellow-citizens in these poor classes is even greater. Vice and ignorance of all religion are on one side; on the other, constantly attested, the same exception to the crowd—purity and faith. It is simply stated that the Irish of these classes, with the rarest exceptions, are "all Roman Catholics;" that for five of the English costermonger folk attending a place of worship there are a hundred Irish Catholic attending their own; and that while the religious fervor of these people was "intense" and evidently amazing, their homes, however poor, were brightened by "colored prints of saints and martyrs." Since that time the London population, and the London Irish too, have vastly increased in numbers. Societies, such as that associated with the name of the Earl of Shaftesbury, have begun to evangelize "our own heathen at this side of the globe." But the Catholic Church, the church of the poor, can point to her children, even the meanest in station, as the proof of holiness and of her universal fitness to reach the human heart.

BIG TREES. — "The trackless forests in the west of Tasmania, contain huge timber, and bushmen report that they have met with specimens of eucalyptus measuring 200 feet from the ground to the first branch, and fully 350 feet in all. Until 1873 there was standing on the eastern slope of Mount Wellington, within four miles of Hobart Town, a eucalyptus measured at 86 feet in girth, and more than 300 feet in height, and its ruined bole still forms a grim chamber in which many a merry party have enjoyed a picnic. The famous tree of Huon forests, measures 70 feet in girth six feet from the ground, and is stated to be 240 feet high, but in the deep gorges of this grand forest the writer has seen higher trees than this, though not of quite equal circumference. But Victoria now claims the glory of holding the biggest of all the living 'big trees' in the world, so far as height is concerned. In the Dandenong district of Fernshaw, has recently been discovered a specimen of eucalyptus amygdalina, or almond-leaf gum, which has been accurately measured as reaching the enormous height of 380 feet before throwing out a single branch, and 430 feet to the top, and having a girth of 60 feet at some distance above the ground. Some idea of what a height of 430 feet represents, may be gained from the fact that this gum-tree, if growing by the side of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, would overtop the clock tower by exactly 100 feet."

RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE. — Religion is not a thing to be taken up by chance, and to be carelessly put aside when we find its demands inconvenient. It is the most important thing in life, and should begin with our home duties, and be with us to influence for good all our actions. A vague feeling of faith is not enough to satisfy the soul, and it is certainly not sufficient to prepare it for the life to come. It is necessary that we should devote to a good life, earnest thought, constant care, and zealous endeavor. Many a person, on Sunday morning, gives grudgingly a half hour to a Low Mass, tossing a penny into the collection-box, and, perhaps, goes to Confession and Holy Communion once or twice a year. This, he thinks, is the sum of his religious duties. But it is not so. He should attend Vespers, when possible; he should sometimes at High Mass; he should not neglect his morning and evening prayers; he should not consider that a single cent each Sunday is a sufficient offering towards the maintenance of the Church, but should give as largely as he can do justly, and above all he should meditate frequently on the questions: "Am I a faithful son of the Church? Is my life pleasing in the sight of God?" And he should never attempt anything upon which he cannot freely ask God's blessing.

CARDINAL MANNING lectured in Liverpool, and told this story on himself: I was walking home one evening in London, and passed an old hodman carrying his hod over his shoulder. He was smoking a white clay, I believe they call it. As I went by I said, "Good night." The man said, "Good night, your reverence." I said, "Do you belong to me?" "Yes, your reverence." Said I, "Where do you come from?" "From Ireland, your reverence." "I know that; from what part of Ireland?" "Cork, your reverence." I saw the man smoking his pipe, and as I have a sort of rash judgment, when I see a man smoking a pipe, that it makes him thirsty, I said, "Have you ever taken the pledge?" "No, your reverence." "Why haven't you?" "Well, I asked my director, your reverence." "What did he say?" "He said he didn't think that I wanted it." I said then, "It will do you no harm. I have taken it." "And did you want it, your reverence?"

"THE EAGLE OF THE ROCK OF CASHEL."

On a recent visit to Emly, the Most Rev. Archbishop Croke spoke on the future of Ireland:—

"I shall rather ask you to consider with me for a moment our actual condition and future prospects as a struggling people — that is to say, what gains, if any, we have made during the last three years, and how best we may secure, and even augment them. Here, then, in the rough is substantially what we have gained. First and foremost, up to three years ago, it was generally believed by the great mass of our people that an Irish agriculturalist was a mere rent-making machine, and that it was his bounden duty to work contentedly in that way for a minimum recompense, day and night, without ceasing. Every sane and unprejudiced individual you now meet with is fully convinced that the industrious husbandman has a first call on the fruits of the land he tills, and that while a fair rent should be paid when possible to to the owner of the soil as a capitalist, the cultivator of it and his family should be decently supported out of it as well. Secondly, up to three years ago in Ireland the landlord and his agent, irrespective altogether of their character for either justice or mercy, were fawned upon and flattered and almost worshipped, externally at least, by the miserable serfs whom they fed on and despised. To-day the good and just landlord is respected (as he ought to be), whilst the tyrant, though still dreaded, is at the same time defied. Thirdly, up to three years ago in Ireland, a farm from which an industrious tenant had been evicted for the non-payment of excessive rent would not be twenty-four hours vacant when scores of fools would be found to compete ruinously with each other for its possession. To-day no one would think of touching it. Fourthly, up to three years ago in Ireland few there were who took a practical interest in the condition of our agricultural laborers. They worked from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the afternoon, and for wages which, in other countries, they might earn in a few hours. They lived in cabins scarcely fit for savage men, were fed miserably, and clad in rags. To-day, though for the most part fed and housed quite as wretchedly as ever, they are attracting a good deal of attention to their just complaints; and if the tenant-farmers here present, and those elsewhere whom my words may reach and possibly influence, would but take a friendly advice from me, they would, from motives of policy, as well as of gratitude, look without delay to the sad case of their laborers, and strive to improve their condition as far as it is possible for them in reason to do so. Fifthly, up to three years ago in Ireland agitation was at a discount. The people were without heart. They had been more than once betrayed by so-called leaders in whom they put their trust. Fine speeches were made for them, and fine promises given them; but the orator very often sold himself for pay or preferment, soon after swearing that he would die rather than do so, and the promises made were left, for the most part, unfulfilled. But the trumpet of our resurrection was sounded at last. It had pleased Providence to spread famine like a pall over the land. Men were awakened by it to a sense of their mean and mendicant condition; and the cry went forth, and was wafted by priests and people from shore to shore, that Ireland was made for the Irish, and that, now or never, we should assert our rights, not alone to live, but to thrive as well, in our

native land. Our brethren in America and at the Antipodes took up the echoes of our expressed resolve, swelled the chorus of our complaint, and thus gave to the whole civilized world the sad and sickening story of Ireland's wretchedness and wrongs. Our rulers paused, pondered gravely at length on passing Irish events, gauged their significance aright, and, as usual, struck by the justice of our claims, and still more by the strength and stability of our organization, introduced remedial measures of a substantial character into the House of Commons, and passed them successfully into law. Thereupon, landlords trembled throughout the length and breadth of the land, and rack-rents received a staggering, if not a death-blow, in Ireland. Moreover, we have a phalanx now representing us in the British House of Commons that cannot be bribed or intimidated, and we mean soon, please God, to pay our members. We shall add largely, ere long, to the numerical and effective strength of the advanced party in Parliament. On the whole, then, we have been victorious. The righteousness of our cause has been all but universally recognized; rents have been reduced from twenty to twenty-five per cent all round, even by the Government commissioners; further substantial ameliorations cannot be much longer withheld; and so the sun of Ireland's prosperity may be said to have begun to shine out at last, after a long and dreary night of desolation and darkness. That is the past. What of the future? Are we able and willing to hold our own? and, in fact, are we resolved to do so, whether against Kavanagh's confiscation scheme or the coercive legislation of Mr. Gladstone? Will the landlord league, like Aaron's rod, eat up the people's league, and will the threats of fine and imprisonment —with which the air is now full— frighten or corrupt us? On that score I have no apprehensions. But, my dear friends, in this connection you have heard it said, and truthfully said, that force is no remedy. I take leave to add, and to add most emphatically, as a warning to you, that crime, in like manner, is no remedy. It is my firm conviction that you have no enemy to dread at this moment but yourselves. Crime and outrage on the part of any section of our people are the only things that I am now afraid of. I dread crime—first, because it is sinful, and because I believe that sin, as a rule, is punished even in this life. I dread crime, secondly, because it will give us a bad name where we desire to be well thought of, estranging from our cause the sympathies of all good and high-minded men, besides bringing direst disgrace on our religion and country. I dread it, thirdly, because of the sufferings and sorrow which it is sure to entail, not upon its victims alone, but upon its agents and abettors as well. Be just, and fear not —that is my motto. Let it be yours also. Violate no law, whether human or divine. Avail yourselves, by all means, of every constitutional agency still within your reach to assert your inalienable right to live and thrive in Ireland. Bear ill will to nobody. Tolerate all; but, in these troubled times, repose trust only in a few. All the coercive laws that can be framed will not succeed, I fear, in inducing our people to love and make free with, however they may pray for and forgive, those who have injured them and insulted them, or sided with their reputed enemies. Be this as it may, no law can oblige you to bid for an evicted vacant farm, or to pay an amount of rent which you have been notoriously unable to make. In all these respects, then, be cautious and resolute, but, above all, be reasonable. Now, as in the past, whatever you do in the way of agitation, let it be done or spoken in the open light of day. Stick to the old country for weal or woe. Don't think of emigrating if you can at all help it. Ireland is the fittest place for Irish-

men to live in. Hold on to the original lines of the national organization. Strive to secure your land in fee, or for the fair letting value. Have nothing to do with theories, however plausible or attractive. Avoid angry collision of any kind with the constituted authorities; submit quietly to what you cannot control; be prepared to make reasonable sacrifices for the public weal; put your trust in God above you, and rest assured withal of the full and final triumph of right and justice. In conclusion, I wish you all assembled here an abundance of God's choicest graces, together with health and happiness and prosperity.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SUFFERING.—We should unite our sufferings with those of our Redeemer. The saints desired to suffer or to die, for suffering is the right life of those who wish to follow their Divine Master. There can be no evil where there is no opposition to the Divine will. A story was told of a hermit who wished to know what real happiness was. He was directed to go to the door of a certain church. There he saw a poor old beggar, blind, paralytic, and a cripple. The hermit asked him if he was happy. "Yes," he replied, "I am the happiest of men, for I see in everything the will of God." "How can you be happy with these afflictions?" he asked. "They come from God; it is His blessed will that I shall suffer; all comes to me from the will of God. I look with pleasure on the sun, the rain, the storm, and the tempest; they all come from the loving Providence of God, and I bless him and am happy." What a lesson for us! If we could thus bring ourselves to receive all pleasures, pains, and sufferings from the merciful hand of God, and make the same use of them, as did this poor blind beggar!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.—Amid the incessant storms of persecution that have raged about and against the Bark of Peter, the temporalities of the Holy See have frequently been unjustly torn from the faithful and protecting hands of the Head of the Church. Often, too, has he himself been driven into exile, and sometimes held as a prisoner, yet always in His own good time the Providence of God has conducted the Sovereign Pontiff, in triumph over his enemies, back to the Eternal City, and placed him again custodian of those possessions which have been consecrated to the maintenance, dignity, and independence of the Church.—*Dr. Brennan.*

FREDERICK MCCABE, the ventriloquist, is a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi river steamboat, and, forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine-room. He took a seat in a corner, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil-can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle. Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. "Great Jupiter!" he yelled, "the thing's bewitched." More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and, slipping up behind McCabe, the engineer squirted a half-pint of oil down the joker's back. "There," said he, "I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!" The joke was so good that McCabe could not keep it, and he often tells it with as much relish as his auditors receive it.

"I OCCASIONALLY drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste-paper basket.

A BRIGHTER DAY FOR IRELAND.

August 15th dawned on Ireland, a most glorious day for her. For the celebration of the centenary of Irish legislative independence, the unveiling of the O'Connell national memorial and the opening of the national exhibition at Dublin, there was a bright sky and refreshing breeze. As early as six o'clock the city was astir, and on every hand were the evidences of preparation for the grand demonstration which was to signalize this most remarkable occasion. St. Stephen's Green was the central point of assembly for the procession. The trades of Dublin and the country deputations mustered 40,000 strong, and with bands and banners they marched from the Mansion House in Dawson street, through thoroughfares and over the river by Grattan bridge to the O'Connell monument. The whole route taken by the procession was lined by thousands of spectators, all wearing national emblems and preserving the best order. The streets were spanned by arches, and green medallions of O'Connell met the eye at every corner. In the display of flags and banners, the universal stars and stripes and the tri-color rival the green flag with its crownless harp, while the Union Jack and English flags are conspicuous by their absence. The Land League offices on Jacksonville street are the centre of attraction. A flag from one window bears the legend, "Remember the Boers." Unparalleled demonstrations of joy and patriotism greeted the marching thousands on all hands, and from nearly every window handkerchiefs and banners waved a friendly greeting. At least 100,000 persons gathered around the liberator's monument, and when it was unveiled the enthusiastic joy exhibited was beyond all description.

Parnell, at the head of the Parliamentary delegation, with Dillon and Davitt, received repeated manifestations from the people of the great love and confidence in which they are held. Right Hon. E. Dwyer Gray made a brief address, and then Lord Mayor Dawson unveiled the statue. He delivered a nationalist address, in which he said: "I take this opportunity of reminding the people that their struggles for the attainment of land reforms are not over. Your labors for right will be obstructed, as they ever have been, but you must endeavor to forget the melancholy past, and look for glory in the future, in the hope that Ireland, once a province, will again become a nation." Mr. Parnell was vehemently demanded. Amid a deafening cheer the great patriot slowly arose, and made a brief response to the flattering demonstration that had been tendered him. In conclusion he expressed a hope for the future prosperity of Ireland. After the services at the monument, the procession reformed, and, with a guard of 1,400 car men, proceeded to the exhibition hall. The vast structure was thronged to its utmost capacity. At one end of the main hall, seated upon a platform, was an orchestra composed of 400 musicians, who interspersed the speaking with Irish national airs. In front of the orchestra was another platform, upon which were assembled the Lord Mayor and distinguished religious and civic dignitaries. Most Rev. Patrick Dorrian of the diocese of Down and Connor, and Most Rev. Patrick Duggan, D.D., of Clonfert, and some half a-dozen colonial bishops assisted in the ceremonies. Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, McCarthy and Davitt were much cheered along the whole route. It is estimated that the demonstration exceeded in magnitude either of the O'Connell cele-

brations of 1864 or 1875. Certainly nothing could be better than the good order which prevailed. Although the extreme wetness of the morning kept thousands indoors, it is estimated that over one hundred thousand persons assembled around the O'Connell Monument in Sackville street awaiting the unveiling ceremony which was to take place as soon as the monster procession filed across O'Connell Bridge. Hardly a policeman was to be seen on the streets; the troops were confined to barracks; the public houses were closed; and the general enthusiasm was unmarred by a single untoward accident.

In front of the late headquarters of the Land League, among the decorations the word "ARABI" was conspicuous. The whole day was marked by great order. The precautionary measures taken by the authorities were needless and untimely. One of the most impressive features of the procession was a long line of Catholic religious confraternities.

The exhibition will remain open for several weeks.

Unveiling the Monument.

Shortly after noon, the procession reached the site of the O'Connell Monument, and the Trades Associations having drawn up around it, at ten minutes to one o'clock the Lord Mayor, Right Hon. Charles Dawson, M.P., amid a tremendous outburst of cheering, waving of handkerchiefs and clash of bands, unveiled the statue. The cheering, which lasted several minutes, having subsided, the High Sheriff, Rt. Hon. Edmund Dwyer Gray, M.P., read an address handing over the monument, in the name of the people of Ireland, to the municipality of Dublin. The address concluded with the following words: "Let us trust that at no distant date this monument will look down upon a scene of triumph and rejoicing before which the popular pageant of to-day will pale its ineffectual fires. Let us trust that the day is not far distant when the people will cluster in delighted thousands around this monument and when thundering plaudits will announce that the good old cause for which O'Connell lived and labored has triumphed at last, and that an Irish Parliament will again reassemble in this Irish capital."

Unfortunately at this moment the rain again began to fall heavily, and the pitiless downpour continued during the delivery of the Lord Mayor's address, which was heard only by those immediately around him on the platform. The Mayor referred in terms of reverence and gratitude to the services rendered by O'Connell to his coreligionists in Ireland, and compared the work of the committee to the long and arduous life of O'Connell himself; adding that no one could deny that Brock had realized in the work the ideal of his great master, the Irish sculptor, Foley. The Lord Mayor, in conclusion, said: — "The work of Ireland is not yet done; her land reform is not yet complete, and the franchise is still restricted. Her industries are yet languid; and the National Legislature is still wanting. All these were so dear to the heart of O'Connell that, if left incomplete, no material monument would compensate for their absence. Statues will not alone suffice. We must erect a monument more lasting than brass. It must rest upon the hearts of the people, and its roots must pierce through every class and fructify in every rank. Its summit must pierce the clouds. To attract the attention of the world it must bear upon its base this imperishable inscription, 'Ireland, long a Province, is a Nation once again.'" This sentiment was hailed with the most enthusiastic cheering.

The Freedom of the City.

Although not properly connected with the O'Connell Monument celebration or the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, the presentation of

the freedom of the city of Dublin to Messrs. Parnell and Dillon has been made, by the action of the English party here, so much of a national affair, that it comes in, not inappropriately, as though it were a portion of the ceremonies by which the people celebrated the other events.

The presentation and recording of the documents conferring on the Members for Cork and Tipperary the honorary freedom of the City of Dublin took place at the City Hall, this afternoon, in the presence of a representative assembly, including twelve Irish and one English Member of Parliament (Mr. Story, Radical Member for Sunderland). The City Hall was densely crowded, nearly every Mayor in Ireland being present. the Mayor of Belfast being the only notable one among the absentees. The Tory members of the Dublin Municipality,— who had bitterly opposed the presentation,— were also conspicuous by their absence.

A profound sensation was created by the fact of the. High Sheriff's arrest and imprisonment. The seat which he was to have occupied as a member of the Corporation was left vacant. When his name was called in the list of Town Councillors, the whole audience, headed by the Lord Mayor, rose and cheered lustily for some minutes. Michael Davitt, who accompanied Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, shared the popular ovation. When the Lord Mayor, in his speech, alluded to the imprisonment of the High Sheriff his words were greeted with hearty groans and hisses for the government, He said that he would not comment on the fact; but Mr. Gray's sentence was equivalent to six months' imprisonment. He advised the people to be careful and guarded in their acts and language, as they were in the midst of a great crisis.

Mr. Parnell having signed the roll of freemen (on which his name comes a little below that of General Grant,) said he should return thanks in a few words, as freedom of speech in Ireland had practically ceased to exist. The absence of the High Sheriff reminded him of the duty imposed upon those who happened to be members of Parliament, to direct the attention of the House of Commons, before the coming recess, to what had happened. This was not the proper place to allude to that matter; and, much as he should desire to speak freely on the event, he recognized that he could not do so with anything like justice to so grave a subject; for as they had seen, not even within the municipalities of Ireland was it now possible for a man to speak his mind on matters of public policy. It appeared to him that the only place in which they could speak their minds was in the House of Commons; and he proposed to do his duty there. He believed they had gained some things for Ireland; but beyond that, they all could recognize that Ireland had gained much more for herself. He felt confident that they were but at the commencement of measures of large reform which might be expected for the masses of the people of Ireland. He had never believed in the possibility of maintaining an independent Irish party in the Englsh House of Commons for any length of time; but he thought it possible to increase its numbers and maintain it for such time as would enable them to gain the great object which always possessed the hearts of the Irish people at home and abroad — the restoration of the legisiative independence of Ireland. So long as it might be necessary he would remain in the English Parliament,— and no longer. The advance of popular reform could not be stopped for any length of time,— even in Ireland. It would be far better for the governing classes, and those in the higher ranks of society, to trust the people, and, even at the eleventh hour, to join hands with them for the sake of their common country. If they would not do that,

then the movement would go on without them, brushing them aside; for the people could no longer tolerate their present degradation.

Mr. Dillon agreed with Mr. Parnell that they should reserve any observations they might have to make upon the great event of the day for another place. It was equally clear to him that there was no longer liberty of speech in Ireland. He asked the large number of strangers now in Dublin, notwithstanding what they had seen and heard, to restrain themselves, under the great provocation received in the imprisonment of a man whom they all loved and respected.

The proceedings of the day then terminated.

GRAY.

Great excitement has been caused in Dublin by the punishment "for contempt of Court" inflicted by Judge Lawson upon Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M. P., High Sheriff of Dublin, and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*. It will be remembered that Mr. William O'Brien recently addressed a letter to the *Freeman* with reference to the conduct of the Dublin jury which returned a verdict of wilful murder against Francis Hynes, the young man who shot the herd named Doloughty. Mr. O'Brien, who was staying at the same hotel as the jurymen, declares that he was awakened after midnight by sounds of a drunken chorus, succeeded by scuffling, ribald jokes, coarse laughter, and horseplay along the corridor, and that these discordant noises proceeded from the jurymen who had that day been listening to evidence which, if unrefuted, must result in the untimely death of Hynes. Mr. O'Brien adds that his bedroom door was burst open, and a man, evidently under the influence of drink, staggered in, candle in hand, and showing his features so plainly that he feels sure that he could identify him. This appalling story was circumstantially related in the letter of Mr. O'Brien which appeared in the *Freeman*, the writer alleging his readiness to support his statements on oath. The letter was made the subject of strong editorial comment, and accordingly the foreman of the jury called Judge Lawson's attention to the matter, and flatly contradicted the statement that the jury were intoxicated and unruly. Mr. Gray's "contempt of Court" consisted of other articles in the *Freeman*, commenting on the proceedings of the Commission, besides that which referred to the letter of Mr. O'Brien. The earlier ones had, according to Mr. Justice Lawson, contained atrocious allegations of excluding Catholics from juries, and were written for the purpose of exciting a persuasion in the minds of Catholics that they were ostracised. The Judge accordingly dealt summarily and severely with the offending journalist. Disregarding Mr. Gray's emphatic disclaimer of any intention to make any imputation on his Lordship or the Court, and his request for an adjournment in order that he might have legal assistance, the Judge sentenced Mr. Gray to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £500, in addition to which he is at the expiration of that time to find bail, himself in £5,000 and two sureties in £1,000 each, or, in default, to undergo further imprisonment for three months.

The news created a profound sensation in Dublin. Mr. O'Brien, who had made the charges against the jury, was ordered out of court by the Judge. The crowds outside the City Hall, while the freedom of the city was being conferred upon Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon, were very demonstrative, and an attempt was made to burn a copy of an evening paper

containing the sentence. Mr. Parnell in his speech, said the events of that day proved that freedom of speech was at an end, except in one place, where the first opportunity would be taken to raise the question. In the meantime, they must pursue their path of progress and accept any measure of reform offered. They must push on to the one goal — legislative independence for the whole people of Ireland.

The court presided over by Judge Lawson on the trial of Hynes was a special Court under the "Crimes Bill." The jury was selected strictly by the Government, and was composed of their own infamous tools. Catholic jurors were excluded from the panel. Cases were sent from various counties for trial in this Court, to ensure conviction. Among these cases was one for the murder of John Deloughty, at Knockanane, in County Clare, for which a respectable young man named Francis Hynes, son of Mr. James Hynes, an attorney of Ennis, was arraigned and found guilty. The "Crimes Bill" gives power to change the venue from one county to another, when the Clifford Lloyds know no honest jury familiar with the facts would convict the persons charged by the Government informers.

Sketch of the Prisoner.

Edmund Dwyer Gray, son of the late Sir John Gray, of Charleville House, County Dublin, by his wife, Anna, daughter of Mr. James Dwyer of Limerick, was born at Dublin in 1845. By his mother he is connected with the family of the celebrated Dr. Geoffrey Keating, the Irish historian, and with that Colonel John O'Dwyer, commemorated in the old ballad known popularly as "Shaun O'Dwyer of Glanna." His father (afterwards Sir John) Gray, who represented the city of Kilkenny in the House of Commons from 1865 till his death in 1875, was an active participator in all the movements for the political and social well-being of Ireland from 1840 till the close of his life; he was an advocate of Repeal in conjunction with O'Connell and was one of the sharers of the Liberator's imprisonment in 1844. Dr. Gray was a member of the Dublin Corporation, and in 1863 was knighted in recognition of his services in originating the idea of the Vartry water supply. He had been connected with the *Freeman's Journal* from 1841, and on his death that journal became the sole property of his son. Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray contested Kilkenny City upon his father's death, in April in 1875, running as a Home Ruler, but was beaten by Mr. Whitworth, a whig. On the death of the Hon. W. F. O'Callaghan, in May, 1877, he was elected for the County Tipperary, and at the General Election, in April, 1880, was chosen one of the Members for Carlow county, defeating Mr. Arthur Kavanagh and another Conservative. In 1880 he was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. In October last he moved the motion to confer the freedom of the city upon Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, which was defeated by the casting vote of the then Lord Mayor. Mr. Gray was selected as High Sheriff of Dublin, for 1882, under the new Boroughs Act. Mr. Gray was brought up a Protestant, but joined the Roman Catholic Church a few years ago. He was married in 1869 to Miss Caroline Chisholm, daughter of the late Major Archibald Chisholm, and his wife, "Caroline Chisholm, the emigrant's friend," both of whom were distinguished by their philanthropic efforts for the improvement of the condition of the struggling and helpless emigrants to Australia.

A Romance

Is connected with the marriage of Mr. Gray. He was, while in his twenties, spending a few weeks at Bray, the Irish Newport, only a few miles from Dublin, and one day a terrific gale, such as seems only to sweep the rug-

ged coasts of Ireland, drove a vessel, wrecked and sinking, into the bay. Signals of distress floated at her mast-head, mute appeals for help, but no life-boat was near, and no ordinary boat could possibly survive the fearful sea, while the boldest heart quailed at the thought of swimming out there. Suddenly, while hundreds looked from the hotel windows out at the half-drowned figures clinging to the rigging of the sinking ship, and while hundreds more huddled along the beach in helpless groups, young Gray stepped out from among them and volunteered to carry a line to the wreck.

A few moments afterwards, with a rope about his body, he plunged into the surf to almost certain death, and in spite of all expostulation. Watched by the breathless crowd he slowly made his way, though frequently dashed back, and was frequently submerged so long that it was thought he would never appear again. Finally, after a long, fierce, weary battle with the waves, he reached the ship, and one by one the rescued sailors were pulled ashore. Among those who witnessed this heroic act was a beautiful young girl, the daughter of an English lady of immense wealth, Mrs. Chisholm, "the Emigrant's friend," whose assistance to Australian emigrant girls had made her name a household word in that colony. Miss Chisholm sought an introduction, and the young man was so smitten that he followed her to England and finally won her hand. The Royal Humane Society gave the brave young fellow the Gold Medal, their highest award, and the presentation was publicly made on their behalf by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mr. Gray is a convert to Catholicity, and was baptized by the eloquent Irish Oblate, the Very Rev. M. A. Hunt. Mr. Gray personally is a genial host, a pleasant talker, and always in command of himself. He lives in what is probably the most luxurious home in Dublin. He attends closely to his paper, and by means of a telephone between his house and office is hourly in communication with his editors. Mrs. Gray is popular in society, and her entertainments are the most agreeable and brilliant given in Dublin.

THE MAN THAT ASSISTED AT MASS EVERY DAY, AND THE MAN THAT DID'NT.—We read in the life of St. John, the Almoner, of two men in trade who had been brought up at the same school, and had both much the same advantages. One of them married and had many children and nephews to provide for, and was so successful in everything that he not only provided for their current wants, but also invested a good sum of money for his children every year. The other was always in difficulties. He was scarcely ever able to meet his liabilities, and in all respects the world was against him. One day, meeting the prosperous companion of his early youth, he asked him how it was that he was blessed in all he undertook, whereas he was always in trouble. "I will call to-morrow and show the secret of my success." was the reply. He called early in the morning and asked the poor man to accompany him to Church. The prosperous tradesman called again the next day with a simple invitation, and the next. "Well," said the poor man, "if all I must do to get out of my miserable state is to go to Mass, you need not call, for I know the way to the Church." "Precisely so," said the prosperous tradesman, "I never go to business without first having been to Mass, and I try to act up strictly to the injunction of the Gospel, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added to you.'" (Matt. vi. 33.) The poor man followed the advice he had received, and God began speedily to bless him.

EGYPT.

The Expedition.

The whole of the English expedition are clothed in serge instead of cloth, with white helmets, and the well-known danger of ophthalmia, one of the present plagues of Egypt, is recognized by an order for the purchase by the Clothing Department of 200,000 green spectacles.

An American's Opinion.

Colonel J. F. Milliken, who has resided in Egypt for the past five years, and is at present on a visit to his brother in Pennsylvania, thus describes Arabi Bey to a correspondent:

Achmet Arabi Bey is undoubtedly the strongest man in Egypt. By birth he is a fellah, or peasant. He entered the army as a private, and worked his way to the front against jealousies and all the unprincipled schemes envious persons could throw in his course. He was dismissed from the army on a dubious charge of corruption by a jealous War Minister. Subsequently he was reinstated, and still later, on account of his boldness in thought and utterance, and great popularity, he was made Sub-Minister of War, in the hope of silencing him. It proved a failure, however, and he has been constantly growing in power. As soon as he entered the War Office, he ousted the Christians, Jewish, and Coptic clerks He is ambitious, restless, contentious, and will permit his ill-balanced zeal to blind his judgment, and remain so until his country is invaded by England and France. The Egyptian people are all with Arabi Bey in whatever he undertakes. His unfaltering constancy to Mahommedanism has gained the priests as his firm supporters, and gained him perfect control over the people, being capable of influencing them in any way Arabi might suggest. Arabi is looked upon as the savior of his country. As to the condition of the army of Egypt, the artillery is supplied with Krupp breech-loading guns, the infantry with the finest Remington rifles, and the cavalry with carbines and sabres. Throughout, the army is thoroughly equipped, disciplined, and in good condition. This is entirely attributable to General Stone. For some time past Arabi Bey has been recruiting the army, and the number will probably reach 50,000. The Bedouin Arabs are fast friends and admirers of Arabi Bey. In a brief period he can have in the field from 75,000 to 125,000 men. Of these Arabs, the Bedouins are not subject to military service or compulsory labor. They are allowed many privileges under the government which are not accorded to the Egyptians themselves.

The Jesuits and Franciscans.

Father Francis, of Orta, a Franciscan, writes as follows to the *Unitá Cattolica* of Turin: "There are no longer any Europeans, either Christians or Jews, in Egypt. . . . . We are the only ones who remain—we and the poor Franciscan nuns. O, if those who ill-treat us in Italy and in Europe could only know and appreciate what is going on here! If the Italians have little or no respect for us, the Mussulmans, for the moment at least, hold us in great esteem. The poor Sisters of Kafrdouar were much alarmed at finding themselves left alone in their convent; the Mussulmans came to encourage them, telling them not to be afraid, because they, the chiefs, would undertake to guard and defend them. They invited the nuns, if they were afraid to remain in their convent, to lodge in their houses, which were open to receive them. The Sisters thanked them, and preferred to remain at their post. Thereupon the *mahnour*, after hav-

ing posted a sentinel near the convent, himself patrolled the neighborhood with his men during the night, with a view to the better protection of the nuns. The Mussulmans of Mansourah also are well pleased that we have not gone away, and no one molests us."

As regards the Jesuit missionaries, we have received some interesting communications which inform us of the safety of the Fathers at Alexandria and Cairo. In the former city the Society has been established only since the beginning of the present year, having had to encounter many difficulties in going there at all, and still greater difficulties in obtaining a house of residence. They were scarcely settled there when the first massacre of the 11th June, and then the bombardment of the 11th July, occurred. Amidst all the anxiety, and even panic which preceded those events, they persevered, to the surprise of lookers-on, in preparing their chapel for the uses of the public, and on the 26th of June, one of the two Fathers wrote in the following terms to his superior: "We shall very soon be left quite alone. We try to inspire those around us with courage, without much effect sometimes, but now and then we succeed. We are every day receiving congratulations from those who remain. Indeed, if there is no danger, why should we desert our post? and if there is danger, is it not the proper place for us? The two missionaries accordingly remained on shore all through the bombardment, and the subsequent sacking and burning of Alexandria, and rendered what assistance they could to the victims, although their house, in the Place Mehemet Ali, was far distant from the centre of the town. The most recent intelligence, while it contains no news as to what may or may not have befallen the house, proves that the two missionaries are safe. One of them is the brother of the lieutenant in the French army who was lately murdered in the Flatters expedition to Central Africa, and his family, having already suffered so terrible a loss, were naturally in great anxiety about him. From Cairo the Father Superior writes on the 19th June: "You must be very anxious about us after the sanguinary riot at Alexandria; but set your minds at ease, for we are quite tranquil here, and in good health. The crisis through which we are passing may become more grave, it is true, but we have not yet come to the general massacres about which there have been rumors for some days past. The panic is complete and unparalleled. Cairo is emptying visibly. the shops are closing, the banks suspending operations, the great administrative establishments emigrating. Those who do not fly are taking measures to meet a rising and an attack. The pupils are leaving the classes—ours as well as the Brothers. and though we do not apprehend any great danger, we shall have to take steps to secure the safety of our Coptic seminarists.

A MAYOR of one of the communes in France made the following entry upon his register: — "I, mayor of ——, found yesterday in the forest, a man of the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender. whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely; called me a ragamuffin, an ass, a precious old dolt, an awful and contemptible scarecrow — all of which I hereby certify to be strictly true."

THE Khedive tried to get "over the Bey," but found he couldn't.

AN old lady, writing to her son, warns him to beware of bilious rooms.

ENTERTAINING knowledge — ascertaining the cost of a dinner party.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TALE OF A GLASS.

Sometimes we see great big glasses in bed-rooms, to which they give a queer French name, which means horse glass. I do not know why they get that name. Some boys and girls will no doubt say, "May be as they are so large that a horse could see himself quite well in them." Well, it may be so. I am sure he could, if he were such a fool as to try, but horses have more sense,— if they please those who mind them, and are kind to them, they do not care how they look. I could name some one, not half as big as a horse, who thinks *she* knows best what is nice, and pouts if she does not get it, but I shall say no more about her now. You may know her yourself; if you do, give her my love, and tell her I hope soon to hear of a great change.

Now, I must tell you my tale of a glass. It had stood in Mrs. Blake's room for years, and all her friends thought it quite "a gem of a glass," it was so large and clear, and had cost so much.

Mrs. Blake had a son, a fine, bright boy, whose name was Pat. He had often been told that he and the glass had come into the house at much the same time, so it was quite like an old friend. He could watch his growth too by the frame; first, he had grown to one rose leaf, then the next, then he grew as high as the first rose, on his last birth-day (the eighth he had seen) he had come quite up to the large bunch of buds; and when he was at the second rose he was to go to school. The last rose was eight feet from the ground, that Pat said he would brush with his eyelash when he came home; and as he was known to be a "man of his word," his nurse thought he might.

"Why shouldn't he grow to be a *joint*," she said; "sure the Blakes were the rale ould stock, and there was no knowin' what the likes of them would come to."

One day when the rain fell fast, and Mrs. Blake was out, poor Pat did not know what to do. He brought his ball to the hall to play, and at first all went well; but soon it grew dull work, and Pat thought it hard lines to have no boy or girl to play with. It was no use to say a chair was a boy,— it did not look like one a bit. At last he thought of the glass, and up he flew to his dear old friend. There it stood as true as true could be, and in it was a boy at play like himself. It was great fun. Soon it came into his mind that he might break the glass, so he went to the back, and thought it would be nice to bound the ball from his palm to an "eye" in the wood. It struck true to the mark, but a loud crash made his heart give one leap, and then stop.

What could it be? The glass still shook in its great stand, but, "Oh," he thought, "it could not be that!"

"Oh, no, that would be too bad to be true!" He ran to the front, and there, with a large star, whose rays ran from end to end, was the "gem of a glass," a mass of ruin!

Just then wheels came near, and Pat heard Mrs. Blake's voice,— for the first time its sweet tones brought no joy to his heart. He flew down the stairs and met her in the hall, white and stiff with fear.

"Pat, my love, what ails you?" As she took his cold hands in her own —"My boy, my own one, won't you speak?"

Pat hid his face in the kind hands, and with sobs and tears, told her all.

Mrs. Blake took him in her arms, and said in a low, soft voice —

"My God, I thank Thee! — not that my boy can break a glass, but that he cannot tell a lie."

MEDITATIONS FOR SOME MOTHERS.

"Molly, dear!"

"Well, Mamma!" and Molly lifts her great brown eyes from the pages they have been perusing.

"What do you want for dinner?"

"Oh, please don't ask me—just have anything. I don't feel a bit like eating."

"But remember, my child, there are four hours till dinner-time."

"Are there?" with a yawn. "Let's have some bread and milk."

"Nonsense, child. I know your needs far better than you do yourself. When the time comes you want your dinner. What do you think of a chicken?"

"All right," said Molly, nodding her pretty head.

"And pancakes?"

"O, mother, if you will! Your pancakes are the nicest things in the world. I believe I could eat them now."

"Well, dear, you shall have them; but you can't always have mother, and no cook can suit you as mother does. Why not learn how to make them for yourself? Then, when you are married—"

Molly throws aside her book.

"Mamma! how can you? when you know I never intend to marry a man for whom I shall be obliged to cater. The very thought is abhorrent. I hate the whole thing. I hope I am pretty and accomplished enough to make my fortune."

"My love, you are lovely enough for a prince, if the prince would only come; but, somehow, for your own comfort, I feel as if you ought to learn something about cooking, for instance."

Enter a small boy with a screaming chicken fluttering from his hand, head down. Molly hides her eyes, and her mother hastens along with the grinning urchin to the kitchen.

"Couldn't you bring a dressed fowl?" she asks the boy.

"Undressed, you mean, ma'am, don't you?" responds the small boy, with a larger grin.

"You will at least chop its head off.

"O, mamma, don't! I won't eat one mouthful," screams Molly, flying up the stairs.

"I could wish," murmurs Molly's mother, "that either chickens had less feathers or that Molly knew enough to help me; but then the poor beauty—the thing would sicken her, as it does me; she wouldn't be able to eat any dinner—she is so delicate. I do hope Providence will provide, so that she never need work as I have done."

Such mothers, I have noticed, seem to possess unlimited faith in Providence — a sort of specific for laziness and debility. Meanwhile, Molly has a beauty-sleep, then plays her exercises, reads a page in French, talks German to her canary, dresses, powders, bangs, and concludes that she is sufficiently "killing," and then waits complacently for the dinner signal.

"Why, mamma dear," she says, when at last the bell rings, "you look tired to death, and your cap is half off, and you have forgotten your collar. How red your face is! Couldn't you possibly manage not to hang over the fire. You might wear gloves. Don't let's have dinner; but then the fried chicken is delicious, and the pancakes light and crisp, and altogether the nicest things in the world;" and the poor, silly mother is so charmed at her artless delight and the flattery of her beautiful child, that she feels repaid for all her trouble.

Well, her child marries rich; but could her mother look in upon the "beauty" a few years later, while she herself is lying in her narrow bed, where toil and care have laid her before the time — could she see the pretty, accomplished daughter, harassed by a thousand cares of which she was never told and never dreamed, with sickly children hanging on her

skirts, she herself fretful and discouraged, the once-rich husband a poor man, cursing his ill luck in having a wife who knows nothing besides making herself agreeable, and cannot do even that now, who will not exert herself at this late day to learn how to make home tolerable, not to say comfortable—she would weep tears of blood over her own fatal lack of energy. She would not say, "Will you!" but "You must!" not "Can you?" but "You shall!" and all with such sweetness and firmness that the child would see it was no tyranny, but done to prepare her not only to help herself, but others.

A LITTLE HERO.

A BOY in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister, of four years old, was alarmed by the cry of some men who were in pursuit of a mad dog. The boy, looking round, saw the dog running towards him; but, instead of making his escape, he took off his coat, and, wrapping it round his arm, he faced the dog; and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it, and worried the coat until the men came up and killed the dog. The men asked the boy why he did not run and avoid the dog, which he could so easily have done. "Yes," said the little fellow, "I could run from the dog, but if I had he would have attacked *my sister*. So I gave him my coat that he might tear it."

THE BOY ST. ALOYSIUS.

IN the Roman college founded by St. Francis Borgia, but now used by the Italian Government as a lyceum, is the chamber once occupied by the young St. Aloysius de Gonzaga while pursuing his studies.

He was the son of the Marquis of Castiglione, a branch of the illustrious house of the Dukes of Mantua, allied with the royal families of France, Spain and Austria. He received his first Communion at the hands of St. Charles Borromeo, and lived in his father's palace as in a cloister. His mother used to call him *il mio angelotto*.

In 1581, he went to Spain with his parents, who accompanied Donna Maria of Austria, the daughter of Charles V., and wife of the Emperor Maximilian. St. Aloysius and his brother Rodolphus were appointed pages of honor to the Prince Royal of Spain.

He entered the Society of Jesus at Rome before he was 18, and while attending the sufferers from the pestilence of 1591, caught the disease himself and died at the age of 23, a martyr of charity. So great was his joy at the approach of death, that he made a scruple of it to his confessor, Cardinal Bellarmine. No one ever more fully verified the words of Crabbe: "And never mortal left this world of sin more like the infant that he entered in."

The chamber St. Aloysius occupied at the Roman college is now an oratory and hung with red. The beams of the ceiling are hung with arabesques, and on the walls hang scenes from his brief life. Among these paintings is an authentic portrait. Here are preserved the crucifix he used to wear, and a volume of notes on theology written by his own hand.

LOVE YOUR DEAR MOTHER.

HONOR the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snow flakes on her brow, deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother.

The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you

than any other friend on earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to climb, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you to die by the wayside unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured with vice. Love her then tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion. It is one of the strongest commands in the Decalogue, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Oscar Wilde says: after leaving America he will go to Japan, the most highly civilized country on the globe. He says "nowhere else does good manners so universally prevail among all classes. The culture and attainments of these people are little understood in this country. Next to Japan is France, where, in spite of frequent revolutions, good manners have reached a strange degree of perfection. If you visit France, do not waste your time in Paris, among the ruined monuments of the empire, but go into the villages and the remote country hamlets, and note the instinctive politeness of the peasant, who will convince you that you have honored his country by coming into it. The Englishman abroad is in the main a man of good manners and an agreeable companion. I am a Celt, but I can tell the truth about him. At home the average Englishman is arrogant, ill-tempered, and tied down by prejudices which nothing will induce him to lay aside."

Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it, says an exchange; but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened in that way.

THE BOYS.

There comes the boys! Oh, dear, the noise,
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Christie's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!

But never mind; if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors — oh, woe betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know the boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly boys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks;
What brave hats made of paper.

The dinner bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming;
And then the rush of "steam car trains"
Set all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair —
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys" — but not for long;
Ah, could we bear about us
This thought: — How very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us;

How soon but tall, deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother,"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently should we chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket.

A certain doctor of divinity said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by clipping his lawn, when a parishioner said, "That's right, doctor — cut your sermons short."

Fame is like a pig with a greased tail — hard to hang on.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

FOR EARACHE.—Dissolve assafœtida in water, warm a few drops and drop in the ear, then cork the ear with wool.

TO KEEP JELLY.—Housekeepers may be glad to know that jelly covered with pulverized sugar will keep without mould if it is set away on a small shelf where small boys cannot get at it.

HOW TO TREAT BITES AND STINGS.—Apply instantly, with a soft rag, most freely, spirits of hartshorn. The venom of stings being an acid, the alkali nullifies it. Fresh wood ashes, moistened with water and made into a poultice, frequently renewed, is an excellent substitute, or soda, or saleratus, all being alkalies. To be on the safe side in the case of snake or mad-dog bites, drink brandy, whiskey, rum, or other spirits as free as water, a teacupful or a pint, or more, according to the aggravation of the circumstances.

POTATOES A LA LYONNAISE.—These are much simpler than the name implies. Rub a lump of good butter over the inside of a clean, smooth, slightly-warmed skillet, turn in some cold boiled potatoes, cut up, add pepper, salt, a little chopped parsley, and perhaps the least bit of onion very fine. Shake from time to time, and see that they do not brown. "Fried white" is the accepted slang in fashionable hotels for this mystification in the art of potatoe cooking.

HULLED CORN.—Take three quarts of corn, three quarts of wood ashes, six quarts of water; boil the ashes in the water, skim off the scum which will rise to the top, then strain the lye and put into a clean kettle with the corn; boil until the skins break easily from the kernels, skim out the corn, rinse it thoroughly in several waters, the last time rubbing it; let it stand in cold water for ten or fifteen minutes, when you can rub off the black chits; rinse again, put back into kettle with clean water and boil till tender. Eat in milk, and with sugar and cream.

PICKLES.—Be sure that your cucumbers are fresh, then for three mornings pour hot salt water over them; take one cup of salt to about six quarts of water; have it fresh each morning. The fourth morning heat some vinegar with small lumps of alum in it, and turn it over the cucumbers, allowing them to remain in it until the next day; then take them out of the vinegar, put them in stone jars or glass cans, pour over them cold vinegar of good strength, in which put plenty of white mustard seed, about in the proportion of one ounce of seed to one gallon of vinegar; put in also a lump of alum about the size of a butternut; lay fresh horse-radish leaves over the cucumbers, cover closely, and set in the cellar. The pickles may be seasoned by putting in sliced onions, or small whole onions, green or red peppers, pieces of horse-radish root, spices and brown sugar to taste. Never in any circumstances "green them" by using a copper kettle.

SPICED TRIPE.—Spiced tripe can be prepared at home, and be ready for use in a few days. Take fresh tripe, cut it in pieces four or five inches square; put a layer of the tripe in an earthen jar, then sprinkle a few cloves, allspice, and some black pepper over it, then another layer of tripe and spice, and so on until the jar is full. Cover it closely, and set it in a cool cellar, or, if possible, in a refrigerator. This is relished for tea. When served cold, with potatoe salad, also cold, biscuit and butter and chocolate, it makes a refreshing meal.

EGGS IN DYSENTERY.—The egg is considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on those organs, to enable Nature to resume her healthful sway over a diseased body. Two, or at most three, eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and, since the egg is not merely a medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

SATURDAY BEAN SOUP.—Baked beans and brown bread form a Sunday breakfast for so many, that the following will be a useful and economical soup for Saturday dinner. Boil a small soup bone in three quarts of water, until the meat can be separated from the bone, and the juice of the meat is all extracted; then strain. Add a cup or more of white beans—soaked over night, or for two hours—with more water, if necessary, and a slice of salt pork; parboil until the beans are soft and ready to put in the oven. Take out the pork and part of the beans, leaving enough for a bean soup; place the pot on the back of the stove and keep hot. Three-quarters of an hour before dinner, heat soup, sprinkle in a few bread crumbs, or bits of fried bread, season with salt or pepper, if needed, and serve with raw onions sliced very fine for those who like them.

THE HUMORIST.

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins."

When Moore's "Lalla Rookh" appeared, Lady Holland said to him: "Mr. Moore, I don't intend to read your 'Larry O'Rourke,' I don't like Irish stories."

"This is a funny doctrine," exclaimed Brown, who had been reading of metempsychosis. "The idea of a human soul entering the body of an animal! According to this doctrine my soul may inhabit the body of a jackass!" "And why not," said Fogg, demurely. "It would certainly feel more at home there than anywhere else."

A young lady recently asked a gentleman the meaning of the word "surrogate," and he explained it to her as "a gate through which parties have to pass to get married." "Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of sorrowgate." "You are right," replied her informant, "as women is an abbreviation of woe to man."

The son of an Austin butcher experienced great difficulty in comprehending fractions, although his teacher did his very best to make him understand their intricacies. "Now, let us suppose," said the teacher, "that a customer came to your father to buy five pounds of meat, and he only had four to sell — what would he do?" "Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it, and then it would weigh more than five pounds," was the candid response.

Maud: "What very large teeth Scotchmen have, mamma; haven't they?" Mamma: "Not any larger than we English people have, Maudie." Maud: "Oh, yes, they have; for when papa asked the new Scotch gardener to-day if he would take any whiskey, he replied that he would take just a toothful; and I'm sure papa made the butler give him more than half a tumblerful; and his tooth held it all, for he didn't spill a drop!"

The Hon. Lewis Barker, well known as one of the best public speakers and wits in Maine, was a member of the Legislature. Of course, he was conspicuous; so, too, was his large black, shaggy dog. One day when "Lew" was addressing the House, in the midst of a very exciting debate (he was well under way, pouring forth his smooth-flowing but impassioned sentences), the dog also rose in the middle of the House, and looking towards the Speaker, commenced a vigorous bow-wowing in his big voice, completely drowning the silvery tones of his master. "Lew" stopped and called out to his dog: "Down, sir! down! I have the floor. It is against the rules for more than one Barker to address the House at one time." The dog yielded the floor, and, of course, there was tremendous laughter.

A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his neighbor, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet that some fool would make fun of it." The young man slid out. At the next station the old man poured out his hot coffee into the saucer to cool. "Look, ma," said a simpering girl, "at that old-fashioned way of drinking." "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "and it was old-fashioned manners not to notice it." The elderly gentleman finished his journey in peace.

When Gen. Jackson was President of the United States, Jimmy O'Neill, the Irish doorkeeper of the White House, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which often offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and secretary, Major Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court the verdict was always reversed by the good nature of the old General. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence, and being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe this story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," said the General; "I have just heard it from two Senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty Senators say about you, its little I'd think you was fit to be President." "Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the General, "clear out, and go back to your duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's Presidential term, but accompanied him back to the Hermitage, and was with him to the day of his death. General Jackson had very little love or taste for poetry, his favorite author being Dr. Isaac Watts, from whose "Psalms and Hymns" he used to make his selections for the inscriptions in the ladies' albums, which were once so fashionable, when they were sent him with a request for his autograph. It is said that, while President, he never drank any ardent spirits. This was corroborated by his negro servant, who said that "Massa Jackson no drink rum, but den he drink his coffee strong enough to kill the debbil."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE arrest and imprisonment of the Hon. Mr. Gray, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin and its High Sheriff, on the morning of the opening of the Irish Exposition, when the city was crowded, reveal another contemptible effort of England to goad the people into open rebellion. No other explanation suffices. Mr. Gray was arrested without any preliminary formality, for the simple fact of his using presumed liberty of speech. The latest information is that the Irish Secretary of State has refused to interfere in his case.

This high-handed outrage against the personal rights and liberties of a citizen should for ever dissipate any idea in America that there is law or justice in Ireland. The country is even worse than if it were formally under military law. There is a rough justice among soldiers; but where a small, mean civil officer is simply the tool of a government, his violations of law are more flagrant and less excusable than the proceedings of a military tribunal.

From whatever side we view the arrest of Mr. Gray, its unjustifiableness becomes apparent. The technical charge was "contempt of court." But he was not present as an official, but simply as a spectator. He was not allowed to plead a single word in self-defence. His crime was a criticism upon a jury; and when has it been decided that a jury is above criticism? Our readers may infer the scant "justice" which the humbler classes receive when a high official like Mr. Gray is summarily sent to jail.

England's only hope is to precipitate a futile contest with her cut-throats and the people. The day seemed propitious; but, happily, the plot was foiled. Restraining their hot indignation, at the word of Parnell, the crowds remained orderly, and Dublin was preserved from riot and bloodshed.

But can these crimes against justice, in its sacred name, long continue? It would be too much to expect from the long-tried nation. Ireland is rapidly reaching that crisis of desperation, which will seize the first weapon at hand; and a people, fighting with the fury of despair, is trebly armed. A growing feeling is, that all pacific measures, all patience and endurance, only intensify the evils of British misrule. Like the people of Moscow, on the approach of the French army, there seems to be in Ireland a sullen disposition to give the whole country up to ruin and desolation, and in the last hour, to involve all in a common wreck. When Samson fell, he buried the Philistines with himself in the ruins.

ON Aug. 25th, the Convention of Free Thinkers met at Watkin's Glen, N. Y., and discussed a plan for building a university for the teaching of Free Thought. So long as Harvard and several other universities exist, there does not seem to be any great necessity for establishing schools of infidelity. The fact is, that there is not a non-Catholic University in the country, except those distinctively sectarian, that does not encourage infidelity. The chairs of philosophy and of the natural sciences, are filled with men who glory in being "advanced thinkers"; and as there is no true philosophy outside the Catholic Church, this state of affairs has been yearly growing worse.

Easy-going Protestants who unconsciously take any positive religion they have from the Catholic Church, would be startled at the "advance" which has been made in the past fifty years, even in "orthodox" colleges. Prof. Robertson, who wrote the articles on the Bible and its different books, in the new "Encyclopædia Brittanica," is a fair specimen of the teacher of the new Rationalistic method of interpreting the Scriptures. He defends the theory of Baur and the Tübingen school, that the Bible is only the expression of the religious consciousness of the Jewish people; that Jehovah is a God evolved out of their peculiar historical life; and that, not Moses, but a Jew of the Captivity was the author of the Pentateuch, etc. It would shock Protestants to know how their simple faith in the inspiration of the Book is ridiculed by men who prepare their future ministers for the pulpit.

Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, told the writer in a recent conversation, that, strange as it sounds, the West is leaving New England behind, in its advance toward Free Thought. The better classes are infidel; and the humbler classes, without instruction, are daily falling into the hands of secret societies. In New England, there is a large number of educated ministers who are competent to defend the historical evidences for the Scripture; but such men do not go West, where every phase of crude infidelity is sure to flourish. "This is the transition period for America," said the Bishop. "If we had a corps of thoroughly trained priests to take possession of the West, and present Christianity as it only can be presented by the Catholic Church, we could work wonders. But we have as much as we can do to save our own people; and as these are so scattered, we have to portion out priests in a way that really limits their usefulness so far as large communities are concerned."

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, has received the approbation of Rome to start a University for the highest education of those of the clergy who, by reason of superior talent and a taste for such work, are willing to train in an additional course of special study. Priests actively engaged in missionary work cannot devote themselves to prolonged study, nor have they the quiet and exemption from business cares which study demands. If one hundred bright, zealous, and studious priests from all parts of the country could be got together, under the training of a splendid faculty, (and we have the assurance that Rome would send here some of her cleverest men), we could sweep the country of such twaddle as Ingersolism, Beecherism, and the dozen "isms" which are leading America away from even historical Christianity. If the Church delays such a work, the consequence will be that Protestants, finding no foothold in their religion, which is being swept away by the tide of "free thought," will become the mere dupes and tools of secret societies and hidden cabals, that will use them for the worst revolutionary purposes, both here and in Europe.

THE American St. Cecilia Society is an organization devoted to the culture of Church music. It held its eighth annual Convention, this year, in Philadelphia. Approved by the Pope and the Bishops, it, nevertheless, does not seem to spread in a decidedly progressive way, as but few Churches have the Gregorian chant in the Mass service.

What is the reason? Because the people have not been trained to hearing or appreciating the distinctive music of the Church; and we fear that their ears will not now relish it. Church music, even as developed by Palestrina, is, on the whole, monotonous; and the music depends so much upon an understanding of the words, that the generality of the people are incapable of judging of its merits.

We say this with regret; for the music heard in many Catholic Churches is reminiscent of the opera and the dance-house. It is true that many great composers have written special Mass music, but they have employed in it all the devices familiar to the composer of opera and songs. The grave solemnity and severe simplicity of the Church chant would seem wearisome and tedious to our modern congregations.

Still, any effort looking toward the improvement of Church music should receive encouragement. We think that the people could be taught to love a music which has been hallowed by centuries of loving worship, and which dates from the catacombs, if not from the days of King David himself, for the Church has never lost the tradition of her song. One reform, anyhow, can be made — the banishing from the choir of the trivial, ear-tickling, and waltz-music, that too frequently distracts devotion.

An Addition to the Medical Profession of the Hub.—A worthy addition has been recently made to the medical profession of Boston, in the person of a smart and capable young Irish-American, Mr. E. T. Galligan. Dr. Galligan graduated from the Harvard Medical School last June, and has established himself at 88 Warren Street, Boston Highlands, — the office recently occupied by Dr. Foley, deceased. Dr. Galligan, while going through his Harvard course, was assistant to Dr. W. A. Dunne, of Chambers Street. We wish him success in the honorable profession he has chosen.

O'Connell Memorial Church.— The parish priest of Cahirciveen, in which parish O'Connell was born, has struck upon the truly national idea of endeavoring to build a new church in his parish as an "O'Connell Memorial Church." He has appealed to all Catholics, at home and abroad, to help in the good work, and he is about to visit Australia, on the invitation of a patriotic Irish prelate, in prosecution of his honorable task. It is a most happy idea, and we hope that it will be crowned with triumphant success.

Pastor and People. — The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Michael Moran, parish priest at St. Stephen's Church, Boston, and the tenth anniversary of his assignment to that church, was made a joyous occasion at that church on the 15th of July. High Mass was celebrated in the morning, a number of distinguished clergy being present. Father Moran was presented with a gold chalice studded with diamonds (the gift of Rt. Rev. Bishop McMahon), a gold watch and chain, a solid silver paper cutter, a roller top desk, and a check for $2,100 by his parishioners. The presentation speech was made by Father Millerick, the senior curate, to which Fr. Moran replied in a feeling and grateful manner. The North End Catholics are a generous people.

The Hungry in England.— At a recent gathering of the London missionaries of the Established Church, twenty-six out of the twenty-nine present said, in answer to a carefully prepared question, that they did, "of their own personal knowledge, know of industrious, temperate, prudent people, whose misfortunes could not be charged to their own fault or folly, lacking enough to eat." One went on to say that nothing was more common than an industrious, temperate workman, who had been out of work for any time, to fall sick as soon as he had obtained work again, his strength having been so sapped by under-nourishment.

Donahoe's Magazine for September is received. It has a portrait of Miss Fanny Parnell. Its leading article was written by that brilliant and lamented lady, and was received by Mr. Donahoe only a day or two before her death. He sent a prompt acknowledgment, but it is doubtful if she received it before her end came. It is supposed to be the last thing she had written for publication. The article is headed "Nationalization of the Land vs. Peasant Proprietary." In it the theories of Henry George and Michael Davitt are combatted. The other reading is of that instructive and interesting kind usual to the Magazine.—*The Republic.*

Temperance.— At the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, recently held in St. Paul, Minn., in the course of an able address, Bishop Ireland said: "Among other things, it was proved by official statistics that there are in the United States to-day no less than 170,640 saloons, which take in $15 per day on the average of the people's money. The amount of money spent annually in America for liquor is over $750,000,000, while the total valuation of church property in the country is only $154,000,000. Great Britain spends annually $740,000,000 in useless drink. The sum of money spent in the United States, if saved for six years, would buy all the railroads, and in eight years would pay the national debt. The Bishop referred particularly to the wrongs of Ireland, and maintained that the Irish people in Ireland spent as much money for drink as they did for rents, and claimed that if intemperance there could be stopped for a period of fifteen years, and the money now spent for liquor saved, a fund sufficient to buy the whole island would accrue. He asserted in most positive terms that intemperance was the greatest evil which had ever afflicted Ireland, and that its suppression would solve the happy future of that country quicker than anything else."

THERE was a disgraceful scene on a late Sunday at the Madeleine, Paris. One of the church officials found it necessary to expel a troop of British excursionists of the "'Arry" pattern, who were misbehaving themselves grossly during High Mass, and exciting disgust amongst the fashionable worshippers. Seeing that at fifty Roman Catholic churches in London the ceremonies are precisely the same as on the Continent, and that Ritualism has familiarised the lower and middle class mind with ornate worship, conduct of this kind is simply outrageous.

KISSING THE POPE'S FOOT.—The custom of kissing the Pope's foot is so ancient that no certain date can be assigned for its introduction. It probably began in the time of St. Peter himself, to whom the faithful gave this mark of profound reverence, which they have continued towards all his successors—always, however, having been instructed to do so with an eye to God, of whom the Pope is vicar. In which connection most beautiful was the answer of Leo X. to Francis I. of France, who, as Rinaldi relates, having gone to Bologna, humbly knelt before him and kissed his foot, saying that he was "very happy to see, face to face, the Pontiff Vicar of Jesus Christ." "Thanks," said Leo, "but refer all this to God Himself." To make this *relative* worship more apparent, a cross has always been embroidered on the shoes since the pontificate of Pope St. Gregory the Great, in the year 590.

THE British Parliament adjourned on the 18th August to assemble on the 24th of October. The *Irish-American* observes: "Gladstone's adjournment of Parliament for the recess without permitting the case of Mr. Gray to be brought up,—thus leaving an innocent and aggrieved man to suffer without redress,—shows what a wholesome fear the English Whig government has of the little band of patriots known as the 'Irish Party.' Numerically few, and unable to effect anything directly against the brute-force combination of English Whigs and Tories, they have yet shown their superiority over their opponents in debate and in statesmanship, and have battered down the defences of the strongest and most arbitrary government that England has seen since the time of Lord North. It is the absolute fact that Gladstone could not hold power to-day but that the Tories dare not face that little phalanx of brave and patriotic Irishmen; for they know that, were the Whigs out of office, their successors could not count on them to do the lackey's work the Tories have been performing for Gladstone since the death of Lord Beaconsfield."

THE glorious St. Dominic has given to the Church five noble Popes, seventy-three Cardinals, twenty-three Patriarchs, six hundred Archbishops, nineteen hundred Bishops, over four thousand writers of the greatest distinction, and orators inumerable. He gave them to the Church by establishing the Order.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—A despatch from Melbourne says: Archbishop Gould, D.D., O.S.A., of the Archdiocese, has been shot at and slightly wounded. His assailant has been arrested. He is named O'Farrell, and he is brother of the insane man who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh at Sydney in March, 1868.

AMONG the resolutions adopted at the Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held recently at St. Paul, Minn., were the following:—

Resolved, That we urge upon every member of our organization to subscribe for at least one Catholic weekly paper, and for some monthly or quarterly publication which will defend our holy religion from current attacks upon it.

Resolved, That one of the means which we will adopt in future, in order to gain the practical and universal help of the hierarchy and priests will be, besides showing ourselves practical and exemplary Catholics, to take an active and sympathetic interest in everything that concerns the welfare of the Church, to support by word, pen, and pecuniary aid, Catholic schools.

THE CZAR.—Here is a suggestion by the *New York World* that is deserving of attention: "Now that the Czar feels once more free to go about without an escort in the streets of his own capital, why should he not interfere to re-establish 'law and order' in Ireland, as England is interfering to establish 'law and order' in Egypt? The lord-lieutenant of Ireland dares not ride out from his residence without a squadron of cavalry, and when he drove out the other day in a four-in-hand all his guests wore large revolvers. The British postal authorities in Ireland not only prohibit the circulation of foreign newspapers, but actually confiscate 'registered letters and packages suspected of containing seditious information or dangerous preparations.' Clearly the interests of civilization and humanity, and all the rest of it, call upon the great powers to put a stop to this dreadful state of affairs. Could not the Czar try the efficacy of a benevolent bombardment of Dublin?"

CELTIC CONFEDERATION.—A conference of delegates from the Celtic Confederation was recently held in Dublin. Mr. Justin McCarthy, member of Parliament for Longford, presided. On motion of Mr. Sexton, member of Parliament for Sligo, an executive committee was formed, including representatives of the Irish parliamentary party and prominent members of the Land League. The Conference adopted an address to Mr. Parnell, expressing a determination to found an association which would extend to the different classes in Ireland those efforts which hitherto have proved so fruitful in the direction of land reform.

SCORE ONE FOR IRELAND.—The *Glasgow Weekly Herald* prints a letter from a commercial traveller in Ireland, of sixteen years' experience, in which he says: "Several branches of Irish industry that were formerly struggling for an existence, have been stimulated into great prosperity. This is specially true of Irish tweed factories, which cannot now fill their orders. New tweed factories are springing into existence, and in a few instances new industries have been started, and are doing a roaring trade. Guinness, the great brewer, has started a large woolen factory. The making of glass bottles, which hitherto has had but scant success, is going on prosperously, chiefly on account of the enthusiasm for everything of home manufacture. Many other industries are thriving under this home-made zeal."

THE IRISH CROPS.—The *Dublin Freeman* of Aug. 12 says: "The past week of glorious weather has brightened the face of the country, and once more raised the hopes of agriculturists, who are now beginning to feel more sanguine regarding the harvest. Large quantities of old meadow hay have been saved in fine condition. The potato blight has not extended its ravages since the dry weather set in; and, though the earlier sorts are beyond remedy, the late growers, such as champions, are doing well, and may yet turn out a good crop. The cereals, oats especially, promise a rich return on well-cultivated lands. On wet or damp soils the crop is stunted and meagre, and not likely to prove remunerative. The green crops are greatly benefited by the heat. Should there be a continuance of fine weather, a fair supply of turf may yet be saved, though the quantity fit for use at the present is smaller than for many years, excepting 1880, when there was fuel famine. Altogether the prospect has brightened considerably within the last few days, and, with good weather and energetic industry to save the harvest, plenty may yet crown the labors of the husbandman.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES.—C. I. Hood & Co., the great sarsaparilla men, of Lowell, Mass., have issued four handsome placques, which sell for twenty-five cents. They are richly colored and finely executed, and the subjects are especially interesting. As a handsome ornament for the home they cannot be surpassed by anything of equal money value. They are fitted with a hanger, and so can be easily placed.

THE PEELERS.—The Irish Constabulary must really be a very shallow-pated body, or otherwise downright hypocrites. They made a great fuss about their grievances, and threatened to resign unless remedies were applied. But their masters, the British government, knowing how to deal with them, charged them with being in league with Fenians; and the over-sensitive constables, rather than stand such a charge, consented to abandon their agitation. Such servility is positively disgusting, observes the *Toronto Tribune*.

CONVERTED BY A "HAIL MARY."—The parish priest of "Notre Dame des Victoires," in Paris, said one day in a sermon that prayer to the Blessed Virgin was so powerful, that even one Hail Mary would suffice to convert a sinner. A celebrated writer, but very bad Catholic, happening to be in the church at the time, scoffed at the words of the priest. "What!" said he, laughing, "One Hail Mary? Well, let me try it;" and immediately he said that "Hail Mary." He had not prayed for a long time, but having said one Hail Mary he thought he would say another; and when the sermon was finished he went into the sacristy to have a talk with the priest, and before he left the sacristy, he made his confession, and was reconciled to God.

THE PARNELL FAMILY.—It may not be generally known that Mrs. Parnell has still living seven children, three sons and four daughters. John H. Parnell, of West Point, Ga., who is engaged in the culture of peaches; Charles S. Parnell, who is known to all the world on account of his indomitable perseverance in the cause of Ireland; and Henry Tudor Parnell, who is almost constantly travelling for the benefit of his health. The daughters living are Mrs. Thompson, in Paris, Mrs. Dickinson, in Dublin, Mrs. Paget, in Chatham, England, and the great Anna, the Joan of Arc of Ireland. Mrs. Parnell will revisit the land of her love shortly, to gain strength from what she calls her native air of Ireland. Fanny's remains are to be sent to Ireland by the Land League of America, to rest among the shamrocks that she loved so well.

THE new governor of Georgia is an O'Neill.

COMING TO AMERICA.—It is stated that a deputation of Irish members of Parliament will be sent to America by the Dublin Mansion House committee, for the relief and protection of evicted tenants to secure assistance.

DURING the display of fireworks in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, two men, who attempted to climb over the railings, caught hold of the electric wire used for illuminating the grounds, and were struck dead on the spot.

THE Ladies' Land League in Ireland has been dissolved. A resolution has been adopted recommending the establishment of leagues throughout the country for the purpose of teaching the rising generation the country's history, and encouraging the circulation of national literature.

THERE is a curious inconsistency in the fact that the press of this country acknowledges that the cabled reports of the Egyptian war bear evident signs of being "doctored" by the English; and yet, all accounts of Irish "outrages," manipulated by the same means, are received as gospel truth.

REV. J. A. CUNNANE, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church at Newport, Md., acted as priest and physician to a small-pox patient who was deserted by every one, and when the unfortunate man died, he further acted as undertaker and sexton. In recording this, the *Baltimore Sun* says, "There are heroes who never draw a sword."

NEVER has there been a greater influx of tourists into Ireland than during the fine weather of the month of August. The hotels at Bray were crowded, and the county of Wicklow is literally given over to tourists. This picturesque neighborhood is as peaceful as if Mr. Forster had never held the post of Irish Secretary.

THE two periodicals—the *Catholic World* and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE—are punctually at hand for September. We would wish to write each month *in extenso* of the many interesting things found in these magazines, but have no sooner had time to enjoy one number than another is at hand. We wish most heartily that all Catholic families would take either one of these, or both, if possible.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.—July 2d was the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim, which was fought between the English, under Marlborough, aided by Prince Eugene of Germany, and the French and Bavarian forces, under Marshal Tallard, when the latter were defeated with a loss of 40,000 men killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, 120 pieces of cannon, and 300 standards.

BEN BUTLER has bought an old sloop in Halifax and taken clearance papers for Port Crekett, in Madagascar. The loyal subjects of Great Britain across the line are profoundly agitated at the thought that she may turn out to be a Fenian war vessel. We have always admired the innocence of the Provincials, but we had thought they knew too much of Ben Butler to suppose that he would fight on sea. His knowledge of naval warfare is confined to manœuvring a few ships in a canal.—*St. Louis Western Watchman.*

THE MOONSHINERS.—The first "Moonlight" cases at Cork, in which Connell, the informer, has appeared as Queen's evidence, have resulted in a disagreement of the jury. Of course it would be impossible for any conscientious jury to convict persons on the testimony of a fellow who, out of his own mouth, stands confessed as a deserter, a perjurer, and a jail-bird. It is deplorable, indeed, that not less than sixty-five persons should be deprived of their liberty on the unsupported word of such a scamp.

SURRATT, the poor girl who suffered so terribly as to make her old while yet young in years, lives near her brother John. She is the wife of Professor Tonry, who is now the leading chemist of Baltimore. After her mother had been hanged, and her own mental faculties were shattered by the agonies she had undergone, the innocent girl was ostracised and persecuted to an extent that is a disgrace to our so-called Christian civilization. Years after, when Mr. Tonry—then a Government clerk—dared to marry her, he was dismissed from office for the offence. For a time they were very poor, but being turned out of the Government grind proved to be the making of him after all. They are now prosperous enough in a worldly point of view, but the once blithe and beautiful Annie is a wreck, both mentally and physically, with hair as white as the driven snow, though but little more than thirty years of age. She never recovered from the shock of that awful day, the last of her mother's life, and is subject to fits of extreme nervousness, bordering on delirium.

PILGRIMAGE.

There are few pastors, perhaps, that exert a more constant, anxious and jealous care over the spiritual wants of their flocks than does Rev. Thomas Scully of the Church of St. Mary's of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport. Last year the congregation of this church, under the guidance of the pastor and his assistants, made a jubilee visit in procession to the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge, the affair being unique in the history of the church in New England; but probably no event ever took place in this country that revived to such a degree the customs of the early Christians as the religious pilgrimage on the 7th of August, when about 1000 men, women and children of the church made a pious visit to the church of the Holy Name, Chicopee, travelling a distance of over 200 miles. At 5.30 o'clock in the morning the pilgrims gathered in St. Mary's Church, and, with the pastor, recited the Litany of the Saints. A special train conveyed them to Chicopee. The school brass band, composed of boys, played martial strains; the boys' battalion bore arms and carried the American and Irish flags. Each person in the procession wore a white satin badge, appropriately marked for the occasion. About forty girls of the convent schools wore white dresses and long white veils, with wreaths of flowers on their heads; and eleven banners bearing religious paintings and mottoes were distributed equally along the line. The pilgrim train started at 6 o'clock, and arrived about 10.39 at its destination, where the pilgrims were received by Father Healy, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, Chicopee, and vicar-general of the diocese of Springfield, and large numbers of his congregation. All then joined in a procession to the church, where a solemn high mass was celebrated, with Father Healy as celebrant, Father Harkins of Holyoke as deacon and Father Welch of Easthampton as sub-deacon. The sermon, on "Catholic Education," was preached by Father Burke of Westboro. After mass the visitors were shown around the church, monastery, parochial school and sisters' school connected with the parish, and, while on the spacious grounds, took dinner in little groups of families. In the afternoon they visited the chapels of the monastery and convent school to pray for the establishment of Catholic schools and to thank God for those now in existence. While in the hall of the school the boys of St. Mary's School presented the boys' parochial school of Chicopee with a banner representing our Saviour blessing little children, and bearing the scriptural passage, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and the following: "Pilgrimage, 1882." The girls of St. Mary's also presented the girls of the Chicopee school with a banner representing the Immaculate Conception. William Dwyer presented the banner on the part of the boys and Elizabeth Hickey on the part of the girls. Both made addresses. After the presentations, remarks on Catholic education were made by Fathers Scully, Healy, Mundy and others. Late in the afternoon a visit was made to the little grotto chapel of the Blessed Virgin in the school gardens, where the benediction was given. The pilgrims left Chicopee at 5.25 o'clock and arrived home at 9 o'clock, all being well pleased with the day's work. Father Scully considered the day one of the happiest in his life, and he thinks that the pilgrimage was a grand success in every respect. He was much pleased with the manner in which the vast numbers of the congregation conducted themselves and the thorough appreciation of the exercises in which they were engaged. No accident or interruption of any sort happened to mar the success of the affair. On their return Fathers Scully and Mundy were almost prostrated with fatigue, which they bore uncomplainingly, feeling overjoyed with their day's work for the salvation of souls.

GEN. LAWLER. — We give under our obituary record a brief sketch of this great general. The Buffalo *Union and Times* remarks:—That brave Irishman, General Lawler, a sketch of whose remarkable career in the service of his adopted country appears elsewhere in this issue—was the ideal Christian soldier. His heart was that of another Bayard, without fear, without reproach—

> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> He feared no danger, for he knew no sin.

We have been assured by Father Lambert, the universally esteemed Illinois chaplain in those stormy days, to whom Gen. Lawler went regularly to confession, that whenever Sunday found them on the weary march, when he could not hear Mass, he invariably heard it in spirit, reading his Mass prayers meditatively the while, when the casual observer fancied he was perusing some manual of military tactics. Careers like that of Gen. Lawler's are the most eloquent proof that the man who loves God and obeys his holy law, is ever the brave soldier and true patriot.

IMPRISONMENT and fines for wife-beating have been abolished in Maryland. The State whips the husband of whom the offence is proved, and neither allows his wife to obtain a pardon for him nor to take the whipping herself. The consequence is that wife beating as a marital amusement is going out of fashion.

THE ENGLISH WAR ON EGYPT.

Not much progress has been made by England in Egypt since the attack on Alexandria. General Wolseley reports that the health of the troops at the front is good. Other reports from reliable sources state dysentery and sunstroke are prevalent, and judging from the number of sick now here, and arriving by train, the number of ineffectives is evidently very large.

De Lesseps, who has just arrived in Paris, says: "He was convinced that Arabi has the whole nation at his back. His force at present is probably between 25,000 and 30,000 Arabs. He has arms for 200,000, and when he needs men, he can get them. The English sailors had behaved very badly, firing right and left in the streets and killing many Arab women and children, and one of De Lesseps' own employes. The English army is very well organized. He thinks the war will be a long one, and its final result cannot yet be forecast. No serious operations could be undertaken until the hot weather and overflow of the Nile were at an end. This would be in October. The war would be no military promenade. It was not true that Arabi had mutilated English dead and wounded; he had heard nothing of that from the officers in Egypt. England had been long intending to get her fingers into Egypt, on some pretext or another. The whole of the Egyptian trouble has been caused by the intrigues of Edward Mallet, and for the purpose of giving England this opportunity. He had not seen any of the actual fighting, but there had been many more killed and wounded among the English than they had reported. There were also many cases of sunstroke, and a little cholera, too. When he had been in Egypt, before the troubles had begun, he had found some opposition to Arabi among the Bedouin chiefs, but now they were, he believed, all for Arabi. Even those who before had opposed Arabi, had said to him (De Lesseps) that they were Egyptians before they were anything else. Even if Arabi was killed, or captured, the war would not, on that account, come to an end.

MR. GLADSTONE has given up his yachting tour, on account, it is alleged, of stress of weather. Had the awkward state of the political atmosphere as well anything to do with the interruption of his well-earned holiday? It is an open secret, that though our prospects in Egypt look bright enough, there are diplomatic undercurrents which seriously complicate the situation. Moreover, the Nile is rising.

THE Catholic population of Canada number two millions.

OUR COLLEGES.

THE OLD MOUNTAIN.—We are gratified to learn that old Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., is rapidly rising into favor under the judicious management of Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D.

BOSTON COLLEGE.—The College opened on the 4th inst. under favorable circumstances. Many changes have been made in the Faculty, but not to the disadvantage of the College. Father O'Connor is the guiding star of the College.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.—This College is so well known to those seeking for a thorough education for their children, that we cordially refer to it. Both Protestants and Catholics can testify to its great advantages in imparting a sound and thorough education.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.—Our friends in Canada will find this one of the best conducted in the New Dominion. Rev. Father Vincent is President, and looks after the interests of the students.

We refer to the advertisements in our columns for further particulars.

THE *London World* observes that Mr. Justice Lawson did the government a very bad turn when he inflicted on Mr. Gray so severe a sentence. It is no secret that Mr. Gladstone views the whole affair with disapprobation, and I believe the Irish law officers of the Crown received something like a reprimand for pressing the matter so strongly on the attention of the court. Lord Spencer is placed in a singularly awkward position. He cannot release Mr. Gray at once without passing a sort of censure on the judge, and he cannot keep him in prison without giving dissatisfaction to moderate men of all parties. It is probable that he will settle the matter by a compromise. Mr. Gray will be kept in prison for a brief period, and then will be discharged with an injunction to go and sin no more.

CATHOLICISM IN SWITZERLAND.—Notwithstanding the many persecutions which the Catholic Church has to undergo in Switzerland, the number of converts is increasing greatly, and the church accommodation is totally insufficient. At Bale there is only one church to supply the spiritual needs of 18,000 Catholics, and many of the faithful were obliged last Sunday, in consequence of the annual influx of visitors, to hear Mass in the space of ground in front of the church. It is added that the converts of the last three years in Bale alone would be sufficient to fill the church comfortably.

AUGUST 21st was the third anniversary of the Apparition at Knock, Ireland.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. For Schools and Colleges. By John MacCarthy.

A very valuable contribution to our school literature, and for the household. The author is a gentleman of proved ability, being a contributor to the *Catholic World*, the New York press, etc. The book comprises over 608 pages, is well printed, and sold for $1.50.

THE ILLUSTRATED TABLE BOOK AND FIRST LESSONS IN NUMBERS.

On presenting a new and improved edition of the "Illustrated Table Book and First Lesson in Numbers," the publishers call attention to the plan on which this book was prepared. The inductive method of teaching has been applied to every department of elementary instruction, but to none with that success which has attended its application to the study of Arithmetic. The objection to the inductive method is the amount of time required to develop the elementary steps of the science. This objection loses much of its force in relation to Arithmetic because of the difficulty attending the teaching of this subject. Consequently the publication of this book has been attended with an amount of success far beyond the expectations of the publishers. The first lesson is devoted to the primary ideas of numbers, figures, and counting; the rule being to take one step at a time. The second lesson completes the digits by easy stages. Then follows counting to twenty. This plan is pursued by oral and written exercises through the four simple rules. This method of teaching has the approval of the authorities in New York and throughout the east, and is the plan adopted by the most successful teachers among us. The weights and measures are presented with a clearness and fulness not found in any other table book of similar size, with this fact in our favor: that the figures given by us are taken from the official statistics of the United States Government. The present edition has been brought out in a style befitting its many excellencies. Single copies, 20 cents.; introduction price, 10c.; after introduction, 12c.

P. J. Kenedy, N. Y.

CATHOLIC FLOWERS FROM PROTESTANT GARDENS. Edited by James J. Treacy. 276 pages, 16mo., fine cloth, gold and ink designs, gilt edges. Price $1.

This attractive volume is made up of selections from Protestant authors, such as Milton, Spenser, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Southey, Burns, Scott, Hemans, Lytton, Rogers, Whittier, etc. Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. has been graciously pleased to send the editor of this work his Apostolic Benediction.

THE CATHOLIC PIONEERS OF AMERICA. A new book by Dr. John O'Kane Murray. 434 pp. 16mo., beautifully bound in black and gold. Price, $1; gilt edges, $1.50.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

DR. BROWNSON'S WORKS.—It is with very great pleasure that we learn that the first volume of a new, uniform, and complete edition of the works of Dr. Brownson is in the press, and will be issued about the first of November. Other volumes will appear at intervals of three months or less. This new edition of Dr. Brownson's writings will comprise 17 vols. 8vo., of 500 to 600 pages each, and will be published at $3 per volume. The writings will be arranged under the heads of Philosophy, Modern Science, the Relations of Church and Society, Religious Controversy, Theology, Literature, and Politics at Home and Abroad, and it is intended to furnish a full alphabetical index to the whole in the last volume. Mr. Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit, a son of Dr. Brownson, and a gentleman eminently qualified for the task, has undertaken the

editorship. This announcement will be welcome news to hundreds of Dr. Brownson's admirers all over the world, as many of his writings are out of print, and many more, scattered through different periodicals, are not generally accessible. The *Quarterly Review* has become a rare work, and when sets are offered for sale they command high prices. Besides, the *Review* contains only about one half of the works to be published in the new edition. Any volume of the work may be ordered separately at any time before its actual publication, and any particular volume, as the "Essay in Refutation of Atheism," the "Spirit Rapper," etc., may be ordered beforehand, and will be sold at a price in proportion to the size. As the edition published will be limited by the number of subscribers who may order it before publication, those intending to subscribe are requested to send their orders as soon as possible. Address Henry F. Brownson, Detroit, Mich.

SISTERS OF NAZARETH.—The good work in which the Catholics of Newburyport, Mass., have been for some years past engaged under the wise direction of their zealous and energetic pastor, Rev. Father Teeling, received a most encouraging manifestation of the success with which it is about to be crowned, in the advent of eleven Sisters of Charity, nine of whom are to remain and take charge of the parochial school now open. With a fine church, one of the few in the State free from debt and recently consecrated, a beautiful cemetery, a splendid hall and chapel, one of the best school buildings and convents in the State and a fine parochial residence just completed, the only remaining want was supplied by the coming of these holy women, whose teaching and example cannot but be productive of the greatest good amongst those favored with their presence, 350 children, including boys and girls, attend the school. These good sisters, although Sisters of Charity in the highest and holiest sense, and living under the patronage and rule of St. Vincent de Paul, are not of the same order as those Sisters of Charity to whom we have been accustomed, in this section of the country; this, in Newburyport, being the first house of their community established east of Kentucky, where the order was founded. Their distinguishing title is Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Nazareth being the name given by them to the convent and academy of their order in Kentucky, this name now applying also to the town that has grown up around them. The order was founded about the year 1812 near Bardstown, Ky., by three pious and charitable women under the inspiration and direction of Catherine Spaulding, a near relative of Archbishop Spaulding, and was encouraged and fostered by the venerated Bishop David, at that time Bishop of Kentucky. In the year 1829 the society was incorporated, and in the comparatively short period of seventy years from its foundation, has increased considerably more than a hundredfold, the present number of its members being nearly 400. They have many fine convents, beautiful and most successful academies and fine hospital, asylums and orphanages for the sick, the suffering and the poor in Ohio, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and several other States in the South and West, besides Kentucky, where, at Nazareth, is their Mother House. As unlimited as charity itself is the noble work to which these good sisters have devoted themselves. Adapted by a good education and careful training for the secular and religious education of the young of both sexes, they also, when occasion requires, take charge of the orphan, the sick and afflicted, either in institutions of their own or at the homes of the sufferers. Nor is their tender care limited to peace and seclusion, as the soldiers on both sides in the late war can attest; many sisters have sacrificed themselves to their devotion to them, whether on the battle-field or in the hospital; while a glorious list of nineteen martyrs to charity during the recent yellow fever scourge in the South, and several others who died in a short time from the overwork and exhaustion consequent therefrom, prove their right to the noble title, Sisters of Charity of Nazareth.

BISHOP WIGGER ON CHURCH EXCURSIONS.—Bishop Wigger, of Newark, N. J., said, on a recent occasion, he felt bound to publicly sanction the means adopted by the pastor, Father Hennessy, for the support of religion. These means are the giving of direct contributions by the faithful, without the agency of excursions or picnics. Some persons, the Bishop said, go to picnics and excursions in order to help the Church, and if their motives be good, they may receive a reward; but he felt bound to say that those who give immediately and directly for the support of religion, purely for the love of God and His Church, and without any compensations in the way of pleasure, will receive from God far greater graces and a more liberal reward, and are worthy of greater consideration.

GOV. SHERMAN, of Iowa, has issued a proclamation declaring the result of the special election, announcing that the prohibition amendment was carried by 29,759 majority.

PERSONAL.

VICAR-GENERAL BALZ, of Milwaukee, has been raised to the dignity of domestic prelate by the Pope.

THE Rev. George Tuckwell, formerly in the Civil Service in the Island of Mauritius, and a convert to the Faith, was ordained priest in the Cathedral of Aire, France, Sunday, July 16th. The *Memorial des Pyrenees* says that a brother and two sisters of Mr. Tuckwell have also lately submitted to the Church.

We congratulate our subscribers in the West End on their having amongst them Dr. Lawler, a young man of ability, and a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and one that we can fully recommend as thoroughly versed in the profession. He may be found at his office, 62 Chambers Street. We wish the doctor success.

THE Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, has received a letter from the Archbishop of Cashel, Ireland, dated April 20th, in which his Grace regrets that he will not be able to visit Australia this year, "as it is not expedient to leave Ireland just now on any errand whatever." Archbishop Croke had been requested by his Grace of Sydney to preach at the opening of the new cathedral.

A. M. SULLIVAN, Esq., formerly editor of the Dublin *Nation*, and more recently member of Parliament for Meath, has arrived in this country. Mr. Sullivan will deliver a series of lectures in the principal cities. He has the reputation of being one of the ablest orators Ireland has produced, and we are sure he will be warmly welcomed by his countrymen in the United States.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, who has taken command of the British army in Egypt, is very quick and brisk in his ways, with a trim military appearance, and great readiness of adaptation to change of circumstances. He possesses Napoleon's faculty of taking at a glance the measure of a man and knowing how best to use his ability. He has succeeded in every position in which he has been placed. Like Sir Frederick Roberts, England's other great general, he is from near Dublin.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, of Toronto, who has just returned from Rome, had a formal official presentation to the Prince of Wales at a levee in London, held in behalf of the Queen. The significance of this lies in the fact that for over two hundred years no Roman Catholic prelate has been presented at such a court. Such an honor has, so far, not been granted to Cardinal Manning, or even Cardinal Howard, cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, premier duke, and hereditary earl-marshal of England. Both have been invited to garden parties at Buckingham Palace, but simply as British subjects, and not as dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. Since the days of Queen Elizabeth the court dress prescribed for ecclesiastics has been strictly black, owing to her strong aversion to the Roman purple, and so it was something new to see the Canadian bishop in a soutanelle, purple stockings, and wearing his own crown, a purple zucchetta, and around his neck a golden chain, with cross pendant.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, who so successfully directed the bombardment of Alexandria, is eighty years of age, and, under the American system, would have retired twenty years ago. He is the son of another Admiral Seymour, who, in turn, was the son of the mayor of Limerick, Ireland. It is scarcely flattering to English pride to know that another of her great achievements in war is due to the courage and skill of an Irishman—by descent at least. Admiral Seymour entered the navy in 1813, when only eleven years of age, and served with distinction in the Crimean war and in the naval expedition against Canton.

REV. SAMUEL CAHILL, for the last few years vice-president of Loyola College, has been transferred to St. John's, Fordham, N. Y., where he occupies a similar position. Rev. William H. Carroll, formerly vice-president of Loyola, will return as Rev. Fr. Cahill's successor. Rev. Charles Horehemer will go to the Immaculate Conception Church, Boston, Mass.; and Rev. Fr. Ciampi goes to Frederick, Md. Rev. Augustus Langcake, whose eloquence is well known, will be attached to the missions in New York City. Rev. James A. Ward will return here as prefect of schools, and Rev. Thomas Hayes will come here to succeed Rev. Charles Horehemer. Several other changes will also be made.

THE freedom of the city of Dublin has been presented to Mr. Parnell, M.P., and Mr. Dillon, M.P.

IT is proposed to erect a monument in Montreal to the memory of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND PRIESTS.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of the Right Rev. Lord Abbot Alcock, O. S. B., which took place at Auckland, New Zealand, on the feast of the Assumption. The deceased prelate, who was a native of Ince Blundell, near Liverpool, was for upwards of twenty years attached to the mission of the Benedictine Fathers at Ramsgate, where he founded St. Augustine's College and Monastery. For the last five years he has been laboring for the salvation of souls in South Australia and New Zealand.

RT. REV. MGR. BAINES, D.D., President of the English College, Lisbon, has died suddenly.

FATHER HACKETT, of Monaghan, Ireland, died at St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, recently.

REV. MARTIN P. WALSH, of Lost Creek, Pa., died on Sunday, August 20th.

REV. DANIEL D. HIGGINS, of Westfield, Mass., died on Monday, August 14.

REV. JOHN A. CAMPBELL, died at Bayside, Long Island, N.Y., on Friday, August 19.

REV. PATRICK C. MCGRATH. — The Rev. Patrick C. McGrath, late pastor of Wapella, Ill., and missions, diocese of Peoria, died at Milwaukee hospital from dropsy and heart disease July 20, aged 40 years. He was buried in Peoria, July 24.

REV. P. O'CONNOR. — Having parted with his brethren of the Dublin diocese to spend some time with his relatives at Clonmel, the Rev. Father O'Connor died, after an illness of some months' duration. He was a native of Toorneena, in the diocese of Waterford, where his family had held an honorable position for many generations, and the deceased often told of one of his uncles — another Father Peter O'Connor — who held the position of chaplain to Clonmel Jail, when Thomas Francis Meagher and other '48 men were incarcerated therein.

DEAN MCMANUS. — The Dean of Tuam and the venerable parish priest of Clifden is no more. There are few people who have travelled around Ireland that did not know and esteem the good, sensible, practical, simple-hearted parish priest of Clifden. He was the coeval of his late great Archbishop, who preceded him by less than a year to the grave. An old-fashioned *bonhomie* shed a light over him, quaint and attractive and lasting as the colors of a Rubens. Knowing the New World, as he was of the Old, he was a living exception to the Thomas-a-Kempian rule as to the danger of travelling much abroad, for Dean McManus's soul was as unruffled as that eternal ocean whereby he lived so long, where tourists go to see the sunsets on its spreading waters. Dean McManus was as practical as he was experienced, as brave as he was gentle. No man fought a tougher fight against the insidious inroad of "the souper," who invaded his poor kingdom with the Bible in one hand and the soup-basin in the other. He was signally victor. But not as a defender of the fort was he alone notable. The picturesque church, the chaste convent, the industrial schools established with his aid and advocacy and under his shelter, are durable monuments to his memory. In politics, as in religion, he was with and of the people. The respect and regard entertained for him by the affluent were the means of benefaction to the poor. In the great Galway election of ten years ago or so, Dean McManus was foremost in the tenant's cause. Of recent years he had led a life of retirement and preparation for that end for which his life had been a preparation.

The seas are quiet when
The winds give o'er.

A MISSIONARY PRIEST DROWNED. — News reached Montreal, August 16, of a disastrous affair at one of the celebrated fishing lakes in the north, by which the Rev. Father Chapelliere and four others lost their lives. Lake Maskegs is among the best for angling sport of those on the confines of civilization north of the Ottawa Valley. Red trout are taken there in great abundance. Father Chapelliere and four Indians were all day at the fishing spots. At evening they were on the return journey, their dug-out being heavily laden with trout. A hail-storm, with heavy squalls, coming up, the boat commenced to fill, and ere long upset, and in an instant Father Chapelliere sank beneath the waters. Two Indians held on to the boat, and the other two tried to swim ashore. They were so far out, however, they were seen too late to be saved by any exertions made from the shore. Father Chapelliere was but 38 years old, was the founder of the Maskegs Mission, and was also cure of St. Albert.

REV. E. BREEN of the diocese of Louisville, Ky., who had been temporarily filling the place of Rev. J. F. Nugent, of East Des Moines parish, Iowa, died suddenly on the 18th ult., of apoplexy. He was forty years of age, eleven years a priest, and was educated at All Hallows, Dublin, Ireland.

REV. W. J. B. O'CONOR died at Ellsworth, Kansas, recently. His remains were taken to Boston for interment. The ceremonies took place at St. Francis de Sales Church, Highlands, on the 28th of Aug. After the ceremonies, the body was conveyed to Calvary Cemetery for interment. Father O'Conor was a son of Michael O'Conor, who resides at 64 Cabot Street, and has lived there nearly all his brief life, being but 25 years of age at the time of his death. After leaving school he entered Boston College, thence to Nicolette College and the college at Three Rivers, Canada, where he was ordained. He was formerly a teacher in St. Francis de Sales Sunday School, and after his ordination he came here and was tendered a reception and presented with a gold watch by his friends, on the eve of his departure for Leavenworth, Kansas, on a mission, about one year ago. For the last seven months he was pastor of a Church in Ellsworth, Kansas, where he died of kidney disease.

A PRIEST DIES OF LEPROSY.—For seventeen years Rev. Father Charles Baglioli, C. M., was the priest detailed by St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans, to attend upon those who needed his ministrations in the Charity Hospital in that city. His duties required his presence at any and all hours. He was a colossus of health and power, and master of half a dozen languages, and was thus specially fitted for the duties to which he had been assigned. He shrank from no contagion, and never acknowledged either fear or fatigue.

In past years several patients suffering from leprosy received treatment at the hospital, as many as three dying of the terrible disease in 1881. To these poor people the priest was especially attentive, giving them much more of his care than his duties to the church required, so that even the attending physicians warned him of the danger to which he exposed himself. He paid no attention to the warning and the result was he became infected with the dread disease, and after a long illness died on Saturday night, July 15th, of leprosy.

The dead priest was a remarkable man in many respects. He was born in Cannessi, Italy, in 1814. He studied philosophy for three years in the College of Placentia, and theology six years. While still a young man he was sent as a missionary to America, and he was ordained as a priest by Archbishop Blanc, in New Orleans, in 1841. Meantime he had been a leader in ecclesiastical schools in Missouri and Ohio, as well as in Western Louisiana. When the late Dr. Orestes A. Brownson visited that country previous to the war, he was the guest of Father Baglioli at Donaldsonville, and he declared him in his *Review* to be the grandest philosopher he had met in America. At the breaking out of the war, Father Baglioli accompanied the Donaldsonville Cannoneers to Virginia, and was the chaplain of that command during the war. He was well known throughout the South as a man of great learning, piety, affability, courtesy and modesty, and was a good friend to the poor.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF GEN. LAWLER.— The heroic Gen. Lawler passed away at his home near Equality, Gallatin co., Illinois. Death has found a shining mark in Gen. Michael K. Lawler, and Illinois has lost a distinguished and brave citizen and soldier. He has left his impress in the history not only of his state but of the country, having served his adopted land faithfully and well. Gen. Lawler was an Irishman by birth, but was brought up in Southern Illinois. He joined the vivacity and readiness of the Celt with the forecast and dexterity of the American. He was quick of perception and prompt to act. His mind was military in its bent. At an early age it found a field of activity in the Mexican war. He was tendered a position as an officer in the United States army which invaded Mexico, and there developed those high qualities which inspired the confidence of his superiors in authority, and the admiration and devotion of the men of his command. After making one campaign in Mexico, he raised a battalion of cavalry in Southern Illinois, and resumed service in the war, proving himself faithful and capable. When the war was over he returned to private life, a hero admired and beloved by all who knew him. During the interval between the Mexican war and the war of the rebellion he spent most of his time on his farm in Galatin county. When the rebellion broke out, he raised a regiment, the 18th Illinois Infantry, and with it joined the Union forces at Cairo and Mound City. There he fell under the immediate command of General John A. McClernand, the companion of his youth and his compatriot in the stirring scenes of the Mexican war. Thenceforward, he and his regiment were almost always found in the thickest of the fight, throughout the campaigns in West Tennessee and down the Mississippi valley, nearly to the Gulf of Mexico. In the battle of Fort Donnellson he and his men distinguished themselves, and in the battle of Shiloh they

braved the fire of the enemy from early morn until the shades of evening closed the sanguinary contest. When the battle of that day was over, the command of his regiment had passed from colonel to lieutenant-colonel—major — and successively to several captains, by reason of the casualties in killed and wounded. Subsequently he co-operated in opening and seizing all the country between Jackson, Tennessee, and Memphis. To go into detail in giving all his career as a soldier would fill a volume. We can only take a cursory glance. He joined Gen. McClernand again at Milliken's Bend, and took a brilliant and active part in the campaign in the rear of Vicksburg, terminating in the fall of that stronghold. He led a brigade to the charge at Black River bridge, entered the enemy's breastworks without firing a gun, and captured at the point of the bayonet a larger rebel force than he led to the attack. He led a column to the charge upon the defences of Vicksburg on the 22d of May, 1863, and succeeded in making a lodgment in the enemy's works, and holding it against great odds for hours. He afterwards fell under the command of General N. P. Banks, and took part in a succession of bloody combats in Louisiana. He rejoined the command of Gen. McClernand at Alexandria, upon the arrival of that officer with reinforcements from the coast of Texas, and took part in rescuing the gunboat fleet from the danger of being caught above the rapids of the Red river. There Gen. McClernand fell sick, and as a consequence Gen. Lawler took command of the 13th Army Corps, and protected the retreat of the army to the Mississippi. Through all of his service as a Union officer, he exhibited that patriotism, bravery, and devotion that marked him as pre-eminently fitted for trusts. A history of the late war and campaigns in the Mississippi would be incomplete, indeed, if it did not recount the brave deeds and heroic achievements of this patriotic Illinois soldier. He was a natural soldier. His ability for handling men in the crisis of a battle was remarkable. After the war was over, General Lawler purchased a plantation near Baton Rouge, La., but lost it by reason of a defective title. After losing his plantation, he travelled over a considerable portion of Texas, with the intention of locating permanently in that state, if he should be pleased with the country. From some cause he did not fulfil his intention, but returned to his old home in Gallatin county. At the time of his death he was between 65 and 70 years of age. The surviving comrades of General Lawler will mourn his death, while all who knew him will honor his memory.

THE Princess Roland Bonaparte, daughter of the late M. Blanc, of Monaco, died suddenly. Her highness had just dined with her husband and her brother, M. Edmond Blanc, when she suddenly complaind of a feeling of suffocation, and asked for a confessor. Before the parish priest of St. Cloud could arrive, the princess was dead. Her funeral was attended by nearly all the Bonapartists, and by all the officers in garrison at St. Cloud; and the choir at Notre Dame sang the Mass of Requiem. The body was buried in the same vault which contains the remains of the late Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who was one of the unlucky causes of the fall of the dynasty of Napoleon III., by the shooting of Victor Noir. The dowry of Mdlle. Blanc consists of nearly £2,000,000. the interest of which will now accrue to Prince Roland Bonaparte, the widower, who also has an interest in the celebrated bank of Monte Carlo. Prince Roland Bonaparte is, therefore, the richest Bonapartist prince; and his colossal wealth may yet be used in the interests of the Bonapartist propaganda. Prince Victor Napoleon will enter the French army for his volunteer service in October. The imperial pretender has chosen an artillery regiment.

CHARLES JAMES KICKHAM, one of the chiefs of the Fenian movement, and well known for his contributions to literature in the form of poems, tales, and political essays. His death took place at Bootterstown, a suburb of Dublin. The cause of death was paralysis, which is believed to have resulted from a bad fall which Mr. Kickham had last year, when a car ran over his body in College Green, Dublin. His health was always delicate, and he never quite got over the shock of this occurrence. None of the Fenian leaders was better known or more generally regarded than Kickham. He earned the respect of the magnates of the English government, and gained the confidence of those whose political opinions coincided with his. Mr. Gladstone once spoke of him in the House of Commons as a writer of uncommon ability, and John Bright addressed a highly complimentary letter to him in regard to his novel, "Sally Kavanagh; or, Untenanted Graves." Though his health and infirmities forced him to lead a life of retirement for several years, he has always held the highest esteem of all classes of the Irish people, and his opinions on mooted questions have ever been looked for with eagerness and received with deference. Kickham was born in 1825, in Mullinahone, a small town in Tipperary, near the base of the mountain Sleivenamon. His father, John Kickham, kept the principal store — or shop, as it is called in Ireland — in the place, and he was able to give his son an excellent education, in which anti-English principles, inculcated by himself, formed no small share. Kick-

ham's youth fell in stirring times. O'Connell's repeated agitation grew up while he was in his teens, and the Young Ireland movement sprang up as he reached his majority. He took part in it, becoming the head of a Confederation club in his native place. For this he had to remain concealed for some months during the troublous year of 1848, but soon returned home. At this time a terrible accident befel him. He was a keen sportsman, and one day, after trudging over the mountains in pursuit of game through a heavy shower, he sat down by the fire in a farm house, hanging up his accoutrements to dry. His powder flask exploded, and the shock so seriously impaired his hearing that he was forced from that time forward to use a trumpet in ordinary conversation. In 1857 or 1858, he first met James Stephens, who was laying the foundation of the Fenian movement. He entered into the scheme with all his heart, and became one of its leading spirits. In 1863 he was the delegate of the Irish organization to the Chicago Convention, in which the American branch practically had its beginning, and when, in 1864, Stephens visited America, Kickham was deputed by a paper, well-known to Irishmen as the "Executive Document," to act with Thomas Clark Luby, and John O'Leary as the directors of the movement during the absence of the "Head Centre." It is certain, however, that Kickham never saw this paper, and he so declared on his trial for treason-felony, in January, 1866. When the suppression of Fenianism was undertaken by the government in 1856, Kickham was one of those most earnestly sought. He was arrested in company with Stephens at the house of the latter on Fairfield terrace, Sandymount. He made no systematic defence on his trial, but briefly commented on the evidence himself. Then reviewing in a few words the course of Irish history, he ended with the sentence, "Give us our country to ourselves, and let us see what we can do with it." He was sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude, and was confined successively in Richmond and Mountjoy prisons, Dublin and Pentonville, Portland and Woking, England. His health, however, became so very bad that, on the return of the Liberal Ministry to office in 1869, he was at once released. His hearing had become utterly extinct, and his sight, never very good, dreadfully impaired. The former he never recovered, the latter grew progressively worse, and of late his principal means of communication with the outer world has been through a system of signs applied to the sense of touch. Some years ago he fell into bad circumstances, and, through the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, £1,300 was obtained by public subscription, with which an annuity that secured comfort for his latter days was purchased. His afflictions were always borne with fortitude, and the literary energy he displayed since his release from prison has been a constant matter of surprise to those who knew his situation. His first efforts appeared in 1857 and 1858, in the *Dublin Celt*. They consisted of stories of strong revolutionary leaning, and a beautiful sketch of Edward Walsh, a well-known Irish poet. In the *Irish People* he wrote in 1864 "Leaves from a Diary," reminiscences of his American trip, and "A Retrospect" of the Irish national movement, besides numerous tales, verses, and editorials. He also wrote controversial articles for the *Dublin Irishman*. Since his release he has written four novels. Two of these, "Sally Kavanagh" and "Knochwagow, or the Homes of Tipperary," were published some years ago; another, "Elsie Dhur," is now appearing in serial form; the fourth is complete in manuscript. In all he displays the characteristic Irish humor and pathos. He paints the peasant life of to-day as it is, and paints it with a vivacity and vigor that could only arise from warm sympathy with his subject. He has also written numerous short criticisms on current events. He was opposed to the Land League, but believed in giving full swing to constitutional agitation for repeal, so long as professed revolutionists did not take part in it. Of his poetry it may be said that it abounded at one time in fire, and again in grace. His "Irish Peasant Girl" opens with the following picture:—

"She lived beside the Anner, at the foot of Slievenamon,
A gentle peasant girl, with bright eyes like the sun;
Her lips were dewy rosebuds, her teeth like pearls rare,
And like clusters of the beechen bough were the folds of her nut-brown hair.

His best known poem is "Rory of the Hill," and it has taken such hold of the peasantry that the mysterious person who sometimes figures as "Captain Moonlight" erstwhile appeared as "Rory of the Hill." The story is that of a pike kept under the guise of a rake by a peasant farmer, and the most striking lines are these:—

"That day the ashen handle he took down from where it hung,
The toothed rake full scornfully into the fire he flung,
And in its place a shining blade is gleaming once again,
Oh, for a hundred thousand of such weapons and such men!

And then the poet sums up the moral in the most orthodox Nationalist fashion:—

"Oh! knowledge is a wondrous pow'r, 'tis stronger than the wind,
And thrones shall fall and despots quail before the might of mind;
The poet and the orator the heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens that Wolfe Tone were here to-day—
But trust, my friends, dear Ireland's strength, her truest strength is still,
The rough and ready roving boys, like Rory of the Hill."

There was scarcely a member of the I. R. B. in Ireland who did not know the ballad, and hardly a gathering of "the boys" where it was not sung.

The funeral took place on the 28th. Ten thousand persons accompanied the remains from his late residence at Black Rock to the King's bridge depot, whence the body was conveyed to Tipperary. Several ex-Fenian prisoners, and Messrs. Dillon, Sexton and Healy were present on the occasion.

OUR OBITUARY PAGES are melancholy but consoling. Some of our race have passed to their rest full of Faith and Hope. All will profit by reading and imitating their examples.

THE Dublin Exhibition, in celebration of the centenary of Irish independence, was opened by the Mayor on Tuesday with a great crowd in attendance. There was a procession of trades three miles long, which formed in St. Stephen's Green and marched through Kingsbridge, Chapel and Sackville streets. Good order was kept by mounted marshals all along the route. The O'Connell statue was unveiled by Mayor Dawson in the presence of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Davitt and Gray, and a crowd estimated at 100,000. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Lord Mayor Dawson, accepting the statue for the Irish people, said their struggle was not over. and their efforts would still be obstructed. They must endeavor to forget the melancholy past and look for glory in the future, in the hope that Ireland, once a province, would again become a nation. Mr. Parnell spoke a few words, in which he expressed hope for the future prosperity of Ireland and said the best monument to O'Connell was the changes beneficial to Ireland which marked his life. The directors of the exhibition presented an address to the Mayor declaring that, in working for their own country, they were not actuated by feelings toward neighboring nations. The Mayor, in reply, expressed similar sentiments and said the success of the exhibition was a tribute to the energy and self-reliance of the trades and working classes. The exhibition is pronounced on all sides to be a great success, especially the machinery department.

WHERE the poor are, there God is, and there God's church is.

THE statement that the children of the late G. Austin, Esq., gave $27,000 to the St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum of Burlington, Vt., is not correct, we are sorry to say.

THE archdiocese of Baltimore has seven Catholic colleges within its borders.

THE colored Baptists held a convention in St. Louis recently, and among the measures of reform proposed was a new rule requiring that hereafter *no preachers shall be ordained who cannot read!*

FIFTY-TWO candidates took the white veil at the Convent of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis., August 22. From the names we should judge they were mostly Germans or of German descent.

GIRLS who would be shocked to have a young man place his arm about them when walking, consider the act perfectly harmless when set to the music of the waltz. You cannot lessen a sin by setting it to music. — *Catholic Columbian.*

REMAINS OF FANNY PARNELL.—The following has been received from Charles Stewart Parnell: "My brother, sisters and I desire my sister's remains should rest in America, the country where she was best known, where she had friends, and where she lived and worked so many years."

THE Egyptian leader, Arabi Bey, is over six feet high, weighing two hundred pounds, broad, deep chested and strong as a lion. His skin is of yellowish brown, his leading characteristic is a stubborn self-will.

MISS DAVITT, the sister of Mr. Michael Davitt, arrived from America and proceeded by mail train to Dublin, where she will reside with her brother, who intends, it is said, to settle down in Dublin, and devote his time to literature and journalism.

AMERICAN SUSPECTS.—Bonfires blazed in Dundalk on Friday, Aug. 12, when Daniel M'Sweeney of Castlecarragh House, county Donegal, one of the American suspects, was unconditionally released from the prison in that place. It may be remembered that he was twice before offered his liberty and £100 on condition that he would leave the country, but he rejected both offers. The people of Dundalk gave expression to their satisfaction at his release by a public demonstration. Bonfires were lighted and the Emmet Band paraded the town. Mr. M'Sweeney addressed a gathering of several thousand persons from a window, and thanked the people for their expressions of sympathy with him on his imprisonment and satisfaction of his release.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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CAPITAL AND LABOR.—"'In the dim morning of society, Labor was up and stirring before Capital was awake.' There is no doubt of this; and, therefore, I may affirm that Labor is the origin of all our greatness."—*Cardinal Manning.*

"The land for the people, and Home Rule for Ireland."—*Bishop Gilmour.*

PRIDE AND POVERTY are often found going hand in hand, and they are rather poor companions. The man or woman too proud to let his or her wants known, will be apt to suffer, especially as no one is particular about making inquiries concerning the financial condition of a neighbor.

GIVE GOD HIS PLACE.

MAN'S faith in men is going down. Trust in the merely human has been tried, on a colossal scale, by our age, and that trust has been proved a cheat and a delusion. The human must lean upon the Divine. The weight of this world needs something mightier than the human to sustain it; mere man is not sufficient for men. God is necessary. You may as well think of thrusting him from his throne in the heavens as of ousting him from human history. In history as in heaven; in the civilization of men as in the courts of angels; in the annals of time as in the annals of eternity, he must and he will have his place, and that the supremest place of all. This world is his place as well as man's, and more than man's. He, as well as man, has work to do here, and he will do it.

Men and nations aforetime tried to do without him; they put him out of their calculations, or they put him in them only as a valueless cypher; they put him aside as an obstacle, or they flung him away as an incumbrance; and on they went, insensate, in the pride of their hearts—light of step and buoyant because the grand burden of the divine did not press upon them. But, sudden as the rush of the storm by night, a footstep was heard that was not man's; a thunderbolt, not hurled by human hands, flashed across the firmament of history; men, startled and stunned, looked up, and the forgotten God was there—right in their midst, where he had always been, though unseen; where he always is and shall be—not with folded arms, a passive spectator—but with lifted hands to bless or curse their works. Nor men nor nations can get rid of him. He goes down into the domain of history, and he smites it gently as a mother, or terribly as an avenger. Into

every question of earth he enters; he is part of every problem; he stands related to every event—in the fall of a snowflake as in the crash of an empire; in the fading of a flower-leaf as in the ruin of a nation; in everything that happens between the dust and the stars, he must be taken into account. Truly "in him we live, and move, and have our being." Without interfering with their free will and agency, he will, and he does, and he must, shape men's courses to his own ends. He will and he does control the destinies of the nations; he will and he does sway the fates of the world; he will and he does write his own great name in letters of love or wrath, in every chapter, upon every page, and in every line of the chronicles of time.

Try as it may, this world can never be Godless. Out of eternity, through the gates of creation, he enters the world and moves across it. Men may or may not see his footprints, but they are there, marked and ineffaceable; men may or may not see his shadow when he passes, but that shadow moves beside them; men may or may not hear his voice, but 'tis sounding nevertheless, amid all their tumults; men may or may not see his hand till the blessing falls from it, or the malediction, but the hand is always there; men may not see him working in their midst till he has built a monument, graven his own name on it, and passed on; men may not know that he is walking on their way, till they meet him treading in the dust a proud people or an unholy nation, but always—always—seen or unseen, felt or unfelt.

He, with man, is making and moulding human history. Man, from day to day, records the events of that history; and, too often, he who holds that history in the palm of his hand, is utterly ignored, but never ignored with impunity. It is, then, not only religion—not only true wisdom, but it is men's and nations' interest to give God his place in human affairs, and to recognize and adore his presence and his power in the workings of this world. The civilization that is false to him cannot be beneficial to man. The developments of individuals and people which ignore him must lead straight to destruction. The progress which goes not towards him is not progress.

Human fabrics, without the divine cement, must totter. Sink their foundations never so deep, let them tower ever so high, they must fall. There can be no salvation for the individual without him; there can be no social amelioration for the nation without him. Necessary for man isolated, he is necessary for men in their collective capacity. Woe to the nations that forget and ignore him. Are they strong? He can shatter their strength. Are they proud? He can bend their brows to the very dust. Are they prosperous? With a wave of his hand he can blast their prosperity. Boast they of their grandeur? He can dig it a grave. Do they lift up their heads vainly exalted? In the cloud of his wrath lurks the lightnings to strike and scathe the lofty. Do they boast of their security? He can change the calm into the tempest; the powers of life and death are in his hands; he wields them in justice and in judgment over the nations and the centuries

in accordance with their relations to him and his laws and truths. How stands our age towards him — how, our people? Are we for him or against him, that we may know whether he is for us or against us? What are the measures of our faith in him, our fear of him, our love for him? Is the face of our century turned towards him to adore or to deride? Are we giving him room or place, or are we crowding him out? In the progress we are making, are we moving towards him or from him? What are the signs of his presence among us? Is the nineteenth century kneeling before him for a blessing, or has it turned its back upon him, and challenged his malediction? These are questions which may well be asked, even though the answers may startle and sadden us. But the answers need not be given. A look at the world, and you have them. Society, the world over, is like a helmless ship on the billow. The spirit of unquiet is on the men of our age; agitation stalks among the nations. Men are strangely restless, though not with that grave restlessness which shows the struggles of the human searching for the divine. They demand changes. Tired of the past, dissatisfied with the present, they go groping towards the future. Anything—anything—so it be a change—this is their clamor. And there is tumult among the nations. Everything is tried, and nothing satisfies. What ails our age? Can it be that it wants God's blessing and the humility to ask it? Can it be that if it had more faith in him, and fear of him, its children would be happier and more contented? Has not our age a grand civilization? What more does it lack? What if that civilization would kneel down and kiss the Cross? It needs to do so. It ought to do it; for, alas! our civilization has neither the spirit of the Cross in it, nor the sign of the Cross on it, nor the faith of the Cross above it, nor the law of the Cross before it.

It certainly presents a spectacle which may well excite amazement, and which gives signal proof, that no one can deny, of the vast powers and energies of man. There is a magnificence about our civilization that awes as well as amazes. Surely now, if ever, mind is lord and master of matter. Stubborn as nature has been, man is bending her to the way of his mind and will. Among the elements of the material world he walks a king. He commands their homage, exacts their obedience to his behests, presses them into his service; fire, and water, and air are his vassals; the lightning is his messenger. Great secrets, which nature so long and so jealously guarded, have come into his possession. All her treasures have become the wages of his toil and the rewards of his industry. Into the realms of science he enters, wanders over every kingdom there, crosses all the old boundary lines, goes, with a spirit that feels no fear, from the certain and known out towards the unknown and uncertain, penetrates into vast, strange regions whither mind never ventured before, and returns with trophies and tokens of new discoveries, only to rest awhile, and, gathering strength to go back again, in order still further to extend the limits of knowledge. He goes into the world of art, and he adds to its wonders by new inventions

and improvements adapted to the new and ever-increasing wants of society. He shrinks before no difficulty, recoils at no obstacle, bounds over every barrier. The accumulated experiences of the sixty centuries of the Past he brings to the service of the Present; and it is his aim and ambition to make the nineteenth century the monarch of the ages, and to create a civilization that shall be the wonder of future times. But all this—what is it, and to what does it tend? It is the working of the human spirit, in the human order, with human means, towards human ends. The work will be grand, vast, majestic; but it will be only and merely human, and the *human* is not enough for man. Put the divine element into that civilization, let it permeate, purify, consecrate it—let that civilization meet and supply, not only the material and intellectual wants of man and society, but also, and especially, their religious cravings—then, indeed, will its blessings be as great as its grandeur. As it is, it is earthy, of the earth. But man needs more. Higher wants, and deeper, has society. There is something of heaven, as well as of earth, in the make of man's being. Bodily, he is like the dust under his feet; spiritually, he is like the star over his head. He has physical wants; they are many. Supply them all if you will and can—that will be a blessing. He has intellectual needs—meet them all and satisfy them if you can—that will be a greater blessing. But he has a religious nature; that nature has many a deep want; and all these wants arise from the deepest want of all—God!

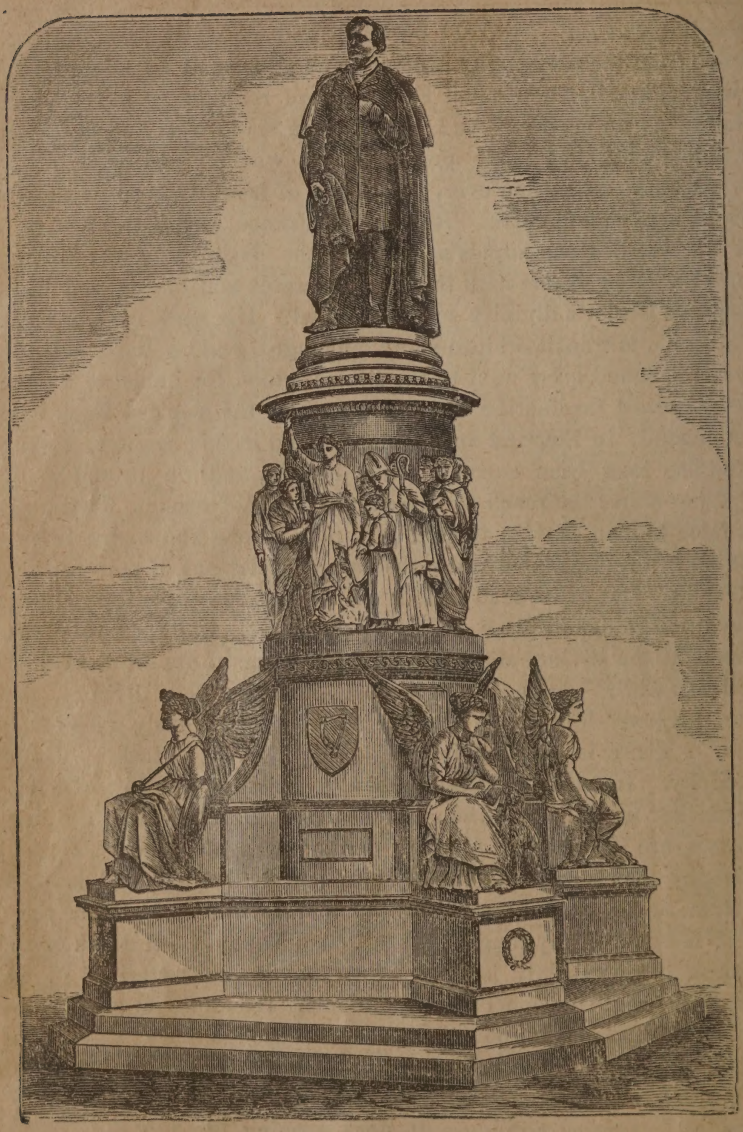
Supply that want; it is the blessing of all blessings—the best. You must give man God. Let him have all things else, he is dissatisfied, because life without God is incomplete. Therefore must God have his place in our civilization; in it the divine must meet the human. That civilization is the form of which religion must be the soul, Without that soul it is a dead thing; and, like the corpse, must generate corruption and decay. Has God his place in our civilization, and in all that goes to make it? Does it sufficiently meet, or does it take into account at all, the religious wants of man and society? Is it anything more, or, if more, is it much more than mere material development? Or does it simply ignore that element in man's nature which reaches beyond earth towards something higher and better?

The philosophy, literature, science, art, education, political theories and their applications in government—do all these, which go to make up that complex thing called civilization, serve religion, and help or hinder man and society in their march towards their high destiny? There is a philosophy that has the brave humility to walk right up to the Cross, and ceasing to argue, in order to pray, bows down and whispers, "I believe Thy word, O Lord, because it is thy word." There is a philosophy that deems it no shame, but honor highest, to kneel before the altars of Faith. There is a philosophy, which, though it questions the argument of man, calls never into dispute the words of God.

There is a philosophy which approaches religion, not as a critic, to find fault, but as a child, to listen and to learn. There is a philosophy which,

when syllogisms fail, lays hold on Faith and is saved from despair. Far different from the philosophy accepted and advocated by so-called sages of our age. They battle against Faith, regard religion as a rival, and treat revelation as an enemy. And their reason made wise in its own way by their philosophy, but made proud by its wisdom and made blind by its pride, assumes, more than ever, an attitude of hostility towards the grandest truths of heaven and earth. Renan, of France, writes the life of Jesus, hurls his sacrilegious sophisms against the divinity of the Saviour, and couples the Holy Name with those of Socrates and Plato; and his efforts to disprove Christ's divinity are applauded. His work runs through various editions, is translated into many languages, and on thousands of parlor tables it is found lying next to the Bible; while, for immense numbers, its pages possess a fascination and interest which the inspired Book itself cannot command. In England and Germany, and in this country, a philosophy is, and has long been current, which utterly, and on principle, discards everything above the reach or beyond the scope of reason. That philosophy is as false to man as it is to God. It puts human knowledge in the place of divine faith, and substitutes the vain speculations of man for the truths of eternity. Out of its dead logic it wishes men to evolve life; it puts forth its own reasonings in place of Christ's doctrines. In its pride and effrontery it sneers at the divine, and when, along the line of its arguments, it meets with Jesus Christ—as meet him it must—it ignores his divinity, and, like Pilate, presents him to its readers and contemptuously cries out, "Ecce Homo." There is nothing in religion too holy to be trifled with by that philosophy. Instead of kneeling like a child at the feet of religion, it arraigns her at its own tribunals; and, like Christ before Caiphas, false witnesses are summoned to give testimony against her. Such is the philosophy which enters so largely into our civilization, and is leading it, Christian though it be called, farther and farther away from the Cross. And if there were anything grand in that philosophy—if depth of thought, clearness of statement, honesty of argument, characterized it, while we could not accept its conclusions and must repudiate its propositions, we might at least admire its powers, ill-directed though they were. But it is shallow and vague. It handles words with great ingenuity, but deep, broad thought it has not; it criticises, but does not create; it talks glibly of all things, and explains nothing. It goes groping through the dark, and no wonder; for the light of God, which is reason's sun, has sunk from its gaze. The philosophy of the age, in the main, has ostracized God. It boasts the name of Rationalism. Its true title is Irrationalism. A. J. R.

Biloxi, Miss.



O'CONNELL MEMORIAL.

The O'Connell Monument (of which an engraving is annexed) consists of three distinct parts—the square, solid base, or pedium, which includes two gradients; the cylindrical drum, resting on the base, with fifty allegorical figures in high *alto relievo;* and above, crowning the whole, the statue of O'Connell. The pediment is of granite, with the arms of each of the four provinces in the centre of each of the respective upright faces. Projecting from the four corners of the base are four winged Victories, which are not yet completed. They are seated figures, representing Vic-

And oh! how princely were the art
Could mould his mien or tell his heart.
When sitting sole on Tara's hill,
While hung a million on his will!
Yet, not in gaiety, nor grief,
Chisel the image of our Chief;
Nor even in that haughty hour
When a nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll
His own, and Ireland's secret soul.
And give to other times to scan
The greatest greatness of the man?
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy—
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure,
Let his statue rise as tall
And firm as a castle wall;
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history;
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm;
Let whole centuries of wrong
Upon his recollection throng—
Strongbow's force, and Henry's wile,
Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile,
And iron Strafford's tiger jaws,
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.
Let the Union's fetter vile—
The shame and ruin of our isle—
Let the blood of 'Ninety-eight
And our present blighting fate—
Let the poor mechanic's lot,
And the peasant's ruined cot,
Plundered wealth and glory flown,
Ancient honors overthrown—
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,
Knit his look to purpose stern.
Mould all this into one thought,
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught;
Still let our glories through it gleam,
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,
Or like a flashing wave at night,
Bright—'mid the solemn darkness bright.
Let the memory of old days
Shine through the statesman's anxious face—
Dathi's power, and Brian's fame
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame,
And the spirit of Red Hugh,
And the pride of 'Eighty-two,
And the victories he won,
And the hope that leads him on!

Let whole armies seem to fly
From his threatening hand and eye;
Be the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand,
And be his gesture sternly grand.
A braggart tyrant swore to smite
A people struggling for their right—
O'Connell dared him to the field,
Content to die, but never yield.
Fancy such a soul as his,
In a moment such as this.
Like cataract, or foaming tide,
Or army charging in its pride.
Thus he spoke and thus he stood,
Proffering in our cause his blood.
Thus his country loves him best—
To image this is your behest.
Chisel thus, and thus alone,
If to man you'd change the stone.

FOOD PRESERVATION.

THERE has long been a desire in all grades of society for something that in small, as well as in large households, would preserve our milk, cream, butter, eggs, fish, meat, etc., from going bad in hot weather, for we must all have experienced the annoyance caused by finding our afternoon tea spoiled because the morning's cream is sour, and have sat down to our Sunday's dinner to find the meat has become tainted in the night, and, where invalids are concerned, the beef-tea made one day has turned the next. We all know that antiseptics have been used, and with a certain degree of success, but we invariably find some drawback to the use of them; for the public demand a great deal, the antiseptic must be uninjurious to health, odorless, tasteless, and inexpensive, and, above all, be able to be used by the most inexperienced persons with a minimum of trouble. Professor Barff has come to our rescue with his Boroglyceride, a chemical compound of boracic acid and glycerine, which, as regards its preserving properties, its cheapness, the ease with which it can be used, the absence of smell, odor, or ill-effect on health, must satisfy the most exacting. The Boroglyceride is sold generally in 1 lb. bottles, and is in the form of a thick paste, which can be poured out of the bottle, and readily dissolved in water, or, if going to be used to preserve milk, cream, soups, or any liquid food, a small quantity of the pasty mate-

rial can be directly added to the milk, cream, soup, etc., when, on stirring, it will readily dissolve, and such preserved food will remain good for days, weeks, or months, according as you use more or less of the antiseptic. Professor Barff, when he read his interesting paper at the Society of Arts on March 29th, there displayed specimens of food of every description, mutton, raw and cooked; beef, pigeons, and turkey (from Jamaica); fish, lobsters, oysters, milk, cream, etc., all of which had been preserved over three months. Those who had the opportunity of tasting the various viands, found one and all excellent, and it would have puzzled any person to know whether the trout and pigeons had not been killed the day before, instead of having made a journey from Jamaica. Professor Barff's attention was on that occasion directed to the immense value his invention would have, apart from its application to domestic uses, if he could only manage to send over whole beasts from Australia or elsewhere where meat was cheap; and we have since heard that whole animals can be preserved by injecting the antiseptic dissolved in 40 times its weight in water, through the veins and arteries of the beast: if this has been proved to be an accomplished fact we feel certain the refrigerating processes, will find an ally, and not an opponent, in Boroglyceride. The scope of Boroglyceride seems unlimited; it has, though only introduced into the commercial world for three months, acquired a position in surgery rarely obtained by any new substances; and we know that it is largely used at Guy's, Charing Cross, and other hospitals, it having proved itself to be the best antiseptic dressing known, combining all the good qualities of carbolic acid, but not having either the smell or irritant and poisonous properties of the latter. Its styptic effects are marvellous; applied to a bleeding wound it staunches the flow of blood immediately, and the wound heals by what surgeons term the "first intention;" old sores, too, yield rapidly to its influence, and sloughs are speedily replaced by healthy granulations.

We have noticed in an article by Mr. Barwell, F.R.S., in the *Lancet*, three very important cases in the wards of Charing Cross Hospital, which were successfully treated by him with this substance, and he concluded his article by saying "that an invaluable antiseptic had found its way into the medical profession." Boroglyceride is also an excellent mouth and tooth wash, as, without having any taste, it prevents the unpleasant odor from deposits on the teeth, and we have every reason to believe that, while it preserves the original whiteness of the teeth, it retards, if it does not prevent, the progress of decay. Such properties as these will commend it to those religious ladies who tend the sick. It has already been used by the nuns at Taunton with great success as a food preservative. We cannot help thinking, from the indisputable evidence we have received of the merits of Boroglyceride, that some means should be taken to bring it before the military authorities for our soldiers in Egypt, as a dressing for wounds. Its effect on the lower animals is very marked; a dog with a sore on its leg of some week or two's standing, was completely cured after a few applications; and we feel sure that success will attend its use in the veterinary department, as it has done in the medical surgery.

The immensely varied applications to which Boroglyceride can be put, must of necessity prevent us from describing in full all that has been done. Its application to all solid foods, consists simply of immersing, for domestic purposes, in a solution of 1 in 50 of water for a day or two, the same liquid being able to be used over and over again, a small quantity of fresh Boroglyceride being added each time.

Through the kindness of the authorities at Beaumont College, we are enabled to give, in full, the way in which, at their house, butter had been pre-

served throughout the summer, without the addition of an admixture of salt. After the butter was removed from the churn, it was well washed in cold water, until as much of the buttermilk as possible was removed. It was then washed and squeezed with the hands in a solution of 1.60 of Boroglyceride in water, so that any fluid matter which it might contain in the interstices, might consist of that liquid; it was then made up in the usual way, but without salt, and was immersed in a solution of Boroglyceride of the same strength. This butter has always kept fresh. It will be seen from this how easily, even in private houses where butter is made, this process can be applied. The great object to be attained, is to get rid of all traces of buttermilk, for it is this which, by giving rise to the formation of butyric acid, produces the rancidity in butter.

We have heard also of its successful application to light wines, such as cheap clarets, in the prevention of second fermentations, and this is an application which could easily be made by anyone bottling a cask of claret or any light wine. Here one part in 500 is ample.

Professor Barff is to be congratulated as having been the person to bring forward such a valuable antiseptic, and we certainly do hope that it will meet with a fair trial, and that it will not meet, as is too often the case, with a dogged opposition, which so often results from ignorance which has no desire to be enlightened. Professor Barff has been often applied to for instructions and explanations, and in every case we have heard of, he has willingly and fully replied to them. — *London Tablet.*

WILL THOSE THAT DO NOT KNOW GOD BE LOST?

Cardinal Manning.

In regard to poor heathens, who never heard the name of Jesus Christ—though he (the speaker) knew that God had never revealed to the Church and had never taught what would be their eternity, still we knew that God was infinite in love and that Jesus Christ shed His Precious Blood for the whole of mankind—in regard to the heathens he could feel a delight in cherishing hopes and aspirations for those who never heard the name of Jesus Christ. We knew that there was one Baptism for the remission of sins, but though the poor heathens had never heard of Baptism they had never refused it. St. Paul said whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved, but how could they call upon Him in whom they had not believed, and how could they believe in Him of whom they had not heard? He had a confirmed belief that those who had never heard of Baptism would not be called to an account for not having been baptized. So again, of those who never heard of the Catholic Church, of its unity, of its divine authority, and who lived and died without hearing of it, why should he believe they would be lost because they died geographically but not culpably out of the truth of which they had never heard? But if they had heard it, if the voice had struck upon their ear, if the offer of salvation had been made to them, they could not say, "Lord, I never heard of it." That would be impossible to say to Him who knoweth all hearts. God was infinitely merciful, but He had given the way of salvation, and that way of salvation was so open, so clear, and so plain that honest hearts could find it. Then how would the Judge deal with those who had lost the faith, who had lived in contradiction to it, or who had dishonored the truth? If Catholics who had the light of faith lived and died unworthy of that faith, their punishment would be double. The servant that knew not His Word and did

it not shall be beaten with few stripes, but the servant that knew His Word and did it not shall be beaten with many stripes. He was addressing Catholics who, from their Baptism, had had the light of faith; they knew the holy law of God and the sacraments of grace; then let them remember their holy religion. The Catholic that brought scandal upon the rest by an unholy life would receive a double judgment at the hands of his Divine Master. To sum up all he had said, let them love all that which God had revealed, because it was His truth, the truth of Jesus Christ. The Church was the mystical body of Jesus Christ, then let them love their holy faith and be ready to give their lives for it. Let them love the divine authority by which the Church spoke to them, for the head of the Church on earth and in Heaven called upon them to walk as faithful children of truth delivered to the saints, in which alone they knew the way of salvation. "Be faithful unto death"—these were the words of Jesus Christ—"and I will give you the crown of life."

THE ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

THE *Observatore Romano* publishes the following address presented by the Israelites of Hungary to His Eminence, Cardinal Simor, Archbishop of Strigonia and Primate of Hungary.

"EMINENCE: We wish to express to you the most lively gratitude, which animates the hearts of all the members of our community. This is justly due to the Catholic clergy, possessed of so many noble and eminent qualities, and to their supreme pastor, on whose brows we see the triple crown of wisdom, justice, and holy fear of God.

"We owe our homage of gratitude to a prelate, who, actuated by the holiness of his vocation, and the glorious examples of his predecessors, has raised his voice to protect the Israelites, wantonly persecuted and subjected to innumerable sufferings, and who with admirable efficacy has proclaimed the sublime duty of fraternal charity.

"The Pope's interventions in our behalf has strengthened and increased in us the immovable confidence we had in the Hungarian clergy, and in your Eminence, their supreme Pastor. This intervention of the supreme Pontiff gives a new life to the hope entertained in our hearts of seeing the clouds which have accummulated over our heads dissipated, and the spirit of justice and brotherly love triumphant again around us.

"With this hopeful tribute of our gratitude, we raise our hearts to heaven, begging the most Divine Providence, that the God of Sabaoth, the Father of all men, vouchsafe to protect your Eminence, whose head has become hoary, in a career of glory and good works, and to preserve to the extreme limit of earthly existence, the life of a Prelate, whom we hope to see attain the biblical year of a happy jubilee, in the discharge of his holy and glorious functions."

The *Romano* adds: "The importance of such an address is immense. It gives full justice to the Pope and Catholic clergy, who raised their voices in the excitement against the Hebrews, and extended over them a most efficacious protection in the time of distress and persecution. We purposely lay such testimony before the eyes of the Jews in Italy, who do not hesitate to take an active and not inconsiderable part in the persecution carried on against the Church and its ministers."

This is another evidence of the solicitude the Holy See has always felt for the Jewish people, whom it has always protected, and whose persecution it has always denounced.

IRISH MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES.

Biscuit Manufacturing,

FULLY three fourths of the biscuits consumed in Ireland are made at Glasgow, Carlisle, and London. Now, I ask what advantages those places possess over Ireland that we must be indebted to them for this manufacture? I answer, none at all, but we possess advantages over them; for, again, we can have cheaper rents, cheaper labor, than they have in England and Scotland; and it is a business I like to see, because it gives employment to youths of twelve years and upwards, and keeps them from being corner-boys and mischief-makers, and gives them a taste for labor and self-support. In short it shapes their career in after-life—"learn young, learn fair," is an old motto.

I propose, then, a company should be formed, with a capital of fifty thousand pounds, in one pound shares, and erect a biscuit factory in the West. Sligo would be a very good place, because it is a shipping port, and the Irish coasters of the Transatlantic line will be calling there, and will only be too happy in giving cheap freights to other towns; and there is a good working population, and very little to do.

The grocers have the success of this business in their hands, and I am sure, when appealed to, will give Home Manufacture the preference, and that is all is wanted.

The difference of carriage on flour(if any), would be so slight as not to be perceptible on the manufactured article. This business, would pay, I have no doubt, twenty per cent. on the capital invested.

Hardware, Etc., House Furnishing, Wrought and Wire Nails, Etc.

Now, here is another wide field, and any enterprise in this direction will be sure to pay. Just take a look into a large hardware place, and see what a lot of goods (odds and ends) of every kind is for sale there, and ask the attendant, and he will tell you they all come from England: which means so much employment and money left Ireland.

Now, there is no doubt but the greater part of all those goods could be manufactured at home, if there were some works of the kind started. And if the Land Bill gets a fair trial, I have no doubt but there will be an impetus given to this trade that it has not seen in Ireland, for many years past, in the way of farmers' dwellings, and office-houses, and laborers' cottages; and a lot of those goods will be wanted.

I propose that a company shonld be formed, with a capital of fifty thousand pounds in so many shares, and erect a workshop on a large scale in Dublin, where all sorts of locks, hinges, bolts, bars, knives, forks, door handles, pulleys, screws, nails (wrought and wire), grapes and hay forks, and every kind of hardware and house furnishing goods could be made.

A traveller for each province, with one for every city and town, or say ten in all, who would keep those goods before the traders, and I am sure the factory will be kept busy.

Bank.

I am aware there are banks enough in Ireland to give any accommodation that may be required; still, they have a tinge of English and Scotch influence about them that I don't much care for, and our affairs would be fully as safe in an institution of our own; and for this reason, I would ex-

pect the directors of this bank to be shareholders in most of the new concerns I have named, consequently they (the directors) would see better than any outsider when to hold off or pull up any of the concerns; for by dealing with any of the established banks, perhaps it would be at the wrong time they would insist on getting paid up any over draft that might be allowed. But if the directors of the new bank were shareholders, they would wait a favorable time for realizing the goods of such a concern, and save, perhaps, a lot of money to the company.

I would propose a bank should be started and be named the "Irish Industrial Banking Company," with a capital of one million pounds sterling, in as many shares of one pound each, having its head office in Dublin, and a branch at each of the other cities and towns where the new works would be in operation. The business of all the new concerns to be done with this bank, and advances to be made to the new companies as the directors might deem prudent, and to make the forwarding and prosperity of the new companies its first and best care.

If any parliamentary leave be required, things could be all ready when Parliament meets—meantime other banks must be availed of.

Chandlery.

This business is fast becoming extinct here, and I must say from the want of enterprise and energy, which make business a success. A few years ago, when the halfpenny composite and wax candles drove the old dips out of the market, the chandlers of Ireland contented themselves with becoming the agents of the English and Scotch firms for the sale of the composites. Instead of grappling with the trade and keeping pace with the times, by changing their machinery and their moulds, and keeping the trade, they were content to become agents, as I have stated above.

Is it not a shame to have it said that the small composite candle burning on a farmer's table in the far west of Ireland, comes all the way from London or Leith? Not one made in Ireland!

Now, it would mean loss to a good many chandlers, and ruin to others, if a company were started in this line; and I think the very mention of what I have written will be quite enough; and they (the chandlers) will bestir themselves, and produce those goods that are needed every day, and give work and employment to our countrymen and keep money at home that is going to enrich another nation, and leaving our own poor. If they do not do so at once, perhaps a company will start up and leave them idle altogether.

Insurance Company.

Now, here is a great field for Irish capital, and one that will pay twenty times better than having money hoarded up in banks, where it might as well lie at the bottom of the sea, so far as profits are concerned.

If an owner of house property in Ireland wants to insure his houses, he must go into an English or Scotch institution. If a shipper of goods wants to secure his shipments, he must go into the same. If an Irishman wants to insure his life for the benefit of his family, he cannot get an Irish Insurance office (generally speaking) to do so in: he must go into an English or Scotch office to pay in his premiums, and the money of our country goes over the Channel to be invested, and to swell the prosperity of other nations.

Is it any wonder, then, that Ireland is poor, and England and Scotland wealthy; what are we but the "hewers of wood and drawers of water?" It is time Irishmen had opened their eyes to facts, and see and reverse the state of things that have been going on for generations past.

I then propose that a company should be formed and named the "Irish National Insurance Company," with a capital of one million sterling in as many shares of one pound each, with its head office in Dublin, and branches and agencies in every city, town, and village; and all business of the new companies' factories, workshops, refinery, steamships, pottery, and their contents, be insured therein. Let it embrace life, fire, and marine policies; so as every Irishman can pay his insurance in a concern that he knows is thoroughly Irish. No better or more sound investment for Irish capital in the world than this offers, and I hope to see it availed of to a very large extent.

Local Manufactures.

Those works I have put before you when in operation, or in course of erection, will bring a good many more in their train, as one work brings on another. For instance, we would have brick-making, lime-burning, peat cutting and saving, stones quarried, etc. etc.; and when people would meet in country places, very naturally one would say to another, what can we do here, we must not stand idle when the rest of Ireland is working? and just for very shame something would be done, and in a few years a good many odds and ends of works would be started in country towns where now not one exists.

Limited Liability.

All works, factories, refinery, pottery, bank, etc., to be on the above principle, as to better insure the joining of capatalists and men of position in this movement when they would know they could only at the worst lose the amount of their shares — a thing not likely. But surety is moneyed men's look out; besides, it is the general movement at present.

Sail-Making, Rope and Twine Manufactures.

Here is another useful branch, and in the past has allowed itself to be outdone by Scotch and English firms; even the twine that makes salmon and herring-nets has to come from the small place of Musselburgh, in Scotland. Well, let this be done, and forever.

I don't mean to propose to start a company in this manufacture; there is plenty individual power in Ireland to meet all requirements if properly put in motion. Let the rope and sail-makers exert themselves, and don't let a single penny out of the country for sails, ropes, canvas, twine, block, or tackle, or a pot of paint for our ship-building yard, but have everything, as the saying is, from a needle to an anchor; and let them not be doing as before, hiding their lights under a bushel, but advertise in the daily or weekly papers where such things can be got, and when wanted, I am sure, the Irish houses will get the preference in future.

Starch.

Now, here is another large field for investment, and one that won't give up in a hurry. The quantity of starch imported into this country from one year's end to another must be very great; for I have known one wholesale house to send an order to a manufacturer for ten tons at a time, and at something like thirty pounds a ton. That would be like three hundred pounds from one house alone. How many wholesale houses in Ireland, and how many tons, and how many three hundred pounds' worth would be ordered in a year? I leave the public to form an idea, for it is beyond my comprehension.

The manufacturers of this article, viz., Colman, of London; Stiff and Co., of Bristol; and Gill and Tucker, must have very busy times. But, besides the English manufacturers, we import a lot of Dutch starch. Now, is this not a shame to have Dutch Starch coming to Ireland, wherein Ireland is a better wheat-growing country than Holland.

I then propose a company be formed, and named the "Irish Starch Manufacturing Company," with a capital of fifty thousand pounds, in shares of one pound each, and erect a starch factory in Limerick, where it would be in the midst of a good wheat and flour district. Six good travellers to be appointed for, and located in, different parts of Ireland, who would push up the trade, and consequently push foreign makes out of the market. All packages, boxes, barrels, etc., to be branded with the company's brand, so as to put down deception.

Indian Corn Flour.

Here is another useful branch of industry, but never introduced into Ireland, although there are large quantities imported from Scotland and England; and I know of my own knowledge three large places in Scotland for its manufacture, that, I am confident, give employment to two thousand hands. There are many others, I have no doubt, in Scotland besides them; but in England there is any amount of this manufacture. It is an industry that gives employment to a lot of youths, and I think it could have no better recommendation.

Why could not Ireland support one manufacture at least of this kind? It could, and a very large one too, for the quantity used by invalids, infants, and in desserts, and in several other ways, is considerable indeed.

Then some enterprising firm in Dublin should open up a factory for its make. It could as well be done by an enterprising firm as by any company, and they will have only to keep it before the public and I am sure it will have a sale beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Blue, Blacking, and Matches.

Now, here are three other industries that may look very little in the eyes of some people, but I must assure you the sum paid out by Ireland for them every year must be handsome.

Let me say a word on blue. There is no work of this kind in Ireland that I know of. All the blue used in Ireland is manufactured in England, France, or Germany, and, I am sure, pays the manufacturer well.

THE IRISH LABOR AND INDUSTRIAL UNION was formally inaugurated in Dublin, on Monday, August 21. The object of the organization is to extend to the different classes of the Irish population those efforts which have hitherto proved so fruitful in the direction of land reform, the time having come when a great national effort should be made to harmonize the interests of the trades and workmen of the towns with those of the country laborers. An appeal is made for help to obtain for the laborers plots of ground and improved dwellings, further facilities for the acquirement of land by laborers, the Parliamentary suffrage, a share in the county local government, and the encouragement of native industries.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A STORY OF KILCARRICK.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I SHALL BE HIS WIFE!"

And now, day by day, a cloud seemed to gather over the Kilcarrick household, shadowing the brightness and happiness of the spot, showing its dismaying influences in countless ways, only the more disheartening because absolutely silent.

Robert Grace never came near the house now. The days passed away, and still he held aloof. This was a change indeed; for Grace had been accustomed to look in at all hours, without the slightest ceremony in the world, of course, and he had been always heartily welcomed.

Sometimes he would come in the morning, and entertain his kinsfolk at breakfast with some amusing anecdotes of his professional experiences in the neighborhood — and how genuinely the old Doctor enjoyed those stories! How the tears ran down his cheeks with the heartiness of his laughter! Not "the crackling of thorns under the pot," you may rest assured. And how the little woman behind the big urn at the head of the table — I fancy I see her again now — was forced to postpone the pouring out of the tea until she had had "her laugh *out*," as she said herself, now and then gasping —

"Stop! Stop! — Bob! O — o — oh. You will kill me. Don't tell any more of that until after breakfast!" And so forth.

Very often of an evening, too, Grace would come in and take a hand at whist, always a favorite game at Kilcarrick. He and Mrs. Fitzgerald were partners, as a rule, against Bonnie and the old Doctor. They all played well, in thorough earnestness, keeping up strictly to the "rigor of the game" so dear to the soul of Sarah Battle, long ago. And sometimes they would vary the evening's amusement with music and singing; or, perhaps, Grace would challenge Mrs. Fitzgerald to beat him at a game of chess — and how triumphant the little woman would look, to be sure, when she had succeeded in checkmating Doctor Bob. Grace, indeed, oftentimes — I venture to think — put the game into the little woman's hands, just to see the light flashing in her beautiful dark blue eyes when she had won.

All this was over now. The days dragged on slowly — the evenings were slower still. Doctor Fitzgerald walked about the big garden at the back of the house in a spiritless way, and sat down of an evening in his arm-chair and fell asleep, instead of joining heartily, as of old, in the conversation and laughter of the others.

But the conversation and laughter had seemingly betaken themselves away, just now, along with everything else. Even the children very soon felt that something was wrong, and, after a week or so, no longer asked "Why Bob wasn't coming?" or, "Grandma, *will* Bob be here this evening, do you think?"

Bonnie felt this change with all the intensity of her warm, sensitive nature. She felt, too, that she, herself, was the cause of it all. She could not be blind to this fact. When she met the sad, silent gaze of her aunt's eyes — when she glanced casually at the Doctor's clouded brow, she was thoroughly aware, of course, that it was her doings — and those alone — which had brought this trouble over the household.

And, as I say, it was altogether silent. There was no word spoken on the subject; none, at least, to Bonnie herself. The girl often longed that her aunt would say something — would break through this hateful silence, no matter at what cost to personal feelings or anything else of the kind. Would not anything —

the harshest words — be preferable to *this?* How was it to end?

And as the days went by, and the cloud darkened, and the silence still remained unbroken, Bonnie — alone in her little room — cried out bitterly in her heart —

"Why did I ever come back here? Better — far better — had I remained in England."

And then the thought of Paul Earnscliffe would flash into the girl's mind, bringing a glow to her cheeks, a new light to her eyes. After all, what did she care for all the rest of the world so that she had *him?* Was not *he* her world, in himself? If he were gone from her, could she ever, she asked herself, have a happy moment in all her after life?

No. No. *No!* Come what might, she was his — only his — his, in every change of circumstances, however bitter to face. Loving him, trusting him, was she not strong of limb — dauntless of heart? What could she fear?

"O, my darling! my darling!" she cried, over and over again, during these lonely hours in the twilight in her little room, "I love you — I love you — I *love* you! O, Paul, Paul!"

Three times since the picnic she had met him. Once when he drove over to Kilcarrick with the L'Estranges, once at Drumkyle, and once on Liskeelan Head. And now, this evening — some ten days, or so, after the picnic — Bonnie and Norah and Freddy had agreed, among themselves, to drive over to Castle Strange in the pony phaeton to partake of some hot-house peaches and cream — a prospect which Mrs. L'Estrange had held out as an irresistible inducement, on the day she had visited at Kilcarrick.

The road to Castle Strange is one of the prettiest of roads you can fancy out of a picture. It is narrow, winding, hilly enough, too, and for this reason, indeed, less agreeable for travelling purposes than for lovers of the picturesque. Old trees bend across from bank to bank and almost meet overhead; so that, as you drive along here, in the hush of a summer evening, a green twilight fills the place, and you catch passing glimpses of the sky between breaks in the dense foliage above. The summer sunshine, streaming down here through the leaves and branches, falls on the narrow road in fantastic patterns of checkered light and shade. There is always a buzz of insect life along here, and, in spring-time, you will find, amid the lush grasses by the wayside, the largest primroses, the deepest hued violets, the richest woodroof of the season.

But in the cool quiet evening, after a breathless August day, this old road is especially refreshing. The eye is soothed with the cool greens and browns of the leaves and mosses; the old world seclusion and thorough rusticity of the spot, have, at this hour, a singular charm. At least, so Bonnie thought, in proof of which sentiment she was very frequently to be found of an evening on this old road, wandering along pensively, swinging her big, gray sunhat in her hand, and perhaps crooning some old ballad or other for the diversion of the quiet, soft-eyed, roan and red cows grazing over there in the pasture lands beyond the trees.

This roadway brings you straight on to the entrance gate of Castle Strange — a big, gray house surrounded with a rolling park and fine old timber, and commanding a distant view of the sea. The avenue sweeps with a bold curve through the park, and as Bonnie drove along here, on this mellow August evening, she was a little surprised to behold Paul Earnscliffe sauntering across the grass with a woman who was not Mrs. L'Estrange. A tall, dark woman who walked with a litheness and grace of motion somewhat resembling Earnscliffe's own.

And now, as they drew near, Bonnie's curiosity was heightened; for

this woman had Paul's handsome nose, Paul's black eyes, Paul's dark face and graceful carriage of the head and shoulders.

"I am delighted you came this evening," Earnscliffe said, taking Bonnie's hand in his, and then glancing around with a smile at his companion, he continued, "Alice, this is Bonnie Dunraven, Doctor Fitzgerald's niece. Bonnie, you and my sister must become very great and good friends now. My sister, Mrs. Forrester," he added.

"I am so glad to meet you, Miss Dunraven," Mrs. Forrester said; and her voice, too, Bonnie thought, was remarkably like Paul's. "I suppose these are your little cousins? How are you, dears?"

There were a certain grace of manner and charm of facial expression about this woman which Bonnie at once observed, and straightway appreciated to the full. She made up her mind, there and then, that Mrs. Forrester and she should — as Paul had suggested — "become very great and good friends." She liked her already, and admired her as much as she liked her. But, indeed, for that matter, I am strongly inclined to think, she would like and admire a woman with a snub nose and red hair, if only she happened to be Paul's sister.

Bonnie was, you see, happily free from that small jealousy which some girls cannot help nursing when the object of their worship is also beloved of some devoted sister or other, who, of course, has no business in the world to intrude her unwelcome personality in the matter, at all. Bonnie's nature was, indeed, too broad, and fresh, and unselfish, to allow of any such petty jealousies as these. She would, indeed, I think, be fond of even her mother-in-law, always provided that that worthy woman were devoted to her son.

Paul Earnscliffe was, very literally, Bonnie's world just now; so that she had no room in her soul for any feelings in which self came in, however indirectly. She took with a full heart, you observe, the gifts which the gods provided, and underneath her abundant gratitude was a latent consciousness that she never could, by any possible sacrifice or concession, compensate for this perfect dream-like happiness.

Bonnie was not aware that she, herself, was, just now, undergoing a searching analysis at the hands of Paul's sister. But so it truly was.

Mrs. Forrester was fonder of her brother — the only living blood-relative she had now — than of anybody else in the world. Good reason had she for feeling nervous on the score of Earnscliffe's future. Perhaps no living being understood him so well as did she. Somewhat resembling him herself in character, she was enabled — by the force of sympathy — to pierce straight into his soul, and read there many things which discouraged, but scarcely surprised her.

Some days before this evening she had received a letter from her kinswoman, Mrs. L'Estrange, in which missive the name of Bonnie Dunraven was closely and significantly connected with Paul's name. Mrs. Forrester, very naturally, was instantly on the alert, and she had now come on to Castle Strange for the purpose of judging for herself whether or not this girl (whom she had never before even seen) was the kind of girl likely to further the welfare and happiness of Paul. And, as the event proved, her analysis was highly satisfactory. From the moment, indeed, that she looked into Bonnie's bright, open countenance, she was favorably impressed.

Yes; this girl would do. No doubt of it.

It was a great relief to Mrs. Forrester to make this discovery. Beyond the fact — the vital fact to her — that Bonnie "would do," it did not even occur to her to advance. It did not matter to her very much whether the girl had a million of money, or

whether she were penniless — whether her friends and relatives approved of the affair (probably they did not), or whether they strongly condemned it. Mrs Forrester, you observe, looked straight at one point — her brother's welfare. Strong reason had she for this undivided scrutiny. Looking at this one point so fixedly, she had neither anxiety nor time at her disposal to glance elsewhere. And so, from this evening forward, Bonnie Dunraven's destiny seemed to be carved out in bold and decided lines.

It was late in the evening when Bonnie and her cousins drove away from Castle Strange. They had had a delightful evening, had feasted royally on Mrs. L'Estrange's peaches, and were in the best of spirits. Bonnie had her own special reasons for feeling unwontedly happy. Just before they came away, Earnscliffe and she had had a few whispered words together — a question, indeed, and a reply.

"Bonnie," he had asked her, "will you stroll down to Liskeelan Strand on to-morrow evening, after your tea. You will find me there. I want to say something to you, and there is no fear of our being disturbed in that lonely spot. Will you come, Bonnie?"

"Gladly, Paul," she had answered, with a full heart and beaming eyes, and the joy of this prospect was now in her happy face as she drove back along the old road under the trees.

"O dear! what a lovely evening we've had, Bonnie," said Norah, regretfully. "I would sit forever at that French window in the drawing-room at Castle Strange, looking out over the grand old park with the line of blue sea in the distance. I can hardly explain to you in words, Bonnie, what I like so much about Castle Strange."

"I think I can guess, dear. You like the fresh, bracing sense of freedom, and open-airness (if I may do a little in the way of coining). When you look over the rolling grass, with the big oaks and beeches, here and there, and the hillocks with their clumps of furze bushes — and then, far away, the blue sea-line, as you say, with the green outskirts of the park seeming to cut straight against that pure blue — why you feel yourself expand, breathe more freely, become full of vigor, and fibre, and nerve. I was longing this evening, Norah, to be on horse-back, careering across the park with the wind whistling in the skirts of my long habit — a long green velvet habit, I pictured to myself, arabesqued with silver, and a silver plume in my hat, blown back with the wind. Wouldn't that be splendid, Norah?"

"Like those grand circus ladies who came to the village last May, Bonnie?"

"Oh, *weren't* they splendid!" chimed in Master Freddy, a bygone enthusiasm kindling in his eyes afresh; "they were like some of the Princesses in the 'Arabian Nights!'"

"Yes, just like those 'grand circus ladies,'" said Bonnie laughing; "or, like Queen Guinevere — don't you remember the poem we read last Tuesday, Norah? — when she was riding 'in the boyhood of the year' with Sir Launcelot.

> She seemed a part of joyous spring:
> A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
> Buckled with golden clasps before;
> A light-green tuft of plumes she bore,
> Closed in a golden ring.

And do you remember *how* she rode, Norah? Just in such a way *I* pictured myself, this evening:

> And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
> Than she whose elfin prancer springs
> By night to eery warblings,
> When all the glimmering moorland rings
> With jingling bridle-reins.

Norah? can't you *hear* the jingle of the reins in these lines? *I* can! I wish we could get a peep at the elfin prancer and his Queen. O dear — O dear! — I'm sorry — I'm sorry —"

She broke off with a little laugh and a sigh.

"You are sorry for what, Cousin Bonnie?" asked Master Freddy.

"Are you sorry you have not 'a grass-green silk'—is that it?"

"No; I don't want a grass-green silk. I was going to say I was sorry that the fairies were nearly all gone out of the country. Mind you, I say '*nearly*,' because nothing will convince me that they are *all* gone!"

When they arrived at the outer gate of Kilcarrick, Bonnie suddenly handed the reins to Norah, and got out of the little carriage.

She had seen some minutes before, a man's figure strolling across the fields towards the cliffs. It was Robert Grace, and a good-natured impulse was now urging Bonnie on to a somewhat hazardous step. She would go and speak to Bob, and, perhaps, prevail upon him to renew his visits to Kilcarrick.

"I will stroll up to the house after you," she said to Norah, by way of explanation; "I am cramped from sitting there so long. Drive on, Norah, and ring the bell loudly when tea is wet."

So Bonnie was left alone on the road, and, instead of strolling along the drive, she crossed a stile and went down the path through the barley and bean fields leading to the top of the cliffs. Here lying at full length on the grass, his hat pushed back on his head, his forehead resting on his folded arms, she found, as she expected, the truant Robert Grace.

When he heard her footsteps he glanced hastily around; then stood up at once, and she saw that he was very pale and grave-looking. If, indeed, Grace's face, with its pleasant blue eyes, could by any possibility succeed in looking stern, it looked so now. He did not smile as Bonnie drew near. She stretched out her hand, which he took coldly and quickly dropped. His eyes were fixed upon hers all the time, without the shadow of a smile in them.

All this was intensely painful to Bonnie; but beyond the pain of it, it stung her pride a little to be so treated. Surely she did not deserve this? Had Grace only known what was passing in the girl's mind just at this moment, his manner of treating her would, I fancy, have been otherwise. He was, indeed—all unconsciously to himself—defeating his own ends with weapons fashioned by his own hands. Bonnie was decidedly not in the mood to receive calmly, or effectively, such matters as he was now about to lay before her. Had he opened the interview in a different manner, he might, perhaps, have succeeded—in some degree, at least—in his unquestionably friendly and good-natured intentions.

Fate, however, had, it appeared, otherwise decreed.

"I am glad I have met you," Grace said, coldly enough. "I have, indeed, been lingering here on the chance of seeing you. Now, Bonnie Dunraven," he added gravely, his eyes still fixed on the girl's face, "you are not to misunderstand my motives for what I am about to say. My motives are pure, disinterested motives. You will, I trust, give me credit for, at least, thus much?"

He paused for a moment, but Bonnie said not a word. The impulse of her heart was, to assure him that she had never for a moment questioned the unselfishness of his motives; but, thanks to his voice, face, and manner, the kindly impulse was checked as soon as felt.

"I did not ask you any questions about—about my successful rival, Mr. Paul Earnscliffe, on the night of the picnic," Grace continued, with a bitterness—perhaps unconscious—stealing into his voice. "At that time I knew nothing about him. He was a thorough stranger to me, and so, of course I held my peace on the not very pleasant subject—so far as *I* was concerned. But, when I discovered, since then, that the man whom you, it seems, have so honored—" here his voice rose and trembled a little, and the pallor of his face became more intense—"when I

found out, I say, on good authority, that this man, Earnscliffe, is simply unfit to mingle in decent society—that the slightest association with him is sufficient to blacken the reputation of any respectable girl or woman—and that—"

"Not another word!" cried Bonnie, interrupting him here, her eyes flashing, her bosom rising and falling visibly with the sudden passion which surged through and through her, "you have said too much already. *Your* motives 'pure' ones! *Your* motives 'disinterested'! Robert Grace, I never, until this moment, had reason to be ashamed of you. *Now* I hold you lower—yes, *lower*—than I should hold such a man even as you have described. Oh, I am ashamed of you. *You* to descend to anything so mean—so cowardly—as *this!*"

White as death they faced each other now; Bonnie trembling from head to foot; Grace erect and rigid as a figure of stone. Bonnie's words—rushing out fierily, impetuously, from her hot heart—well nigh stunned him. At one and the same time he found his worst apprehensions verified, his last hope blasted before his eyes.

For a moment he said nothing. He stood there without moving, his eyes still fixed on her's; but now, by degrees, an infinite yearning sadness stole over his face, softened every lineament, relaxed every feature, passed through the man's body in a great shudder, and trembled about his lips.

For Robert Grace, strive as he might, could not, you see, disguise the tenderness of his big heart for long.

"O Bonnie—Bonnie! O God! *what* have you been saying to me? he cried out at last, and the anguish of his voice would, at any other time, have thrilled the girl to the heart. "Was it really you—*you*, Bonnie Dunraven—who spoke just now? You said I was low, mean, cowardly. *You* said that! *You*. O Bonnie, Bonnie, has it come to this? Has it come to this?"

"Yes; I did say it," Bonnie replied fierily—it was too late now to quell the passion raging within her heart—"I did say it, and I say it again. You *are* a coward to malign any man as you have maligned *him*. You come to me with your hateful stories, and you think you will blacken his character in my regard. Never—never—never. You need not put yourself to so much trouble. It is all thrown away—utterly thrown away and lost."

When she said this, she turned away from him with a backward gesture of her hand, as though she were casting him from her for ever more. The gesture was as a knife driven through Grace's living heart. He sprang forward, and laid his strong hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Wait—wait! for God's sake," he groaned, turning her face round to his so that their eyes again met. "Don't go away, Bonnie, with such words on your lips. O, child, I am nearly mad. I hardly know what I am saying this moment. Tell me that you did not really mean to say all those things to me. Do you imgine that I—*I*, Robert Grace—would stoop to tell lies of any man behind his back? Heaven forbid! Don't you know, Bonnie, that it is your welfare—your fair *fame*, my darling—which I have at heart? Bonnie, listen to me now. I shall not detain you long. If you promise me to have nothing more to say to that scoundrel—for he is nothing better—if you promise *that*, I swear to you I will go away forever from the neighborhood. I will put the width of the ocean between you and me. You shall never be troubled by the sight of Robert Grace again—if only—if only, my darling, you will allow me to *save* you from that rascal."

"I tell you again you are a coward and a maligner!" Bonnie cried, tearing herself away from his hold.

"I fling back your words into your face. I don't care where you go to, *now*. I don't care if I never lay eyes on you again—now. You have made my very nature rise up in revolt, and turn on itself, and hate the sight of you. As for what you say about Paul Earnscliffe—it is a dastardly *lie*! I scorn it utterly. I cast it from me. I trust Paul Earnsclifie. I am proud of Paul Earnscliffe. I love him with my whole heart—and come what may; I shall be his wife!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"I AM GOING AWAY, PAUL!"

White as death, shuddering from head to foot, her right hand clinched tight by her side, Bonnie Dunraven hurried wildly along the cliff path; entirely regardless of hour, place, circumstance—spurred by one desire alone, to walk on—on—on—no matter where, if only she could succeed in calming down somewhat the passion surging through her every fibre.

She hardly felt the ground under her feet. Her heart was beating hard and fast. Her mind was a chaos. But, underneath all, there was a consciousness that she had now come to an epoch of her life, at which point a great change of some kind or other was to begin.

This rapid walk did her good. The sheer force of physical weariness calmed down considerably the agitation of her heart. The purple gloamin' of the August evening had gathered over the cliffs and sea when Bonnie bethought herself, at least, of returning to her home.

Her home? What home? Where was her home—now?

Had she not, by her own doings, forfeited, for ever more, her peace and happiness in that home? The vague consciousness of a great change of some kind or other, which had lain latent beneath the surge of her passion, three-quarters-of-an-hour ago, had now, as she became calmer, taken form and color.

"You must leave Kilcarrick!"

This sentence was dinning—dinning—in her ears like a knell of doom.

Yes. Kilcarrick was her home no longer. She had acted in direct opposition to the dearest heart-wish of her uncle and aunt. She had done more. She had absolutely separated herself for ever from Robert Grace, and was not he beloved by the old Doctor and his wife, as the favorite son of the house is beloved by his father and mother?

Even so.

Everything, then, pointed undeviatingly to this one conclusion:

"You must leave Kilcarrick."

"Why did I ever come back? Would to God I had remained in England!" Bonnie thought, bitterly, as she retraced her steps along the path by the cliffs.

With a dread sinking of the heart she now recalled old Kitty Maguire's significant words on that wild March evening in the Orchard Room—

"Be brave, be strong! Have your wits about you, mavourneen! For, if you don't, mark my words for it!—you'll sorely rue the night ye ever came back to this house!"

Strange, weird prediction—now actually verified. Full sorely, indeed, did Bonnie regret that she had ever come back to her uncle's house.

It was nearly dark by the time she arrived at Kilcarrick. She hurried along a narrow side-walk leading round to a door at the back of the house. As she passed along here, the front door was suddenly opened, and, against the red glow from the hall, she saw, through the trees, the figure of Robert Grace standing with Mrs. Fitzgerald on the broad stone step. He was just going away. He had been within, then. He had told all!

With a stifled groan, Bonnie hurriedly passed round to the back of the house. She crept in noiselessly, and stole up stairs to her own little room. Then she took off her hat

and sat down in her accustomed place on the window-seat, and buried her face in her hands.

Half-an-hour or more went by, when suddenly there was a footstep on the lobby. It paused at the door. There was a knock.

"Bonnie! Are you within, Bonnie?"

It was Mrs. Fitzgerald's voice.

"Yes, aunt. Come in," Bonnie said, but the words almost died away on her lips.

The little woman came in slowly, closed the door, and advanced in silence to where Bonnie sat. For fully five minutes there was no word spoken.

At last Bonnie, goaded well-nigh to desperation, raised her head and looked up full into her aunt's face.

"What have you to say to me, Aunt Mary? I cannot *bear* this silence. For pity's sake speak out plainly, and say whatever you wish to say. Robert Grace has been here. I saw him. Well, he has been telling you about what happened below on the cliffs. It is all perfectly true, Aunt Mary."

"Yes, Bonnie. He has been telling me. But it is not about *him* I have come to tell you now. That was painful enough, goodness knows, and hard enough to bear. But, Bonnie, even that pain itself was nothing — a mere nothing — to what I felt when I heard — when I heard — "

The little woman's voice trembled and for a moment broke down.

Bonnie saw, through the semi-darkness, that her aunt's face was like the face of a ghost.

"When you heard *what*, aunt? About Paul Earnscliffe, do you mean?" Bonnie added, gathering afresh the nerve and courage which this subject never failed to renew within her. "And why should this pain you very much, aunt?"

"Why should it pain me, Bonnie? Do you seriously ask me such a question? Why should it pain me?"

"I do seriously ask you that very question, aunt. Why *should* it pain you? I mean, of course, why should it give you pain over and above your disappointment about Robert Grace?"

"Bonnie Dunraven, are you aware of the character of the man whom you have permitted to approach you on such a footing as this? Do you know who he is at all — this Paul Earnscliffe? Have you ever heard anything about him?"

"I have the utmost trust in Paul Earnscliffe," replied the girl, spiritedly and promptly. "I believe — as I believe in my soul — that he is a great-hearted, noble-minded man. Is it because Robert Grace has heard some cowardly, lying stories about Paul Earnscliffe that he must therefore be a scoundrel, or a rascal, or whatever choice term may come uppermost to bestow upon him? Aunt, I cast the thought from me altogether. I wonder at *you* to allow yourself to listen to anything so low and malicious. The fact of it is," added the girl, with a sudden change of voice and manner, "you are all angry with me for the affair of Robert Grace, and you are allowing yourselves to be blinded and befooled by the silliest, meanest prejudice. Say what you like, aunt — I believe that. Nothing can shake me, thank God!"

"Bonnie, Bonnie!" cried the little woman, with intense earnestness, "it is *you* who are blinded and befooled, my poor child. You, and not we, Bob has the best authority for what he says. He would not say it otherwise. He was talking, no later than yesterday, to two men — he is bound in honor not to mention their names — who knew Paul Earnscliffe well; and I can tell you he is not a noble-minded man, nor a great-hearted man, nor anything of the kind. It would shame your ears, child, were I to tell you some of the things which Bob told me. He would have told you himself, this evening, but he has

too much respect for you to give expression to the like! But I can tell you one thing, Bonnie; Paul Earnscliffe is the last man in the world whom anyone who loves you would care to see you have anything to do with. His very name is a word to be shunned by any pure woman. O, Bonnie, my dear, my child, don't allow this madness to get the better of you. Don't you know we are all only striving to make your life happy? Don't, child, go on like this. You will ruin your whole life if you do. Pause, now, in time, my dear child. Don't rush on impulsively — you are dreadfully impulsive, my poor Bonnie — don't rush on, I say, to certain shame and misfortune!"

"'Shame and misfortune,' Aunt Mary! I repudiate both words," Bonnie replied, with flashing eyes. "I *will* not have Paul Earnscliffe spoke of in such terms — in my presence," she added, suddenly, rising as she spoke, her lithe figure swaying with her agitation. "You have all driven me beyond endurance by this cruel, unnatural persecution. What have I done that I should be treated like this? O, I am sorry — I am sorry I came back here at all. The only thing to be done now is to go away. I have decided on that. I have brought sorrow enough, goodness knows, over the house already! Well, I shall bring no more. Your advice shall be followed, aunt, in one way, at all events. I *will* pause. I will not bring any fresh trouble on you all. I will go away from Kilcarrick."

"Oh, Bonnie, I don't mean that! O such a thing for you to say! You know I never meant that — for one moment. That was too unkind of you, Bonnie. You might as well take a knife and drive it through my heart, as say what you have said now. You — you —"

And then the poor little woman, fairly wearied out and broken down at last, burst into a wild flood of tears, wailing and sobbing as though her heart would break asunder.

Bonnie was terribly pained and shocked at this. Her bright eyes filled with tears. She threw her arms about the little shaking figure, and these two sobbed and clung together, and there was no word spoken for a long time after that.

"I did not mean — indeed I did not mean — to pain you like this, Aunt Mary," said Bonnie, at last, and now the tear-storm was nearly over. "I think I am fated to bring down trouble on all my friends," added the girl, bitterly. "When I spoke of going away, aunt, I did not mean for a moment that *you* were driving me from Kilcarrick. Nothing of the kind. What I meant was, that, all things considered, it is *better*, in every way, that I should go away — even for a time. Look at the matter dispassionately, and surely you will see, as clearly as I do, that what I say is right. Yes, aunt, my mind is made up — thoroughly made up now."

And Bonnie, when she said this, was speaking the simple truth of the matter, without concealment, as without exaggeration. So far, she had not allowed her mind to dwell on the two all-important considerations as to *where* she was to go, and what she was to do in the matter of Paul Earnscliffe. She repelled these thoughts whenever they suggested themselves. The one clear fact was: leave Kilcarrick she must.

Mrs. Fitzgerald perceived clearly that it was useless to say anything further to Bonnie, in her present mood, at all events. And perhaps, thought the little woman — with a sudden glimmer of hope lighting up her face — perhaps it would be all the better that Bonnie should go away for a year or so, see new faces, new scenes, live amid new associations for awhile, and then come back to Kilcarrick; and, perhaps, matters would turn out happily, after all. In this dawning hope there was, you observe, no question of Paul Earnscliffe's interference in the happy prospect. He was rigor-

ously excluded. Mrs. Fitzgerald — having satisfied her mind that Bonnie's leaning towards Earnscliffe was the veriest fancy of an hour, strengthened, very likely, by the opposition of others — now decided, to her great satisfaction, that change of scene and people was the very best means of getting well rid of this folly.

And so at last the little woman said good-night to her niece, and hurried away to her own room, her heart full of this new hope, her mind busily planning the ways and means by which Bonnie's intention had best be carried out.

Bonnie slept little that night. She lay tossing from side to side on her pillows, longing, longing that sleep would come to her and steal away consciousness, and longing in vain. She tried every means of which she had ever heard, or read, for the inducement of sleep. She counted flock after flock of sheep jumping over a gate; but the sheep sprang so madly, rushing on the top of one another, leaping almost sky-high, and coming down perpendicularly at the wrong side of the gate after all, that, at last, Bonnie heartily disgusted, banished them altogether from her mind. She began to reckon numbers — one, two, three, four, five, and so on. When she arrived at eight hundred and sixty-seven she gave up in despair, and, with a long sigh, turned again on her pillow, her temples throbbing, her eyes wide-open still. Finally, she pictured to herself the lonely little strand below Liskeelan Head, with the wavelets rippling in, softly, musically, soothingly, over the shingle. She fancied she heard that low, purling sound, and she fell asleep at last, with the murmur of water in her spirit's ears, and the radiance of the blue summer sea before her spirit's eyes.

All through the next day Bonnie was thinking of her tryst with Paul Earnscliffe on Liskeelan Strand. She was unwontedly absent-minded during school hours; but the children did not marvel much at this. In the evening she asked Norah to postpone *her* lessons until some other time. She was not very well, she said, and would Norah excuse her?

"Excuse you, Cousin Bonnie!" replied Norah, "such a question to ask *me*. I am so sorry you are not well, Bonnie. You ought to lie down until tea-time.

"Oh, I am not so bad as that, dear," Bonnie said, smiling — a sad smile enough, do what she would — "I feel a kind of nervousness, Norah, a slight headache, and that kind of thing. But it will pass away."

During tea there was hardly a word spoken. Little Mrs. Fitzgerald, from behind her urn, glanced, now and then, furtively at her niece's pale face; and her heart was heavy for her. The old Doctor had not said a word to Bonnie on the subject of Grace and Earnscliffe. He left all that to his wife. But his silence weighed more heavily on the girl's spirits than another man's outspoken reproach.

On the whole, it was a dreary and trying time, and especially so for Bonnie.

It was a relief to the girl to get away from the room, and, half-an-hour later, from the house. Once out on the road, her courage rose again, her step became light and elastic, a new brightness shone in her eyes. All her troubles were flung behind her for the nonce. Was she not on her way to meet Paul?

By the time she had arrived on Liskeelan Strand, the gloamin' was closing in, and a new moon was rising slowly, like a great ball of gold, far away eastward over the sea. A cool, salt breeze was blowing in from the ocean. Bonnie crossed the sands with springy steps. He was waiting for her. She saw his tall figure over there among the rocks, near the towering cliffs to the right.

"You are better than good. You are up to time," Paul said, as she

drew near; and then he lifted her happy face between his hands, and kissed her. "It was just about here — on this very spot, I really think — that you gave me the 'nunnies' long ago. Little we thought *then* that we should ever meet like this! Just imagine the dainty little sprite you were at that time, Bonnie!"

"Was I very dainty, Paul? I thought I was a queer, careless little one enough." Bonnie laughed; but there was in her voice now that tenderness, mingled with incredulity, which we feel when our early selves come up before our minds; or, when we gaze at a portrait of some chubby youngster or other, and we are told that we — hardened, worldly wayfarers that we are, more's the pity! — were once upon a time that very child.

"When I say 'dainty,' I don't mean that you were prim, or 'starchy,' or anything of that kind, Bonnie," Paul explained, as they strolled along together. "There was nothing of that about you, thanks be to goodness! But you were, somehow, not like any other little girl I had ever met before. Your pretty little apron was the very quintessence of neatness, your straw hat was exquisitely becoming, and your basket was, I recollect, a triumph of basket-manufacture."

"I think I have that basket still," Bonnie said. "I was always famous for taking care of things. I have all my nursery playthings carefully boxed up at home."

"Dolls and all, Bonnie?"

"No. Isn't it a strange fact — I never could warm towards a doll in all my days?"

"Not even when you were a very little girl, Bonnie?"

"Not even when I was a very little girl! I always had an unmitigated scorn for dolls. I remember, one time, my getting a present of a doll from Aunt Mary, and I did not know what in the world I should do with it. It was a very magnificent doll — a great lady, evidently — if one might judge from her having a dress of yellow satin, trimmed with gold-lace, a yellow satin hat, with a gold feather, and a most witheringly satirical expression on her bright red face, with its china blue eyes."

"What a gorgeous creature she must have looked!" Paul said, "and how did you entertain her ladyship?"

"In a very original, if scarcely civilized manner," replied Bonnie, laughing. "I placed her sitting upright on my bed — O dear! how I remember it, to be sure! — and then I walked away across the room, and turned and looked straight at her, and I said to her, 'You are a cheat and a hypocrite. Your face is painted wax. Your eyes are tinted glass. Your lips are daubs of red paint. Your body is yellow calico, stuffed with saw-dust, and your hair is colored tow pasted on your skull.' Of course when I had said all this, I never again could look straight into the outraged lady's face. I gave her away afterwards to one of the village school-children. O dear! — O dear! the idea of my telling *you* such a thing!" Bonnie broke off suddenly, looking up into Paul's dark face.

"And why should you not tell me such things, Bonnie? I love to listen to you. What a queer, little girl you were, to be sure! And how happy you must have been at Kilcarrick. No wonder you love that old place."

A change — sudden and remarkable — passed over the girl's bright face at these words. It seemed as though she were suddenly recalled to herself, and her circumstances in relation with Kilcarrick. Until now, she had allowed herself to be carried away completely by the unreasoning joy of being with Paul; and this joy was heightened by the force of the reaction upon what the girl had suffered since the previous evening. But now her face fell. The happy smile died away from her lips. She sighed heavily.

"A great many things have happened since I saw you yesterday evening, Paul," she said, slowly and gravely. "I shall not go over them again. I don't like to think of them. But, at all events, I have decided upon a step. I am going away, Paul. I am leaving Kilcarrick."

Earnscliffe started, and then stood still, his black eyes fixed full upon Bonnie's face.

"Leaving Kilcarrick, Bonnie? Leaving Kilcarrick? You are not serious, surely?"

"I am serious, Paul. It is not a subject that I should be likely to joke about. I cannot remain there any longer. Don't imagine," she added, hurriedly, "that they are unkind to me. Far from it. They are too kind — too good — too thoughtful. The place was always a home to me — and O, *what* a home! I love it with all my heart. If I did not love it, indeed, so very much, and love them all there, I should not, may be, go at all. But — but — you cannot understand this, Paul," she said, looking away from him over the sea. "It is too long a story, and too painful a one to tell you. But I am going away — I have decided."

Earnscliffe was silent for some minutes after this. He had, of course, come to a conclusion mentally, as to the cause of Bonnie's sudden decision. Her uncle and aunt had, no doubt, heard of his and Bonnie's meetings together, and of their love-making. True, he had requested of the girl not to speak of all this for some time, and she had faithfully promised not to. But the tidings had, no doubt, come from some other source, and now Bonnie was flying from the place, driven thence by the indignation ("the just indignation they would call it, of course!" Paul thought bitterly) of her uncle and aunt.

So be it, then. If Bonnie had decided upon going, Earnscliffe, in his turn, now came to a decision as to *where* she was to go. His black eyes flashed, there was a glad ring in his voice, when he spoke next.

"Bonnie, darling," he said fondly, drawing the girl closer to him, "Fate is actually driving us together, day by day. O, my love, my love — all this trouble shall soon come to an end. We are drawing nearer and nearer to our huge living happiness, you and I, Bonnie, my darling. Yes; you will leave Kilcarrick. And I am overjoyed at the thought. This very evening Alice said to me, 'Do you think, Paul, would Bonnie Dunraven come back with me to Glentobar?' I told her I should ask you — *beg* of you — and bring her the answer. She is thinking of going away on the day after to-morrow; and, Bonnie, may I not tell her that you will go with her?"

He was bending over the girl's upturned face as he spoke. His arms were about her. Her head lay upon his shoulder. They had seated themselves on a ledge of rock right under Liskeelan Head, and, behind them, the huge cliffs towered up, black and defined against the dark blue skies. By this time the yellow moon had paled to silver as it sailed up calmly over the sea. Far out there on the dark waveless ocean there was a track of vivid light, where the moon touched every ripple with a sheen "like dust of silver." The wash-wash of the wavelets on the shingle made a dreamy, lulling murmur.

"Say 'yes,' Bonnie — say '*yes*,'" Paul urged, mistaking the girl's silence for hesitation; whereas, in very reality, it was the silence of consent too full for speech. "Alice will write to you herself, to-morrow. Only say 'yes' now, so that I may tell her you will go."

"I will go, Paul — with all my heart. Why, the very thought of it sends a thrill through and through me," said Bonnie, her delight at this suddenly revealed prospect now finding utterance at last. "Of course, I will go. Oh, I am so glad — I am so glad!"

"My darling!" he murmured, in a low, passionate voice, as he folded his arms closer about her and drew her young face to his, "I never — no *never* — not for five minutes — knew what happiness — real happiness was, until I met you; and now you have increased that happiness ten-fold. Oh, Bonnie, my love, my love, we shall not be long separated *now*."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLACK HAG.

In the after years, Bonnie Dunraven always shrank from recalling that last day at Kilcarrick, the day before she went away with Mrs. Forrester to her home near Lismore. It was, indeed, a bitter recollection, heavily fraught with pain; one of those recollections which bring sudden, hot tears to our eyes, even after the lapse of long years, and the changes of scene and society.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was all unconscious of her niece's project until after twelve o'clock that day, when Bonnie came in to the Oak Parlor with an open letter in her hand. This she gave to her aunt to read. It was Mrs. Forrester's letter of invitation which had arrived, and been promptly answered, half-an-hour before.

All was explained then. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. The little woman was dreadfully agitated. All her fond hopes were cruelly scattered. She had been planning out Bonnie's future, and a very rose-colored picture she had made of it. Bonnie, she had decided, was to go away with Norah to the south of France. This project would effect two good things. The climate would, perhaps, do wonders for Norah's health, and the thorough change of scene, people, and associations, would cure Bonnie of her folly.

The little woman had risen that morning with a light heart. She was delighted with the plan. She thanked God on her knees, with glowing eyes and trembling clasped hands, for having inspired her with this happy means of smoothing away all the difficulties of her position. At breakfast she had chatted and laughed, and the old Doctor had caught the contagion and had joined heartily in the unwonted gaiety, and, to Bonnie, it had seemed just like a vision of past happy mornings, so that she, too — almost unconsciously, indeed — had found herself talking away briskly and light-heartedly as of old.

And here now was the truth — chill, pitiless, unquestionable; for, if any doubt still lingered in the little woman's heart, it was banished in a very effective manner. Bonnie's hand resting on the table, suddenly caught her aunt's attention. On that hand a ring, set with diamonds and emeralds, was glittering. Had it been a snake coiled around Bonnie's wrist the little woman's face could hardly have expressed more dismay.

Bonnie saw that fixed gaze, and felt a shiver creep through her at her aunt's shocked face.

"He gave me this last night," said the girl then, looking down on the ring as she spoke. "It is one of his own rings — his mother's, he said. He has not got mine yet."

She spoke mechanically, slowly, in a very low voice, not like Bonnie's. She felt that all this was a dream, from which, by-and-by, she would waken up. Her aunt's passionate words rang in her ears with a far-away, unreal sound. Bonnie was strangely passive all through this bitter interview. She did not kindle up, as of old, and take up the cudgels for her lover, as she so well knew how to do. She listened to all that her aunt said, and replied in monosyllables. But she never wavered for a moment in her decision. Passive as stone she might be, but she was also as inexorable as stone.

At last poor Mrs. Fitzgerald uttered words wrung out from her hot heart — words which sounded unnatural coming from the little woman's lips.

"Do as you like, then, Bonnie Dunraven. You have chosen your own course. You have ruined our hopes. You have brought sorrow over us all. You are not what I fondly believed you to be. You may go when and where you please now."

Bonnie heard these words in the same unreal way. She felt numbed, spiritless, succumbing passively, as it seemed, to the resistless power of a mesmerist.

The house was in commotion that day, but Bonnie was hardly aware of it. The children, in great perturbation, begged of her to tell them how *long* she would be away; would she be a month? — two months? — surely not *three* months?

Bonnie satisfied them, as best she could, with some vague assurances that she would see them soon again. But Norah was not so easily pacified, and the task of quieting her fears roused up Bonnie, at last, from this strange numbed lethargy. She begged of Norah not to ask any questions yet. She would tell her all, ere long.

"Norah, if you look at me like *that*, you will drive me mad!" Bonnie said at last, with a sudden cry out from her heart; and then she grew as pale as death, and sat down on her bed shuddering, and Norah was frightened into holding her peace.

The evening wore away drearily, and as the hours went by, and the shadows gathered in Bonnie's little room, a great sorrow filled the girl's heart, and a physical weakness unnerved her. Gradually, with the gathering twilight, the whole truth, in all its bitterness, came before her mind. The unnatural calmness was gone now. The brooding hush — the utter loneliness of this little room, acted upon her heart with a strangely saddening effect.

Was she really about to leave her home on the morrow? — her home where she had ever found peace, happiness, kind faces, kind words, loving hearts. The home of her earliest childhood, interwoven with every fibre of her being, inextricably associated with every true sentiment — every good impulse of her heart. Was she about to go forth into the unknown world, leaving behind her, as her parting bequest to those whom she fondly loved, naught but arid disappointment and bitterness of soul?

With her pale face buried in her hands the girl thought over all these things, and heavier and heavier lay the weight which was crushing down her young heart within her. But then suddenly, as she pressed her trembling hands to her face, Paul's ring touched her cheek, and it seemed as though she were on the instant filled with courage.

She stood up and gazed at the ring, and then the color slowly returned to her face. *His* ring. The pledge of his love.

"O, my darling! my darling!" cried the girl, with sudden passionate love throbbing in her low voice, pressing the ring to her lips as she spoke. "What is the loss of all the rest of the world to *me* so long as I have *you!*"

Bonnie set about packing her trunk after this, and the room was nearly dark before she had finished her work. She was about to light a candle at last, when the door was opened slowly, and old Kitty Maguire shuffled into the room.

There was a grisly horror in the woman's pallid face. Her keen gray eyes were dilated. The tall, lean figure was shuddering from head to foot. As she advanced towards Bonnie in the vague, semi-darkness, a momentary thrill of terror passed through the girl's frame, and she waited, with a kind of ghastly curiosity, for Kitty's first words.

"What's this they tell me, *acushla?*" said the old woman, in a whisper, laying her withered hand on Bonnie's arm. "They tell me you are lavin' Kilcarrick to-morrow."

"And so I am, Kitty. I am going to-morrow. But — but — who knows for how long. I may be back soon

again, you know, Kitty. Sooner than you think, perhaps."

Bonnie was striving hard to talk in a light, cheerful way, but the shocked stare of the old woman's eyes chilled her with a vague dread — like a foreboding of evil.

"And where are you goin' to, Miss Bonnie? Will ye tell me that?"

"I am going on a visit, Kitty, to a lady — Mrs. Forrester — who lives in the County Waterford, near Lismore. Surely, Kitty, there is nothing so very terrible about my going away for awhile — is there?"

"Who is she at all, *alanna?* Tell me," added Kitty, her voice sinking to a whisper, as she drew nearer to Bonnie, "is she any relation o' that dark-complexioned gentleman who's stoppin' beyant at Castle Strange?"

"She is Mr. Earnscliffe's sister, Kitty. She is a very nice woman. Very kind to me. I like her very much," said Bonnie, who was beginning to feel a little bit angry under this earnest cross-examination.

"*His* sister, mavourneen! — *his* sister? And do ye tell me ye're goin' to *her* house?"

There was a quiver in the woman's voice as she put the question. Her piercing eyes, under the shaggy brows, were fixed on the girl's face.

"Why should I *not* go to her house?" Bonnie replied, promptly. "I don't know what you mean, Kitty, by talking in this fashion. I really have no more time to spare now," added the girl, moving back a step or two; "I was packing my trunk when you came in. I am going early on to-morrow evening."

"I'd sooner see ye goin' to your grave, child," the old woman cried, suddenly. *Ochone! Och — ochone!* Why did I live to see this day! Think o' what you're doin', *astoreen machree*," she added, with gathering agitation, her voice dropping to a hoarse whisper; "for the love o' God, my jewel an' darlin', don't go *there*. Don't go there, whatever you do. If you go there, as thrue as I stand here before you now, ye'll never have a day's luck as long as ye have life in your body."

"Heaven forbid!" said Bonnie, looking with startled eyes into the old woman's pallid face. "Kitty, you should not say such a thing to me. That was a terrible — a *terrible* thing to say. I am frightened!" added the girl, with a shiver; and now she, too, was very pale.

"It's the truth I say — ye never will!" Kitty replied, in a whisper, "Remember my words now, and think better of it. O, *alanna coora*," the woman suddenly cried, with a wail in her trembling voice, "don't go — don't go. Stay where ye are! It's your only chance. I tell you, if you go there, ye'll blast your life for the longest day you live!"

"You *must* not say such things to me!" Bonnie cried, now thoroughly frightened, and very angry too. "What do you mean, Kitty, by such frightful language? You must be raving. I really have no time to listen to this nonsense. I am going to-morrow with Mrs. Forrester. That's enough about it now, Kitty, if you please."

When she said this, Bonnie turned away, and stooped over her open trunk, which was now, indeed, very nearly packed. In her excitement she did not know what she was doing, and she mechanically took some of the things out of the trunk with trembling hands.

She was recalled to herself, in a few minutes, in a way that thrilled her. A hand was laid on her arm. She started. Kitty Maguire was again beside her, her face like the face of the dead, a wild horror in her eyes.

"Listen to me now, child," she said, in a whisper — that dreadful whisper broken, now and then, with a shudder which, once heard, we never forget — "what I'm goin' to tell you now is a secret, an' it never passed my lips, as God is my witness, to any mortal man, woman, or child,

until this night. *Whist!*" the old woman broke off suddenly, the scared look coming over her face as she turned her head to listen. "Did ye hear a noise?"

"No. I heard nothing. You only fancied it," said Bonnie, hurriedly. "Go on, Kitty. What have you to tell me?"

"Bend close to me and listen. It's the only chance you have now, child, to take warnin' by *this*. Can ye hear what I'm sayin', *alanna?*"

"I can — I can — go on, Kitty. What is it?" Bonnie urged, stooping close to the old woman's face.

"Did any o' them ever tell ye about the *chailleach dubh?*" asked Kitty, in the lowest whisper, and now a thrill of horror was creeping through Bonnie from head to foot.

"Do you mean the *Black Hag?*" the girl whispered, with a shudder; "I remember hearing of it when I was a child."

"Whenever evil is drawin' nigh any one in this house, the *chailleach dubh* is seen," resumed Kitty. "When poor Miss Alice was goin' to be married, the Black Hag — as *yiz* call it — appeared, and I knew in my heart, *acushla*, that the poor child would meet with sore throuble, and so she did, surely! An' the night she died I seen the *chailleach dubh* again. God bless the mark!"

"*You*, Kitty! *You* saw it? You *saw* it!" Bonnie gasped, now white with horror.

"Ay — I seen it. I always sees it when throuble is drawin' nigh. You often axed me, Miss Bonnie, why I looked so wild-like. No wonder I'd look wild. How does I know when, night or day, that things 'll come before my eyes, an' wither 'em up in their sockets! O, my darlin'! My darlin'! listen to me now. As thrue as God is in Heaven, I seen the *chailleach dubh* this evenin' below on the passage goin' by the dairy door. I seen it — I seen it!" the old woman screamed, throwing her withered arms around Bonnie's neck. "O, *acushla machree*, it's a warnin' for *you* — it's a warnin' for *you!*"

"You only fancied it, Kitty, surely you only fancy it?" Bonnie urged, in a horrified whisper. "It was a shadow of something thrown against the wall — or, maybe, it was the dairy-maid's cloak hanging there. You must have only fancied it."

She was dreadfully agitated now, and the shuddering clasp of the old woman's arms about her neck heightened her dismay.

"No fancy — no fancy!" Kitty groaned, "my eyes are too well used to *that* sight to play me false *now*. It was the *chailleach dubh*, an' no other, *mavourneen*. Didn't I see the black hood hangin' over her head, tied about her neck, and the long, black skirt after her on the floor. An' I made the sigh of the cross, my darlin', and I seen the thing vanishin' fornint my eyes. God bless the mark! An' my heart nigh died widdin me, and I come as smart as I could upstairs to *you*, bekase I knew it was a warnin'. Ay, a warnin', Miss Bonnie, for you not to go where you're talkin' o' goin' to-morrow."

"You have frightened me dreadfully, Kitty," Bonnie said, after a long pause. "I feel weak and sick with terror. Don't say another word about it now, for mercy's sake. I can't bear it. I shall scream out if you do. It is a hideous story."

"God knows it'd never pass my lips, Miss Bonnie, if I could help it. But I *had* to tell all now, when it come to *that!* No wan ever knew I seen that sight. I kep' it locked in my breast from man and woman. *Now*, *acushla*, *acushla*, sure you won't go — sure you won't go in the face o' *this?*"

To be Continued.

[The Magazine, containing the beginning of this story, can be furnished to new subscribers. The story alone is worth the price of the Magazine.]

COOKERY, 'CONOMY, AND COMFORT.

WHICH is the best for girls to learn—geography, history, and all the details of grammar? *or* how to get all the nourishment possible out of a piece of tough beef, how to make it tender and palatable, and how to make the cottageful of people enjoy their dinner? Well, of course, by far the best thing for girls to learn must be geography, history, and grammar. A wise government, obeying the dictates of learned men, have decided it. What more can be said on the subject? The other day we heard of a Government Inspector requiring the girls in the school he was examining to tell him about Mount St. Gothard and the famous tunnel which has been lately opened through it. It was considered important that the little factory hand should know something about Mount St. Gothard. Perhaps some yards of cotton which she will some day help to turn out of the mill will pass through the tunnel of Mount St. Gothard. Had the child been taught to turn out a good *pot au feu*, or to make short pastry, or to serve up a delicious "toad in the hole," instead of knowing where St. Gothard is, and what it is famous for, her education would have been of an inferior kind, and quite unworthy of a high-minded government.

Of course, it is utterly ignorant and benighted on our part, but we had better be honest and have the courage of our opinions, and say that we believe the present system of popular education is mistaken and ill adapted to the state of life of the children to whom it is given. Girls ought to be taught to sew — and to sew well; and they ought to be taught to cook — and to cook well. The sewing should be taught for at least ten hours a week in the school; but not so the cooking. Cooking ought *not* to be taught as part of the school lessons. The children are too young to learn cooking while in the standards, and there are other inconveniences in teaching in regular school hours or in the standards. But let them be taught — all those who desire to be taught cookery — after they leave the school; the year they are leaving, or the year after. We know that it is a herculean labor to get people to take up new ideas. Even excellent people — priests and nuns devoted to education — are sometimes with difficulty got to pay any attention to cookery. How can people absolutely given over to the three R's — so committed to them that they can see nothing else in education — be expected to swear by the three C's — *cookery*, *'conomy*, and *comfort!* Yet, if we would make the houses of the poor comfortable, we must pay attention to their food. It is all nonsense to say that this is not a part of education. It is not a part of the education of an accountant or a clerk, who is to be engaged all day in figures and writing, but it is a part of the education of a woman, who is to be engaged a great part of the day in making the home comfortable for the husband and children, and for neighbors or travellers who come in to lodge. Again, if we would teach thrift — and we are plagued to death in some districts by lectures and theories on thrift, the saving of halfpence and the founding of penny banks — we ought to teach those who have to spend money every day for victuals how to make those victuals go as far as possible, how to make them palatable, and how to make common and cheap things uncommonly nice and savory. All this is done by teaching cookery — cottage cookery; cookery suitable to the people's tastes, and to their pockets, and to their simple appliances. Well, you may as well talk to the angelic host as talk to

some saintly teachers on this subject. They cannot comprehend how anybody can want cookery when they can have geography, history, and the use of the globes set before them.

Thanks to good old Sir H. Cole, a national training school of cookery has been opened at South Kensington, and instructors in cookery can be obtained for a small sum. The National Training School pursues two systems; it will either provide a cook to give so many lessons to the people in a town or population where a committee meets all the expenses, or it will send a cook down to a convent, or a set of teachers or school-mistresses, and give *them* lessons which would enable them to become teachers of cookery.

The first plan is not very successful, among Catholics at least. Somehow or other our people want to be drawn by personal motives, by the confidence they have in their teachers, in the Sisters and those who live for them, to go and take lessons even in cookery. We have known of public lectures on cookery and scarcely any one present at them in a great town. The second plan is the better. The teachers are well known and trusted, and the girls are delighted to be taught by them how to cook. The plan is very simple. You write to the Lady Superintendent, at the National School of Cookery, for an instructress; she sends down a cook for a fee of £3 3s. a week and a second class railway fare. You may board and lodge her in the convent, or board her in the convent and lodge her at the inn. In the course of the week she will give twenty-four lessons, and will turn out the Sisters or the teachers good, useful instructresses in cookery by the end of that time. Her work is greatly facilitated by an excellent work called "The Official Handbook for the National Training School for Cookery," published by Chapman and Hall, price 8s. The recipes are given with quite unusual clearness and simplicity, and even the ordinary price of each ingredient used is noted down.

We hear that this plan has been tried by the Sisters of Mercy in Burnley, a large, rough, manufacturing town in the north of England. The Sisters teach the poor schools, and as they also visit the people in their homes, they were quick to perceive what would most benefit the people, and best promote their domestic comfort. They therefore got a lady down from the National Training School to teach themselves. Having quickly learnt the savory art, they opened a school of cookery in the evenings, about seven o'clock. They divided the lessons into courses. And a course was made up of twelve demonstrative lessons.

The charge of 2s. or 3s. for the entire course, or of 3d. or 4d. a single lesson, meets the expenses. In Burnley the Sisters gave their lessons in a room in the convent. It was provided with a 30-light gas stove, and the few necessary utensils. The Sister explained the dishes (four or five each lesson) as she cooked them, and she cooked according to the recipes in the "Official Handbook." She taught sick-room and cold meat cookery as well as the preparation of cheap soups, meat and fish, puddings and pastry. About 45 persons attended the course; many of them were married women, and they would return home delighted with their new knowledge and experience. Some nights as many as 70 persons were present. The cost of materials for each lesson was about 3s., and the girls and women, when the lesson was over, bought up the dishes cooked and took them home, and tried each recipe themselves before the next lesson.

The good and enterprising Sisters were not satisfied with this success; but on Saturdays they gave similar lessons to the children of their middle school and to their pupil teachers. These also appreciated the lessons they received, and would go home

and surprise and delight their parents next day by cooking various little dishes for the Sunday's dinner.

We hope that this example will be widely followed. The difficulty and the cost are much less, when properly undertaken, than is supposed; and the results, we are persuaded, are much greater than the learned teachers of the three R's (inexperienced as they are in the culinary art) are willing to believe.

Good cooking has more to do with comfort, happiness, soberness and economy than higher and nobler arts and sciences; and, as a practical people, we ought to take it up with becoming zeal and intelligence. It is a science easily learnt. The three R's, each of them, have to be learnt apart, and they take up much time; but if you master the *first* of the three C's you at once master the other two. For ourselves, while wishing well to the three R's we strongly advocate the teaching of the three C's — Cookery, 'Conomy, and Comfort! — *London Tablet.*

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Cardinal Manning.

As I have been asked to form and express a judgment on the Salvation Army, I give the following, under correction. But I need hardly say that I have been present at no services or preaching, and judge of it only from documents of its own members. To draw a perfect circle on paper is one thing, to carry it out in stone is another. Abstract mental conceptions are always imperfectly realized in concrete human works. The Church on the eternal shore has no admixture of evil with good; the Church in this world is the field of wheat and tares. The Cathari of old and the Puritans since were impatient of this mystery of the long-suffering of God. It is well to bear this in mind when we judge of any men or works outside of the divine organization and unity of the faith. If good and evil be mingled in the Church divinely founded and divinely guided, what may we not look to find in any system which is of human origin, and dependent on the instability of man? Water cannot rise above its source.

The first observation I would make on the Salvation Army is, that it could never have existed but for the spiritual desolation of England; for to our own country my remarks will be confined. In the reign of Elizabeth, the whole people, excepting the Catholics who remained steadfast, were nominally within the Established Church. The Brownists began the separation of what Mr. Skeats has called "The Free Churches." These Nonconformist bodies, continually multiplying, claim at this day to divide the population of England equally with the Anglican Church. In truth, if we separate those who are explicitly Anglican from the multitude who are only passively and nominally Anglican, and those who are explicitly Nonconformists of every kind from those who are only passively and nominally Nonconformists, there will be a residuum on both sides of millions, over whom religion has no power. They live and die outside of any religious body.

When an attempt was made, some forty years ago, to ascertain the extent of church room in London, it was computed that all the existing places of worship, giving to each three services on Sunday, would provide for about 800,000 persons. The population of London was then under two millions — it is now nearly four. And great as the efforts of church building have been, the proportion of church room is certainly not greater than it was; it is almost

certainly less, for the population has increased more rapidly than the church room. What, then, is the spiritual desolation of London? Let any man stand on the high northern ridge which commands London from West to East and ask himself: How many in this teeming, seething whirlpool of men have never been baptized? have never been taught the Christian faith? never set a foot in a church? How many are living ignorantly in sin? how many with full knowledge are breaking the laws of God? What multitudes are blinded, or besotted, or maddened by drink? What sins of every kind and dye, and beyond all count, are committed day and night? It would surely be within the truth to say that half the population in London are practically without Christ and without God in the world. If this be so, then at once we can see how and why the Salvation Army exists. In a population full of faith and religious life it could have no place. There would be no need to supply, no conscious craving to satisfy, no spiritual desolation to break up. Its good tidings would be already known, and its warnings daily anticipated. A watchman's rattle is good at midnight, when men are sleeping. It is needless at noonday, when men are wide awake. We may in some degree measure the need for it by the response it has elicited. The spiritual desolation of London alone would make the Salvation Army possible. In passing by railroad through Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, the multitude of spires, steeples, towers, bell-turrets, gables, and roofs, with crosses and other tokens of religion, must force itself upon the least observant eye. Where would the knowledge of God, and of the Name of our Redeemer, have been now but for the zeal and activity of the many irreconcilable and often conflicting bodies who have reared and sustained these places of Christian worship? Nevertheless, how great a multitude in all these cities and towns never set a foot in church or meeting-house. So, again, throughout the provinces of England and Wales, there are, it is to be feared, millions living without faith and in sin.

To such a population a voice crying aloud in God's Name is as a warning in the night. There is also in the most outcast a voice that answers. The conscience in man is as the worm that dieth not; and, even in the worst and most depraved, it bears witness against the sins of their life and state. The words death, judgment, heaven, hell, are to them not mere sounds, but strokes upon the soul. There are, indeed, men who are "past feeling," but they are like the sightless among mankind, exceptions and anomalies. The mass of men believe in right and wrong, and judgment to come. They know that they have souls, blaspheme as unbelievers may. They hope for a better life after this, and they believe that an evil life here will end in a worse hereafter. This was the strength of Wesley in the last century and is the strength of William Booth in this. He and his, for seventeen years and more, have been calling men to repent and to turn to God. These are divine truths which, like seeds wafted by the winds or carried by birds, strike root where they fall. Good seed will grow whoever sows it. This was the meaning of St. Paul when he said:—"Some indeed, even out of envy and contention; but some also for good, will preach Christ. Some out of charity . . . . and some out of contention. . . . . But what then? So that by all means, whether by occasion or by truth, Christ be preached: in this also I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." St. Paul does not hereby sanction the preaching of those who go without being sent, much less the imperfections or faults of their preaching; but so far as it made known the Name and redemption of

Christ it was to him a cause of joy. Imperfect or unauthorized preaching in the unity of the Church is disorder; but outside its unity it is at least so much of truth made known to those who will not listen to its perfect voice. Within the unity of faith the Church has freely permitted its members to teach the truth. St. Francis of Assisi was never a priest, but he preached everywhere. B. John Colombini was not even a deacon, but a layman only, and yet from the hour of his conversion he went about preaching the name of Jesus till he died. And after death, as his biographer tells us, when he lay upon the bier the people came and kissed his hand as if he were a priest. The Divine invitation comes, indeed, from God to the Church, but every member of it may make it known. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come." In a wilderness where there is no Shepherd, any voice crying a fragment of the truth prepares the way for Him who is the perfect truth.

With these precautions we may go on, without fear of being misunderstood, to point out what things in the Salvation Army are hopeful, and what things are to be feared for it in the future. I take the account of it from Mr. Booth's own statement. (1) The Salvation Army affects no secrecy or specialties of its own. It is open as the light in its words and acts. It offers to everybody the results of its own experience. It has no patent medicines or mysterious spiritual prescriptions, but desires the widest diffusion of its teaching and mode of acting. (2) It has no compromises in its teaching. It holds to the "old-fashioned Gospel" of salvation from "real guilt, and real danger of a real hell," through Him who gives "real pardon to the really penitent," and "to all who really give up to Him a whole heart, and trust Him with a perfect trust." And this doctrine it holds as "embodied in the three creeds of the Church." (3) It teaches that "sin is sin, no matter who commits it, and that there cannot be sin without Divine displeasure; and that all men are responsible for accepting or rejecting the perfect deliverance from sin provided by our Lord." It deals largely with "the terrors of the Lord," believing that soft and soothing doctrines may easily be, and are at this day too prominent, and even exclusive of the eternal truths. (4) It holds that we ought to lay down our lives for the salvation of others, in the full sense of the second precept of charity. (5) Its organization is military. Having tried government by committees and by democracy, and finding that those who work do not care to talk, and that those who talk do not much care to work, its government was reduced to two simple principles — namely, to authority and obedience. (6) Its officers and preachers are continually, and often suddenly, changed from place to place, to prevent local and personal attachments. (7) The General has never received a penny out of the funds of the Army; and the Army depends absolutely on the providence of God. But it seems to possess property in trust. (8) It believes itself to be guarded against the admission of self-seeking and interested people by the great sacrifices they must make to become members: and against "drones" by the heavy obligation of holding from nineteen to twenty-five meetings a week, extending over thirty to thirty-five hours; and of spending eighteen hours in visiting the poor. (9) Finally, Mr. Booth declares his firm resolve that the Salvation Army shall never become a sect. He cites the failure of John Wesley in his attempt to maintain an unsectarian position. The meaning of this would seem to be that the aim of the Salvation Army is to promote general and personal religion apart from all bodies, and, above all, apart from all controversies.

This summary is almost in the words of its chief; and if the work answered to the conception, it would rank high among the movements external to the Catholic unity in prudence, zeal, and devotion. It exacts a life of labor, in poverty, in sacrifice of self, and in obedience. It is a less pleasing task to turn to the other aspect of the Salvation Army, and to point to the fears which it suggests. If it were certain that the conflicts and assaults of which we have heard arose as inevitably as the afflictions of St. Paul at Antioch, Iconium, and Lystra, we might feel no check to our sympathy. But St. Paul did not go in array, nor with the pomp and circumstance of war. If, on the one hand, this bold bearing be a sign of apostolic courage, it is hardly a sign of apostolic prudence. It is hardly the advent of "the Son of Peace;" and its sounds are rather of the whirlwind than of the still small voice. It is hardly like the conduct of our Divine Master, who, when the Pharisees were offended, "withdrew Himself," lest they should add sin to sin. It is one thing to rebuke sinners as St. Peter and St. Stephen did, and another to challenge opposition by military titles and movements with drums and fifes. These things seem not only unwise for the Salvation Army, but dangerous to souls. The "offence of the Cross" is inevitable if we preach "Christ and Him crucified;" and both wisdom and charity lay on us an obligation not to add to it by any needless provocation. We also need a clearer explanation of its teaching. It says that salvation and sanctification are the work "of a moment." There is no doubt that forgiveness of sin is bestowed in a moment, as when the father fell on the neck of the prodigal on his return; and when our Divine Lord said to the man sick of the palsy, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" and when in His Name at this hour absolution is given to the contrite. All this is an act of grace on God's part — full and complete when He bestows it. They who are forgiven are in a state of salvation, in which, if they persevere, they will be saved. But the work is not yet finished; and sanctification is only begun. God might, indeed, complete it, like our regeneration, in a moment. But He does not do so. That is not the Divine method. The cleansing of the soul and the infusion of perfect sanctification are progressive works. This was said in an article in the *War Cry*, in substance correctly enough, though in words and phrases not sufficiently guarded.

After stating still graver objections to what is called the training of converts, as attended with dangers to humility, sincerity, and reality, and as contrary to the spiritual experience of the world, his Eminence proceeds: —

The head of the Salvation Army is resolved that it shall never become a sect. In this he is wise. A sect is soon stereotyped. He seems to wish that it may not be a sect, but a spirit, which, like the four winds, may blow upon all the valley of dry bones — men, women, children, sects, communions, and, as he perhaps would say, churches, quickening and raising them all to a higher life. So long as the Salvation Army teaches the three creeds in their true sense, and does not assail the Catholic Faith or Church, it is so far doing a constructive, if it be only a fragmentary work.

God "would have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." So far, then, as it brings men to any truth, even though it be only one truth, such as a belief in God, in this evil and unbelieving generation, it is doing a work beyond its own foresight. Looking as we must over the spiritual desolations of England, every voice that speaks for God is on our side. In the measure in which its teaching is more perfect our hopes and our sympathy grow greater. When the Apostle said, "Master, we saw a certain man cast-

ing out devils in Thy Name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us," the answer was, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against you is for you." If it be said that the Salvation Army does not cast out devils, St. Augustine would answer that the conversion of a soul from sin to God is a greater miracle. And no man can doubt that God makes use of His own means to bring souls to Himself. At times He uses some whom He has not sent, to rebuke those in whose hands the Apostolic commission slumbers. Nevertheless we have a conviction that the Salvation Army will either become a sect, or it will melt away. This world is not the abode of disembodied spirits. The history of Christianity abundantly proves that neither the human intellect nor the human will can alone perpetuate any teaching without change. Nor can human authority or human obedience perpetuate itself without an organization which compacts and sustains both. But what is such an organization but a sect — one more of the separate bodies which have either departed from some parent sect, or have aggregated themselves together out of the dispersed and scattered units in our wilderness of souls? The Divine Wisdom has provided for the perpetuity of truth in a visible and world-wide organization, in which the faith is guarded and sustained "yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever." Our fidelity to this Divine and immutable organization, which "is terrible as an army with banners," gives to us a measuring rod, whereby we can measure the deviations of those who are outside of its unity, and the dangers to which these deviations lead.

There remains still one more, and that a yet graver fear, as to the future of the Salvation Army. Its material dissolution would be a small evil compared with the demoralization, resulting from the reckless language in which the most sacred subjects are often treated. In the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, in two articles, examples were given which are too displeasing to be repeated here. They were well called "rowdyism." No mistake is greater than to think that to speak of God and of Divine things in low language brings truth nearer to the minds of the poor or of the uneducated. No words are more elevated, and none more intelligible to the multitude, than is the language of the four Gospels. Low words generate low thoughts; words without reverence destroy the veneration of the human mind. When man ceases to venerate he ceases to worship. Extravagance, exaggeration, and coarseness are dangers incident to all popular preachers; and these things easily pass into a strain which shocks the moral sense, and deadens the instincts of piety. Familiarity with God in men of chastened mind produces a more profound veneration; in unchastened minds it easily runs into an irreverence which borders upon impiety. Even the Seraphim cover their faces in the Divine Presence. When levity or coarseness is permitted in preaching, or prayer, or hymns, we fear that it will deaden the reverence of some and provoke the blasphemy of others. The *War Cry* and the *Little Soldier* are both disfigured by such language, and the latter by still graver faults. Ceaseless watchfulness would be needed to keep its preachers and teachers within the limits of pure and sober speech. But who shall control the utterance of men, women and children in the front row in the moment of their supposed conversion? And above all, when such unbecoming language is used, and even enjoyed, as a means of rousing attention? They who do so must have forgotten St. Paul's rejection of human arts, and his simple trust in the Word of God, and in the power of His Spirit.

In all this the action of the Salvation Army is deplorably below the mental conception of it given in its own professions, at the outset of this

paper. Such are some of our fears for this zealous but defiant movement. Our fears greatly overbalance our hopes. Nevertheless our heart's desire and prayer is that they who labor so fervently with the truths they know may be led into the fulness of faith: and that they who are ready to give their lives for the salvation of souls may be rewarded with life eternal.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

THERE is no doubt the Irish people can dress, eat, decorate and furnish their houses and churches, drive about their own streets and roads, go their own railway journeys, and sail in their own ships without any assistance from foreigners; and if they buy goods that have crossed seas they have only themselves to blame! Nothing could excel their woolens, tweeds, and friezes of every hue; nor their silks and poplins, plain and richly figured; though they do still want more woolen materials of a light texture for ladies' dresses. They have not made anything yet to take the place of the ever useful cashmere. Their linens make a tempting show, from the rich damask, shining like silk, with charming designs thrown up as if in satin, to the filmy and delicately-embroidered pocket handkerchief. It is clear that they can make boots and shoes as elegant as any imported even from Paris, and I hope that for the future they will literally take their stand upon their own manufacture and step into nobody else's shoes, even though they cannot all afford to wear white poplin slippers exquisitely wrought with green silk shamrocks and with golden harps on the instep, such as dazzle our eyes in some of the Exhibition cases. I must say a better show might have been made of poplins and tabinets, for though some of these are disposed to advantage (notably the richly-figured ones), yet in one entire side of a large case the contents are badly arranged as regards both color and draping. This is a pity, where there was honest material for a very effective show. Marcus Ward & Co. sent some fine specimens of their admirable work; but their display is on too small a scale, considering their importance as Irish publishers and artists who have attained a world-wide popularity and fame. Their efforts at sculpture are highly creditable, and the carving of a really beautiful pulpit in marbles and stone is actually going forward in one of the halls. In the machinery-hall, various manufactures are progressing. Coaches, carriages, and harness are all of the handsomest that can be anywhere made. Of their bacon, butter, beef and mutton, no specimens can of course be given, which is, perhaps, a pity, as there is nothing so good of their kind anywhere, as (for instance) Matterson's Limerick bacon and hams. In the matter of food, Jacob's biscuits are almost the only representatives of what they produce, and they are so delicious that I can recommend them even to the Saxon as a novelty. The building itself is one of the best specimens put forth of Irish taste; very pretty, excellently planned; the decorations gay and in good style. The organ and orchestra fill well the upper end of the central hall, and Foley's casts (the last instalment of his legacy to his native land, lately brought from London), adorn nobly the lower end. It is oddly noticeable that, at this time, when flags are flying in all directions in Dublin, only two or three English ensigns have been seen. One small specimen of the Union Jack flutters from the top of the Exhibition among stars,

stripes, tricolors and shamrocks. This display of flags of many nations reminds us that it was once said, "Ireland is the least insular country in the world." *Apropos*, an Englishman was surprised last week to find Ireland so large, and the people looking so like English people. But Dublin was never a very Irish city. Originally Danish, it was afterwards the capital of the Pale, and all races were mixed within its walls. I am told by one of the officials at the doors, that of the strangers visiting the Exhibition (not returned Irish, but strangers pure and simple,) the Scotch have been the most numerous; and this surprises me, as the Americans are known to have mustered strongly. It is said that visitors from the United States travelled with return tickets, of which thirty shillings only was the price. It must, of course, be concluded that this was managed for them by the same great invisible power which so organized the people at the opening, that every man became his own policeman, while guards watched the public-houses to see that no man inclined to drink too much should enter. We feel more strongly every day here that we are in the hands of such a great invisible power, which is ruling the country for evil or for good. In spite of the occasional dark deeds which in the midst of our high hopes continue to make our hearts ache, we cannot but see that a spirit of wholesome improvement is abroad. The present Exhibition, modest as it is, was raised by the subscriptions of the humblest classes, the enterprise pushed on in spite of every obstacle, and unaided by patronage or help from the upper classes. In an almost incredibly short space of time the building was erected, decorated, filled. As I heard some one say, "The tradesmen of Dublin worked like devils to get it finished in time." All honor to them: they have done it well. Neither vast nor splendid, it is yet a thing to be proud of; honest, respectable, neat, and compact; admirably suited to the purpose for which it is intended.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE *Defense*, a Catholic paper, boldly asserts that the moment has come when the Orleans princes ought to pluck the ripe pear which the stupidity of so-called Republicans has made ready for their hands. The *Post*, an officious Berlin paper, reveals the fact, which is not generally known, that M. Gambetta is intimate with the Duc d'Aumale; and that under certain circumstances he would not be over hostile to the candidature of an Orleans prince to the Presidency. Such an event, if possible, would be the prelude of a constitutional monarchy. It is probable that the power of M. Gambetta is no longer strong enough to effect such a combination. When he was triumphant he was not so ready to speak of such eventualities. Now France will probably remember that the Orleans family demanded the restitution of the value of their property during the Franco-Prussian war, whilst their supporter, M. Gambetta, has amassed a colossal fortune by the defeat of his country. It is probable that Catholicism would not suffer so much at the hands of a constitutional monarch. France can only be saved by Providence from falling deeper into the abyss. No mere change of government will save her from the coming revolution, and M. Gambetta had better hit upon some other expedient in order to regain his lost popularity.

When the forcible expulsion of the Trappist monks from the monas-

tery of Notre Dame des Dombes took place last November, the chief agents in this iniquitous transaction were M. Gellion-Danglar, Prefect of l'Ain, M. Orcel, Councillor-General of the district, and M. Chambaud, the editor of an irreligious paper, *Progrès de l'Ain*. They were aided by a locksmith, who like themselves belonged to a secret society. Since then M. Gellion-Danglar has been deposed; and has died suddenly in Paris a short time ago. M. Orcel is also dead, and the locksmith has been smitten with blindness. M. Chambaud died suddenly last Friday. All these dispensations of Providence may have been produced by natural causes. But the fact remains that every agent in a recent sacrilege has speedily fallen a victim to the visitation of God. It has been remarked that these instances are by no means rare; and that a strange fatality seems to have hung over the "crocheteurs" or sacrilegious burglars who were prepared to contemptuously brave the anger of the Church.

WOLSELEY.

"All went at them straight; the royal Irish particularly distinguished itself by its dash and the manner in which it closed with the enemy."—*Gen. Wolseley.*

Sir Garnet Wolseley is a native of Dublin, where he was born in 1833. Garnet Wolseley comes by inheritance for his taste for military life, his father having been a major in the Twenty-fifth Regiment and his grandfather a veteran of the French war. The family of Wolseley also acted its part in the troubled times in which they lived, an ancestor of the general having commanded a regiment in the service of William III. Wolseley obtained a commission as ensign in the Eightieth Regiment in 1852, and almost immediately was ordered to Burmah, where his regiment was engaged in the Burmese war. In the second Burmese war he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the Ninetieth Regiment, and in 1854 set sail for the Crimea. His services in the trenches before Sebastopol were of great value. His taste for the scientific part of his profession led him to be affiliated with the engineers, and many works and plans, approved and carried into effect by the engineers, were the product of his skilful pencil and clear-headed study of the subject. For conspicuous bravery he was promoted to captain, but the promotion was afterwards revoked when it was discovered that he was only 21 years and 6 months old. The authorities got used to this after a while and confirmed his promotion. He was twice wounded in the trenches, at one time being left for dead, and disagreeing with the doctors by living, and forever after having a single eye to his professional duties, the other optic having disappeared "in the scrimmage," as one of his biographers elegantly terms it. Wolseley next saw service in India during the Mutiny, serving on the force under Lord Clyde, and winning high distinction at the capture of Lucknow, where he led the assault on the Khoorsheyd Munzel tower, and captured it. In the campaign under Sir Hope Grant, Major Wolseley again distinguished himself, and received his brevet of lieutenant-colonel, when he was only 26 years of age. Under the same commander he went to China, was present at the capture of the Tako forts, and assisted in the performance at Pekin. When matters looked stormy on this continent on account of the Trent affair, Colonel Wolseley was sent to Canada. He arrived in Boston in a Cunarder, stayed in this city for several days, and then pushed on to Canada. He commanded a force during the Fenian raids, and led the Red River expedition against Riel at Fort Garry, Manitoba. When the trouble arose

in Ashantee Garnet Wolseley was selected for the command, and the skilful, rapid conduct of this campaign won high praise. Sir Garnet Wolseley returned to England with the thanks of Parliament for his services. When Lord Chelmsford's army in South Africa met with disaster at Isanlhwana, there was a cry for Wolseley, and he was sent out to Natal as crown commissioner, having the supreme civil and military command. Contrary to expectation he did not supersede Lord Chelmsford, but allowed that officer to conduct the campaign to the successful fight at Ulundi and the capture of the Zulu king. Since that time Sir Garnet Wolseley has been commander of the reserve forces, lieutenant-general, and he is a knight commander of the bath, knight of the order of St. Michael and St. George and the French Legion of Honor.

EVILS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Rev. T. F. Mahar, D.D., in *Catholic Universe*.

At the beginning of this century popular government was frequently a subject of debate on the continent of Europe. The monarchist held, generally, that government of the people could not be endured nor fulfil the end of true government. They were confronted by their opponents with two examples, which no doubt presented some difficulty, England and the United States. Not so much attention was paid to the United States, because of course Europeans were not at that time familiar with our condition, and in fact are not now, for that matter, though our importance has increased immensely since the beginning of this century. Count de Maistre, a staunch and noble conservative of those days, said by way of reply to the example drawn from America: "Wait, it is as yet but an infant in the cradle." Such indeed was the fact, Not that our government was just taking shape, but the country was new and there was plenty of room to move without jostling. Things have much changed in the United States since those times, and we think that disputants of to-day would not recur to the United States as an example, with so much assurance as fifty or sixty years ago More could be said than "Wait, it is but an infant in the cradle."

If the greatest enemies of popular government had been asked to plan its suicide we do not think they could have suggested measures more fatal than those which have been adopted here. "Unless the Lord keep the city he watches in vain who keeps it." God must be the support of any government. There must be regard for principle, love of truth, correct moral principles acknowledged, in order that there may be some guarantee of a government. It is clearly folly to expect purity or permanence in any other condition of things, and it is scarcely necessary to use any reflection to see the truth of this proposition.

When persons confine their attention to present facts, the laws enacted, and the mode of enacting them, the evils seem petty and incapable of effecting any great injury; we mean that such will be the general impression among those who go by the name of "the people." Yet all can readily understand the truth of the proposition that without God — that is, without guiding moral principles—it is impossible for a government to endure, much less be true government.

Now what has been done among us to preserve moral standards among the people? Every obstacle is thrown in the way. In a monarchy, even when bad men and bad measures hold

sway, there is a degree of foresight in government which cannot be expected in "the people." Leaders can understand tendencies and thus have the means of correcting errors, or effecting stays or compromises which prolong life. But in popular government leaders have no permanency, and self-interest tempts them to make unscrupulous use of their opportunities, and let future generations take care of themselves, their future being very uncertain at any rate.

Besides, the demagogues are always a danger, even when a people is pure and moral as a rule, as may be seen in unfortunate Ireland to-day. But the danger is ten times greater when there is no morality, no regard for principles among the people.

We are as yet not greatly crowded, but as the struggle for life becomes more difficult in these Eastern parts we can see the agitation of the people increase and passion aroused; we can hear immoral and fierce doctrines taught, and can readily see what we are coming to with our wretched disregard of the duties of religion.

PROTESTANT IMAGE WORSHIP.

Cardinal Newman.

A PROTESTANT blames Catholics for showing honor to images; yet he does it himself. And first, he sees no difficulty in a mode of treating them quite as repugnant to his own ideas of what is rational as the practice he abominates, and that is the offering insult and mockery to them. Where is the good sense of showing dishonor if it be stupid and brutish to show honor? Approbation and criticism, praise and blame, go together. I do not mean, of course, that you dishonor what you honor, but that the two ideas of honor and dishonor so go together that where you *can* apply (rightly or wrongly, but still) where it is *possible* to apply the one, it is possible to apply the other. Tell me, then, what is meant by burning bishops, or cardinals, or popes in effigy? Has it no meaning? Is it not plainly intended for an insult? Would anyone who was burned in effigy feel it no insult? Well, then, how is it not absurd to feel pain at being dishonored in effigy, yet absurd to feel pleasure at being honored in effigy? How is it childish to honor an image, if it is not childish to dishonor it? This only can a Protestant say in defence of the act which he allows and practises, that he is used to it, whereas to the other he is not used. Honor is a new idea; it comes strange to him, and wonderful to say he does not see that he has admitted it in principle already in admitting dishonor, and after preaching against the Catholic, who crowns an image of the Madonna, he complacently goes his way and sets light to an effigy of Guy Fawkes. But this is not all; Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honor without any misgiving. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William, on College Green, Dublin; and, very well do I recollect what a shriek they raised some years ago, when the figure was unhorsed. Some profane person one night applied gunpowder, and blew the king right out of his saddle, and he was found by those who took interest in him, like Dagon, on the ground. You might have thought the poor senseless block had life, to see the way people took on about it, and how they spoke of his face, and his arms, and his legs; yet those same Protestants, I say, would at the same time be horrified had I used "he" and "him" of a crucifix, and would call me one of the monsters described in the Apocalypse, did I but honor my living Lord as they their dead king.

MURDERS IN IRELAND.

THE English press just now are very denunciatory in their tone in relation to some recent murders in Ireland. A correspondent of the *London Weekly Register* replies to the *Standard*:

Much as these murders are to be regretted, yet Englishmen are the last people in the world to play the Pharisee in the matter. No one disputes the good to the working-classes done by the Trades Unions, yet they were accompanied by most dreadful outrages. Let the reviewer remember the case of the Sheffield outrages. What did Broadhead confess? I will not give all his bad deeds, but consider the following:—He hired a man called Dennis Clark to blow up Helliwell, and rewarded the blower-up with £5; he hired another man to shoot Parker, and paid the agent £20; some boilers were blown up and £5 paid; Wilson's house was blown up for £10; some other man got £6 for arranging powder in cellars to blow up Holdsworth; while £15 was paid Crookes to blow up Fearnehough. Now, a great point is made by the *Spectator* of last week because Mr. Parnell does not pointedly denounce Irish crime; but, if English Trade Societies did not denounce such outrages as the above, why should Mr. Parnell be asked to condemn explicitly what *he has never even implicitly countenanced?* On the 13th of August, 1867, the Sheffield Saw-Grinders' Society, after a very full and lengthy consideration of the matter, refused to expel Broadhead and Crookes, on the ground that the deeds with which their names stood connected were not crimes, but "arose from the want of properly regulated tribunals for binding workmen to what was honorable, just and good." I am not aware that Irishmen have ever expressed themselves in such a lenient manner towards Irish crime as the Sheffield Saw-Grinders' Association did toward the Sheffield outrages.

COOKS.—A man said to me to-day: "Do you know that it is the rarest thing to find a good cook in a Southern family. Before the war the Southern people had the best cooking in the world — now we have the poorest." This is the reason: In the slave days every Southern lady was an accomplished housewife. She supervised, instructed, and advised, until the cook had become perfect and was installed as cook for life. In training the cook, mothers trained their daughters. If the slightest thing went wrong in the kitchen either mother or daughter could at once detect and correct it. Hence we had cooking that was famous the world over. Why, in those days, if I had been called on to supply one article by which alone the South could demonstrate its superiority, I should have selected the old Southern waffle. I think it was of rather a finer perfection than our statesmanship. The waffle is now only a memory. It perished at Appomattox. Since the war Southern women are no longer cooks. Having to deal with casual servants, there is no longer any temptation to train a servant as a cook. The moment she becomes proficient she is apt to leave you. Hence, our housewives have lost their ambition. They pick up whatever servants come handiest and take their chances. There is really all the more reason than ever they should understand cooking. The schools, too, are against us. They teach music, French, German, painting, and dancing, and have no time for the useful arts." "You object to this?" "Yes. I had rather my daughter could make a biscuit than paint a face. I had rather she could roast a turkey in one language than sing a song in ten."

A CITY FULL OF HEROES.

Louisville (Ky.) *Central Catholic.*

ONE of the most remarkable facts in the hourly history of the Irish people is one which occurred in the city of Dublin on the day when they unveiled the statue to the memory of O'Connell. In that great metropolis, containing a resident population of nearly four hundred thousand, with the neighboring townships of Rathmines, Rathgar, Merrion, Monkstown, Kingstown, Dalkey and Howth, containing nearly two hundred thousand more, and with, as reported by the railroad managers, visitors to the amount of one hundred thousand persons on the streets, there was not a single intoxicated person on that day nor one arrest for drunkenness. We think that there could not be a more astonishing fact recorded of the love of temperance by the Irish people, than this fact. It was a day when the factories were idle. It was a day when the streets were deserted. It was a day when every one was bent on enjoyment. It was a national holiday, and yet, in the joyous outburst of national feeling, the dignity and decorum of the occasion were not forgotten, and the Irish people shamed their calumniators and their oppressors by sobriety. We question if the same record of a gala occasion in a city as populous in the United States could be shown. We go further, we say it could not be shown. Yet here is the Ireland which is commonly traduced as the home of a people whose great curse is drunkenness. Of course the value of that charge has been shown time and again to depend only on the vitality of its foul calumny. But the Irish people all the world over can point to this fact on the 15th of August, 1882, as being without parallel under similar circumstances in any other country in the globe. We are all forced to remember by this brilliant homage to the memory of the unrivaled O'Connell that in the stormiest year of his agitation he gave the inculcation of total abstinence to the people he loved by his own example when he publicly took the pledge from the Rev. Theobald Mathew. Crowds that gathered at the feet of the great political leader, followed him to the feet of the humble Capuchin, the great Temperance leader, and flung away forever the intoxicating cup with loathing and remorse. On the solemn day that Ireland dedicated the national statue to O'Connell's memory it was most fitting that such a signal test of the people's love for his teachings as a great moralist should be given. It exhibited all the gratitude of Ireland's heart, and the token of love it shows cannot be mistaken by the most unobservant. When a people can thus forego a temptation, it is a great evidence of personal power of restraint. It is a glorious sight for a nation whose population can be dignified, and shows the competency of that nation for self-government.

If there were nothing else to transpierce the gloom that hangs over this people to-day but this dazzling ray of virtuous self-command, this alone is enough from which to glean a bright augury of glorious promise. A people situate as the Irish people now are, in the midst of the most atrocious violations of all forms of constitutional law, who can brace up to a noble act of self-denial, is not bound to die. The day is certain to come when the travail will be over and the traditions of the struggle for right are to be consummated in the gain of national independence. A people worn out, whose energies had become enervated or dwarfed, by long and continuous misrule such as Ireland has endured, could not do this act.

It needed manliness, and the manliness is in Ireland still. When we read of the Roman who held his hand in the fire until it was consumed to show that pain could not daunt him, we can believe that there might be a people of such men behind him. When we read of the three who gallantly defended the bridge on the Tiber while an army was in front and the city could be saved only by the delay until it was shivered to pieces, we know that they were the bravest of all the Romans. But there was no city full of heroes like this, and we call the Irishmen that day who refused a scandal to shadow them, true and devoted heroes. Temptation met them at every step. Friends met, long parted. Welcome and kindness was in every grasp, but the victory of Temperance was in every thought, and on the causeways of Dublin there trod that day a City — full of heroes.

THE "MASHER" ANSWERED. — Just before a Western-bound train left the Union depot a few days since, a masher with his little grip-sack slid around to a woman standing near the ticket office and remarked: "Excuse me, but can I be of any assistance in purchasing your ticket?" "No, sir!" was the short reply. "Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to see that your trunk is properly checked," he continued. "It has been checked, sir." "Yes — ahem — you go West, I presume?" "I do." "Going as far as Chicago?" "Yes, sir." "Ah — yes — to Chicago. I also take the train for Chicago. Beg your pardon, but didn't I meet you in Buffalo last fall?" "No, sir." "Ah! Then it was in Syracuse?" "No, sir!" "No? I wonder where I have seen you before?" "You saw me enter the depot about five minutes ago with my husband, I presume?" "Your husband?" "Yes, sir, and if you'll only stay around here three minutes longer you'll make the fifth fellow of your kind that he has turned over to the coroner this month!" Some mashers would have made a run for it, but this one didn't. He went off on the gallop, and as he wanted to go light, he left his grip-sack and a ton of brass behind him.

OUTRAGE BY SOLDIERS IN ARMAGH, IRELAND. — On the morning of August 31, a farmer named Looney, residing near Richhill, reported to the police in that district that at a late hour on Tuesday night previous two soldiers came to his house and asked admission, saying that they had a letter to give him. The man, not believing their story, refused to open the door, whereupon they threw several large stones at the house, and fired shots from a revolver. The man seeing that matters were assuming a serious aspect, loaded a gun and fired upon the soldiers, who decamped. Constable Maloney and a number of his men visited the scene of the occurrence, but made no discovery that would lead to the arrest of the parties. Subsequently it was learned from the military authorities in Armagh that four men of the army reserve were absent. Suspicion is accordingly fixed on the absentees.

A PRIEST of Ravenna, named Father Ravaglia, has constructed an electrical apparatus which can be set in operation by simply pressing a button, and by which the doors of a large building can be instantaneously opened. The apparatus was tried at the Alighieri Theatre, Ravenna, with the most satisfactory result. All the nine doors opened simultaneously, as if through some spiritual agency. The inventor hopes to improve his apparatus, so that should a fire break out on the stage of a theatre the rise of temperature would itself set the machinery in motion.

THE paper-hanger's business is very stuck up.

TERESA OF JESUS.

"*Mirabilis Deus in Sanctis suis.*"
"Wonderful is God in his Saints."—Ps. lxvii. 36.

The days were strange and the nights were full of the day's strange forebodings. The age was agitated. The skies were overcast with ominous signs. Clouds concealing sleeping tempests were rising round all the horizon of the Old World — growing in darkness by their nearness.

And men were restless.

The wondrous peaceful Catholic patience of days passed and passing away seemed to be departing; — and, with them, a something from earth like the indescribable calm of God. In minds without number among the nations a sullen irritation was rising, like the swell before a storm on the sea. Humility, that is always listening for the gentle footfalls of God (for humility hears as well as sees afar off) caught the sounds of the hard and heavy tread of pride; and with divine instinct knelt down to pray, and by prayer to prepare for some unknown coming conflict — and it did come.

It was in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

On the 25th of November, 1517, at Salamanca, in Spain, Thomas of Villanova, a young Spaniard, not yet a priest, made his solemn profession, as monk of the Augustinian Order, by the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience and perseverance.

It was a beautiful reparation in Spain for a heinous crime in Germany.

Such and so strange are God's ways.

For, in that very same year, a priest and a monk of the self-same order, in Germany, named Martin Luther, had consummated his apostasy, broken his vows, abandoned the church and God, and proclaimed, by his own personal, spiritual defamation, the so-called religious Reformation.

The Church aroused, as a soldier is by the trumpet of the foe, in haste began to gird her armor on for a long campaign of many battles, the last of which has not as yet been fought.

After awhile from Spain will come a soldier, brave in the service of his earthly king, to be braver in the cause of the King of Kings. His name, Ignatius, of Loyola.

He will hang his sword on a pillar, beside the Blessed Virgin's altar, to grasp, and wear, and wield, the sword named sacrifice, for God's glory and man's interests.

That sword always wins, because it never rusts.

A banner, blazoned with the supreme device, "To the greater glory of God," he himself will lift aloft, in the clouds of the conflict coming, over the ranks of the truest soldiers of Jesus that ever marched, refused to halt, battled and triumphed.

His command, everywhere, on each most dangerous point along the line of march or battle, will be the fearless vanguard of those who are going to combat for the Cross, the Church, and the Christ.

Meanwhile, in Spain, (is Spain expiating the sins of Germany?) just at the time when the apostate Luther was beginning the dress-parade of his opinions of a day, in front of the line of the grand dogmas of the ages, — fickle clouds in front of suns,— an infant was born, who, in God's designs, was destined to oppose the vast impurities reeking out of the heart of the Reformation, by the incomparable chastity of himself and his companions.

Brave men were to meet, and, in

the fields of argument, defeat the well-uniformed yet weakly-armed opinions that marched out of the head of the Reformation.

For them the field of conflict and battle and hard blows. But cells were to be the camps of her and her followers,— and the silent bivouac of prayer.

In beautiful Avila, of old Castile, her mother first looked in the face of her child and God's saint,— Teresa d'Ahumada.

It was the year 1515.

The sanctity of this grace-dowered child was to be a reparation for the sacrilege of Catharine de Bova, the apostate nun, who, in giving her hand to Luther took her heart away from Christ.

Teresa grew in loveliness and grace. The child's human beauty charmed admiration and captured love; while the signs of divine graces, shining round the little girl like a sacred halo, attracted the attention and won the reverence of all.

The longest lives lean back on childhood for all their spiritual beauty. The glories of age sleep, as germs, far back in the past. The fruit of Autumn rests under the blossom of Spring.

So,— and wonderfully so, was it with Teresa.

Somehow she was shy of the world. It was not merely the instinct of the child,— nor yet her temperament that led her to love silence and long for solitude.

It was grace giving to her heart sweet yet vague presentiments of her future days.

To-day may give blossom to some, to-morrow, fifty years away in the future.

She was fond of reading. The romances she read were stories of saints; and in reading them, though she did little dream it, she was looking on pages of her own after-life; and out of them, into her fresh young heart floated, as unconsciously float waves of sunlight, and falls the dew from heaven down on the flowers, that which makes saints, (earth's angels) and which makes them, no matter who they are or where and when they may have been born, and lived, and suffered, (for they all suffer) and died, so strangely alike, with one common, universal beauty — love of God.

And from that love of God thus so early beginning its reign in her heart, there arose, until it filled her very whole being, that love's essence and its charm, and its crown,— self sacrifice.

Is it then a wonder, at all, that, under the spell of the divine ideal of sacrifice, she and her brother Roderick should have conspired together to elope (sacred elopement!) together from home, dreaming of passing into Africa for the express purpose of being martyred, for love of God, by the Moors.

Her heart was older than her head. Her love loved more than her reason reasoned. The strong generosity of her impulses forced her untrained judgment to surrender at discretion.

The heart is always far in advance of the head on the way to God. For the heart flies while the head walks.

Her childlike love of God, at that time, equalled in its instinct the love of a saint. A saint loves God for a thousand reasons, of every one of which he is conscious.

Teresa, the child, loved God with all her feelings. She felt the flame, but was not yet old enough to analyze its elements.

The beautiful plot to fly through death to God was arranged between herself and her brother.

Secretly they left their father's house. No good-bys; good-by would have been their detection and detention.

Down a quiet street of the city they went in their strange quest for God through death. They reached the gates.

They passed out. They were congratulating themselves on their suc-

cess, when suddenly they met their uncle. He captured them and brought them back home.

Their astonished mother gave them a severe reproof.

Roderick, true to the nature of most boys and men, excused himself by blaming his little sister.

Teresa, without compromising her brother (just like most of girls,— and women under such provoking circumstances) spoke bravely up and honestly: "I ran away from home because I want to see God, and I can't see him without first dying." Beautiful child! (Reader, just pause a few moments and read the child's words over again. For they are better than mine.)

That strange answer to her mother's rebuke was the key-note of her character as a child and the prophecy of her life as a woman.

There was a something in her look, and a something else and more in the tone of her voice, that gave alarm to her mother's heart. She might try it over again and might succeed. So she was closely watched. And the child knew it.

She could not escape and become a martyr and see God (how hungry for Him must have been the eyes of her heart!) and she sighed for her love.

But if her heart was beautiful in its enthusiasm, her brain was busy with expedients.

She said to herself: "If not a martyr I will be a hermit."

She confided her secret and her wish to her brother.

Whether this confidence was an act of prudence on her part is very questionable in view of Roderick's past conduct in the martyr case. He had blamed her then:—and he might tell on her now.

Any how she told him her purpose, in the which she gave proof that like other children, young and old, she had not grown wise by experience.

She was the stronger character; (not a strong-minded but a strong-hearted girl) and so induced her brother to enter into her new design. In this they were not opposed by their mother. Better to have her little girl a hermit at home than a martyr abroad, gained the mother's consent.

There was a spacious garden adjoining their house. There, after much consultation and with earnest work, they built two hermitages. The fair beautiful garden was their desert, — and they its solitaries.

And thither and together they were wont to go every day to read the lives of the saints,— to pray and to sing hymns to Holy Mary.

However the frail hermitages began very soon to fall into decay; and despite incessant repairing became uninhabitable for the hermit-children.

It may be that Roderick, boy-like, grew weary of solitude and the sole companionship of his sister, and longed for play and boys, not as hermits, but as playmates. It is just like a boy. Or it may be that he had not the energy, nor yet the patience, to be constantly reconstructing what was continually falling into ruin. Or, it may be, that he lacked perseverance under this to him a very fearful trouble. We make every excuse for Roderick,— but we do not think that his treatment of his sister was as it ought to have been. We of course stand by little Teresa.

Anyhow, in spiritual aims women are more persevering than men.

Thus Teresa's attempt to make a second act of love for God, by becoming a hermit, seemed to be (but it was not) a failure.

Who said it? — or did I dream it? Faultless spiritual failures are the cradles of spiritual successes.

But the resources of the little busy brain, and the great deep child-heart of the girl were not yet exhausted.

For awhile she grieved over her second failure. History does not even hint as to what Roderick felt about this second attempt in God's

love-service — and so we bid him adieu.

But there were other ways by which Teresa might yet reach the beautiful ideal of God's love — a thrill in her heart. And in other than spiritual spheres, girls and women find and will have their own way.

Her father's house was a stately mansion.

Sacred pictures adorned and blessed its walls.

Girls love pictures. Ah! if they would love only sacred pictures! A child before a picture is a living picture herself, reflecting from her soul through her face that upon which she is looking. Women see more in pictures, and reflect more from them than men.

In her father's house the little Teresa would go from room to room on picture pilgrimages.

She could not be a martyr, because she was captured before she reached the martyr's crown. She could not be a hermit because her hermitage fell into ruins. Now she is a pilgrim. I wonder what next!

In her own room — she its angel — there was a painting representing our Lord and the Samaritan woman meeting at the well.

For long, long whiles she would stand, sometimes kneel before it, half in prayer and half in dream, and all in love of God, drinking out of the painted well the purest waters of eternal, spiritual life.

Who shall ever know the holy inspirations of love and the sacred suggestions of confidence that gleamed on her soul from the painted faces of the beautiful Christ and the questioning woman of Samaria? Who can ever tell what and how much she drank into her soul out of that painted well?

Little things that seem but trifles hold and give forth so much. A grain of sand, by the consecration of the creative act, is a temple of God.

But pictures were not enough. Her heart was very deep. Her head was lovingly very busy. For her head was as full of spiritual activities as was her heart of holy sentiments. And yet she was not sentimental.

So she begins like an innocent little thief to use her hand and rob her purse, in order to give what she stole from herself to her beggars and God's own poor.

And, as of old, she would, at times, creep away as noiselessly as a sunbeam, into quietest places to bless them with the blessing of the touch of her pure feet, to brighten them with the light outshining from her words of prayer, and to gladden them with the sweetness of her voice singing hymns to holy Mary.

When in the company of other children, she would winningly coax them (a presage of her own future) to play nun and build convents.

And — she was not yet nine years of age.

Over the dream of her heart then came a change; and it came from her own mother and the very variable Roderick.

Unknown to her father, an old, firm, faithful, sternly practical Roman Catholic (and would that there were more of his kind in the Spain of this enlightened nineteenth century!) these were in the habit of reading romances all a-glow with the enthusiasm of human loves. They persuaded Teresa to follow their example, — and she did.

For one of her temperament to begin, was to continue; and the want of a divine book would be to her a sure cause of unhappiness.

Romances mean this lower world.

This lower world alone, for a girl, means vanity.

Vanity means style, dress, figure, solicitous care of hair and head-dress, hands and well-fitting gloves, face and eyebrows, with a large anxiety as to the length and breadth of the feet, and a very particular and scarcely describable feeling about the instep.

Romances did their best (for

romances are powers) to introduce this lower world into Teresa's heart.

So,— the wish to be pretty, or appear so, came to the girl with its invariable concomitants of fine dresses, beautifully arranged hair, shapely shoes,— and all the rest of the follies.

It was only for a very little while.

Over the girl's life there came another change,— and this time from death and God.

In her twelfth year there was a coffin in her father's house,— and in it slept her mother. Fearful was her agony of grief. Orphanhood is desolation.

From the dead face of her mother dewed with her tears, she ran to an image of the blessed Virgin, knelt down before it, clasped together her poor, little motherless hands, sobbed and wept; and, with infinite pathos in her voice, pleaded with holy Mary to be to her a mother forever.

That swift, child-like rush to the image of Mary meant more than the poor child knew.

That simple act opened the gates of the way to the sanctities which her feet were always to walk, and affected every day of her life. Ah! little things, how mighty you are!

That act opened the doors of the convent for her.

It was called "Our Lady of Grace," and had been a Mahometan temple.

When she came to the convent, her face, pathetic with its orphan look,— the dream of her dead mother in its every expression,— won at once the love of the cloistered nuns. Her piety, seen of all when she would fain conceal it, was an example to every one of her companions.

An inmate a little more than a year, Teresa resolved to become a spouse of Jesus Christ.

In the way stood her father with stern opposition.

She was patient. Patience is power, and begets power. Relent he would not. Consent to stay in the world, she would not. God's call overrules any father's dissent. So she thought,— and thought right.

In the twenty-second year of her age she left her father's house unknown to him, spite of his anger and opposition, (I wonder did she bid good-by to her mother's grave!) and entered the convent of the Incarnation.

On All Souls' day, 1536, she was invested with the religious habit, and the November following she made her solemn profession, as a virgin of the Lord.

A very few days afterward she fell sickly, and for twenty years thereafter she was the resigned victim of almost constant pain. She was a martyr surely now; for her pangs were worse than the Moors,— martyring her body day and night through all those long-going years. She was a hermit now; for her cell was her desert. She was a pilgrim now,— and her pilgrimage was the "Way of the Cross,"— not from picture to picture,— but from pang to pang.

Apart from her bodily sufferings, she underwent interior agonies of the soul which are beyond the reach of description.

Terrible temptations assailed her. Her days were nights of spiritual desolation,— and her nights were often horrors. She was not understood. She was a phenomenon of grace; and how could she be understood? This was her crown of thorns.

Her very confessors did not comprehend her.

She was a mystery. The common-place shrinks before a mystery,— or smiles at it.

Many imagined,— and some proclaimed aloud, that she was under satanic illusion. They said the same of Christ, her chosen spouse. Who cares for common-place chatter? Only common-place spirits.

Externally she was as calm as a summer day's golden cloud. But in her soul, as in the cloud, there were the throes of tempests.

Some people object to God's action

when some grand miracle crosses and contravenes the laws of material nature. It is a low measurement of God. For nature is God's servant, and must do his bidding.

And some people, too, called (or miscalled) Christian, object to God's action when, in human nature, he lays his hand upon a creature — never interfering with that creature's will — and gives to the world a miracle of grace.

Let God alone.

He loves the rose-leaf and wears it as a veil.

But oh! my God! my beautiful God! how thou dost veil thy face with the sanctities of thy chosen ones, who choose thee because thou hast chosen them!

So, in a very true sense every saint is a mystery and a miracle of grace.

So was Teresa.

She would be absolutely as incomprehensible to our century as she was to her own age.

In the year 1557, when she was forty-three years of age, our Lord rewarded the brave patience of the gentle Teresa, tried in the crucible of bodily suffering and crucified on the Calvary of spiritual desolation, by lifting her soul up into those highest serene spheres of grace where union with Christ not only is,— but is clearly known and intensely felt. She had reached the glorious summit of the Thabor of highest supernatural prayer. God had led her through the dark into the bright. Down below were the broken clouds; around her, light and peace; within her, the conscious touch of God.

And, reaching that lofty height, and feeling God's presence as the flowers feel the sunshine — what?

She looked across the mystical distances to Mount Calvary. She saw Mary Magdalen in her eternal place at the foot of the Cross,— and she, white as whitest rose, called on the forgiven outcast,— forgiven because she "had loved so much"— to be her protectress.

"Oh blessed penitent, I cry to thee for help." Such was her prayer.

The confessions of St. Augustine (all saints are intensely honest) fell into her hands, by accident, or, let us better say, by providence. She read them, and pondered. And the sinner-saint of ages agone aided grace's work and God's will in the heart of the virgin of the sixteenth century.

The love of God,— martyr-love, hermit-love, virgin-love, thrice-tried-love — met and blended into one flame which spread its bright splendors throughout all the days of her life.

It is hard to follow Teresa up such heights. But it is hard to follow any saint treading each their own particular way. We can only look up, wonder, praise God, pray, and try to describe the indescribable. Imagination is unequal to the task. Reason, of itself alone, is powerless, and becomes bewildered. What pen cannot describe, Roman Catholic principles can explain.

All God's works are sealed; that is, they stand in hierarchical order. In our holy Church, (for what lies outside of it we have much of piety and more of prayer) there are two kinds of hierarchies, the external clearly ordered, and revealed and known; and the internal, clearly ordered also (though we know not how), not revealed and but vaguely known.

From supreme Pontiff down to Acolyte there is a clearly-defined hierarchy known and seen of all.

Between them, are Pope, Bishop, Priest, and others subordinate. This constitutes the external hierarchy of our holy Church. They are the angels, (though some sometimes fall) of the Church.

It is the hierarchy of office. Within the Church there is another hierarchy unseen, unknown, in this world undefined, the hierarchy of graces.

Back of their offices and the graces of their ministry, this hierarchical

order of grace exists, and always has, and shall for ever.

It is just the same among the laity. A priest in the hidden hierarchy of interior grace may be higher than a bishop; a bishop higher than a Pope, and a simple layman higher than each or any of them.

For "the spirit breatheth where she listeth."

Therefore, in this unknown hierarchy the humblest layman or woman in the Church, guided by the Spirit, may be higher than her highest official.

But if so, he can be and is so only because he has the most perfect obedience of faith, the most perfect subjection of will, and the most perfect love of heart for every mandate which emanates from the external hierarchy.

Is it singular to say it? Obedience to God's representatives is a higher and grander act of faith than obedience to God Himself personally and immediately. To obey the shadow hiding the sun that makes it, is a higher act of religion (because there is more of abandonment of will, and hence more of trust in the act), than to see the sun himself and do his personal bidding.

Teresa, the nun, in her cell, was,— there can be no doubt about it,— higher in the hierarchy of interior grace than the Pope of her time. But it was so, because she was the most obedient child of the Church in those days. A hint to her from the authorities in the Church was a command which, without a question or the dream of questioning, she listened to and obeyed.

Faith means authority — God's own, personally or representatively. Authority means obedience. Perfect obedience means perfect faith; and perfect faith means perfect love; and perfect love means ALL RELIGION. That ALL was reached by Teresa.

She was always in the canon of the saints,— and her solemn canonization, that blessed for ever the fifteenth day of October with her name, was the official ratification of her place, by right of her holy life, in the hierarchy of grace.

On the summits of holiness there is seen that which reaches beyond the vision of those who walk in the valleys below. Wide, white, wondrous horizons, reaching in their sacred sweep away towards the infinite, rise circling the sight of the soul that is standing there. Far and fair exceedingly is the vision. Peace is there, and rapture and ectasy,— and God. The unseen is seen. The unknown is known. The far-off floats near.

It is the place of revelations. It is the place of prophecy. It is the place of divine ineffable union with the infinite. Then the soul falls into the very embrace of God. Angels are there, and saints come back to the holy mount with messages from the sinless, shadowless world.

Contemplation builds her holy tabernacle there.

For it is a place rather of sight than reason: or, rather, it is the place of sanctified reason's clearest sight. The reasoners on that mystic height are seers. It is the place of glorious Apocalypses. Bright and lofty, silent and serene, fair and far. God puts off His shadow-robes up there, and becomes luminous. Yet still he is not seen in His essence as the blessed see Him in heaven. The supernatural sight of highest grace on earth differs not only in degree but also in kind, from heaven's beatific vision. On earth light hides God as well as shadows.

In that wonder-realm Teresa stood for more than a score of years, and felt and saw what even she herself could only shadowly describe.

The sun defies description. You see him. Strive to describe his light, and your brightest words only shade it.

When these seers come down from their supernatural elevations, and try (as she was commanded by her directors) to put their thoughts and

feelings and visions in words, they generally meet with harmless smiles or hurtful laughter from those who walk only down in the lower valleys. The grain of sand cannot understand the far-off star. But the star-light touches it. They are called visionaries; and so they are in a very grand and holy sense. By the wise of this world they are complimented as fools; and so they are with the supremely wise folly of the Cross. They are stigmatized as fanatics: and such, in sooth, they are, with the divine fanaticisms of divine love. They are called enthusiasts:— and surely so they are with enthusiasms flaming from self-sacrifice. The materialist cannot comprehend the spiritualization of matter in a sacrament or a saint. The mathematician cannot measure the immeasurable lines and circles of grace. Hence they ought to hush and give their attention to their own affairs. For they know not God's action in the laboratories of Grace.

In these lofty spheres Teresa made a wondrous vow. She bound her conscience, under the pain of mortal sin, always and under every circumstance throughout her life, to seek and do that which is most perfect in the sight and will of God!

That promise consummated and crowned her espousals with our Lord.

No wonder, then, that she was dowered as Christ's virgin-bride, with ecstasies, visions, prophecies, and the sacred gift of tears.

Nor need we marvel at all to find the miraculous element entering into her life.

Her very eyes looked "beautiful with gazing on God."

No wonder that her body was sometimes lifted up while she was at prayer; and she was seen of many kneeling on the air.

If reason alone can, by reasoning and applying her gathered knowledges, command and control nature's elements; why cannot reason, in her supernaturalizations of graces, possess vaster power, and prove such possession by acts, words, works of wonder surpassing common experiences and ordinary rules?

If man alone can achieve so much that seems marvellous to the ignorant, it stands to reason that man, God aiding him, can reach in the moral order results which startle and must startle those who are ignorant of the extent of man's moral possibilities and of the action of God's providence.

The world is not only ignorant, it is absolutely stupid about such spiritual results.

Its stupidity is the lofty reason of its doubts and disbeliefs, in the face of extraordinary spiritual facts.

The element of miracles is a natural (by *natural*, we mean that which ought to be reasonably expected, and the absence of which would seem to us, at least, very strange) part of the economy of the Redemption, which is the miracle of miracles.

Saints and miracles will never cease as long as the Church of Christ, the miracle-Church, shall last.

In nature there is a continuity of extraordinary as well as of ordinary phenomena. The extraordinary phenomena are rare and seem irregular; and for the greater part inexplicable to the most; while some of them defy explanation from among the scientists.

The ordinary phenomena manifest the regular working of nature's laws.

So in super-nature, in the Church, there is a continuity of ordinary and of extraordinary Christians.

The first manifest the ordinary working of grace.

They are the common, daily product of the Church, found always and every where. For them the common laws. The second are the saints.

For them the common laws,— the same teachings and the same sacraments. But they ascend beyond the mere necessary obligation and observation of the laws. They pass from

the plane of Precepts into the sphere of the Counsels. They have the same teachers as the others, but they give them higher obediences. And the self-same sacraments, but they receive them with extraordinary faith and fervor. Simple common sense suggests that extraordinary spiritual phenomena must, as a rule, be the natural appendage of such souls. What common sense suggests history records.

To the true Catholic, a saint is the highest natural product of supernatural grace, when unresisted by the heart and will. And hence the saint must be measured by higher than the common standards which scale the characters of good, but ordinary Christians.

The world stares at a saint, as a boy would stare at the Egyptian Sphinx; and can read his life with as much understanding as a street gamin the hieroglyphics on the pyramids. Only the boy would accept the existence of the Sphinx, and walk away wonderingly; while the gamin would gaze in awe on the mighty pyramid — but confess to ignorance of the writing on it. Boys are honest, — with them seeing a thing there is believing it there, — though they know neither its origin nor its use. Not so with the grown-up world.

They deny it is a Sphinx; and, because they are too ignorant to decipher the characters graven on the pyramid, they regard the lofty structure as a useless burden weighing down the breast of the desert. That is called wisdom. Under the six proved letters of that word, I read five other letters, to which these folk are welcome, — and the letters spell FOLLY, — large letters too, — and a *common* noun.

God distributes his graces as he so pleases. It is his own right. Some people, noted by neither justice nor generosity in regard to the earthly goods they happen to possess, object, sometimes in repining thought, sometimes in not very reverential speech; — yes — have the impertinence to object to God's own arrangements.

Sufficient grace, — aye, more than sufficient, is given to all; more still to some among the all; and still more to others; and so on, and up the ascending scale of human creatures, until, highest in their hierarchies, we reach her to whom all was given — the Blessed Virgin Mary, Christ's Mother, and therefore Queen of all creation.

It is quite impossible to designate the special place of any one saint in the degrees of grace.

And hence they are classified in various orders or families. Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Doctors, Virgins, and the rest. It is almost as impossible to give for either this earth or in the heavens the precise place of any one saint in any one order.

It is God's secret; and he keeps it to himself.

Next to the sacrament of our holy Church, the most beautiful, and, at the same time, the most mysterious of her possessions, is the Calendar of the Saints. It is the sanctification of every day of time by the memories of the holy ones of God.

A few of these named, and the rest unnamed, meet in every morning Mass. The altar, like a mother, and like God, has eternal memory of her children, living and dead. It is the presentation of the examples of glorious lives to the hearts of the faithful forever.

Each day is a feast, each feast has a name, each name is a soul in heaven. And each soul reflects thence what it reflected, while in the body, over the entire Church, the light of the name of Christ.

It is the reflection of glory thence which was the reflection of grace while on earth.

And the Calendar of the Church expresses, preserves, and perpetuates the eternal Christian Family-communion (which is indissoluble) between

those who holily died and those who are striving to live in holiness. Other churches confine public worship, which is a recognition of God's rights and men's obediences, to Sunday alone, one day in seven.

The six other days come and go, and are rarely marked by any special religious sign.

Our holy Church is always in her temples.

Every day is spiritualized. Every day is baptized with name of saint or angel. Every day is signed with the sign of the cross, and confirmed with the chrism of holy commemorations. And, thus, every day is united in beautiful, mystic wedlock with the Eternal Day of Christ.

The days of the virgins wear white vestments.

Among the white-veiled days of the Calendar that "follow the Lamb" in annual procession from day to day on his way of "Perpetual Sacrifice" from altar to altar all round the world, comes, at last, a day in Autumn, the season of fruits in their maturity.

It is the mid-day of the tenth month, the 15th of October. It is the feast of Teresa, one of the most beautiful fruits of grace; beautiful in bloom, blossom, growth, but most beautiful in fruitage.

It is the seraph feast among the Virgins' Festivals.

It commemorates one than whom (the Blessed Virgin always apart in all spiritual comparisons) there never has yet been born in the race a more extraordinary child of Adam.

Dead three centuries, she is to-day moving the entire Catholic Church.

Prayers, preachings, pilgrimages, and many other demonstrations of Catholic piety in every land and among every nation lead countless memories back to Teresa in her cell in Spain, and lift as many souls up to Teresa on her throne in heaven.

Back to her sacrifice and up to her glory goes the gaze of the holy Church.

Dead, she is not only living, but seems to be awakening piety everywhere and to be rousing to higher spiritual life the entire kingdom of God.

The world's heroes of her age are but names of dead men. Dust goes, and ought to go, down to dust.

Christ's heroes of that age,— but above them all she, the heroine-virgin — are living names, and are spiritual powers. Spirit appeals, and must appeal to spirit. And spirit answers back. "Deep calleth unto deep." The lips of saints' lives speak, and the voice is heard across the centuries.

This age of love of comfort, self-indulgence, waning faith, vast and fearful impurities, needs some grand memory of self-sacrifice with power in it, needs a name of intense faith wearing a crown of stainless purity, needs a virgin, and a martyr, not of an hour, but of a long life-time, to bring it to its half-lost spiritual senses. Three hundred years dead, she comes back this October, Teresa of Jesus.

She seems to be doing or about to do in the heart of the Church, what the archangel did in her own with his bright, fire-pointed lance.

Let her describe it in her own words:

"Our Lord was pleased that I should frequently have the following vision. I saw an angel very near me on my left side, in corporeal form. This is not usual with me. For though angels are often represented to me, it is only by a kind of intellectual vision. He was not tall, but he was very beautiful. His face was so luminous that he seemed to be one of those glorious spirits who seem to be all on fire. He might be one of the seraphim, for they do not tell me their names . . . I saw a long, golden dart in his hand, and on its point there seemed to me to be some fire. I thought that he pierced my heart with it several times, and in such a way as to pierce it through and through; and I remained wholly inflamed with a great love of God. The pain of the wound forced deep groans from me; but so excessive was its sweetness, that I fain would not be free from it, nor find content in anything but God. This is not a corporeal, but spiritual pain; though the body in great measure

shares it. It is an intercourse so delightful between the soul and God, that I beseech his goodness to give some taste of it to any one who may think that I do not speak the truth."

Meseems that I am, even now, watching the various expressions that flit across the faces of many who read the simple, *naive*, yet strange words of Teresa.

Some doubt, some deny, some smile, some give a sarcastic laugh; and so all, up and down the varied degrees of the different impressions, this side of belief in them, made by her words. Ask simpering doubt, sneering denial, inane smile, sardonic laugh, and all the rest of the witless facial expressions, one single and very simple question: "Give us your reason for your change of countenance in face of those words."

Vague, foolish answers will hover over their minds and dignify their lips. And they are just like their answers. So let them pass for what they and their answers are worth. It is a waste of ink and paper and the patience of the pen to answer their answers. Then let us pass on.

In the human race sleeps the gift of poesy.

How many grand poets from David the Hebrew and Homer the Greek, until the writing of this line?

How many? Rather how few? Rather, how very few?

How many of the race understand their songs immortal? Few.

The gift of music, which seems to be a "lost language," runs in the race. How few grand composers?

Can the third-rate fiddler understand Mozart or Mendelssohn and their wondrous music?

The genius of painting is an appanage of humanity.

How many great painters?

No! how few? Can a common dauber in colors comprehend the beautiful outlines, the delicate coloring, and all the rest of the charms that look out of the faces of the pictures that were the children of Raffaele, Michel Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci?

No.

How then can men of dust — and nothing more — men of the material order, and nothing else, understand the spiritual poems, the glorious songs, the supernatural paintings, saint-lives, read, heard and seen in the temple of grace? They cannot. Why?

For lack of spiritual education.

Hence their judgment is of no weight and not worthy of a minute's attention.

So, once more, let us pass by with as much pity as they may deserve, and move on.

The miracle of the angel's dart piercing her heart was verified by examination after her death. Placed in a crystal vase, it remained incorrupt; several times the vase was broken, as if by fire glowing in the heart. Whoso goes to the chapel in Spain, where it is preserved, will see thorns that have grown out of the lower portion of the virgin's heart, even in this century.

After this wonder which came into her heart and life, and perhaps because of it, Teresa felt moved by God to introduce a strict reform into the Carmelite Order. In the church, orders and communities of men and women sometimes deteriorate. Fervent in their origin, strict in their penances, they are like children, who, too often, the farther they advance in life from birth-day and cradle, the greater the dangers to their first graces they meet; and, at times, as children lose their first innocences, they lose love for their first penances.

The Carmelite Order, the oldest in the church, had relaxed their first discipline; and the spirit of self-sacrifice had been a long while waning.

With a sorrow that equalled her intense love of self-immolation, Teresa saw this, felt it, and resolved to find a remedy.

All false reformers meet with sal-

vos and success. All true reformers meet with opposition and undeserved blame. The first always fail in the end. The last always succeed.

When her resolve to reform her own Order was made known, she was forced to confront with all the obstacles of most violent opposition.

In the tumult around her, she was calm, courageous, and confident (without a single throb of human pride) of ultimate success.

She met with St. Peter of Alcantara. A saint is a rock to rest on. Violences against God's designs are only waves that foam and fret around it.

The rock remains. The waves retire.

The first four spiritual daughters of Teresa received their rough serge habit, their coarse, unbleached veil, and their sandals from Peter of Alcantara.

Previous to this, Teresa, as was then the custom, had always been called by her family name. After that day she named herself and was by others named simply (and how beautifully!) Teresa of Jesus.

Trials and troubles came — and many and very severe to flesh and blood, to herself and her associates; but she met them all in brave resignation, with her motto, which was a prayer as well: "Oh, Lord, let me suffer or let me die!"

Bishops, priests, the Provincials of her Order, stood in opposition against her and her work. She was tranquil. An appeal was made to Rome, and Rome stood by Teresa. Whoso leans on Rome leans on a rock.

And so the years went on, the while she untiringly went from place to place, founding convents of her reformed order of nuns; and aiding in establishing a reform in the discipline of the Carmelite Monks.

And with all this, she was writing spiritual works which are treasures of mystical theology in the church, even until this day.

Several times she was about to be accused before the tribunal of the Inquisition; but nothing could ruffle the serenity of her spirit. She had her wish.

Suffering of every kind was her portion, her bitter portion. But brave holy saints aided her by prayer, counsel and defence. St. John of the Cross, St. Louis Bertrand, and others were her allies against her enemies on earth; while in the heavens, St. Joseph, spiritual foster-father of her first convert, Mary Magdalene, and St. Augustine were doing mighty work beside the Throne for the cause that was so dear to Teresa's heart. But, above all, God was in her work, because He was in her heart.

But why delay to close what is only a mere hurried sketch of a life so holy. There were wonders in every day of it. There were manifestations of graces which wore the look of glories. There were sufferings that were crucifixions. There were spiritual elevations that were coronations. She had reached the Vespers of her life, and soon the Compline came.

And the wonder of its many wonders was, that from first unto last, the gentlest human tendernesses heart ever felt were always intertwined with loftiest love of God. The end came. Her last words were like the prayer of Our Lord the night before His death. Again and again sighing for her sins, she would repeat: "After all, O Lord! I am a child of the Church!"

As long as she retained the power of speech, she prayed:

"A contrite and humbled heart Thou wilt not, oh God, despise." A sinner's prayer from the lips of a saint!

At seven o'clock on an October morning three hundred years ago, lying on an humble cot, she turned upon her left side, clasping a crucifix in her hands, held it for fourteen hours, her hands thus praying while her lips were speechless; and peace-

fully passed away. She was sixty-eight years of age.

A marvellous beauty came up into her face, like that of a child sweetly dreaming in its cradle. A fragrance filled the whole convent. There were tears of sorrow in her cell, and sighs of grief;—but hymns of glory were sounding round the throne of the Lamb when, amid the virgins "who sing the song that none else may sing," Teresa of Jesus knelt for her crown.

Would it be wrong, down here on earth, to sing a song in lowlier tone of human notes, in far-off accord with the hymns of her Feast in the heavens?

Would the Seraphic Virgin be somewhat rejoiced to know that a spiritual child of her's and the singer's made the request for the sake of her spiritual mother; and it were hard to refuse her? Only, alas! he is a sinner who sings. A. J. R., *Biloxi, Miss.*

[A poem was to accompany this article; but, in consequence of the illness of the author, it cannot appear in this issue. We hope to give it in our next.]

SULLIVAN.

"Don't imagine that because you get a small abatement for this year your business is done. No! See the land question settled, satisfactorily settled. Put your shoulders to the wheel and do not look back. Fight on till you secure the emancipation of the land of Ireland as far as may be, and the emancipation of Ireland itself afterwards."—*Archbishop Croke.*

A. M. Sullivan, who arrived recently in New York, addressed an audience of four thousand people in the Cooper Institute on the evening of Sept. 18. Mayor Grace presided, and introduced the distinguished gentleman. Mr. Sullivan, who was enthusiastically received, began his address by begging indulgence for any emotion he might show before that vast audience, and asked that if his words should seem too cold for the passionate anger that deep sense of wrong had buried in the soul of his countrymen, they would remember he was not there to wage war upon other men's convictions, but rather to narrate and portray, as faithfully as he could, events, and facts, and things as they are to-day, in the land of their common love. He would wish first of all to remind the Americans of his audience, of the false notions of the grievances of the Irish people, that the reading of newspapers, issued exclusively in London, had engendered among all classes of people in the United States. He denounced the London press, which had habitually and systematically misled its readers in regard to all historical events of the past eighty years in Irish history.

The American people were perplexed. They would fain aid the Irish in their aspirations for liberty; but he had heard some of them say: "The Americans being a law-abiding people cannot sympathize with the people who are against government and law." It was a historic fact that after law had been made to the Irish a common enemy by the English, every virtue that survived in the Irish race survived in spite of law and order! Every frailty and failing and vice that even the magnifying glass of scorn could discover in the political life of his countrymen had its root and origin in the effects of government and law in the country. Lord Aberdare had asked in the House of Lords, with reference to the condition of Ireland: "How has such a state of things been brought about, but by the enactment of the most cruel, the most infernal laws that have ever been enforced upon a people?" Kaye, the commissioner sent forth by the University of Cambridge

twenty-seven years ago to study the social condition of the different peoples of the Old World, in his report said that the English had made Ireland the most degraded and miserable country in existence.

Mr. Sullivan here recapitulating the greater Irish wrongs, remarked that it was said the policy of England had altogether changed. The policy of the present century had certainly not been to extend the cruelties and barbarities of the past, but it had been "Refuse and resist while you can; yield and concede when you must." John Bright had said, with reference to the church disestablishment and land questions: "To strike down an established church and to abandon the theory of our territorial system by one act of Parliament would be too much for Parliament and would destroy any government that suggested it. I can conceive a condition of things in Ireland under which such a change might be accomplished; viz., if Ireland were united in demanding it and were menacing Great Britain if it should be refused." "If Ireland were menacing England!" exclaimed Mr. Sullivan, vehemently. "When we are not menacing, we are told by John Bright we cannot have it, and we don't menace; and yet when we do menace, John Bright gives us Kilmainham!" Mr. Sullivan continued, "I suspect our rulers, though uncomfortable, are not sufficiently alarmed to yield. What is the moral law of a so-called government that cedes nothing until alarmed, that withholds peaceful, necessary reform until the land is aflame? Why, it is thus — that a premium is put upon violence and men are warned that moderation of temper is a violation of their duty to their country!"

"I cannot venture," he continued, "for a moment to stand before this audience and make statements stronger than I made in the face of the British Ministry. I say this is the policy that has led to disorder in Ireland.

"Would to God my countrymen could march forward on the road of liberty unstained by crime, uncontaminated by violence; but if those things do happen, not them do I hold accountable." The orator recalled the cry for emancipation and the prediction that the granting of it would cause every Protestant office-holder to be hurled from his place; but he proved that Catholic suffragists had elected, not alone to municipal place, but to Parliamentary power, many and many a Protestant; and among them was Charles Stewart Parnell, whose name was loudly applauded. He told how the convict cell and the bloody scaffold had held a dismal place in the history of Ireland: but as long as liberty was denied, so did generation after generation of Irishmen, down to their own day, spring madly up against the bayonets of oppression. Then, going on to speak of alms for Ireland, he said: "I tell you that never more will the hat go round for starving Ireland. I will tell you why. Because Irish famines spring from Irish rack rents. Whenever famine looms again, the people will not pay their rent and die."

Ireland's Hopes.

Mr. Sullivan told many laughable stories of boycotting which he had witnessed in Ireland, and resumed: "To the young men of this generation it will be given to see the accomplishment of the hopes which cheered the dying hour of many an Irish hero. Dark was the hour when Sarsfield lay bleeding and dying on the plain; the lamp of liberty seemed quenched forever in the blood that flowed from the pure and virtuous Robert Emmet. For long the black flag of despair fluttered over the land, but the Christian hope of Ireland is not buried; a brighter day has arisen; the spirit has awakened to a glorious resurrection; a spirit proud and strong animates Ireland to-day. She is more united, more compact, more confident, more powerful than ever history found

her before. Day by day, with heart aflame and courage high, the leagued battalions of her sons are marching forward, capturing, one by one, the citadels of her foe. Well I know the end is not yet; but if, in the coming winter, you desert them they will be driven sore. But the men who did so much for their suffering country are not going to be defeated; with ardor and impetuosity they are sweeping the field, daring every hazard, equal to every vicissitude, and they are going to win. As for me, my course is run; I have been wounded and borne invalided to the rear."

In the further course of his speech Mr. Sullivan recalled the well-known names of Irish history — the landmarks of persecution and renown — and each one, from the Geraldines to John Mitchell, was loudly applauded. His argument was that intelligent Englishmen knew of the wrongs their countrymen had inflicted, but dared not, in the face of popular prejudice, to redress them. He demonstrated the inconsistency and cowardice of representative men such as John Bright and Gladstone, and pointed out how they had been boarded in the House of Commons by Irish members such as John Dillon. Mr. Sullivan then proceed to consider the efforts of Irishmen in Parliament and elsewhere during recent years on behalf of their country. The band that entered Parliament in 1874, and of which he was one, had grappled with such common-place questions as the fisheries of the country, its franchise, its schools and its railroads. Whenever they had worked for the furtherance of such of the national interests they had been voted down by an English majority in the House and trampled upon. As to the Land bill, the landlords of Ireland could have settled the question in 1875, 1876 and 1877, on terms immeasurably better for them' than those of the Land bill of Gladstone, which the Irish people now laughed at as too late. The sufferings caused by the "rack-renting" system were depicted in glowing terms by the lecturer. Moderation had been urged, but all that they had at present was not owing to the moderation of men like himself, but to the determination of the Irish people. A person who had seen Ireland thirty, twenty, even ten years ago, would not know it to-day. The school, the printing-press, had wrought a revolution; and, more than all else, the backward wave of American influence and sympathy. There was not a peasant's cottage from Donegal to Cape Clear that had not its almost weekly American letter from the kinsmen in the States of Columbia; and that letter was diffusing a spirit and a determination among the people, and doctrines that were terrible to the landlords.

The Dawn of Freedom.

And so, dear friends, the eastern sky is reddening with the coming day. To us, at least to the young men of this generation, it will be given to see the accomplishment of the hopes that cheered the dying hour of many a martyr in the Irish cause. Hopeless was the outlook when Sarsfield fell. Dark, dark was the land when the noble Geraldine, slain in the flower of his bloom, was borne to that vault beneath St. Werburgh's crumbling wall. The lamp of Irish liberty seemed quenched forever in the blood that flowed from the good and generous Robert Emmet; and above the charnel pits where Irish landlordism flung the unshrouded victims of Forty-seven, there waved for long the black flag of despair. But the patriot zeal, the Christian hope of religious Ireland were not buried there. If buried, they have awakened to a glorious resurrection. Erect, defiant, proud and strong, stands Ireland to-day — more resolute, more united, more confident, more powerful, than ever history found her before. Day by day, with

hearts aflame and spirits high, leagued battalions of her sons are marching onward, conquering one by one the citadels of their feudal foe. Well I know that the end is not yet, and, as I have said, in the coming winter, if you desert them, they will be driven sore. But the men who have won so much are not going to be defeated. With ardor and impetuosity that to some of us of the older school seems like to madness, they are sweeping the field, daring every hazard, equal to every vicissitude. Yes, these young men, God bless them, are fighting hard, and they are going to win. As for me, my course is run. I have been as it were borne to the rear, and my hand no more may bend a bow or hurl a shaft in the midst of my comrades and compeers; but, like the wounded knight in the story of Ivanhoe, who, stretched upon his prison pallet, in the castle tower, called out to the maiden at the lancet window, "How fares the battle at the postern?" thus so shall I, with throbbing heart, follow the fortunes of this last, this final effort of my race. And in the final moment, when there shall arise on that Irish shore the shout of a people delivered and free, the nations of the earth will hail in reverence and joy the fulfilment of a divine decree that the liberation of Ireland has been accomplished through the devotion of her exiled children. "Going, they have sown in tears; returning, they shall reap in joy."

THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT.

THE Irish leaders have set on foot a movement to unite all the various movements for the benefit of Ireland in one. This movement has resulted in the publication of the following circular:

DUBLIN, Sept. 18, 1882.

DEAR SIR:—You are hereby invited to attend a conference of representative men to be held in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, on Tuesday, the 17th of October, for the purpose of discussing a programme of reform for Ireland which will be submitted for adoption by us, the chief features of which programme will be the uniting together in one central platform of the various movements and interests that are now appealing to the country for special sanction and support.

Yours truly,

C. S. PARNELL,
JOHN DILLON,
THOMAS SEXTON,
MICHAEL DAVITT,
THOMAS BRENNAN,
T. M. HEALY,
ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

The programme which has been mapped out is that which will unite all of the sections of the party and enable the various interests to join in one movement, which will, within the law, carry on the work of the now legally defunct Land League. This new movement will embrace Peasant Proprietary as the Parliamentary programme, and the relief of evicted tenants and the unceasing war against landlordism is still to be carried on. The most important feature of the new movement is the establishment of land colonies. The waste land of Ireland is to be bought up under the land acts of 1870 and 1881, under what are called the Bright clauses of these acts. The land may be bought, provided one-third of the money be advanced by the purchaser, when the remaining two-thirds will be advanced by the Government through the Board of Works at the nominal interest of 1 per cent. The land being so purchased, the evicted tenants are to be placed upon it to reclaim it and to make properties. While they cannot under any circumstances acquire the title to the land, they will own the improvements absolutely and will have the right to transfer the same in such way as they may see fit. No matter how much the land may be improved, the rents will remain based upon the cost of the waste land, as

the principle that the improvements, having been created by the laborers, belong to them will be recognized to the end. In other words, the plan which is now to be tried is that of the practical nationalization of the land. The prominent men in the movement recognize the fact that a great deal may be done to show that the people are able to raise themselves. On the Irish people this practicable solution of the Irish question, even if the showing be only in a small way, will have a political effect difficult to overestimate. If they be given the chance in other respects, the work to be done by the new organization will be done by the general lines of the former one, which is familiar to all.

McCARTHY.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P. for Longford, in the course of an address to his constituents, recently, said: "I went into the House of Commons for the purpose of representing the cause of the people of Longford, and their authority and their good will I value much more highly than the approval of any Minister, or the applause of any Parliament. Now, as you know, we had a somewhat trying session this year.

It was especially trying on the few men who were able to attend to their duty. We began under very difficult and disadvantageous conditions. Our leader and some of the best of his colleagues were imprisoned by the English Government, let me go further and say imprisoned by a Libral Government whom we brought into power. Some of the best, the ablest, and the most eloquent of our colleagues were in America — sent there for the purpose of carrying on a most useful agitation on behalf of our cause amongst our brethren across the Atlantic. Therefore, on Parliament meeting this session, and during many months of its sitting, we had not to guide and to assist us the presence and the help of Mr. Parnell, of Mr. Dillon, of Mr. O'Kelly, of Mr. Healy, and of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. We therefore met considerably stunted of what might have been, under happier conditions, our fair fighting strength; and the few of us who had to carry on the battle were, I need not say, discouraged at every step by the falling off from our side of men who had promised and pledged themselves to stand by us and to uphold the cause of the people in the British Parliament. You will understand, therefore, that ours was not an easy task. We had to stand up against the strongest Government, backed by the strongest, the most docile, and the most unscrupulous majority that ever supported an English Government in any time; yet I am bound to say that, small and stunted as our numbers were — powerful as was that majority against us, and strong as was the alliance both of Whigs and Tories against us, we were able to make a decent fight, and we can even boast of some distinct and practical success. When the House met this session, who was the powerful and dictatorial Irish Secretary? It was our old friend Mr. Forster. We fought against Mr. Forster with our small numbers and our diminished strength, and what was the result of the battle? Where is Mr. Forster now?

He is gone to Russia to study constitutional Government. Who put Mr. Forster out of office? We did. We, the small Irish party, with some of our best men in prison, and some of them across the Atlantic. We, I say, by standing together, by energy, and by perseverance, defeated and overthrew Mr. Forster; and never again, I venture to prophesy, will

you see Mr. Forster a member of an English Government. If we had done nothing but accomplish the overthrow of Forster, I would say we had done something to merit your approval and your good will. But we did more than that — we compelled the Government to introduce and to pass the Arrears Bill. Now whatever good is in that measure I may fearlessly say is our doing — whatever tends to spoil it is the doing of the tinkering hands of the English Government. I hope all of you who are in a position to benefit by that Act will endeavor to get whatever advantages it secures. It is not the kind of measure we would have passed in a Parliament of our own, but it is about the best we could get from the English Parliament, formed as it is to-day. All of you who want to find it clearly explained, its mode of operation, its objects, and the means of getting at its benefits, will find it most cleverly dealt with in the concise and interesting work of my friend, Mr. George Fottrell. The Irish party accomplished still more than this. We prevented coercion as long as it could be kept off. We warned the Government of the consequences, the fatal consequences which must always follow from the stupid and blind policy of mere coercion. I am glad that there has been a change in the office of the Lord Lieutenant and the office of the Irish Chief Secretary. I had some hope that the change was to be one for the benefit of Ireland, but I am free to confess that that hope has been fading very much from my mind as the days have gone on. I do not know Lord Spencer personally, but I fear he is fast getting into the hands of the permanent officials of Dublin Castle. I do know Mr. Trevelyan, and I believe he is a man of the highest purpose, a man of great sympathy with Ireland, and of a true and honorable sense of his duty to the country which he is called upon to help to administer. But Mr. Trevelyan is not powerful in the Government. He is not a member of the Cabinet. He has not his own way. He is kept as a mere subordinate, and he cannot do what he might be inclined to do for Ireland; therefore I am sorry to say I have up to the present no great faith in the new administration of this country, and assuredly that faith could not be increased by the events of the last few weeks. First of all, how do we find the administration of the Land Commission going on at present? Does it satisfy any of you? The courts are clogged with work, and they cannot get out of the difficulty. They are spending their time in doing practically nothing. Then the higher courts have given equal dissatisfaction. I know a case from your own county, which I brought before the House of Commons, in which the rent was reduced by the Sub-Commissioners on the evidence of five or six men who know the value of land in this county very well, men like my esteemed friend Mr. H. McCann, who were thoroughly acquainted with its quality and producing power. Then there came an appeal to the Land Commission, and on the simple unsworn statement of the official valuator, who went down and looked at the land for the first time in his life, the judgment of the Sub-Commissioners was reversed, and the rent was raised to something like its former height.

Is it conceivable that any Land Act could give satisfaction which is worked in such a manner as that? I tell you, and I tell the Government, that they will have to alter very materially the organization of the Irish Land Act before it gives satisfaction to the people of this country. Nor could the Land Act at its best give us what we require in Ireland. We want a peasant proprietary — we want the men to own the soil on which they labor, and out of which they have to live — we want to see the laborers of this country placed in that position of independence and of comfort which they have earned by their constant,

their unswerving, and their unselfish exertions in every cause that concerns the welfare of Ireland. I hope before long that we shall be enabled to accomplish that task; aye, even before we get that National Parliament which will understand our wants and will know how to respond to our wishes.

THE EAR.

In a recent paper to the Bureau of Education at Washington, Dr. Sexton inquires into the causes of deafness among school children, and its bearing on education. It is unusual, he states, to meet with a child that has not had some ear disease. He divides the causes into (1) local causes, and (2) affections of the ear from nervous sympathy. Under the second heading are included cold in the head and dental irritation; the latter a very common source of injury to the ears. Among the many school children brought to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary for ear affections, it is rare to find one case in which the state of the teeth is not to be considered as a factor. Further, the entrance of water into the ears (as in bathing), diphtheria, mumps, close cutting of the hair, are among the causes of ear disorders. Dr. Sexton thinks pupils should be examined at the beginning of each session, to ascertain what number are too deaf to receive instruction in the ordinary way, and what number, having slight defects, would get on better if seated properly in the schoolroom. The best test is the voice of the person with which the children are familiar in learning; various test-sentences should be repeated at about 12 ft. distance, the listening pupil having the eyes closed, and one ear stopped by an assistant. From an examination of 570 pupils it appeared that, though the teachers were only aware of one case of deafness, and the pupils themselves of 19, the author detected 76 cases, or about 13 per cent., of greatly diminished hearing in one or both ears. Of the entire number, 487 were questioned as to previous ear-ache, and 173 recollected having had this symptom. Simple directions are given, regarding the treatment of pupils with impaired hearing; those hearing with difficulty should be placed near the teacher; those who hear well only with one ear, placed with that ear towards the teacher, etc. Pupils who cannot understand the teacher at 5 ft., should be separated and receive special instruction. Dr. Sexton alludes to the importance of good hearing for teachers, and thinks that persons seeking pedagogic education at the public expense, should be subjected, at the outset, to an aural examination. He also remarks on the discouraging situation of a deaf child; and advises that when no apparent cause for a child's dulness of action is known to exist, a thorough investigation of the acoustic organs should be made, before necessarily regarding the child as a dunce or feeble-minded.

ST. PATRICK'S COLONY, ARKANSAS.

To the Editor of the Catholic Review: Will you kindly permit me, through your columns, to give a brief answer to the many letters of inquiry I receive about St. Patrick's Colony in Arkansas?

1. *Climate* leaves nothing to be desired. The Colony, as a glance at the map will convince any one, is equally removed from the extremes of heat and cold.

2. *Soil* is of great variety. The usual crops of the Northern States, such as wheat, oats, barley, etc., grow well. Cotton is the staple production, with corn and tobacco.

3. *Marketing* facilities are good, and will improve as the State improves.

4. *Price of land* is from $2 to $5 per acre, according to soil and location. The average price of railroad land is $4 per acre on a ten year's

credit. Private lands about the same price.

5. *Prospects.* St. Patrick's Colony is not quite one year old. It would be too soon to judge of its future, had we not other Catholic colonies in the State to form an opinion from. The oldest of these is not yet five years; but all are prosperous, and the colonists, with few exceptions, contented. The crops of St. Patrick's people have been exceptionally fine this year, and the few families who have made their homes with us, have reason to be thankful. I can safely recommend the Colony to all industrious, intelligent, and sober people who are in search of a new home for themselves and families.

Information will be furnished in greater detail by Col. W. D. Slack, Land Commissioner, Little Rock; by Rev. T. J. Keelan, Dardanelle, Ark., or by

EDWARD FITZGERALD,
Bishop of Little Rock.

CARDINAL MANNING AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.

Newcastle (England) *Daily Chronicle.*

THOSE who listened to Cardinal Manning in St. Mary's Cathedral, while recognizing the dogmatic character of his teaching, could not fail to be deeply impressed with its profoundly ethical tone. His Eminence never loses sight of the connection between culture and life. It is his supreme anxiety to mould the one that renders him so anxious to control the other. No one, among all the ecclesiastics of the day, has given himself with more devotion to total abstinence than Cardinal Manning. It is not merely that his tongue and pen are at its service, or that from pulpit and platform he inculcates its necessity: the Cardinal's superb capacity for organization has been given to the movement. In this way within his own communion he has been able to approach a class it was impossible for almost any other agency to reach. Intemperance, though like slavery, an ancient vice, is not therefore the less odious. The prophets of Israel depicted the "glorious beauty" of the "drunkard of Ephraim" as "a fading flower," and no emblem of fragility or decay could more appositely exhibit the individual demoralization which intemperance involves. The extent to which northern nations have in all ages been addicted to this vice, is matter of history. Law has from age to age endeavored to circumscribe its ravages, though only in comparatively recent times has the world seen a systematic agitation on the subject. It is to abstinence, unconditional and absolute, that Cardinal Manning has given himself. An ecclesiastic on whom the snows of more than seventy winters have descended, might in the gloaming of life have been excused from taking any prominent part in this agitation. But his Eminence never permits personal convenience to set aside the claims of duty. The time was when the liquors commonly in use in social circles were esteemed health-giving and nutritious. But when 2,000 medical men, embracing the very flower of the profession, declared that 'total abstinence would greatly conduce to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race,' this idea received its quietus. When the United Kingdom Alliance was formed, Father Mathew sent a letter to its secretary rejoicing in the fact that it was about to enter upon a task in which "he had sacrificed health and property." With equal zeal and still greater discretion Cardinal Manning has given himself to this work of faith and labor of love."

THE DEFEAT OF ARABI.

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal* remarks upon the utter inability of Eastern levies to stand up against the shock of European troops. That in this British adventure there were some flaws in the War Office organizations appears certain. This is nothing new in English military history. But the moment the troops touch the enemy the old superiority asserts itself, and "wavered, rallied, staggered, fled," is the Egyptian record. It is interesting to compare the results of the Tel-el-Kebir affair with those of the chief European invasions of Egypt in the last century, that is with the invasions and battles of Napoleon and Abercombie. In 1798 Napoleon brought to Egypt 36,000 soldiers, besides the 10,000 sailors of the fleet. With 5,000 of these he assaulted and took Alexandria in a couple of days, and then with his full force he marched for Cairo. He occupied fifteen days in reaching the capital, which opened its gates to him after the battle of the Pyramids. He sent on his flotilla by the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, and there were no murmurings about want of supplies. Napoleon had with him besides Murat, the prince of cavalry leaders, Dessaix, Lannes, and Kleber. The French met splendid foemen in Egypt. But thousands of the Mamelukes and Egyptians were sabred, and shot down at the Pyramids, while the French, standing on the defensive, lost but 200 men. At the battle of Heliopolis, which, like the fight at Tel-el-Kebir, commenced at morning-dawn, Kleber led 12,000 French against 50,000 Egyptians and Janizaries, and utterly defeated and routed them. In 1801 Abercrombie in Egypt had to face, not Egyptians, but Napoleon's army. Abercrombie commenced the battle near Alexandria — the battle in which he received his fatal wound — at three o'clock in the morning. The fight was hot and long, the English losing 1,500, and the French 2,000. On Abercrombie's death, Hutchinson started, as Napoleon had done, across the country for Cairo, and having taken Cairo from the French with the surrender of the French army, he came back and received the surrender of Alexandria and of all the French in Egypt. It appears by this that Sir Garnet Wolseley's strategy was conceived on an altogether different plan from that of Napoleon or Hutchinson. While they advanced from one direction he advanced from the opposite. They were impetuous; he was cautious. Napoleon utilized the Nile, Hutchinson the Mahmoudieh Canal, and Wolseley the Suez Canal. Napoleon, fought and beat the Mamelukes and Janizaries; Abercrombie and Hutchinson fought and beat the French. Egypt gave peerages to Nelson, Admiral Keith, Hutchinson, and to Abercrombie's widow. We suppose that it will also supply a noble title to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

THE LOWLANDS.— A sort of wild, half suppressed agitation about the reform of the land laws is now going in the Lowlands of Scotland. In the Highlands there is scarcely anybody left to agitate, the country having been mostly cleared out of its inhabitants to make room for deer and for large sheep farms. In the islands the agitation is at its strongest, but is very little known outside them, most of the agents of the landlords being connected with the Scotch Press and finding it their interest to hush up any expression of grievance. Thus the agitation, not finding expression outside of its own borders, has very little effect, and is nearly unknown to the world outside.

DISPUTE BETWEEN TWO MONKS.

Rev. Father Faber.

Rosignoli, in his "Wonders of God in Purgatory," which he wrote at the request of the Blessed Sebastian Valfre, of the Turin Oratory, relates from the Dominican Annals an interesting dispute between two good friars as to the respective merits of devotion for the conversion of sinners and devotion for the holy souls. Fra Bertrando was the great advocate of poor sinners, constantly said Mass for them, and offered up all his prayers and penances to obtain for them the grace of conversion. "Sinners," he said, "without grace are in a state of perdition. Evil spirits are continually laying snares for them, to deprive them of the Beatific Vision, and to carry them off to eternal torments. Our Blessed Lord came down from Heaven, and died a most painful death for them. What can be a higher work than to imitate Him, and to co-operate with Him in the salvation of souls? When a soul is lost, the price of its redemption is lost also. Now the souls in purgatory are safe. They are sure of their eternal salvation. It is most true that they are plunged into a sea of sorrows; but they are sure to come out at last. They are the friends of God, whereas sinners are His enemies, and to be God's enemy is the greatest misery in creation."

Fra Benedetto was an equally enthusiastic advocate of the suffering souls. He offered all his free Masses for them, as well as his prayers and penances. "Sinners," he said, "were bound with the chains of their own will. They could leave off sinning if they pleased. The yoke was of their own choosing; whereas the dead were tied hand and foot against their own will in the most atrocious sufferings. Now come, dear Fra Bertrando, tell me — suppose there were two beggars, one well and strong, who could use his hands, and work if he liked, but chose to suffer poverty rather than part with the sweets of idleness; and the other sick and maimed and helpless, who, in his piteous condition, could do nothing but supplicate help with cries and tears — which of the two would deserve compassion most, especially if the sick one was suffering the most intolerable agonies? Now this is just the case between sinners and the holy souls. These last are suffering an excruciating martyrdom, and they have no means of helping themselves. It is true they have deserved these pains for their sins; but they are now already cleansed from those sins. They must have returned to the grace of God before they died, else they would not have been saved. They are now most dear, inexpressibly dear, to God; and surely charity, well ordered, must follow the wise love of the Divine will, and love most what He loves most." Fra Bertrando, however, would not give way, though he did not quite see a satisfactory answer to his friend's objection. But, the night following, he had an apparition which, it seems, so convinced him that, from that time, he changed his practice, and offered up all his Masses, prayers and penances for the holy souls. It would appear as if the authority of St. Thomas might be quoted on the side of Fra Benedetto, as he says: "Prayer for the dead is more acceptable than for the living, for the dead are in the greatest need of it, and cannot help themselves as the living can."

A philosopher observes that there are two periods of life when a man looks to see if his hair is coming out — at twenty, when he inspects his upper lip; at forty, when he inspects the top of his head.

FEMALE MODESTY.

The Catholic Citizen, edited by Rev. G. L. Willard.

It is for many and wise reasons that the Catholic Church insists upon the modesty of women. Influences and associations that tend to destroy female gentleness and delicacy, are consequently clearly pointed out and guarded against. In discouraging the entrance of women into the turmoil and bustle of political life, the Irish bishops were wholly actuated by this worthy purpose.

There are other avenues of danger to womanly modesty besides that of politics. Some of these are far more disastrous, and the need of strong admonitions against them is even greater and more pressing.

One of the first influences of the Christian society upon the Pagan world, was the elevation of woman. One of the present visible influences of modern Paganism upon Christian society is the degradation of woman. What a potently destructive engine in this work, is the diabolical institution of divorce.

Paganism has a fashion that it possessed of old, of associating wine and women. With its modern reappearance there also reappears this bacchanalian custom. The pretty bar-maid is taught to assist in doing the Devil's work. Even bar-maids who are no longer pretty, if they ever were, but whom beer has bloated, and saloon society has brutalized, stand behind the counter dealing out the food of intoxication and stupefaction. If this work is to be done, it ought to be performed by men without modesty, and not by women who are supposed to still retain some semblance of conscience.

Let the principle upon which the faithful hierarchy of Ireland stand when they warn against political leagues among women, be applied consistently to other instances wherein there is equal peril to female modesty. Thrusting young women in the full glare of publicity as "candidates" for some trinket, or sending forth a petticoat brigade to lobby and button-hole for votes or money, constitute a species of charitable politics that comes plainly within the spirit of the condemnation. These, and all other influences, customs, associations or abuses which tend to unsex and degrade the mother, sister or daughter of the family, should be uniformly guarded against.

THE IRISH HORSE.

Three hundred horses have been recently purchased by English dealers, bred in the neighborhood of Mullingar and Westmeath, and crossed the Channel in two steamers belonging to the London and North-Western Service. This is a branch of trade which has always been kept alive in Ireland. When Ireland was excluded from trading with the British Colonies, in the time of Charles II., a few articles were excepted, such as *servants*, *horses*, *victuals*. In France, in the last century, hunters and saddle-horses from Britain were in great requisition. England, not being able to supply the demand without inconveniencing herself, called upon Scotland; but Scotland was not in a position to respond, and sent on the orders to Ireland. At that time (1730) duty to the Crown, to the amount of £1 8s. 6d., was paid for every horse exported from Ireland to Britain; and, consequently, large numbers of Irish horses were smug-

gled into Scotland. When overtaken by storms the smugglers would not put into any port lest they should have to lose their horses or pay the duty — so ran all risks; and many a life was lost of man and beast. Our horses have been in repute from the earliest times; even in pre-Christian days chariot-racing and horse-racing were our favorite amusements. The Curragh of Kildare was one of the race-courses of Leinster long before St. Bridget was born. There is a legend connected with it and the saint, which shows that she was a Radical of the first water — for, having got possession of the Curragh, she turned it into a common for the people, allowing every one who pleased to graze his cattle on the plain. In the middle ages our Irish horses are said to have owed a good deal to Spanish blood. Constant intercourse was kept up in those days between Ireland and Spain; fine horses were highly prized in Ireland, and it is probable that they were brought here from Spain in numbers by the chieftains. Spanish settlers and merchants frequenting the ports of the South and West also brought horses of the finest breed into the country; and as the Spanish horses were of the Barbary stock, introduced by the Moors, we know where Irish steeds got their "easy pace and wonderful swift running," spoken of by Camysion in 1571. This historian tells us that "a nobleman offered and was refused for one such horse an hundred kyne, five pound lands, and an airy of hawks, yearly, during seven years." In 1601 the Spanish allies of Hugh O'Neil having been defeated at Kinsale, Don Juan del Aquila and his troops sped away to their native land, leaving behind their baggage and a number of fine Andalusian horses which they had brought over as chargers for the officers and men of rank. These splendid steeds became scattered throughout the southern counties of Ireland. And thus, through commerce and warfare, the Oriental and Barb blood was introduced into the Irish horse.

COLLINS.

Hon. P. A. Collins, who has been nominated to represent the Fourth Massachusetts Congressional District in Congress, was born near Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, on May 12, 1844. In 1848, he came to this country with his mother, who settled in Chelsea, Mass. As he grew to boyhood, he diligently availed himself of such educational opportunities as were within his reach. In 1857, he removed with his family to Ohio. Here, young Collins, who had previously acquired some experience of tending office and store, tried his hand at farming; but presently relinquished this in favor of work in a machine shop in Berea. Having returned to Massachusetts in 1859, he applied himself to the trade of upholstery and worked at it as apprentice, journeyman, and foreman, for the most of the succeeding eight years. Doubtless, in the long after years of patient, manual industry, he was quietly planning and preparing for a higher career; for, in 1867, he was numbered among the most promising of the Harvard Law School students, and four years later was admitted to the Bar. In 1868 and 1869, he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and State Senator during the two years following. His progress in the legal profession was rapid and brilliant. In 1875, he already held the important position of Judge Advocate General of the State. Always a consistent Democrat, his party have delighted to honor him; among other evidences of their esteem was his appointment as delegate-at-large from Massachusetts to the Democratic National Conventions in 1876 and 1880, and his nomination for Attor-

ney-General — an honor never previously accorded an Irishman in Massachusetts. Ever cherishing a patriot's devotion to the land of his birth, and ready with helping hand in aught that promised for her weal, Judge Collins has taken part in the various National movements which have, during his time been inaugurated in this country. He was one of the most active of the brilliant band of young orators to whose exertions the rapid growth of the Fenian organization was due. He was one of the Secretaries of the great Fenian Congress, in Philadelphia, in 1865, (the other being Judge John C. O'Brien, of Rochester, N. Y.) Judge Collins enlisted in the Land League movement at its initiation. Chosen President of the National organization at the Buffalo Convention, in January, 1881, the splendid growth and progress of the Land League during the fifteen months of his administration, is the highest eulogium on his fitness for the office, and his fidelity in discharging the duties connected therewith.

We rejoice at the nomination of Gen. Collins, not on account of party, but because he is the best representative man of our race in the State, and will do honor to his native and adopted country in the halls of Congress. There can be no doubt of his triumphant election. "A long pull, and a strong pull, and pull altogether" to elect the young Tribune.

KNOCK.

THURSDAY, the 24th of August, 1882, will be recorded as a red-letter day in the annals of Knock. On that day Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Hobart Town, declared to the congregation assembled within the walls of the Church of Knock that he had been cured in his Tasmanian home by the Knock cement. So damaged was that sense that to the recitation of the Divine office it was not equal. But the precious Knock cement, sent by Archdeacon Cavanagh to a Sister of Charity residing in Hobart Town, and by her given to Dr. Murphy, the afflicted Bishop, soon made his eyesight well again; and from the altar rails of the Church of Knock, on August 24th, Right Rev. Dr. Murphy proclaimed to the world that he himself was a living evidence of the stupendous favors showered by Our Lady of Knock on her suppliant, suffering, and devoted clients all the world around.

The number of cases in Australia in which a miraculous recovery has been effected through the agency of the Knock cement is, according to Dr. Murphy, all but innumerable. Few, indeed, if any, are the instances in which it has been there used and not produced the happiest results.

On Aug. 28, another foreign prelate — the most Rev. Dr. Louis Fink, O.S.B., Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas, visited Knock, and after having stayed over night, departed next day. He was accompanied by a clergyman of his diocese, the Rev. E. Bononcini, Scammonsville, Kansas. The Bishop of Hobart Town had also a priestly companion — his vicar-general — the Very Rev. Dean Beecher.

On the night of August 21st several thousand persons formed in torchlight procession. A large and beautiful cross was borne in front, a statue of Our Lady came next, and a goodly number of banners, with their bearers, were distributed amongst the processionists. The thronging thousands mustered around the gable at the close or the procession, and, redoubling their fervor, continued their chant of praise and prayer.

The numerous friends of Sister Mary Francis Clare will be rejoiced to learn that she is fast recovering from her late severe indisposition. An Infirmarian Sister has been to Churchfield Convent in attendance on the reverend lady.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SUMMER FLOWERS

LITTLE children, come away
To the fields and valleys gay.
See the flowers that deck the land,
Scattered there by God's right hand!

From the daisy to the rose,
Not a blossom but he knows;
Not a bud but he hath given
Form and fragrance straight from heaven.

E'en as every child of prayer
Hath the Father's love and care,
Living always in his smile,
All untouched by sin or guile:

So the violets in their dew,
And the roses rich of hue,
And the lilies full of light,
Bloom by living in his sight.

Where He smiles, they spring in mirth
From the cold and darksome earth,
Brightening with their presence sweet
Tedious paths for weary feet.

Little children, as you play,
In the summer woodlands gay,
Oh! be tender with the flowers,
Shorten not their fleeting hours.

In their beauty let them stand,
Or gathering them with reverent hand,
Let them fill your homes with bliss,
Love them as your mother's kiss!

Cull the sweetest yet again,
Take them to the bed of pain,
Lay the brightest and the best
Softly on the wasted breast.

Bring to him who never sees
Fields that laugh with buds like these—
Fields to him so far abroad—
Love's sweet message from his God!

So his pain be soothed away,
And his lonely bed be gay,
And his soul be filled with prayer,
Musing on a Father's care!

Little children, come and see!
Woods are decked full gloriously.
Cull the flowers with care and love:
Blessings they from God above!

R. M., in *Irish Monthly*.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL LEARNED THE LESSON OF THE SACRED HEART.

"BE quick, Mary; write the exercise, will you? I am hungry; I want to go home."

"I can't write it, so there is no use in my trying."

"Well, there is no use in my standing here; I'll go."

"You may, for all the good you did me."

Mary turned sulkily away, pushed her slate from her, and began tapping on the desk with her pencil. Agnes watched her for a minute, then ran off. No sooner had she gone than Mary took the slate, wrote for a minute, then exclaimed, "What's the good of telling me to do what I can't do?" "What you will not try to do," her guardian angel whispered; but Mary was too angry to listen. Yet again gently the angel spoke. Mary did not hear the words with her ears — her heart heard them — and she remembered how in the sermon at the beginning of June the priest had spoken of the meekness of the Sacred Heart, and her eyes rested on the scroll which surmounted the school altar during the month of June, "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of Heart." Again she wrote, now with earnest attention, placed her slate on the table, then knelt before the altar, and asked for grace to be meek and humble. Surely the contrite prayer and fervent resolutions pleased the Sacred Heart.

"Here comes dull head," cried out Ned, as Mary entered the room where her brothers and sisters were at dinner.

"Mamma, watch her, or she will become a blue-stocking; she does stay *so long* at her lessons."

An angry flush covered Mary's face; her angel whispered, "If you

cannot learn *other* lessons quickly, learn the lesson of the Sacred Heart." The flush died away, and Mary sat down quietly.

"Ned, you must not tease your sister," said Mrs. Meagher; then, turning to Mary, she said, "Run up for your apron, dear, before you begin your dinner."

Mary was about to grumble; she checked herself and walked out of the room, *rather slowly;* however, by the time she had got the apron, all angry thoughts were gone. During dinner she bore with Ned's teasing, and did not lose her temper, even when Agnes set all laughing by describing how forlorn Mary looked all alone in the large school-room — aspirations kept down cross, quick answers.

"Now, children, you may go down to the hay-field and show papa where you would like the swing," said Mrs. Meagher.

"Hurrah! that's grand," shouted Ned; "run, girls, get your sun-bonnets, or sun-hats, or whatever they are."

Mary and Agnes soon returned, followed by a large dog, "Snow," Mary's great pet. While Mrs. Meagher was giving the girls messages for their papa, Ned amused himself holding a piece of bread up high and making "Snow" jump.

"Take care," cried Mary, "he may do harm."

"No fear, my child, *he knows* his *lessons* better," laughed Ned.

Scarcely had he said the words when "Snow" racing under a small table, upset it. Down came copies, books, and over all a bottle of ink.

"Oh! my book of fair essays. I'm ruined. What shall I do?" cried Ned.

"Stay at home and remedy the mischief you have done," replied his mother.

"Get poison from Susan and take the stain out of the floor, the girls are busy, and I have to write letters for the post."

There was a struggle in Mary's heart; she was vexed. Some of her books were spoiled, and then it was a lovely evening. Could she stay at home? She thought of the Sacred Heart, and turning to her mamma, said —

"Please, mamma, let me stay. I know how to take out the stains."

Perhaps Mrs. Meagher guessed her little daughter's motive in making the request; she granted it. Agnes and Ned ran off, the latter declaring that Mary was "a brick." And as she worked away rubbing at the stains and drying the books, happiness filled her heart; she was trying to learn the lesson of the Sacred Heart, and she was finding rest. So she tried during the month of June, often she failed, yet day by day the lesson became easier.

Ned and Agnes declared she was not "half so cross as she used to be."

When the last day of June came, and she knelt at Benediction, many fair roses had she to offer the Sacred Heart, for many were the victories she had gained over self.

Will you, dear children, gather such roses for the Sacred Heart?

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Every mother should bear in mind that it is easier to keep children well than it is to cure them after they become ill. A few simple rules, faithfully and unflinchingly observed, would banish nine-tenths of the sickness among children that too often lead to fatal results.

Give them in the first place plenty of love — expressions of love! Oftentimes fathers and mothers deeply love their children, yet show such little evidence of affection that the children are apt to have a forlorn feeling that it doesn't exist at all. An occasional word of praise, a caress, an expression of sympathy — these are as necessary to healthy and happy child-life as summer showers

to growing vines. Especially bear this in mind — they should never go to bed cold, or hungry, or unhappy.

Let them have plenty of healthy and palatable food, at regular hours. Small children should have a slice of bread and butter or an apple, or some simple "bite," half way petween meals, and nothing more in the way of lunches. It is the constant nibbling and "piecing" that does harm. Never force a child to eat anything he has a real dislike for. When plain food is declined because of the more tempting dessert ahead, it is a different affair; but I have seen little children compelled to eat things, when every mouthful would be swallowed with tremendous effort and genuine disgust. Some of us have an utter abhorrence of onions, tomatoes, or codfish, or some article of food that ought to be relished. How would we like to have some mighty giant put such food on our plates, and compel us to eat it amid wild flourishes of his knotted club? Would we sweetly feel that the dear giant knew what was best for us, and proceed to swallow every mouthful? or would we say to ourselves — "We'll eat it, because we must, but we hate it all the same, and we hate you, too!" Children have as much right to their likes and dislikes as we have to ours.

Thorough, all-over baths should be given to the little people once a week, at least, and in summer oftener. They should be given in comfortable rooms, out of draughts, and the water should not be colder than new milk. Rub the skin thoroughly dry with coarse soft towels, and put on the night-dresses or clothing immediately. Often severe colds and fever attacks can be broken up by giving the bath as warm as it can be borne, putting the child comfortably in bed, laying a handkerchief wrung from cold water on the forehead, or wherever the ache is, and giving him all the cold water and pounded ice that he wants. One mother writes that she has never had any serious sickness in her family of five children. At the first complaints of headache, thirst, weariness, and "toothache in the legs," as our little girl called it, she undresses and gently bathes the child, puts on a warm, comfortable wrapper, and lays him in bed, rubbing the "toothache" with her hands for a few minutes, and perhaps staying to tell a pleasant story or to sing a lullaby, if the child is small. If she must attend to housework, she leaves the bedroom door open, so that while the patient is composed and quiet, he still has the feeling of not being left alone. In almost every instance a sweet, restful slumber follows; and by extra attention to diet and outdoor wraps, the child is as well as ever in twenty-four hours. This modest mother does not lay any stress on her pleasant stories and lullabys, but no doubt her gentle and cheerful "way" with her children goes far to banish the demons of serious sickness.

Children should always wear flannel vests — thin and light for summer, and of heavier quality, long-sleeved, and high-necked, for winter, and always long enough to cover the hips. Flannel over the bowels — especially for teething children — is very beneficial. It is no wonder that the "second summer" is a trying one for babies, since they are often clad in thin, short, cotton garments, in which they are exposed to all the variations of atmosphere between sunrise and bedtime.

Be sure that the children have *comfortable* clothing — clothing that never pinches or scratches, or feels as if slipping off. It is not in human nature, young or old, to tranquilly endure irritable clothing, and boots and shoes that torture. Make the clothes, firstly, to be comfortable; secondly, to be neat and becoming. Flannels should always be loose, and waists well fitting, but not in the least tight, and provided with buttons for drawers and skirts. The

only garters fit to be worn are those of elastic that fasten to the waist and to the tops of the stockings. They cost fifteen or twenty cents, and by supplying fresh elastics now and then, will last through a whole childhood. It is said to be beneficial for children to go barefooted during the hot weather, but a good look-out must be maintained for the broken glass, nails, and the rubbish that sometimes abounds in uncivilized premises; and no expedition to field or woods should be entered upon without long stockings and stout boots or shoes. In winter, some inside soles of felt, or even of thick paper, add much to the warmth and dryness of the feet; and ear-muffs and wristlets — though small enough in themselves — are big reinforcements against chills and frost-bites that otherwise will come.

THE BLIND MAN OF ARMAGH.

In the year 1795, there was in Armagh, a small city in Ireland, a blind man named William Kennedy, who excited the admiration of the entire county by his wonderful cleverness. He manufactured all sorts of stringed instruments, clocks, furniture, looms for weaving, and, above all, excellent bagpipes, which were in great demand throughout the kingdom. People wondered how it was that a man deprived of sight could execute such complicated mechanism, and when he was at work in his little shop there were always near him some idlers who watched what he was engaged at. Amongst these was often to be found George Fitzel, the son of a neighbor of William's, who was already fifteen years of age, and had not yet decided on any calling. It was not that George was vicious, but he loved to look on while others were at work, whistling, with his hands in his pockets, and so spend his days according to his own fancy, sleeping in the meadows, and lounging against the door of his house. The father of Fitzel was much grieved at his son's idle habits, and he had often expressed his anxiety to William Kennedy, who promised to give some good advice to George.

One evening, when the curious were assembled in greater numbers than usual in Kennedy's shop, the blind man left his work and came and seated himself before his door, now gilded by the rays of the setting sun. A large circle formed round him, and George having seated himself at his side, said, "William, I would like to know how you have been able to learn so many trades without being able to see." "Oh! it is a long story," said he. "Tell it to us," cried George, "tell it to us, Mr. Kennedy." "Willingly," said the old man, after a moment's reflection. "Indeed it may be useful to some one." The circle pressed closely round William. "I am going to relate to you my entire life," continued he, "but, before I begin, you must place yourselves at my side, for in seating yourselves thus in front of me, you shade my hearing and hinder me from listening to the free air."

All the auditors ranged themselves so as to leave William full possession of the breeze and of the evening sun; then the old man began in the grave, but gentle voice, which was habitual with him. "When I was born, my eyes were open to the light like yours, and it was only when I was five years old I lost my sight. I was still too young to understand the greatness of this loss. However, I felt it through the weariness which suddenly took possession of me. Until then I had lived with other beings like myself, and in the midst of a thousand objects which interested me. I suddenly found myself alone, and as it were in a void. However, insensibly, the world which had suddenly become a desert for me, became repeopled; up to that time I had acquired a knowledge of things by sight; I then accustomed myself

to know them by the touch and by hearing. Accordingly, as I grew, I felt how important it was for me to perfect these means of perception; I accustomed myself to judge of distance by sound, and to guess the nature of objects by touch; but these exercises were for me more a necessity than an amusement. You have sometimes, perhaps, passed a night without sleep; if so, you know how long the time appears and how weary one feels in the darkness which surrounds him. Well, picture to yourselves such a night, but without an end. . . . . Such was my life. I had certainly many games with which to distract myself, but this distraction was without any aim, and I soon tired of it. Besides, I continually heard people about me deploring my lot, and pitying my parents for the burthen God had imposed upon them; this pity irritated me. I could not accustom myself to the idea of being perpetually a cause of affliction and annoyance to those who had given me birth. To do harm, even unwillingly, to those we love, is the greatest sorrow one can experience. But was it really true, that I was not useful for anything? Was it not ingratitude and cowardice to accept this position of helplesssness which was to make my parents suffer? All these ideas occupied my mind, for we think most when we do not see. I resolved to use every effort to draw from the faculties which remained to me all the advantage possible, and to utilise them as much as I could. Consequently I set myself to study the toys that had been given to me; I took them to pieces bit by bit, and soon I knew them perfectly enough to make similar ones. This was my first effort, but I did not wish to halt on such a grand road; I had just acquired the certainty that one's will, animated by a sense of duty, can accomplish everything. I wished to adopt a profession which might render me independent, and I studied music. My parents, who saw my efforts and my progress, sent me to Armagh, where I learned the violin; meanwhile I did not confine myself to this study. I knew that in the world one often is obliged to have recourse to several means of existence, and I ought to take precautions more than others. I then profited of the chance which had brought me to lodge in the house of an upholsterer, in order to learn, during my leisure moments, to make furniture of different kinds; having returned to my own village I added this industry to that of violin player, and in a short time I earned more than enough to live. But my father and mother had sustained losses, and had become old, and, after a little, they could no longer support themselves, and they turned to me. That day was one of the happiest of my life; I, a poor blind child who was ever to be a burthen to my family,—I had succeeded by dint of courage in becoming bread-winner. I knew then what strength and happiness result from the fulfilment of duty. Every evening I took my aged father and mother, and with them leaning on my arms, we went to walk through the fields; they led me and I supported them; the passers-by stood to see us; they stood in front of us and saluted my two companions, in some measure on my account. Judge what joy thus to come to be honored by my old parents! However, I did not relax my efforts nor my attempts; I had continued to occupy myself with music, I bought a set of Irish bagpipes out of repair, with the view of tuning and mending them. After much trouble I succeeded in discovering their mechanism, and at the end of nine months I had made one of my own invention which succeeded perfectly.

"In the village where I lived, there was a clockmaker who was very fond of music, and who had always wished to learn it. He proposed to me to teach him to play the

bagpipes; I consented on condition that we should make an exchange of our knowledge, and that he would teach me his trade. I thus found myself capable of supporting my family by several industries, which I practised by turns, according as I found them most profitable. It was about this time that I lost my father, then my mother soon followed him. No longer wishing to reside in my own village, which recalled to me my mournful loss, I came to Armagh, where I have lived for several years happy and secure from want; the only thing that I ask of God now, is health, for, as to fortune, He has given me an inexhaustible one, in granting me perseverance and a love of work. Often when I am in my workshop, and hear the whinings of beggars who might earn their livelihood, or of the brawling drunkards who spend their earnings in riotous excess, I say to myself: In this world the blind are not those who do not see the sun, but those who do not see their duty."

When William had finished his story, all his hearers rose up and each made his own comments on what he had just heard. There was only one who remained and said nothing; this was George Fitzel, who sat for a long time, with both elbows upon his knees, and with his head buried in his hands, appearing to reflect profoundly, and it was necessary to call him twice to supper. But on the morrow morning he came back with his father to William Kennedy's shop. "Neighbor," said old Fitzel, "there is a lad which your story has rendered wise; George also wishes to be useful, and he comes to entreat of you to take him as an apprentice."

Rev. Thomas O'Reilly, C.C., of the Cathedral, Cork, has been appointed one of the Roman Catholic Chaplains to the British forces in Egypt.

PURGATORY.

St. Catherine of Genoa, in her revelations, wrote: "I see that the souls in purgatory in the midst of their pains are sensible of doing two things: First, that they are suffering willingly; for when they perceive their own deserts and God's majesty, they think that he is treating them with great leniency in afflicting them as he does; for had not goodness tempered justice with mercy through the satisfaction of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, a thousand hells would have been the portion of a single sin through all eternity. Hence they suffer all their pains gladly, and would not rid them of a single pang, knowing that all is justly deserved and righteously ordained; they no more complain of God, so far as their will is concerned, than if they were in life eternal.

"Secondly, they are conscious of feeling positive satisfaction in beholding the love and mercy with which God orders His work within them. They are made sensible of these two facts at one and the same moment, and, being in a state of grace, understand them as they are, each soul according to its capacity; and they experience great happiness, which never grows less, but, on the contrary, goes on increasing the nearer they approach God. They do not know these things directly in themselves, but in God, on whom their attention is more fixed — far more than on the pains they suffer, and of whom in comparison they make far more account. For one glimpse of God exceeds every pain and every joy a man can conceive, and though it exceeds, does not take away one particle of the joy or of the pain.

Mr. Maurice Healey, who was awarded a special certificate at the late examinations, has been sworn in a solicitor of the High Court of Judicature, Dublin. Mr. M. Healey is a brother of Mr. Healey, M.P.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A PIECE of lemon-peel, with pulp attached, if bound upon a corn, will relieve it in a few days.

ANNA'S CUP CAKE.—One-half cup of butter; one-half a cup of sweet milk; two eggs; one cup of sugar; two tea-spoonsful of baking powder; two cups of flour. This is always a success, and is equally good whether baked as layer cake or in small, fancy tins.

TOMATO CATSUP.—For catsup enough to fill two wine bottles, take one peck of ripe tomatoes, one table-spoonful of sugar; small tea-spoonful of salt; cinnamon to taste; as much red pepper as it will bear; some strong vinegar. Boil until thick, then bottle hot and seal with wax.

LEMON-JUICE, made thick with sugar, and a little salt, will relieve hoarseness and heal a hacking cough. For small-pox, lemon juice is also highly recommended, the patient being allowed to drink freely of lemonade, and to suck the clear juice if palatable.

TOMATO SOUP.—A good stock is the first requisite. A beef shin is the best; veal or lamb the most delicate. When the stock is ready, scald the tomatoes, peel them thoroughly, and rub them through a fine sieve, and add to your stock. Fry a few pieces of thin-cut salt pork (chop them fine) and a small bunch of summer savory, one onion, one bunch of parsley, one sprig of mint, also chopped fine; salt and pepper to taste.

SALT CODFISH OMELET.—Soak a piece of salt codfish about six inches square over night. Split six crackers and lay them in cold water, just enough to cover them. In the morning pick the fish fine and mix well with it the soaked crackers, three well-beaten eggs and a piece of butter the size of an egg; also salt and pepper. Take one quart of milk, add to it one dessert-spoonful of Sea Moss Farine, boil five minutes, and pour over the fish in the dish in which it is to be baked. Bake twenty minutes.

THE ART OF CLEANING.—It is much better to clean one apartment at a time, rather than to have the whole house stirred up in confusion all at once. Then in case of casualties or unexpected comfort there is a chance to be comfortable. There is nothing more disagreeable than to have a house all in commotion, carpets up and curtains down, and everything in disorder, and there is no need of it. It is bad enough to have one room disarranged at a time, but that is far preferable to having it stirred up from garret to cellar, and things brought into contact that were never neighbors before.

RICE BLANC-MANGE, which is alike refreshing to the well man or the sick, and which is very nourishing, is made of one quart of sweet milk, if possible with a little cream also, and two-thirds of a cup of ground rice. Heat the milk to the boiling point before putting the rice in; wash the rice first and drain off the water. After it is put in the hot milk it must be stirred every moment, as there is great danger of its burning. If possible, cook it in a farina kettle. Boil it for half an hour, or until it is so thick that you are sure it will harden in the mould. Flavor with vanilla, lemon, or rose water. Serve with raspberry jelly, or with cream and sugar.

SNORING.—A well-known physician up town, whose practice has been largely in cases of affection of the respiratory system, was asked whether snoring is a disease. "Not so much as a bad habit," he said; "but I am frequently called upon to prescribe for its cure." "Can it be cured?" "Easily." "Why do elderly or corpulent people commonly snore?" "Because their systems are generally more relaxed in sleep, and their mouths then fall open. Any one will be likely to snore if he sleeps with his mouth open, and no one will if he shuts it." "How can the habit be cured?" "First, you must give a person a chance to breathe through the nose, and then make him do so. If there is any obstruction in the nasal passage, that must be removed by treatment. Then if a snorer can't keep his mouth shut by force of will, his jaw must be tied up. A harness for the lower jaw is sometimes employed in bad cases of snoring. A skull-cap worn upon the head serves to hold a system of straps under the chin, and keeps the mouth shut until the patient can form a habit of sleeping on his side, or with his head sufficiently elevated to hold his jaw." "Is it an easy matter to hold one's jaw when asleep?" "Hardly more so than when awake." "Why is snoring, then, so common, if it is so easily cured?" "Because catarrhal troubles are so common which prevent free inspiration through the nostrils. In sleeping cars and in hotels one frequently hears the resonant snore, because people in those places usually go to sleep tired out. An old doctor used to advocate sleeping on the face to guard against the possibility of snoring."

THE HUMORIST.

A HORSE-DEALER, describing a used-up hack, said — "He looked as if he had been editing a newspaper."

SALT mackerel is a new shade for men's clothing. It is probably intended for wet weather wear, as salt mackerel is always ahead of a gum overcoat for keeping a man dry.

"Now, Sammy, have you read the story of Joseph?" "Oh, yes, uncle." "Now, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" "They sold him too cheap."

DOCTOR PARR one day, in the heat of an argument, called a brother clergyman a fool. The latter threatened that he would report the matter to his bishop. "Do," said the Doctor, "and the bishop will confirm you."

GEORGE COLMAN was walking up the Haymarket with his handkerchief half out of his pocket when somebody hinted, "You'll lose your handkerchief, sir." "Not if you pass on," returned George, ungratefully.

CONJUGAL DISCLOSURE.—"Do you know in what month of the year my wife talks the least?" "Well I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice." "Not at all. It is in February." "Why is that?" "Because February has the fewest days."

"FATHER, ain't you opposed to monopoly?" shouted a little fellow, as his father took up the brandy bottle. "Yes, my boy." "Then give me a drink, too." The father broke the bottle on the floor, and since then has not tasted liquor.

AN Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plase your honor," replied the drummer, "I always blush when I spake to the general officer."

A NEW railway was opened in the Highlands. A Highlander named Donald heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was a short distance from the station when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into a park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbors asked him how he liked his ride. "Oh," said Donald, "I liked it fine, but they had an awfu' quick way in puttin' me out."

"My wife lost her purse with ten shillings in it to-day," said a sad looking man. "When going into town, or coming home?" asked somebody. "Didn't I tell you she had some money in it?" demanded the sad looking man.

MARIVAUX, the French dramatist, wrote an epigram on marriage, which may be thus translated:

> I would advise a man to pause
> Before he takes a wife;
> In fact, I see no earthly cause
> He should not pause for life.

WHY don't you send your children to school, Ike?" asked the Superintendent of Public Instruction, of an old colored man. "Wall, boss, I's tried dat school business, and it won't work." "How's that?" "Wall, you see, my son has been studyin' 'rithmetic furr some time; and tother day I axed him what was the county seat ob Africa, and he couldn't tell me. When a boy studys 'rithmetic free years and can't figger out such a simple question, I tinks dat it's time furr him ter quit. Now he's studyin' 'stronomy in a brick-yard."

THE most candid young man we know of is Nicodemus Murphy. He called at the office of a wealthy citizen and came right out and said: "I want to marry your daughter; I can't live without her." "Are you acquainted with my daughter?" "Not in the least." "How, then, do you know you can't live without her?" "Well I heard you were going to give her lots of money when she married, and my personal expenses are so heavy I can't live without her — or some other woman who has got money to support a husband."

"THEY were sitting on a log near the Rock spring. "And you love me?" he said. "Can you ask it?" she answered. "I like to hear you say the sweet words over and over again," he gurgled. "Then I do love you and love you," she twittered. "And I must leave you to-morrow." "Don't say it, dear heart, don't say it." "And what will my darling do when I am far away? What will she do in these lonely evening hours without me?" "Ahem!" said an old bachelor, getting up from the dark end of the log, and starting off to the hotel, "I'll tell you what she'll do these lonely hours without you; she'll be sitting right out here on this same log with another mash, making as big a fool of it as you are." Then he went out into the darkness.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE need of union and organization among Irishmen has been emphasized by all their friends. Provided any league is based upon honorable principles, it should receive encouragement. When we reflect upon the gigantic power exercised by such associations as that of the Freemasons and the Odd Fellows, it is astonishing that our race has suffered itself to drift aimlessly and incoherently down the stream.

The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union which has just closed its annual convention in Philadelphia, is simply a union for benevolent purposes, and yet it has done good service in drawing close the bonds of Irish nationality. Few men should be more earnestly encouraged to make provision for "a rainy day" than the Irishman. Somewhat improvident, and trustful of the future, he is apt to fall into sickness, without being prepared for its many disagreeable accompaniments. Then, the general nature of his work exposes him to accident, and the most harrowing feature of sickness consists in the possible deprivation of comfort, of his wife and children. Every working man should belong to a benefit society; and as strength lies in union, it seems well that such societies should be united by some easy bond.

It sounds selfish, but it is nevertheless a mark of prudence to join some such members. ip. The mind, harassed sufficiently by sickness, is not tortured with apprehensions. Small as the weekly benefit may seem, it is none the less welcome; and we have known instances where the kindly visit of the steward has cheered and enlivened the sick man.

The I. C. B. U. has been now fourteen years in existence, and announces a growing membership. It has adhered steadily to its purpose, and kept free from alliances which are not strictly benevolent. It has also interested itself in the colonization movement, and, though its efforts have not been entirely successful, it has resolved to continue them. As we have intimated, all organizations that keep our people together, should receive encouragement. The union of hearts and of hands will strengthen any nationality, and it is to be regretted that such a union has been lacking among Irishmen in the past.

POLITICS in the West have been deeply complicated by the introduction of the Temperance element, and this issue seems actually dividing the parties. A convention of German Catholics deprecate the insistance of the prohibition policy, as detrimental to personal freedom and an invasion of the rights of conscience. Intemperance is confessedly a frightful evil from which no nation has escaped, but it is doubtful whether the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor has mitigated the evil. The question of temperance belongs rather to the ethics of politics than to their practical sphere. If prohibition fanatics carry their point, it will be largely due to church influences, and the danger looms up, of an interference of the Church with the State — a conjuncture which every Catholic is interested in averting.

That the West is on the point of facing this question is apparent from all its journals. The old party lines seem to be

effaced by the temperance issue; and if it once becomes a national question, as its advocates desire it to become, it may sweep the country, like the slavery excitement. The objective point is to get an amendment into the Federal Constitution, forbidding the manufacture and importation of all intoxicating beverages.

So far as Catholics are concerned, we hold that drunkenness is a mortal sin, amenable to the cure of divine grace. We are forbidden to hold that there is any moral or physical necessity compelling a man to get drunk. God is the author of our physical frame, and can as quickly heal any morbid desire for stimulants as he can allay the motions of the passions; and He has promised His grace to all that ask it. Experience has shown the folly of prohibition, which really seems to awaken in men a desire to break a law which they deem to be violative of their rights. Besides, permission to purchase liquor in large quantities does more harm than an occasional drink.

Cardinal Manning, though a total abstainer himself, recognizing the temptation of the London gin palaces, says it is better for a man, if he drink at all, to do so at meals, and in his own house. He argues that the restraints of the domestic circle do not exist in a public inn; and men are not apt to go to excess, except in a company which really encourages one another to drink.

The whole question, in our judgment, is one of moral suasion, and is best settled by the individual conscience, under the influence of the divine helping. To make it a vital question in politics, and to divide men on an issue which lacks the sound basis of common sense and the general principles of law and human rights, is wrong-headed, and destined to ultimate failure.

THE announcement of the republication of the works of Dr. Brownson, recalls the struggles of Catholic publishers. Why are they not better supported, is a question to which various but unsatisfactory answers have been given. In Dr. Brownson's case, very probably the recondite and philosophic character of his Review prevented a wide circulation; but this answer will not do for the comparative neglect of bright and light magazines, which are intrinsically far superior to non-Catholic publications of a similar type, which have a paying subscription list.

The bales of trash which go forth weekly from the non-Catholic publishing houses find purchasers, and, to our shame be it spoken, the majority of the purchasers are Catholics. Just as the largest proportion of an audience at a ridiculous minstrel show or a play caricaturing the Irish people, are Irishmen and Irishmen's sons, so the patrons of poor, trashy novels are the same class. Catholic books are almost a drug in the market; and even where a library is connected with a Church society, the books are left to moulder on the shelves.

It is no wonder that Catholic publishers indulge in an occasional growl. They literally content themselves with a mere living. A man of any business enterprise is discouraged when the only books ordered from him are prayer-books, which usually last for a lifetime.

If there is to be any vivid awakening of the true Catholic spirit in our day, it must be largely brought about by Catholic literature. This the Pope himself has repeatedly declared. Why, our fathers read more Catholic books than their children, who have better advantages of culture and more leisure.

A good book or magazine is really a grace from God. How often does a passage move and touch the heart, filling it with good resolutions, or comforting it in sorrow! To neglect such means of grace, of mental enlightenment and pleasant and useful occupation of time, is a moral delinquency for which we shall have to render an account to Him who speaks to us from the printed page frequently with more impressiveness and penetration than from the sacred desk itself.

THE fine of £500 imposed upon Mr. E. Dwyer Gray by Judge Lawson, has been made up by contributions from friends of the imprisoned journalist, and a dozen cities have conferred their freedom upon him.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY has been requested by an influential body of the clergy and laity of his native county, Monaghan, to become a candidate for its representation in the next parliament. He will probably consent. It is expected that his return will be unopposed, as he will have the support of the extreme and moderate sections of the national party.

THE POTATO. — The condition of the potato crop in Ireland is now such as to allay the general anxiety that was excited several months ago when potatoes were quoted at $8 a barrel. To a more than average crop of what is called the Irish potato is, it seems, to be now added an excellent supply of the Carolina or sweet potato. We were not aware before that the sweet potato would grow in Ireland.

A WIDOW'S SHEEP. — The largest individual sheep-owner in Texas is a woman, known all over the State as the "Widow Callahan." Her sheep, 50,000 in number, wander over the ranges of Uvalde and the Bandera Counties, in the south-western part of the State. Their grade is a cross between the hardy Mexican sheep and the Vermont merino. They are divided into flocks of 2,000 each, with a "bossero" and two "pastoras" in charge of each flock. At the Spring and Fall shearings, long trains of wagons transport the "Widow's" wool to the market of San Antonio.

MASTER AND SERVANT.—It is an old and hackneyed proverb that good masters make good servants, and the proverb holds good, as we firmly believe, in this age, bewildered with dreams of social equality, no less than in any of the past. Human nature is always pretty much the same. Kindness, consideration, courtesy, and to come to something higher, charity—will always, in the long run, touch those towards whom these virtues are exercised, and will elicit a response. In an age which prates so largely of man's rights, mostly fictitious, it is incumbent upon everyone who would follow a more excellent way, simply and ostentatiously to practise man's duties, and so to do what in him lies, at all events by his own example and influence, to recall the world to the prime truths on which alone society can rest. Well was it said by Lacordaire, "If you would found durable institutions, write above the word Liberty, Obedience; above Equality, Hierarchy; above Fraternity, Veneration; above the august symbol of rights, the divine symbol of duties. Right is the selfish side of justice. Duty is its generous and devoted side."

IT is stated that an immense oyster-bed, extending over some ten thousand acres, has been discovered in the North Sea, at no very great distance from the shores of this country. If this be true, lovers of the "delicious bivalve" will have good reason to rejoice; and at last, oysters, cheap and plentiful, may once more grace our boards.

THE Italians are going back to Europe in large numbers. They are dissatisfied with the way they are treated by contractors, many of whom do not by any means sufficiently consider their necessities, and keep their pay a fortnight in arrears to prevent their leaving. The Italian consul of New York said that the Florio line, which is in direct communication with Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, and Palermo, has found it difficult to provide accommodation for the returning exiles.

HAS MAN A RIGHT TO THE POSSESSION OF LAND. — In a recent sermon, Bishop Wigger, of Newark, N. J., said:—"It is time to raise a warning voice when men, otherwise good and learned, publicly proclaim that man has no right to property. The Church has very clearly-defined principles on this point. She has always taught that man has a right to ownership of property. True it is, she teaches that absolute ownership belongs entirely to God; but what we acquire by hard labour, or by other legitimate means, belongs to us, to the exclusion of our fellow-beings; and no man has a right to deprive us of it. If you hear even a priest teaching doctrines opposed to this principle, beware of him—for his utterances are not of God, but the wild vaporings of a depraved imagination."

PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES. - The national pilgrimage to Lourdes left Paris on Thursday week and arrived at Poitiers the next morning. Afer a short rest they resumed their journey and reached their destination on Saturday. The pilgrims from all parts of France had assembled in Paris, and the number was so great that no less than ten special trains were required. Eight hundred sick persons had entered their names to join in this manifestation, but only 600 could be taken. From other parts of France numerous pilgrimages to Lourdes have also lately taken place. From Aubin and Decazeville (Aveyron) 670 workmen in the mines and foundries were conveyed by trains to Lourdes. The *Monde* describes their arrival, singing hymns with great enthusiasm. More than 6,000 pilgrims arrived from the diocese of Saint-Dié and different parts of Lorraine.

DRUNKEN JURYMEN. — The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has decided not to interfere with the course of the law in the case of Hynes, recently convicted of murder, and the execution has been fixed for Sept. 11. Hynes will, therefore, go to his grave on the questionable verdict of a drunken jury. His execution will be a more terrible outrage and crime than the murder of his alleged victim. If a criminal was guilty of murder ten times over, the law should not kill him until his guilt was fully and *soberly* established. Hynes' grave will be honored and English law further disgraced and despised. The following is the bill of fare of the jury that convicted Hynes:—

1. Eight pints of ale (strong).
2. One bottle of sherry wine.
3. Three bottles of claret.
4. Six glasses of gin (each glass half noggin).
5. One half glass brandy.
6. Thirty-five and one half glasses whiskey.
8. One bottle of champagne.

Four of the jury were total abstinence men, leaving the remaining eight to grapple with the important work of disposing of forty-one and a half glasses of gin and whiskey, a bottle of sherry, a bottle of champagne, and then aid their *confreres* in deciding whether Francis Hynes should hang by the neck or not.

IMMIGRATION. — The official statement for the month of August shows a decrease from the number of immigrants for the corresponding month of last year of 13,668. The total number of passengers arriving in the customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia, and San Francisco was 52,593, of whom 43,076 were immigrants, 7,047 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 2,470 aliens not intending to remain in the United States. Of this total number of immigrants, there arrived from England and Wales 6,977, Ireland 3,643, Scotland 1,212, Austria 758, Belgium 90, Bohemia 236, Denmark 840, France 617, Germany 16,010, Hungary 321, Italy 676, Netherlands 340, Norway 2,052, Russia 836, Poland 152, Sweden 2,601, Switzerland 837, Dominion of Canada 4,441, and from all other countries 437. Each one of these countries, with the exception of Italy, which shows a very slight increase, has sent a less number of immigrants than during the month of August last year. The two months ending August 31 show a decrease of 5,265 immigrants from the same period in 1882. Of the various ports at which these have landed, Boston shows the largest proportionate decrease, except San Francisco, where the number has sunk from 1,894 to 146.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has had a festive time in Newport and the other places he has visited. In a short while he is to be the guest of the city of Boston, which is to make things merry for him. How queer it is that we do not hear of any public festivities in his honor when he visits his own city of New York. He always has a very quiet time of it when in that city.

BISHOP IRELAND ON INDEPENDENCE. — "Give me in a parish," said Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, in his sermon to the temperance convention, "six earnest men, a priest, and a few laymen, and a total abstinence society is a fact. But the men must be earnest; that is, they must labor, and they must practise themselves total abstinence. Is it too much to ask the practice of total abstinence for the sake of others? The question, I think, should not be put in the Catholic Church, the home of self-sacrifice, zeal, and heroic charity. What do we give up in abandoning liquor? The pleasure of a momentary excitement. What do we do by the sacrifice? We dry the tear of wretchedness, we feed the hungry, we raise up our race, we save souls, we honor religion."

FISHING FOR RATS. — A novel mode of catching rats is thus described in the *American Angler*: The writer says that a person having the patience of most fishermen can have much sport in hooking the vermin. The warehouse adjoining his place of business is infested by these "file-tails," and our friend may be seen in the early spring, and late fall, on an occasional evening just after dusk, seated at the back window of his counting-room, overlooking the yard of the warehouse, with an ordinary rod in hand, strong linen line, and a spring hook, commonly called a "sockdolager," baited with a lump of fresh beef, patiently waiting for a bite. It does not tarry long, nor does it consume itself in nibbles, but with a hungry snap the bait is seized and the hook of the sockdolager impales the rat, when the excitement commences. A lusty rat is no mean antagonist at the end of a pliant pole and ten feet of line, and his plunges, twistings and straight-away dashes are more perplexing to the angler than the leaps, surges, and sulkings of the gamy trout or bass. The rat is generally landed after seasonable sport, and killed by a blow from a bludgeon. In this connection we may state that thousands of small hooks are bought by sugar refiners for ratting purposes. The hooks are baited with small pieces of beef on each, and then distributed about the building. The rats swallow beef and hook. The first is digested, the latter is not. Death, of course, results. The remedy is said to be infallible.

THE WORLD'S CROPS. — We usually have had to report a deficiency either in Europe or America. This year there is absolutely none. The world has an over average harvest; and, with such a harvest, the year is likely to be one of cheap abundance."

MISSIONS OF EGYPT.— The recent events in Egypt have caused so great ruin, especially to the European colony, the missions throughout that land have sustained incalculable damage; the faithful, and especially the missionaries, implore relief from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, which, on behalf of the Religious of both sexes, and other Catholics, makes an appeal to the charity of the world at large to come to the aid of their suffering corellgionists. The subscription list is opened by his Holiness with an offering of 3,000 lire, followed by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda with the sum of 2,000 lire. Offerings may be addressed to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, or to the Editor of the *Osservatore Romano*, 14, Via del Nazzareno, Rome.

HUNGARY is probably still the most feudal country in Europe, and many privileges have survived to the present day which have long since ceased to exist in other parts of the world. Amongst these is the right of a landed proprietor to regulate the number of wine shops and public houses on his estate, to open and shut them at will, and, in a word, control everything connected with the liquor traffic. It is a feudal right of very ancient origin, and has long been known under the name of *Regáles*. Although no one, so far as we are aware, has suffered much inconvenience in consequence, and no very strong grounds can be shown for interfering with its exercise, a good deal of agitation has lately been got up about it, and much pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government in order to do away with the privilege. A compromise, we learn, has lately been come to between all parties, in virtue of which the privilege is to cease, the licensing and regulating of public houses is to pass into the hands of the local authorities, and the land-owners are to receive an indemnity of about £5,000,000. The money is to be found in the first instance by the Government, and subsequently repaid by the districts themselves. One would suppose it was hardly worth while to purchase so harmless a privilege at so high a price. But the landowners, we fancy, will not have much objection to part with it on these terms, which will enable many of them to pay off the heavy mortgages which have hitherto pressed upon them somewhat inconveniently.

THE TEN PRINCIPAL CITIES OF ITALY. — The last statistics furnish the list of the ten cities of Italy showing a population of over 100,000 inhabitants. 1. Naples, 494,000; 2. Milan, 322,000; 3. Rome, 302,000; 4. Turin, 253,000; 5. Palermo, 245,000; 6. Florence, 180,000; 7. Genoa, 180,000; 8. Venice, 129,000; 9. Bologna, 118,000; 10. Messina, 112,000.

REAPING MR. PARNELL'S CROPS.— On Tuesday, Sept. 5, the seat of Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell, M.P., near Rathdrum, was the scene of an enthusiastic harvest demonstration in his honor. This was the reaping of a huge field of oats some fifty acres in extent, which extends along slopes adjacent to the beautifully situated mansion of Avondale. The act was, of course, a voluntary proceeding on the part of the farmers and country people of the neighborhood, who mustered to the number of some hundreds for the purpose. The day was a gala one in Rathdrum and its vicinity.

ST. ROCH.—On the Vigil of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, the Holy Father celebrated Mass in his private chapel, and gave Holy Communion to all the members of his household. At midday, August 16, Festival of St. Roch of Montpellier, a favorite among the Romans, by whom he is invoked in time of pestilential diseases, his Holiness received in private audience a deputation from the venerable Archconfraternity of S. Rocco, consisting of the Father Guardian and two members, who made the customary offering of a picture of the Saint and a loaf of blessed bread. After the Pontifical Benediction, the deputation visited the Cardinal Secretary of State, to whom they made a similar presentation. These little loaves of bread, annually blessed and distributed in the church of San Rocco, on the Feast of the Saint, August 16, have their origin in the miracle wrought in behalf of St. Roch, when he lay ill of the plague near the City of Placentia, in the fourteenth century. Gothard, a rich man of the neighborhood, noticed that one of his hunting dogs daily snatched a loaf from his table and fled towards the forest. Finally, he resolved to follow the hound, when he discovered that the animal bore the bread to the cabin of St. Roch, to whom he presented it with bowed head, receiving in return the blessing of the servant of God. This bread, eaten in devotion, is supposed to be a preservative against plague and other maladies. The ordinary attributes of St. Roch are the dog and the pilgrim's staff, in remembrance of the long toilsome journeys of this heroic Apostle of Charity, who died in Montpellier, August 16, 1327, at the age of 32 years.

GO TEACH ALL NATIONS. — We read that "within the past five years the archdiocese of Cashel, Ireland, has sent ont to foreign missions one hundred and fifty-three priests, thirty-three monks, and one hundred and forty-seven nuns. Limerick has sent forth a total of one hundred and twenty-five priests, eleven monks, and eighty-seven nuns in the same period; and, since the year 1848, All Hallows College has sent forth over five hundred priests to preach the Gospel to other nations in every region of the world." There are seventy thousand Catholic Copts in Egypt, in full communion with Rome. There are forty-three Catholic churches in Dakota. Two years ago there were but twenty. Baltimore has a population of 340,000, of which 110,000 are Catholics.

BISHOP LAFLECHE, of Three Rivers, has not "forbidden the ladies of his congregation to wear curls under pain of sin." He has published the decrees of the Sixth Provincial Council of Quebec, which have been approved by the Holy See. The seventeenth decree treats of the education of young girls, and among other regulations lays down this one: "They should be inspired with a love of Christian modesty and simplicity, and with contempt for everything that savors of luxury and vanity, in order that they may faithfully observe this direction of the Apostle: 'In like manner, women also in decent apparel, adorning themselves with modesty and sobriety; not with plaited hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly attire, but, as becometh women professing godliness, with good works.'"—I. TIM., xi. 9.

CRIME IN IRELAND AND ENGLAND. — A neat little commentary on the horror over the prevalence of crime in Ireland, in which the English and those Americans afflicted with Anglophobia delight to indulge, as well as upon a certain wide-spread opinion concerning the comparative subjection to law and order in England and Ireland, is furnished by a paper on crime in Great Britain read at a recent meeting of the British Association by Professor Leone Levi, by which it appears that in recent years the number of crimes has been both absolutely and relatively smaller in Ireland than in England and Wales. The ratio of crime per 1,000 of the population is almost twice as great in England and Wales as it is in Ireland, and offences against morals are five times as frequent, in the same proportion, in England as in Ireland. The figures include reported crimes as well as convictions, so that they afford a fair statement of the relative order and morality of the two peoples.

ASSAULTING WIVES.—"From the experience which I have gained in the police courts," observes an English judge, "I would advise people not to get married at all, particularly females; for in the number of assault cases between married people which have come before me, I have only had one case in which a wife was charged with assault upon her husband." In other words, as one of the Dublin journals observes, men may get married if they choose, but women should remain unwedded. An Irish member is reported to have declared that as long as Ireland remained silent, England remained deaf to her cries of anguish.

THE HOLY NAME.—The Archbishop of Toronto has secured for his province fifty days' indulgence each time the head is bowed devoutly at the mention of the Sacred Name, if to that act of homage there is added the recitation with a contrite heart of the Gloria Patri. The Archbishop secured this indulgence to promote the pious practice of bowing the head when that "Name which is above all names," is mentioned a practice unfortunately falling into desuetude. "We must not forget," writes his Grace, "the words of St. Paul, the ardent lover of our Lord, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father. St. Paul, Phil. ii. 10."

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: The outlook, after all, is not awfully distressing. Indeed, whatever the shareholders may think, we should regard the overcrush as a somewhat gratifying inconvenience. Up to the present we understand the sale of season tickets, considering that they are purchased mainly, if not entirely, by parties residing in or about the city who can drop into the Exhibition at will, has been most satisfactory. But the general or popular attendance — that is, those who pay their shillings at the door — has been splendid. It now reckons, in round numbers, a daily average of 3,000 to 4,000; that is to say, close on £200 a-day is the sum realized by the Exhibition which the "moneyed classes" have boycotted, to which South Kensington refused to lend our own objects of Irish art, and to which Earl Spencer refused to send a picture or a bit of bric-a-brac. A good deal of that kind of boycotting will be suffered, we should say, without a murmur. So far, therefore, as the Exhibition as such is concerned, union and self-reliance have had a signal triumph.

IRISH MANUFACTURE.—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says the movement in Liverpool to assist in the development of Irish manufacture is one the importance of which cannot be overestimated. It is proposed to open a store in Liverpool for the sale of Irish manufactured goods, and what Liverpool is doing can also be done in every town in Great Britain, America, and Australia.

AN INVETERATE SMOKER. — M. Catelain, the celebrated *restaurateur*, who died last week, is said to have been one of the most inveterate smokers ever known, either in France or anywhere else. For the last 30 years his regular allowance was twenty cigars per diem, and those of the largest size. It is calculated that M. Catelain must have spent 219,000 francs, or between £8,000 and £9,000 in tobacco. This is probably unique in the annals of smoking, especially on the other side of the channel, where cigarettes are much more patronized than cigars. It is added that the deceased died of the "smoker's cancer," a warning to others that excessive smoking, like excess in anything else, is pretty sure to react upon the constitution in some way or other. Moderation in all things, whether it be food, stimulants, exercise, study or amusement, is, after all, the best policy in the long run.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. — The *Boston Herald* says:—"It is the general confession that our school work has deteriorated in character, and that, with excellent and conscientious teachers, the quality of the instruction has been inferior to that which is found in other parts of the country. This will be at once denied, but it is nevertheless the truth. A clumsier schedule of studies than the present order in Boston cannot be found in the educational system of any civilized country. Two or three superintendents and their understrappers have tinkered it until it is anything but a consistent system. It hangs apart; it is unfitted to the social necessities of the great mass of the young people, and fails to fit them within a proper time for the work they have to do. The plan includes too much and aims too high. The better way would be to bring the studies within such compass that the pupils in common cases can be fairly educated at fourteen, and be graduated at that age from the grammar schools. Under the present *regime* they are carried so slowly through the order of studies, that only the brightest are graduated from the secondary school at the age just named, and those who need education the most are robbed of it when it is most indispensable to their usefulness."

TAKING CARE OF COLORED CHILDREN. — Three Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis arrived recently in Baltimore. Their names are, Sisters Coletta, Clara, and Xavier, and they will be stationed at St. Elizabeth's Home on St. Paul Street, to take care of the colored infants, and also will teach the girls of St. Francis Xavier School (colored). The home now has six sisters, and the congregation of St. Francis is in a flourishing condition. The good colored Catholics of our city certainly know how to appreciate the benefits our Holy Church presents them, and their great success can readily be ascribed to the present zeal their good pastors have for their welfare. Rev. Father John R. Slattery is the good rector of the parish, assisted by other Fathers of St. Joseph's Society.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S DAUGHTER. — This distinguished lady is in New York, engaged in the great work to which she has devoted her life,—the protection of Irish girls in crossing the Atlantic. A late number of the *Dublin Nation* contains this fine poem from her pen:—

FAREWELL!

Ireland! were my love to thee but slight—
Were mine alone the vague, unfettered eye,
Skilless to trace those lovely lines that die
In melting blue beyond the farthest sight—
Yet, even then, methinks, my heart aright
Had pulsed with thine in passionate reply,
Requiring union with thee, 'neath a sky
So pure, so vivid through its liquid light.
But thou, the mother of my love and life!—
On whose soft breast so oft my wounded head
Hath bowed itself in agony of strife,
Desiring rest among the unsuffering dead—
Rather henceforth shall my rejoicing be
That God hath given me life to live for thee.

CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN.

September 3, 1882.

THE POPULATION OF SCOTLAND. — The annual report of the Registrar-General for Scotland for 1881 has been issued. According to the official estimate, the population of Scotland at the middle of 1881 was 3,744,685 persons, of whom 1,802,901 were males and 1,941,784 females. During the year 126,214 births, 72,301 deaths, and 25,948 marriages were registered. The general birth-rate of all Scotland was 0.138 below the annual average rate of the ten immediately preceding years, the death-rate 0.246, and the marriage rate 0.031 below the average. Of the births recorded in the year, 10,466, or 8.29 per cent. were illegitimate. In the insular rural group of districts the rate of illegitimacy was 6.2, in the large towns 6.4, in the small towns 7.7, in the principal towns 8.1, and in the mainland rural districts 10.2 per cent. About 32 per cent. of the entire population of the country reside in the eight principal towns.

A Spy!—Mr. Gray's father was an intimate friend and associate of O'Connell, and stood by the old tribune in the severe struggle between the physical force party of 1848 and the upholders of constitutional agitation. In the midst of the tumult and excitement of the apprehended rebellion in those stormy days, Sir John Gray was asked by a mysterious stranger to inspect some plans of Dublin Castle, a knowledge of which would give that fortress of the English enemy into bold Irish hands. Sir John suspected the man, and in a few days after was not very much surprised to find that he was a spy in the pay of the government.

English Post Office.—The 28th report of the Postmaster-General reveals the startling fact that the annual average of letters written by each individual in the kingdom is 35, while in Switzerland, which comes after England, the annual average is 30. After these two there is a great gap, the United States coming next with 19, Australia with 18, Germany with 15, the Low Countries with 14, France with 10. The total number of letters despatched, or rather delivered, which is not quite the same thing, was, in 1881, 1,229,354.800, or an increase of about 5 per cent. upon last year. No fewer than 26,750 letters were posted in the year without any address at all, and of these 1,507 contained money to the amount of over £6,000. In Ireland, in spite of the steady direction of the national energies to the barren field of politics, the progress of thrift among the people is very marked, the amounts deposited in the Post-office showing a rise of £548,212 to £662,170 in 1880.

Cardinal Manning's "Holiday."—Cardinal Manning is in the full enjoyment of what he designates his "holiday." On Sunday his Eminence preached twice in Newcastle Cathedral to overflowing congregations, and also received an address from the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society. On Tuesday he was entertained at breakfast by the members of the United Kingdom Alliance, nearly one hundred persons being present, and in the evening of the same day he preached to a crowded congregation in St. Bede's Church, Westoe-lane, South Shields, on his favorite subject of "Temperance." His Eminence is expected at Liverpool before the close of the week, and two Sundays will be devoted by him to that city. On Sunday next he will preach at St. Patrick's in the morning for St. Bernard's new mission, and at Old Swan for St. Paul's, West Derby; and on 17th, in the morning, at Walton, and at the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the evening, again pleading the cause of St. Bernard's mission.

The National Steamship Line, whose advertisement will be found in this Magazine, has carried nearly 650,000 passengers; not a single passenger has been lost from accident of the seas.

In his opening address in New York, the eloquent A. M. Sullivan declared that were it not for American aid the Irish people could never so successfully demand their rights; and that that struggling people will continue to receive such aid. As proof, we may state that Father Walsh, the Land League Treasurer, sent $20,000 to Patrick Egan on the 19th of September.

It will be a disappointment to many to learn that only thirty-two pupils in the National Schools passed in Irish last year, and thus the amount contributed by the State to the cultivation of the ancient tongue was barely £16. There was only one pass in cookery, a subject so needful for girls. It is apparent from these facts that the extra subjects are dying out in the National Schools of Ireland.

The United States Census of 1880 shows a German-born population of 1,966,742, or, including German Swiss, Austrians, and Luxemburgers, of somewhat more than 2,000,000. English, Irish, and Scotch number together 3,489,253; Scandinavians, 440,262; French, 106,971; Chinese, 104,541; Russians and Russian Poles, 84,279, and Italians, 44,230. The French-born population has gone back 10,000 since 1870, and the Italian largely increased.

Priests on the Field of Battle.—It is not often that the military authorities have to take notice of the services in the field of a Catholic priest. We are, therefore, the more pleased to see it stated in an English paper that the Rev. J. Allen, Catholic chaplain at present attached to the Vopery District, has been awarded a medal, with clasp, for his services during the late Affghan war, this being, it is understood, the first occasion on which a Catholic priest has been made the recipient of a war medal from the British Government. Father Allen was appointed to General Sir D. Stewart's force in May, 1879, doing duty in the first and second campaigns. He accompanied Gen. Stewart from Candahar to Cabul, and was present at the two battles fought at Ahmed Khel, on April 29, 1880, and Urzoe on the same date. At great personal risk Father Allen ministered to the spiritual need of the Catholic troops, being awarded a clasp for his services during the first battle, and having just been presented with the Afghan medal.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

John B. Piet & Co., Baltimore.

TRI-CENTENARY OF ST. TERESA, OCT. 15, 1882.

NOVENA IN HONOR OF ST. TERESA. By Saint Alphonsus Liguori. Translated from the Italian under the superintendence of the Redemptionist Fathers of England; to which is added the Letters of our Holy Father granting indulgences for the celebration of the Tricentenary of St. Teresa's death, celebrated Oct. 15, 1882; with a portrait of St. Teresa and a Preface to the American edition by the Most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. In a neat 24mo volume, uniform with the "New Manual of the Sacred Heart." Price, in cloth, 40c.; Levant morocco, red edges, 75c.

THE WONDERS OF THE HEART OF ST. TERESA. Those first observed, and also those of more recent date. Published in Italian under the direction of Mgr. Vaccari, president of the committee upon the celebration of the Tricentenary. Illustrated with a reliable portrait of St. Teresa, and two engravings of her heart as it now appears in the crystal urn at the monastery of Alba de Tormes in Spain.

Transverberation is the name we call the wound in St. Teresa's heart, both because the Church in her liturgy uses this word, and also because we find it the most suitable expression. The following account is that given by the Holy Reformatrix herself:—"I saw an angel close by me, on my left side, in bodily form. This I am not accustomed to see, unless very rarely. Though I have visions of angels frequently, yet I see them only by an intellectual vision, such as I have spoken of before. It was our Lord's will that in this vision I should see the angel in this wise. He was not large, but small of stature, and most beautiful, his face burning, as if he were one of the highest angels, who seem to be all of fire: they must be those whom we call cherubims. Their names they never tell me, but I see very well that there is in heaven so great a difference between one angel and another, and between these and the others, that I cannot explain it. I saw in his hand a long spear of gold, and at the iron's point there seemed to be a little fire. He appeared to me to be thrusting it at times into my heart, and to pierce my very entrails. When he drew it out he seemed to draw them out also, and to leave me all on fire with a great love of God. The pain was so great that it made me moan; and yet so surpassing was the sweetness of this excessive pain, that I could not wish to be rid of it. The soul is satisfied now with nothing less than God. The pain is not bodily, but spiritual, though the body has its share in it, even a large one. It is a caressing of love so sweet which now takes place between the soul and God, that I pray God of his goodness to make him experience it who may think that I am lying. During the days that this lasted, I went about as if beside myself. I wished to see or speak with no one, but only to cherish my pain, which was to me a greater bliss than all created things could give." On the 25th of January, 1726, one hundred and fifty-five years ago, the Rev. Francis Anthony Spinosa, Vicar-General of Salamanca, visited officially at Alba the Saint's heart. He was accompanied by two physicians, a surgeon, and several important personages of Alba. After most careful and conscientious observation, with one accord, they all recognized the prodigy of the preservation of the heart as well as the wound still visible, and made their deposition under oath. From these numberless depositions we shall select that of the surgeon Emmanuel Sanchez. He affirms that he saw in this heart "a transversal rent or opening at the upper and anterior part, very narrow in width, and the superficies very slight; and it has been proven that it it penetrated the substance and ventricles of the heart. The form of the opening plainly shows that it was most skilfully made, and with an instrument very thin, strong, and wide; around this same fissure we perceive traces of fire and combustion. We also see in the same heart little round holes, the cause of which we cannot divine. It is commonly believed that they are likewise wounds made at different times by the angel's dart."

The book is got up in a neat 16mo volume, bound in cloth, illustrated with a reliable portrait of Saint Teresa, and two engravings of her heart as it now appears in the crystal urn. Price 80 cents.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ST. TERESA copied from her portrait in the monastery at Alba de Tormes, Spain, and issued by the committee on the Tri-centenary as the correct portrait of the saint. Card size, 3 x 4 inches, 25 cents; cabinet size, 7 x 5 inches, 50 cents; quarto size, 18 x 14 inches, $1.50. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

THE MONTH OF ST. TERESA. By Rev. M. Felix. Translated from the French, to which is added "Devotions to the Holy Angels." 18mo. Paper. 50 cents; the same in French, 50 cents.

Benziger Bros., N.Y., St. Louis and Cin.

A THOUGHT OF ST. TERESA'S FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Translated from the fifth French edition by MISS ELLA MCMAHON. Price 50 cents.

This book, with the others already announced, is in good time for the Tricentenary. The Thoughts are very brief and can be read in a minute. Buy this book, have it in your chamber, and read one of the Thoughts every morning. It will help to guide you on your heavenly way. The book is very neatly gotten up.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

THE PIOUS TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART. — A Manual of Catholic Devotion.

The Catholic body would naturally suppose that we had prayer-books enough, but it seems there is no end to them. This book seems to be more especially devoted to the Sacred Heart, and contains devotions not found in other books. The book is gotten up in good paper and printing, and sold for prices varying from 40 cents to $6.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THE HOLY MAN OF TOURS; or the Life of Leon Papin-Dupont, who died at Tours in the odor of Sanctity, March 18, 1876. Translated from the French of M. L'Abbé Janvier, Priest of the Holy Face.

The author says in the preface: "It is particularly addressed to persons living in the world, members of the Christian family, and to the youth of our schools." To both we offer a saint and a model. Read and consider. Do more; study and imitate. Price $1.25. This is according to the new reduction in price of Catholic books.

All the above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS D. EGAN, of the New York Catholic Agency, 33 Barclay Street and 38 Park Place, has published a very interesting and instructive work entitled "The Judges of Faith and Godless Schools." This work is a compilation of evidence against secular schools all over the world, but especially against the common State schools in this country. It is addressed to Catholic parents, should be carefully perused by them, and will doubtless have the beneficial effect that is desired. The author is the Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins, of the diocese of Louisville, Ky.

CATHOLIC Grievances in relation to the Administration of Indian Affairs. Being a report presented to the Catholic Young Men's National Union at its Eighth Annual Convention held in Boston, May 10th and 11th, 1882. Lo! the poor Indian.

Constitution of the Young Men's National Union, and Proceedings of the Eighth Annual Convention, held at Boston May 10th and 11th, 1882.

Accompanying the above reports is the Address to Young Men's Catholic Societies. We would advise all societies engaged in the laudable work of charity and reformation to read the above documents. They can be had by addressing Mr. Juan A. Pizzini, Richmond, Va.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Gentle Mary of the Sea," Song by Sam Lucas. "Golden Ringlets," Song by Barney Egan. "Sweet Jennie of the Sea," Song and Chorus, words by Chas. Russell Jackson, music arranged by Chas. D. Blake. "The Colored Knights of Pythia," Song and Chorus, words by E. N. Slocum, music by John A. Armstrong.

Instrumental: "Merry War March," arranged by Chas. D. Blake. "Lingard March," by Geo. Edw. Jackson. "Merry War," Grand Potpourri arranged by Chas. D. Blake. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," Overture by Johann Strauss.

"GEMS FOR THE GUITAR," by PROFESSOR HAYDEN, is what every guitar-player has been waiting for. It contains a popular selection of Mr. White's songs, with carefully arranged instrumental accompaniment by the Professor; and also a charming collection of waltzes, polkas, etc., especially adapted for amateur performers. This book is sure to become popular, if from the songs alone.

Spear & Dehnhoff, New York.

Instrumental: "Riviera Waltz," by G. Francesca.

Vocal: "When the Summer Clouds Go By," Song, words by J. W. Bunce, music by Wm. Brockway.

MR. JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA, of the London Press, has addressed the electors of Ennis, stating that his politics are those of Mr. Parnell, and that if elected he will enter the House of Commons as a "fighting member of the compact little Irish Phalanx."

PERSONAL.

THE Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, has returned home from Europe much improved in health. The clergy of his diocese presented him with a purse of six thousand dollars.

MR. J. C. O'DONNELL, brother of the M. P. for Dungarvan, has been married to a Lancaster lady, who, in addition to great personal attractions, brings him a fortune of £50,000, and considerable expectations.

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal* states that Mr. Dillon will retire from Parliament. Mr. Dillon in a letter announcing his retirement, attributes the step to ill health, and says it will not be possible for him to take any part in Irish politics for the next few years.

THE Rev. Father Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., who accompanied Bishop O'Reilly to Europe, received a hearty reception from his parishioners on his return home. There was a procession of a number of Catholic Societies, who escorted Father Conaty from the depot to the church where the reception was held. Father Conaty was presented with a purse of $500.

LADY EDITH FEILDING, second daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, has entered a convent in England. Lady Edith Feilding is not the first of her kin circle "to pass into the quiet life" Her first cousin, Miss Berkeley of Spetchley, has preceded her to a novitiate of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac, the first part of which probation may be passed in England, but the second necessarily at the Paris generalate of the Order, whence so many thousands of devoted Sisters have found their way later to the battle-fields and cholera wards and fever haunts in all parts of the world.

Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN, who is accompanied by his wife and daughter, was cordially received in New York. He explained his mission to America as follows: "I came to this country for rest and recreation, and intended when I first made my plans to keep my visit wholly free from politics; but upon the urgent representations of my friends I have consented to speak in several of the cities of the United States. I speak in New York next Monday. After that I shall go through some of the other cities, extending my travels as far west as Chicago. I shall merely give an account of what has actually taken place, hoping in this way to remove some erroneous impressions that the American public has received. One of these impressions is that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt are not working in harmony. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I expect to remain in this country until the middle of November. The early part of the session of Parliament will be entirely occupied with the bill establishing the new rules of procedure, which, though it came into existence by reason of Irish agitation, is now merely a question between Conservatives and Radicals. I do not doubt that Mr. Gladstone will be able to carry the measure through, though it will at a stroke destroy constitutional privileges which, were I an Englishman, I should prize more highly than the throne itself. I do not agree with the Irish-American sentiment which demands entire independence for Ireland. Such movements have been well characterized as the politics of despair. Were the case so desperate, I should heartily join in the cry for entire separation, but I believe that home rule, if granted generously and in due time, will suffice to cure the distempers of Ireland." Mr. Sullivan will be in Boston on the 22d of October.

FIVE Sisters of Mercy, from Nazareth House, Hammersmith, England, have sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, where they are to work among the poor and the heathen under the direction of the Bishop of Cape Town. The 7th of September was a day of joy and sorrow in this great institution. Five of the Sisters of Nazareth, viz., Rev. Mother Mary of the Visitation, Watkins; Sister Mary of Providence, Crowley; Sister St. Peter, Depoff; Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception, Dempsey; and Sister Mary of the Assumption, Clancey, said farewell to the Mother House — a spot dearer to them than the home of their childhood, for they were called by holy obedience "to leave all" again, and hasten to the succor of the poor and the heathen in a distant land — the Cape of Good Hope. The Mother-General accompanied them from London via Southampton to Plymouth, which was reached about noon next day. It was the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady. The Bishop of Cape Town said Mass that morning on board the good ship *Pretoria*, and gave Holy Communion to the Sisters, after which came the parting with their beloved Mother-General. What language can express what each of those generous, but human hearts felt during the long, burning and tender embrace? There was a tear in every eye as the crew looked respectfully on; and when the little boat carried the Mother-General off towards land every hat and handkerchief waved till all were lost to each other's sight. God speed the Sisters on their way!

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

PRIESTS.

THE death of the Very Rev. James M'Meel, P. P., Enniskillen, took place recently.

THE announcement of the death of the Rev. Father George Lambert, S.J., rector of St. Austin's Church, Wakefield, England, has been received with feelings of general sorrow.

REV. JOHN KEEGAN, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Providence, R. I., died in that city on the afternoon of the 19th of September. The bishop of Providence pronounced the eulogy on the deceased clergyman. He was born in Woonsocket, R. I.

THE Rev. Father J. M. Potter, O S.B., Superior of the Mission of St. Augustine's, Great Howard St., Liverpool, has fallen, at the early age of thirty-four, a victim to typhus fever, the ravages of which among his flock he heroically attempted to withstand. His death occurred at the Benedictine House at Ormskirk, whither he had been removed for change of air.

REV. GEORGE C. MURPHY, until recently assistant pastor of St. Bernard's Church, in West Fourteenth Street, New York, died at the residence of his father, Michael Murphy, at 418 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, and was 38 years of age. He was graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College in 1862. He pursued a course of theological studies at the Grand Theological Seminary of Montreal, and was one of the first to be ordained from the Provincial Seminary at Troy, R I.P.

THE venerable Rev. Father James Drummond, a well-known and highly-esteemed Catholic priest of Dover, N. H., died on Sept. 6th, rather unexpectedly, after being in ill-health three years. He was the oldest priest in New England, being ordained in 1832. He was born in 1809, educated in County Leitrim, Ireland, and emigrated to Montreal in 1821. After being ordained in 1832, he was assigned to the charge of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston; afterwards served in various parts of Nova Scotia, from 1834 till 1866, when he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Dover, which position he filled until compelled to relinquish it in 1879, in consequence of ill-health. Nearly every priest in the Portland diocese was present at the funeral services. *Resquiescat in pace.*

REV FATHER JOSEPH GIORDA, Society of Jesus, who died of heart disease at Desmet Mission among the Cœur d'Alene Indians, was a native of Piedmont, born March 19, 1823, and was consequently in the sixtieth year of his age at the time of his death. He joined the Jesuit Order when twenty-two years old, and previous to coming to America, for some time filled the chair of Professor of Divinity, and held other high offices in the colleges of the Society in Europe. In 1858 Father Giorda arrived in St. Louis, and soon after started for the wilds of the Northwest as Superior General of the Rocky Mountain Missions, which office he continued to hold until increasing infirmities, brought about by arduous labors and constant exposure in travelling, obliged those in authority to delegate the duties of the position to another Father, in order that he might have the repose so long needed. While Superior, Father Giorda established many new missions amongst the whites and Indians throughout Montana and the adjoining Territories, and was loved and respected by all with whom he came in contact. Despite his great learning and talents, which raised him in his early years to an equality with some of the brightest intellects among the priesthood in Europe, his disposition was modest and retiring, and his brilliant attainments, which might have made him noted amongst the celebrated theologians of the old world, were devoted wholly to the advancement of the spiritual welfare of the Indian tribes in the Rocky Mountains, where he labored in the humble garb of a missionary. He had a wonderful aptitude for languages, and besides speaking fluently the principal continental tongues, mastered, during his manifold duties in the Territories, the different dialects spoken by the Blackfeet, Nez Perce, Flathead, Yakama, Kootenai, and Gros Ventre Indians. In all of these languages he preached to the different tribes, and conveyed to them the knowledge of the Christian religion. His studies had made him so perfect a master of the Kalispel tongue, that he compiled and had published a few years ago at St. Ignatius Mission a complete dictionary of that language, which is said to be one of the most difficult spoken by the tribes of North America. The hardships and trials experienced by Father Giorda in his journeyings at all seasons through the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, very often nearly proved fatal, and at times were of a nature to discourage any man not wholly lost to self,

and devoted entirely to his sacred calling. Often he experienced attacks of severe illness, when in remote Indian camps and far from aid of any kind, which brought him to the verge of the grave. Once he was captured by a war party of Sioux, who stripped him of every particle of his clothing, even to his under-garments, and offered him other indignities before he was permitted to depart. Another time, in crossing the Missouri River, he fell through the ice and was carried by the rapid current under the frozen stream to an opening place some distance down, where he was rescued from certain death by a devoted Blackfoot Indian, who bravely risked his life to save the good priest. Pages could be filled with the recital of the heroic acts and deeds performed in a simple, humble spirit by Father Giorda in the course of his long missionary labors, but they would only be a recapitulation of the history and experience of the many noble men who preceded him in the same self-sacrificing field of duty. All generous admirers of virtue in any guise, whether displayed in the narrow limits of the home circle, where a charitable construction takes the sting out of an unkind remark regarding the falling of a neighbor, or in the wider field, where for over eighteen hundred years devoted men have labored for the salvation of souls in all the countries on the face of the globe, must join in rendering respect and admiration to the memory of Rev. Father Giorda. — *New Orleans Morning Star.*

SISTERS.

On the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, a deep gloom was cast over the town of Abbeyfeale by the sad intelligence of the death on that morning of Miss Lizzie Broderick, in religion Mother Mary Joseph, at the Mercy Convent. The deceased was daughter of Mr. Wm. P. Broderick, Abbeyfeale, and the third of four whom that gentleman has devoted to the service of God. She had been ailing for the past six months, and bore her illness with that Christian fortitude characteristic of the holy order of which she was a devoted member.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum for girls, at Seventh and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, are in mourning for the loss of one of their most faithful and best known members, Sister Mary John, whose face was so familiar to every visitor to the institution, where she had been constantly on duty for about half a century. Her childhood and youth were spent within two or three miles of Emmittsburg, Md., where the Sisters of Charity have their Mother House. At an early age, considerably more than fifty years ago, she left the world, where she was known as Miss Rose Early, to join the devoted daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, of whom she became one of the most devoted. Comparatively few live to the age which she attained, and her long life was a continuous course of usefulness and good works.

LAY PEOPLE.

William J. Quinn, Esq., whose sudden death occurred at Minneapolis, Minn., lately, was a son of our esteemed friend, Patrick J. Quinn, Esq., of South Newmarket, N. H., where the deceased was born. This son was a prompt volunteer in a New Hampshire regiment to save the Union, and when the rebellion was crushed he returned home with honor. He was a young man of marked ability, and, having finished his education, commenced the practice of law at Lawrence, Mass. Then he removed to Boston to an office on School Street, and gave promise of taking a prominent position in the profession he had chosen. He was an excellent public speaker, clear, full and impressive, and although called in the flower of his youth, he had done noble duty. His sudden death, communicated a few days ago, carried sorrow to a worthy, loving family and many friends. They have the tender sympathy of all.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gaunder, wife of Joseph E. Gaunder, of Syracuse, N. Y., breathed her last at half-past six o'clock on Friday morning, Sept. 15, fortified by the grace of the Holy Sacraments of the Church. The deceased bore her long suffering and severe illness with the utmost fortitude, and her happy death, surrounded by those whom she loved in life, is some consolation to the afflicted husband and family. The deceased was the mother of the Rev. Dr. John Kroeger, O.M.C., formerly priest at the Church of the Assumption, Syracuse, N. Y., now Penitentiari at the Vatican, Rome, Italy. The funeral took place Sept. 18, at the Church of the Assumption, at which a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Alexius Rossbauer, O.M.C., and the funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Dominic Gratziane, O.M.C., who was a companion of Father Kroeger's at college in Rome, who paid an eloquent tribute to the mother who bore a son to become a priest and follower of the Holy patron of our order — St. Francis of Assisi. The Rev. Dr. James A. O'Hara, of St. Mary's, and Rev. James J. O'Brien, were present. Mrs. Gaunder was a lady possessed of many noble qualities, and was an ardent worker in the cause of charity. She was foremost in all benevolent undertakings, especially in the

maintenance of St. Joseph's Hospital, for which she was rewarded in her last days by the constant attendance of the Sisters of St. Francis. A daughter, Mary E., and another son, Martin Kroeger, of Philadelphia, are left to mourn the loss of a devoted and affectionate parent.

TRI-CENTENNIAL OF ST. TERESA.—On the 15th of October was celebrated the third century of the great St. Teresa. In another part of this issue of our Magazine, Rev. Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, furnishes an article on this extremely interesting subject.

ON the passage of the Cunard Steamer *Servia* from Liverpool to New York, Mass was celebrated Sunday, July 30, the first time in the history of the Cunarders. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Australia, delivered an address on the occasion.

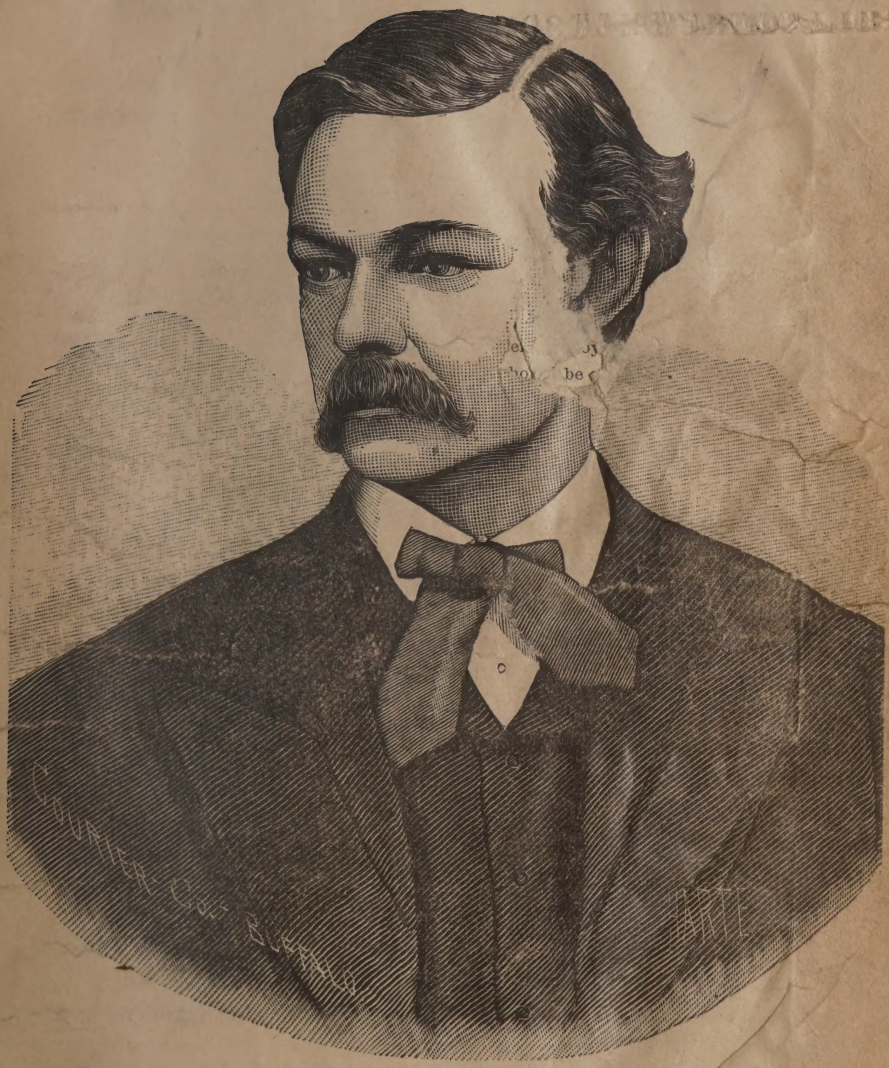
HORRIBLE BARBARITY. — The West African Mail brings the particulars of one of the most horrible cases of brutality of which we remember to have heard. It appears that at a place called Onitsha, near Sierra Leone, a British subject, named Fortunatus John, had in his service two young girls. For some reason or other they ran away, were caught and then punished. This is how the punishment was inflicted by, or at the instigation of, Fortunatus John and John Williams. The girls were tied back to back, and then flogged with branches of pine tree, and afterwards with cane rope. "They flogged us strong," says the survivor in her evidence. "Our flesh was cut in many parts of our bodies, and blood came out." Then came the second and most terrible part of the punishment. "They rubbed pepper upon us. Male prisoner John ordered the pepper to be brought, male prisoner Williams mixed pepper with oil, and rubbed it in my eyes. It was ground pepper. Male prisoner John ordered Imajuroo to rub pepper all over our skin. . . . Pepper was rubbed all over my skin. I don't remember how many times pepper was put upon us that day. When the pepper was rubbed on us we rolled our bodies on the ground." In the intervals of punishment the girls were left bound and baking under an African sun. One died; the other survived to give evidence against the fiends in human form who had so tortured them. These brutes were about, when the mail left, to be tried for manslaughter at Sierra Leone by a Special Commission composed of the leading officials of the Colony. It has only to be added that the accused men were recently agents of the Church Missionary Society!

EGYPT. — Poor Arabi! All his bluster did not amount to much. He was caught napping and captured. John Bull is master of the situation. The result is so well known that we do not require to give particulars of the inglorious defeat.

CARDINAL MANNING said the drink traffic was a great national shame. Scotland had partly redeemed itself in the matter by the passing of a Sunday Closing Act, and Ireland had for years struggled to redeem itself by a Sunday Closing Act. From a careful calculation he found that in England thirteen million people consumed intoxicating drinks, and ten million persons were drinkers to excess. This constituted a great danger, and the object of the League of the Cross was to afford shelter to men and women from this great national and social curse.

IN England a naughty boy of ten hung himself because his mother sent him to bed. Recently, a child of five, for playing on a ladder instead of going to school, was kept by his mother without food for twenty-four hours, and died in consequence. The mother ended her explanation to the coroner with an assurance, that "it is the first time, gentlemen of the jury, and it will be the last." We should have thought that the death of the poor little fellow had rendered such a promise unnecessary. After all, the birch in moderation is probably the safest of punishments; but then we cannot always be sure about the moderation.

THIS is a novelty. The want of the "mere Irish" is felt in England. There was a time when their going to America "with a vengeance" was made a subject of congratulation, and a suggestion that the whole of Ireland should, if possible, be put under sea for a few hours, so as to exterminate its inhabitants, met with approval. Times have changed since then. Now, the Imperial Parliament devotes most of its time to undoing the legislation of the past, and extending to Ireland long-withheld justice. Now, instead of wishing for the extermination of the Irish race English statesmen are working hard for the assistance and co operation of Ireland. Now Irish labor, instead of being dependent on English employ, positively refuses it. It is reported that in the western and north-western parts of England the harvest will be very much delayed by the absence this season of Irish laborers, upon whom the farmers have depended for assistance in the gathering of the harvest. This, indeed, is a novelty.—*London Universe* Sept. 2.



Dal Ellis

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS suggests these points in reference to the temperance crusade: First—It cannot be denied that revolting crimes are daily perpetrated in the United States. Second—That those crimes are committed by nominal members of the Church. Third—That the greatest number of them can be traced to intemperance in drink, which dethrones reason. While many persons question the wisdom of trying to legislate intemperance out of the country, no one can doubt the efficiency of the means which the Church and her ministers employ in eradicating this sin.

"POVERTY is not wanting in dignity; that the rich should be merciful and munificent, and the poor content with their lot and labor; and since neither was born for these changeable goods, the one is to attain heaven by patience, the other by liberality."—*Leo XIII.*

"THERE is more merit to be acquired by bearing with adversities than by performing good works."—*A. Kempis.*

GIVE GOD HIS PLACE.

Second Article.

THE philosophy of any change appeals mainly to the mind, but still influences the heart. The literature (strictly so called) of an age, appeals to the heart and thus affects the mind.

Through philosophy, reason reaches out for the true, in it to find the beautiful and the good. Through literature, taken in its generally accepted sense, reason reaches out towards the beautiful, in it to find the good and the true. In our age, philosophy has failed,—we mean, of course, the current philosophy. In the guesses of theories it has lost the grandeurs of truth, and failed in its mission to human intellect. Literature, also, has forgotten her high and holy duties. Once her place was beside the altars of Religion, and her thoughts were as pure as her heart, and her words were as pure as her thoughts; but she has gone out of the beautiful gates of the temple, after strange gods; and she is building shrines and offering incense to all the vile passions that defile the soul of the individual and disgrace society. Not to the lofty, but to the low, she now appeals. Earthwards, passionwards, sinwards, she is leading the world, not as of old, gracewards, heavenward, Godward. Swinburne, out of his own heart and the unhallowed heart of modern society, evokes the pagan sensualism that is sleeping or storming there, and garments it with the robes of poesy, and crowns it with the roses of vice; and his words of witchery and of wickedness, and his songs throbbing with voluptuousness, in spite of the pro-

tests of those who still love the pure, receive welcome from myriads. His passionate poems are the cries of a gross paganism hidden away behind the veil of our civilization, and only waiting to come boldly forth and gratify its desires, the while his numerous readers give more than ample proof that they, at least, are ready to cry out,— "All Hail!"

Oscar Wilde, who has just made a tour of this country as the apostle of Æstheticism, in its interests as well as in that of his purse, is the echo of Swinburne. In his lecture on Decorative Art, he proclaims that true life is found only in art, and he flings to the winds anything like moral principles or ethical conditions in connection with art. Such singers have their readers, believers, and imitators, in greater numbers than many suppose. Their pages are not fit for the eyes of the innocent and the pure. The profligate and the debauched find in them just the food their depraved tastes crave. What must be the *morale* of such writers and such readers, when the writers write and the readers read such pages? No noble thoughts in noble words to ennoble mind. Sensualism is deified. Paganism has come back. The impure idolatries of the heart corrupt, corrupted, and corrupting, are robed in royal verse. Do they charm? So do serpents. Do they please? There are poisons that are deadly, yet sweet to the taste; tainted thoughts from tainted hearts, they tend to sully the purest who read them. Only those should humiliate their eyes to peruse them, who are placed by vocation to guard hearts in this world from contamination. Not clear, pellucid streams are these men's writings, in the waters of which man may quench the thirst of his imagination, without detriment to his moral health. Foul and slimy pools are they, from sources fouler still, and in their waters is death; and the lips of thousands bend over the noisome pools to drink. Many, it is true, are worthily serving the cause of literature. They are those whose writings lift men to elevations of thought, and sentiment to passion inaccessible. All honor to them! But greater in number are they who pander to lowest tastes and basest desires, and whose writings are but the transparent veil flung over, but not concealing the vile. And by millions are they read. Whoso falls under the spell of their malign influence, yields the sentiments which purify and refine, for the sensualism which degrades. For, between writers and readers, there is a communion of mind with mind, and of heart with heart.

Necessarily, the ideas of the writer influence the minds of his readers. Delicate, and difficult, and full of dangers, is the position of any one who writes to be read by the few or the many. For readers rise to the height, or sink to the level of writers. A pure literature comes from a pure heart, and purifies the world. A literature born of the corrupt, will breed corruption. It is a law with infallible workings. There is neither dispensation from its action, nor immunity from its results. There is a literature that goes from the brain of the writer straight to the library of the scholar, and stays there. It is that heavy-thoughted literature, which, on that very account, can never become popular, and which, if it be false and corrupt,

is restrained in its power of doing harm, because it is read by only the few. But there is another literature, light, airy, pleasant, captivating, which goes from home to home, passes from hand to hand, finds entrance almost anywhere, introduces itself to every one, enters into every class of society in a free and easy way, wins a welcome from old and young, from boy and girl, talks to every one on almost every topic, tells stories, sings songs, laughs, weeps, excites, quiets, enters in ways multiform into human feelings, makes hearts sad or glad, brings dreams and suggestions, evokes new sentiments for new tastes; and when it fatigues, goes away to return again, like a new friend whose second coming will be sure to meet with a welcome warmer than the first, to leave second impressions stronger than the first; this is the literature, which, because of its *everywhereness*, and because it meets, stops and converses with almost everybody, is powerful for good or evil, and moulds minds and hearts just as it pleases. What is the character of this literature flying, floating, everywhere around us?

Read the novels from the dime novel up to the three-volumed ones, and the romances and the stories, and the verses that live scarcely longer than a month, and the songs that may live for a year; and search through all the other varied forms in which the heart's sentiments and the mind's thoughts are found,— and what shall you, or do you find? Exalted thought? Pure sentiment? Religious influences? Not at all.

You will find something similar to the food of the prodigal son away from his father; husks (we were almost going to write) of swine. That literature is demoralizing the young all over the country. Fearful will be the responsibility of parents who allow the easy entrance of such poison into their homes! And yet such literature passes through all the hands that measure the separation between the young sewing-girl and the heiress of the millionnaire!

In that literature, crimes of every character are diagnozed and dissected for the benefit of the young. All feelings carnal are analyzed by the pens of too many who contribute to such literature. And sometimes the sinful finds justification in motives or circumstances. Sin is a weakness, not a wrong; crime is the result of circumstances, and not the product of intention; and a hundred other dogmas of diabolism are proclaimed by the writers of this literature. Their readers soon become their believers, and they form their faith by their works.

Outside of our holy Church, there is no power strong enough to restrain the license of eyes curious to read whatever is written. Vain are the appeals of the ministers of separated churches to their flocks, to shun such literature. Protestantism feeds on it. The scriptures of men full of evil thoughts have superseded the Scriptures of God, with the vast majority of Protestant youth. Elopements, divorces, infidelities of husband and wife, disobediences of children, swindlings, falsifyings, and other such like moralities are described, discussed, defended and praised.

The shameful is treated like a sanctity. Vice robs Virtue of her royal

robes, and the evil one looks like an archangel. Against corrupt writing, and corrupt reading, we have three forces at work in our holy Church: one literary, one authoritative, and one sacramental. The literary force is composed of Catholic journals, magazines, and books. The authoritative force is found in the strict laws of the Church, and in the pulpit. The sacramental force is found in the confessional.

In regard to Catholic journals, magazines, and books, we can honestly say that they are doing a very noble work; but with the same honesty we must confess that Catholics, in general, by their lukewarm patronage and singular want of appreciation, narrow the influence and diminish the results of this very noble work, We have writers in abundance; we mean, of course, writers who are able and willing to write,— thinkers, and scholars with enlightened minds, true Catholic consciences, cultured style, trained pens and ready hands. But where are the readers? That is the question. There ought to be a hundred times more than there are; why are there so few? That is another, and more serious question. Easy to answer, though. They are so few because they never had, or if they had, they have lost the taste of reading Catholic writings. And why? Just as easy to answer. They have transferred their taste from literature in the Church to its rather fast and condemned sister outside of the Church. There is the plain reason of a fact known of all which is certainly not an honor to the Catholics of this country.

The laws of the Church, and the pulpit, are the authoritative force restraining evil reading. The laws are strict. The Church has a right over the eyes of her children. An evil word is like an evil object. An impure word is like an immodest sight. The Church has the right to say what may be and what must not be read. And she does so. The priest from the pulpit not only announces the general laws of the Church in regard to the rights of reading, but being in the very midst of the literature of the age and day, knows how and when to warn his hearers what reading to avoid. They do well who hear and heed.

The last and strongest barrier against the evil writings of the times, is found in the confessional. Every sin of the senses, as well as the sins that are of the soul alone, must be brought there for judicial sentence. And there, more clearly than anywhere else, is found the evil influence of evil literature in the soul of the Catholic.

If these three forces in our Church arrayed against the constant assaults of corrupt, and therefore anti-Catholic literature, fail in their combined efforts to drive the enemy from the field, and keep him from the flock, the present rising generation of Catholics will not only suffer detriment in their morals, but will also, and on that very account, lose the purity, the practices and integrity of their Faith.

A. J. R.

Biloxi, Miss.

IN HONOR OF THE SERAPHIC VIRGIN, TERESA OF JESUS.

LET me pray a little while
Till I find the chords and keys,
(Only just a little while)
Till sweet o'er our song, God's smile
Falls, as dawn on summer-seas;
Draping every wavelet there
With a virgin veil of Light;
While the balmy southern breeze
Ere the day hath met the night,
Singing down the aisles of air
Wakes them up to Matin-prayer.
And the song beneath his smile
Like the sea in Morning-time
Shall beam brighter all the while,—
Radiant rays around each rhyme,
And like Nun becomes each note
In the chastity of art;
While the poem-prayer shall float
Out the cloisters of my heart;
And each thought, like Carmelite
Wearing veil of purest word,
Shall across each lowly line
Glide, discalced like Nun at night
God's pure lover, angel heard,
When she, thrilled with love divine
Leaves her cell to seek his shrine.

* * * * * * *

——. Then, who knows? perhaps I may
Fitly sing Teresa's day!—

* * * * * * *

Ah! I fear me overmuch
So unworthy do I seem
E'en by tone of mine to touch
Thoughts that flame from such a theme;
As from censor's blessed fire
Burning 'fore a sacred shrine
With the silver fumes aspire,
Heav'nward love, and love's desire.
Too oft have I sung of earth
Earthly songs in chords of clay
Echoing clay,—and little worth;
Fickle clouds that fade away
Giving souls no sacred sign
Pointing up to yonder sky
Nor a rhyme to round a line
Showing footprints all divine
Where God rested,— passing by.

When I sang in keys of earth
Was I wrong,— or was I right?
Does not darkness give pure birth
To the virgin stars of night?
Do they not like children rest
On the midnight's loving breast?
Do not rhymes that creep o'er clay
Wear the AUREOLE of God?
Let me sing them as I may
I but tread where He hath trod.

When I sang the lowest note
In the very humblest word
Listeners surely must have heard
Higher octaves o'er them float
Like the clouds above the seas
Like far-suns above the cloud
In the grand immensities,
Octaves low-toned — never loud.

Still whoso, on lower lines
Moves in earthly music long
Is as one who walks a vale
Winding between mountains high
Where a shaded sunlight shines
From a smaller span of sky;—
And somehow, his sweetest song
Seems in sweetest tones to fail.
Something seems to pass away
Like a spirit from his art;
And the very soul of thought,
Like a grace that leaves a heart,
Going, leaves a lifeless lay;
And when gone, though eager sought
Comes not back to breathe again

* * * * * * *

Purer life through any strain.
Songs of earth still ceaseless pray
That I build for them with speech
Tents or temples every day,
But I waive their wish away;—
Years have taught me,— and still teach

Vain are dwellings made of clay:
For in chanting of the earth
We are worshipping DECAY.
And sing e'en the best you can
The Divine must suffer dearth
And God yield His place to man.

Yea,— the singer, slow or swift,
Loses sacred thought and tone
And dim clouds close up the rift
Thro' which God is seen alone.
In the human vale he gropes
Culling flowers that wither fast
Passing by the higher slopes
Where white lilies fadeless last.
With the singer and the saint,
In saint's life and singer's lines
This;— the burden of their plaint:
God's light there most clearly shines
With its very purest ray
Where the earthly fades away.

Yet the notes of HERE-BELOW
Have their accords in ABOVE,
Not a sound of joy or woe,
Coming out of any love,
Is there mateless. Thus along
Every rhyme and every line
Moulding every true-sung song
Moves the Human and Divine
If in accord — Innocence,
If discordant,— Penitence
Will bring back the lost accord
And the singer to the Lord.

Hush! and let me longer pray
Till my lips are purified;
And I find words pure and sweet
Bridal hymn for Virgin-bride;
Like the hymns I heard in May
Where the pure were wont to meet,—
(Ah! it seems so long away!)
Round the statue of our Queen,
Sandalling her blessed feet
With the roses of the spring;
While, beneath her altar's sheen —
Glow of flowers,— gleam of flame
They were wont to sweetly sing;
Filled with love of Mary's name,
Songs thro' which their young hearts beat,
Songs in which pure loves did meet,—
Every note on whitest wing
Dove-like soaring to THE KING.

* * * * * * *

——. Thus mayhap, who knows? I may
In songs sounding far away
Find a few faint chords to tell
Half the hidden hymns that dwell
Cloistered in Teresa's day.

* * * * * * *

Let me listen to yon sea,
That is praying on the beach,
Like a child, at mother's knee,
In a low and lisping speech
With a sweet docility;
And betimes seems so to plead
In a strange humility,
Like a sinner, sore in need!

* * * * * * *

Sad sea! and art thou like me?
Like a sinner, and a child;
Thou dost cry as sinners cry
When thy waves are dark and wild,
Everywhere, 'neath every sky:
Thou dost pray as prays a child
Anywhere and any day
Very low and very tired
Weary of the very play
E'er so wistfully desired.
Let me take thy very tone
Changeful ever, yet the same
Till my lips shall make their own
Notes that are without a name,
In the breathing of thy prayer
When so child-like thou dost crave
With the voice of every wave
From the gentle sands their care
Laying head of foam-curled hair
On the white shore's mother-breast
Where thy restlessness finds rest.

And ah! may I make my own,
From thy pleadings, as in sin
When thy waves, at night, come in
Like hearts sorrowful and lone,
Misereres in their moan
To the shore as to a shrine,
Make my own thy wordless sighs
When like sinner thou dost pine
As I pine for Paradise.
Then, though sinner that I am
And yet like a child, I may
Sing or try to sing a psalm
Praiseful of a Virgin's day.

HYMN.

God is beautiful and grand,
He is merciful and sweet;
Might is sceptred in his hand,
Mercy throned beside his feet.

Thro' the white, wide ways of space
March the hosts of suns and stars
Every banner in its place
And like victors back from wars
Every heart with every face
Home-ward is in triumph bent
While adown the glorious lines
Coming back from banishment
Home-songs swell where grace-light shines.
Every star its standard holds
Every standard wears a sign
Every Sign in flashing folds
Flames with meanings all divine.

Onwards, forwards, towards the Throne
March the bannered stars fore'er
Each with glory of its own.
Some have reached their Home, and there
Laid their standards glory-bright
By the Throne at Mercy's feet
While the angels praised the Might
Making all these strangers meet
And in meeting makes them one,
Countless rays of but one Sun.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is merciful and sweet;
Home from every grace-lit land,
Come the stars to kiss his feet.

Suns and stars! who leads the van
Of the worlds that move thro' space?
Can it be the star of Man
Must it be the human race?
No!—they bear the sinner's ban
And their star hath lost its grace.
YES! "The last shall be the first!"
Earth is first because 'tis last.
She is blessed that was cursed
For she weeps the curse away
In the blood-tears of her Christ.
Not a Leader crowned with bay
But a Saviour sacrificed
Homeward leads each sun and star
From a-near and from afar,
Ours the Calvary with its Cross
Ours the Saviour from the Loss

Anywhere and everywhere
In Creation's boundless scope
Ours, of all the spheres the Care
Ours the star of mighty prayer
Ours the power to save each Hope
From the darkness of despair.

Is there wonder if we lead
Every world in any need?
Is not Earth by royal right
Polar star of Heaven's Light?
Moral Centre of the ALL?
For, where Calvary's shadows fall
Flashes sunshine thro' all space
With the splendors of all grace.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is merciful and sweet;
Might is sceptred in his hand,
Mercy, throned beside his feet.

Ours the outcast star of sin
And the Magdalen of the skies
With her arms around the Cross
And her kisses on the Nails;
Ours the race that is akin,
By his Mother's blood and sighs
And by Magdalen's low wails,
To the Highest of the high
And the Lowest of the low.
For the Mary's are our own
One, the sinless on His throne
One, the sinner at His feet.
So to God it seemeth meet
That our race should cradle two
So infinitely apart
Yet each called by other's name
And the Cross for me and you
Had on either side a heart
Blameless one,—one full of blame.
Ours the Mary's and the Cross
Ours the Saviour from the Loss,—
One, the Woman of His Might
And His Mother pure and sweet
One, a shadow of sin's night
And a sinner at His feet.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is merciful and sweet;
Might is sceptred in his hand,
Mercy, throned beside his feet.

Ours the sinfullest of stars
Let the gracefullest Abode,

Ours the Standard with Cross-bars
Of eternal Red and White,
Ours the star with Cross on brow
Sign of God's eternal vow.
"I have made them all to save
Every race in each of them
If they bring back what I gave
Pure,— or purchased, grace's gem
From my Christ of Bethlehem."
— Thus, the star on which we live
Is God's Standard-bearer made
Guiding those He may forgive
Into sunlight out of shade: —
Leading those who sinless come
Sinless from a sinless home.

Tis the mystery of Love!
Ah! those wondrous words of yore!
Reason's reach how far above!
"They who are forgiven most
Surely they will love the more."
Thus Earth leads all Heaven's host.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is merciful and sweet;
Might is sceptred in his hand,
Mercy, throned beneath his feet.

Ours the Sacramental star
For the sacred signs,— and Seven
Move wherever sin may mar
And re-liken ALL to Heaven,
In our Altar-star doth dwell
Moveless in a moving shrine
Every world's EMMANUEL
Framing each in form divine.

Our's Christ's Church-star; She His Bride
And the Mother of us all
Whom she gathers to her side
By the sweetness of her call.

* * * * * * *

Where, save here, in bounds of space
Lives God's Vicar with the Keys
Of the gates that guard the place
Of the bright eternities?
Earth alone in humble hand
To her trust forever given,
Holds for all the starry land
E'en the very Keys of Heaven,

Ours the star of Mysteries
Full of God who here abides
Moving mid all histories
Back of which His Being hides.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is merciful and sweet;
Might is sceptred in his hand,
Mercy throned beneath his feet.

Would it not be wonder then
If no wonders here were found,
Reaching far beyond our ken
Or more deep than we may sound?
This — the wonder most for men
That they do not more abound.—
Evil's wonders dark and strange
Grace's wonders stranger still,
Twofold wonders in the range
Reaching 'tween the Good and Ill.
Yea! in spheres, tho' dark, divine
Wonders must forever rise
Naturally as stars must shine
By sure laws in yonder skies.
And each wonder is a sign
As the stars are in the night
Of the Light of every light
Guiding with reflected rays
Human hearts upon their ways.

In this age of coldest mind
And with scarce a heart at all
They have made themselves too blind
To behold the lights that fall
All around them from Above,
Who forget "Our Father's" love.
Miracles must sure be met
(Be not frightened by the phrase,
Fall not down in blank amaze
If these be but Reason's days —
Can you see clear through the haze
Without a few of Faith's bright rays?)
In the miracle-born race
Wearing ever,— bearing yet
Likeness of its Maker's face.
God-like 'tis not, if betimes
Come no acts to prove its claim,
Grandest poems break through rhymes
When they bear a Master-name

* * * * * * *

*Common*place the *common* proves
Little never proves the *Great.*
Where God, or the God-like moves
Must be signs to make us wait

Wonder-struck with some strange sight
Filling us with more than awe
While we look and say aright:
"'Tis above the common law."
Or of evil or of good
So the race hath startled stood
On a sudden brought to bay
Oftimes on its common way
By strange signs whose memory
Haunts its heart and history.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is merciful and sweet;
Might is sceptred in his hand,
Mercy throned beneath his feet.

No; if we are like to God
God-like facts must prove us so
Else the road the race has trod
Is the same brutes dumbly go.

Can the little grain of sand
Comprehend the boundless sky?
Or, when looking from the strand,
Count the star-hosts passing by?
So the weaklings of this earth
(Those who are too blind to believe
And whose sun of Reason's sight
Smallest trifles oft deceive)
Gazing upwards, cannot find
Aught but darknesses and dearth
In the spheres where God hath part;
For they have too much of mind
Which means so much less of heart.
To them saints are only fools
Or, if else, why then, but knaves
Judged by science and their rules.

* * * * * * *

They have buried in deep graves
Every mystery of grace
With their Ritual of scorn
And with blasphemies hate-born;
And with quite triumphant face
They salute the Commonplace!
Each one surely to his taste
Nor do we object the least;
What the use our words to waste?
Let them have their husks for feast.
Palatable food be sure
For the mouths that scorn the Pure.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is glorious and sweet;
Might is sceptred in His hand,
Mercy throned beside His feet.

* * * * * * *

Ye that lurk in reason's shade
Watching Faith on Godward way,—
Stealthy foes in ambuscade
Scoffing when afraid to slay!
How you wonder why a day,
Comes with living memories,
From three hundred years ago
Dawns o'er your dead histories.
Bearing but a woman's name
Shining with Faith's mysteries,—
Warming millions with its glow,
Winning everywhere acclaim!
Tell me what scientists' name,
Tell me ye philosophers!
Sets the whole wide world aflame
As Teresa does with hers?
She a woman,—ages dead
Yet she lives to-day—and stirs
Peasant heart and princely head,—
Everywhere from sea to sea?
Why this woman's deathless power?
Listen! God's eternity
Is His Virgin's priceless dower!
This ye cannot comprehend.
Ye and yours pass on and by,
Ye see but with reason's eye,
And no wonder round you bend
Small horizons dim with clouds;—
Coffins yours, and graves and shrouds,
Ye are nothings when ye die.
Not for you are temples raised;
Ye name graves,— but never shrines
Ye have lived but have not praised
Him whose glory ever shines,—
And wherever shines it,— there
Live the names that live for e're.

God is beautiful and grand,
God is glorious and sweet;
Souls faith-guided by His hand,
Reach, as saints, His Mercy's feet.

Greater wisdom Saints' than theirs—
Science lives its little hour;—
And how swift its great names pass!
Sanctity's love-breathed prayers

Never, or,— can pass away.
Altar,— Feast,— and Holy Mass
Are their portion and their lot
Whose is God's Eternal Day.
In their weakness there was strength,
In their meekness there was power.
And their memories fill the length
Of the ages.—— List! this hour,——
There are sounds of singing in every clime,
And the altars are draped in purest white,
From thousands of temples swelleth a chime
Of gladness, calling the worshippers there,
And somehow the sun with a brighter light
Gilds all the horizons from East to West,
And millions and millions kneel down in prayer,
And the world of the restless finds a rest,
In the day like the peace of God that dwells
In the hearts of virgins in cloistered cells:—
'Tis a Virgin's day, and a virgin's feast,
And Teresa's name calleth forth the priest
With chalice of sacrifice in his hand,
And a host of white, he will bless to veil
As the virgins are veiled Christ's Sacred Heart
In honor of her whom the millions hail
And honor for "choosing the better part."

God is glorious and grand,
God is merciful and sweet;
And the saints in every land
Reach their heaven at His feet.

Creation manifests God's Unity,
And yet the while reveals His Trinity,
Super-nature manifests God's Sanctity,
And the saints, the strange diversity
Of God's graces one, in substance, in Christ.

Star differs from star in glory,
Moving over the self-same sky;
Saint varies from saint in glory,
As they pass the same altars by;
Flower differs from flower in beauty,
In the self-same valley in May,
Life varies from life in duty,
For each on our heavenward way.

Shrine differs from shrine in splendor,
In the very same holy place;
In the same worship we render,
Soul differs from soul in grace,
And temple differs from temple,
From the floor to the pillared dome,
Tho' each in the self-same worship
Find in each their Faith's true Home.

Stream differs from stream in flowing
Adown to the self-same main,
Tree varies from tree in growing
'Neath the fall of the self-same rain;
Heart differs from heart in feeling,
No matter how like they are,
Each one in its way revealing
How near 'tis to God — or far.

How strange the likeness 'tween the laws that rule
The world's of spirit and of matter here!
And yet these worlds are each with each at war.
It is the mystery of fact and Faith.
It is the history of sin and grace.
In Christian sainthood all are one in Christ,
And yet their lives how strangely multiform!
Some live and die and are forgotten soon,
While others leave a deathless memory here.
And why ?— It is inscrutable to us.
To-day from everywhere Faith's eyes are turned
To one poor cell still seen in Old Castille.
A nun lived,— prayed, wept and suffered there,—
And died — a willing victim of God's love,
Three hundred years ago;— and she is queen
Of countless hearts to-day. Her power is felt
From him who holds the Keys of Faith divine,
Down to the last and humblest child of Truth.

God is beautiful and grand,
He is merciful and sweet;
Teresa kneeling at his feet,
Prays to-day for every land.

For ah! all lands are falling away,
Falling away from the altars of grace,
And they are worshipping idols of clay,
Who have forgotten the Crucified's Face.

Bride of the Lamb! who suffered for all
Singing to-day with the virgins their hymn
Dark are our days with the faith growing dim,
Hearken in heaven to-day to our call,
Kneel at the thrones of the Mother and Son,
Pray in the strength of thy glorious heart,
Plead for us all — remember each one—
Pray that we sinners,— like thee may have part
In the glory that crowns thee in heaven to-day,
And the rapture of joys that pass not away.

BILOXI, *Feast of St. Teresa.* A. J. R.

IMPRESSIONS ABROAD.

Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass.

FATHER CONATY said he was induced to deliver the lecture in response to the representations of his parishioners and others, that there was sufficient interest in Worcester to warrant the relation of his impressions of places visited in Europe. With the heavy burden of trust attending parish affairs, it had been impossible to prepare a connected story of his "Impressions Abroad," but he would endeavor to present to them at least a sincere and truthful portraiture of his impressions. They would understand that his expressions were the impress of what he felt and of what he thought, and they would find that his views on Irish affairs, and of the policy governing the Irish party in their struggle against wrong and oppression, had not changed. His impressions abroad were in many respects far from pleasant. His first impressions, as he touched foreign soil, was one of discomfort, when he compared the wholesome and comfortable living in the United States, and the "go-ahead" eagerness of its people, with the old-fashioned, inconvenient mode of living in Europe, and the slow, improvident, or unprofitable methods of its people. The European hotels appeared simply as large boarding-houses, with a figure-head proprietor, whom the guests seldom or never see, a lot of servants and a steward in livery, together with a perfected system of bleeding travellers of their money. The railroad cars in Europe seemed like instruments of torture, devised, it may be, for the promotion of caste distinction, but certainly in no way conducive to public accommodation and public decency. Everything appears different from what one sees in America, and to an American everything seems to be wrong.

But these are not the worst impressions. On every side are to be seen armed soldiers, bayonets, walled cities, and evidences that the army is the chief factor of the governments. The impression of Europe in arms gains strength the longer, one remains in the country. Every city, it would seem, is jealous of invasion. Everywhere you go, you are jostled with soldiers, and this to an American is a remarkable experience. The ruins, castles, fortresses, tombs and monuments, indicate the history of the past, and the American in the midst of this departed grandeur feels at once the strength of the impression that his own country is but a child among the nations.

In France one finds a gay, happy, and prosperous people. Prosperity is teeming in the fields; it is that prosperity which has arisen from the moment the cultivators became the masters of the soil. The government of France is Republican, but it is not the Republicanism of the United States. The Republicanism of France is a spirit that will brook of no restraint. Nothing is so lamentable as an Assembly effacing or banishing God and religion from the public schools and from society.

In Italy the first impression is that there you find the home of art, the cradle of learning, the museum of antiquity, and Rome, the "city of the soul," Rome of the martyrs, saints, Popes, that gives to the world its Catholicity, and has sent forth those rays of intelligence that have kindled pure knowledge throughout Christendom. The speaker paused to review the other noted places of antiquity in Southern and Central Europe, passing in rapid succession to Naples with its Vesuvius, Pompeii, the Alps, Switzerland, the Rhine with its strange legends and ancient ruins, and Germany, England, and Scotland, the latter, too, with its legends of Scottish greatness, and its present picturesque grandeur.

His entrance to Ireland was at Belfast, a prosperous city, with all the evidences noted in a live New England town. His description of his first ride, at Belfast, in an Irish jaunting-car, furnished considerable amusement. Continuing, he related his impressions of the laws governing Ireland, and referred to the new coercion act, which, at the time of his entrance to the country, had just gone into force. Soldiers, policemen, constabulary were stationed everywhere throughout Ireland. Entering the railroad stations, the features of strangers were suspiciously scanned, and their baggage and persons examined, to see, doubtless, whether they did not carry a parcel of dynamite or some other dangerous explosive intended for the government officials or the landlords.

These unnatural, arbitrary precautions were carried out to the greatest extent in the landlord districts, where the soldiers and police formed by far the principal portion of the population. They were stationed in finely-constructed huts, living in nearly absolute idleness; they serve as a protection for the landlords, but the tenantry are taxed for their support.

Some of his pleasantest impressions in Ireland, were those obtained among the ruins of its churches and abbeys, monasteries and cloisters, and its castles, the whole denoting the religious and intelligent grandeur of the country, at a time when Ireland possessed a self-government. In the midst of these ruins one has a feeling of sadness, recognizing the departure of all this ancient glory, and in place of native princes and chieftains, a horde of foreign soldiery.

Another impression scarcely less unpleasant than the presence of foreign armed mercenaries, was the marked antithesis of wealth and poverty. He had heard it stated that the Irish people were well off — that they were contented and happy — but such was not his impression. If they are contented, why are they ruled by soldiery? Why are the landlords and the

government afraid of the people? The fact is they are not contented, and will not be until the present oppression ceases. Business has suffered under the present agitation. The rich and prosperous business people, the West Britons, who are friendly to the government, had been either driven altogether out of Ireland, or had gone to Dublin. With business in this condition, even those who toady the government are unhappy; they are not making money. The only thing in Ireland which may be taken as an indication of contentment, is the gay, humorous, and quick-witted sensibility indigenous to the Irish national disposition, and which will ever be apparent, no matter what their troubles. The wealth of Ireland is greater than many people imagine. There is a great surplus wealth in the country, but it is stored in the banks of Ireland, and so is useless. Great numbers of the Irish people are poor, and many of them deserve to be poor, because they are extravagant and improvident. Intemperance is a lamentable feature among the Irish people, and a hindrance to their prosperity, but it is not a national disgrace. It does not pervade all classes in Ireland. There is not a more provident set of people anywhere than is to be found in the country places throughout Ireland. That the Irish people are poor is due principally to the oppressive system of government, and the grinding policy of the landlords.

Wealth and poverty stand side by side all through Ireland; the wealth is with the landlords, the poverty with the people. He described some of the places he had visited, where splendid mansions, valuable lands, and fine parks, the latter covering, in some instances, thousands of acres, overlooked miserable hovels, occupied by tenants on land not fit for even a goat to feed upon. The people in these huts go barefooted and bareheaded; they dress in rags, and carry the stamp of poverty in their countenances. One tenant, who confessed he had not tasted meat for eighteen months, said he paid £2 per acre for two acres which the speaker described as hardly fit for snipe to feed upon. They are too poor to emigrate to America, and are forced, by circumstances, to remain in their poverty. The tourist who visits only Dublin, can form no truthful estimate of the condition of the Irish people from the stories of those with whom they are likely to converse. The Dublin cabmen will talk to suit their customers, and they are equally ready to denounce the Land League and its promoters, or to praise the conduct of Parnell and the other leaders, according as the sympathies of their patrons tend in either direction.

After reviewing the admirable facilities and natural resources for manufactures presented in a tour through Ireland, together with the forced inactivity of its people, owing to English and Scotch competition, and the unjust laws governing trade in Ireland, he entered into a description of the Land League, and the service it had performed in educating and enlightening the people. The farmers are much better off now than they were twenty-five years ago. Then the tenant, in paying his rent, scarcely dared look in the face of his landlord. To-day the Irish farmer is respected, and if he

is not satisfied with his bargain, or wishes to have his rent lowered, he states his dissatisfaction. The visitor to Ireland, who believes the Irish people are illiterate, will be astonished to find that even the ordinary peasant, in most instances, is able to read. They are all well informed on public affairs, and they know how the Irish members in Parliament vote. He sometimes conceived they knew more of politics than of farming. At any rate there had been a great advance in the general intelligence of the Irish people, which he believed was clearly due to the efforts of the Land League, aided by the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. The latter, he said, by infusing an independent spirit and thought among all classes in Ireland, had built up and united the people. He had found the clergy true Nationalists. They were with the Land League in its movement to educate and enfranchise the people, and deserved no small share of the praise for what has been accomplished.

In closing, he spoke of the distribution of the money intrusted to the Land League in Ireland, which, from all he could learn, was honestly and carefully distributed. He denied the statement that the Land League had ceased to exist, and advised his audience to put no faith in such rumors. The Irish leaders were right, and deserved the hearty support of the Irish people in the United States. The policy of Parnell and the other Irish leaders in Parliament, of Home Rule and Irish land for the cultivators, was the only one which would give entire satisfaction and prosperity in Ireland, and they would fight for it till it was obtained. Father Conaty was frequently applauded, and held the close attention of his audience throughout.

On a recent occasion, the Archbishop of Cashel received a laborers' deputation at Clerihan, Co. Tipperary, which presented him with an address, in which they expressed an expectation that the laborers' cause would now be taken into consideration, and that, with the powerful assistance of his Grace's co-operation, the farmers would comply with their reasonable demands of reducing the rents of the laborers' tenements, and giving them each a plot of land, so that they might be in a position more in keeping with the natural advancement of all classes. The Archbishop, in replying, said the farmers ought now to consider the reasonable demands of the laborers. Their interests were identical, and should not be allowed to clash. He wished to see the farmers treat the laborers justly, but he would not like to see the laboring classes rise up against the farmers.

The Irish Board of Works have informed the Land Commission that they will in future entertain all applications, no matter how small, made by tenants for loans to enable them to build or improve laborers' cottages. Hitherto the practice was to make no loans under £100.

A Parliamentary paper shows that the National Debt of England now amounts to £763,045,930.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A STORY OF KILCARRICK.

"I'll think over it, Kitty," Bonnie said, lighting a candle as she spoke. "You have terrified me. I am not myself. Look how my hand shakes. I can hardly light the candle. Kitty, for your life never tell that story to Miss Norah. Mind now. If you told her that, I really think she would never get over the terror of it!"

The candle was now lighted, and in this cheerful glow the cosy little room looked particularly comfortable and homely. Bonnie's terror, heightened as it had been by the mysterious darkness of the room, was now gradually lessening.

When, at last, the old woman hobbled away, Bonnie's nerves had so far returned to their wonted state that she was able to look unflinchingly at her dark dresses hanging in the wardrobe, without tracing in their long folds the outlines of the dreaded Black Hag.

By the next morning, indeed, the girl's peace of mind was almost restored. The bright sunlight streaming into her room, the glimpse of the sea, silvery gray in the sunshine, over there beyond the fields, the newly-packed trunk, and the disarray of her toilet-table; all these things were so intensely real, that old Kitty's gruesome story had assumed in Bonnie's mind the character of an ugly dream — no more.

And now the hour of departure was drawing nearer and nearer, and Bonnie's heart began to sink again.

We never can realize that we are actually going away from a place until the time for dressing for the journey comes round. Then we stand face to face, at last, with the truth. If we are glad to go away and leave a disagreeable spot, it is then, for the first time, that we rejoice, in a robust, substantial way, at the prospect.

If, on the other hand, we are sorry to go, grieved to turn our backs on a home we love, faces dear to us, associations to be cherished for all time — then it is that the real agony — no imaginary pang — strikes home to our hearts in all its living pain.

During the half-hour immediately preceding her departure, Bonnie suffered as she had rarely — if ever — suffered in her life before. Old memories, and very fresh memories, too — memories of the previous few days, indeed — now thronged fast and distinct into her mind. All the kindness, all the peace, happiness, comfort, she had ever found in Kilcarrick, now came again to her memory with a rush of passionate sorrow and remorse. With lips close set — with hands that trembled — the girl dressed herself for the journey, putting on her hat and jacket mechanically, her thoughts far enough away from what she was doing.

Norah, sitting on the window-seat, her little face as white as Bonnie's own, watched her cousin with eyes full of mournful regret.

"Is it at four o'clock you are to go, Cousin Bonnie?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Yes, dear. I shall go down to the gate and wait there until Mrs. Forrester comes along the road. I could not bear to drive away from the hall-door. Indeed I have not much time to spare now."

As she spoke, Bonnie came over to the window-seat and laid her hands on Norah's worn face.

"Norah, darling," she said, and now her voice sank to a whisper, "won't you try and get strong, and banish this ugly cough, and fill up these poor little pale cheeks? Won't you, Norah? And — and — when we meet again, we shall have happy days together. Yes. We *shall!*"

"I will, Bonnie. I will do all I can to get strong. But, O, Bonnie, won't you come back to us soon? — won't you, Bonnie? — *won't* you?

If you don't come soon," Norah suddenly broke out, with a low wailing cry, dreadful to hear, "you will never see me again alive. No; never again. What is the use of hiding the truth. I *cannot* get strong, Bonnie. I shall never get strong again. I am dying! O, Bonnie, darling, I am dying! I know it — I know it too well. You will come back soon, Bonnie? You will come back *soon?*"

For a moment Bonnie said not a word. She was looking straight into Norah's face. Her eyes seemed to dilate with a huge, wordless, tearless sorrow. Then a shudder passed through her. She leaned back against the table, her hands clasped together, her very lips white.

"I don't think I can go at all," she said, and her voice sounded harsh and strange to Norah's ears. "I don't feel well. I did not think it would be so hard as this. Oh, Norah, I cannot go! O no — no — *no* — I *cannot*!" she cried out suddenly, with a great choking sob, and now her face was buried in her hands.

Norah rose quickly and put her arms about Bonnie's neck, and drew down her face to hers, and soothed her as best she could. But it was hard for her to speak the consoling words — hard for her to speak at all — when her little heart was breaking. For Norah had, indeed, begun to suspect that there was in this parting something more than the farewell of friends who are to meet again after a short interval. There was in Bonnie Dunraven's white face, broken voice, and agitated words, ample cause for poor Norah's darkest conjectures.

Well, it was all over at last. Bonnie had said farewell to her uncle and aunt. She had held their hands in hers, and looked wistfully into their kind old faces; and when they saw the tearless sorrow of her eyes, and felt, in the tremble of her hand, what she herself was suffering, they were wonderfully softened toward her, after all.

"God be with you, child! May God direct you!" her uncle had said. "Who can tell what is best to be done in this world? But, Bonnie," he suddenly added — and there was a new quiver in his voice now, for he was thinking of Bonnie's mother, his dead sister, Grace — "whenever you care to come back to us, child, you have a home here. You have always a home. Don't forget that. I am sorry for you, Bonnie. I cannot tell you what I feel this moment. But God's will be done!"

Well, all this was gone through — with what pain for the girl she herself alone knew — and now Bonnie and Norah were walking down the avenue to the gate.

They had not long to wait for Mrs. Forrester. She was very punctual. The Castle Strange phaeton came along the lonely road in a few minutes, and drew up at the gateway. Pat Mulligan, who had carried Bonnie's luggage down from the house, hoisted it to the back of the carriage, and then the last moment had come.

"Good-by, Norah, darling; good-by! Oh don't — *don't* cry like that, I will come back soon, never fear, darling. I will come back very soon again."

"Won't you, Bonnie? *Won't* you come back again? Every day will be like a month to me, Bonnie, until you come back," sobbed Norah, who was clinging wildly to Bonnie, as though she would never release her. "Good-by, Bonnie; O, good-by, good-by!"

The phaeton rolled away. Bonnie was waving her handkerchief to the little weeping figure at the gate. When they came to the turn of the road, the view was hidden for a minute; but soon they were on the rise of the hill, passing Liskeelan Head, and now Bonnie stood up in the phaeton and waved her handkerchief again and again; for, indeed, that little figure, far down there on the lonely road, would, in a minute or two more, be lost to sight.

There was the old house of Kilcarrick, with its quaint dormer windows, and its twisted chimneys rising above the deep green of the trees, with the old orchards behind it, and the blue smoke from the chimneys curling slowly upward, well-defined against the green back-ground of sycamores and oaks.

The mellow light of an August evening was over the landscape, and, in this yellow radiance, the waving cornfields took a hue of gold, the long green line of cliff-tops seemed to cut straight against the pure blue sea beyond, and far out there on the sunlit, waveless ocean, the white sails of fishing boats alone broke the dreamy monotony of color.

The low boom of the sea filled the air. The radiant skies stretched above, serenely blue, save for delicate streaks of cirrus, high in air, and a rippling curl of cumulus coming up from the south with whatever light breeze was blowing. Far away there to the south, where the sea cut in a line of vivid blue against the sky, the horizon was tinted with exquisite hues of dove-color and shell-pink.

Through blinding tears Bonnie now gazed on this fair picture so soon to vanish from her sight. Dear, dear old Kilcarrick. When should she lay eyes on it again? And that poor little figure — now a dark speck on the vivid white road — when, oh, when should they clasp each other's hands with the joyous clasp of reunion?

And now the summit of the hill was passed. Bonnie strained her eyes to obtain one last look. The road dipped, and, a minute later, house, trees, Norah's little figure, cliffs and sea, were hidden from sight.

CHAPTER XIX.

GLENTOBAR.

It was about eight o'clock that evening when Mrs. Forrester and Bonnie arrived at Lismore.

A low basket carriage was waiting on the road outside of the station-house, and in a few minutes Mrs. Forrester and her companion were tucked in cosily under a leopard-skin, and were driving away through the old country town in the mellow August evening. Soon they had left the town behind them, and were descending the steep bit of road which leads down to the bridge.

"Surely I've seen this place in a picture, long ago!" Bonnie cried, with enthusiasm kindling in her eyes. "Oh, Mrs. Forrester, let us draw up here for a while. It would be a barbarity to drive on!"

"You have never been on Lismore Bridge until now, dear?" Mrs. Forrester said, some surprise in her voice.

"Never, except in dreams. And I have so longed to see it, and that grand old castle there! O dear," added the girl, with a long sigh, "it is like fairy-land."

Bonnie, making an entry in her diary about this time, described, in a rapturous manner, her first impressions of Lismore. These random entries were scribbled down whenever her mood suggested them. They were not intended for any eyes but her own. The following extract, however, so happily pictures forth her early impressions of the view from the old bridge, that I venture to quote it here:

". . . and in a few minutes later, we were actually on the bridge. On the old, old, ivy-grown, mediæval bridge — a bridge which you could hardly fancy anywhere out of a painting. On the bridge, with the wild and beautiful Blackwater, 'the Rhine of Ireland,' murmuring beneath it. On the bridge, where looking over the gray parapets at each side, you see the river gliding along between the old woods — gliding, and winding, and twisting in and out through scenery like the scenery of a dream. And there, on the left side of the river, with its basements shrouded in ivy — there, rising above the dense

green trees, with its gray walls, arched windows, loop-holes and towers — there — forming a picture so beautiful that the tears came to my eyes as I looked — was Lismore Castle. Such was my dream. No dream now. A very reality . . ."

"We shall drive here some day soon, and see the Castle, and all that is to be seen in the place," said Mrs. Forrester, at last. "We really must not delay any longer now. I think *you* would like to get out of the carriage and sit on that parapet until morning, Bonnie," she added, laughing, and, indeed, the girl's glowing face and rapt eyes seemed to corroborate this opinion.

And now they had left the bridge behind them, and were fairly on their way to Glentobar, Mrs. Forrester's house.

The road winds along by the river side, and is bordered with grand old trees. In many parts their spreading boughs meet together overhead, and form, in summer time, a natural arcade of dense green foliage. As you drive along here, you catch, now and then, between the trunks of the trees, casual glimpses of the blue winding river. It is a beautiful road; and in the mellow glow of this August evening, with the sunlight glancing in from the westward, and reddening the leaves and boughs, and trembling on the mossy wall, where it flecked the brown moss with blood — it was no wonder that Bonnie Dunraven, with her passionate love of natural beauty, felt within her a happiness which went beyond words, and revealed itself in the girl's eloquent eyes and face. By-and-by they arrived at the outer gate of Glentobar, and soon they were driving along an avenue cut through a green lawn with tall elms, oaks, chestnuts, and lindens standing in picturesque groups, here and there, and the red twisted chimneys of an old country house appearing above the rise of the ground.

"Behold our destination at last, Bonnie," Mrs. Forrester said, when they had reached the highest point of the avenue; and lo! there, beneath them in the hollow, was the old ivy-clad house of Glentobar, every chimney, every gable, every leaf and tendril of its surrounding trees, sharply defined against the clear blue-gray and lavender hues of the evening sky.

Below the house, and beyond the trees bordering the lawn at this side, Bonnie caught a glimpse of the river again, glimmering out, here and there, now of a bluish-gray color in the falling twilight. There was a genial red glow in the ivied porch which forms the entrance to the front hall; and, as the carriage drew near, the door of this porch was suddenly thrown wide open, and a tall man hurried out to bid the new comers welcome.

"Behold our truant knight!" Mrs. Forrester exclaimed, laughing heartily as she spoke. "You thought, Bonnie, he was safe and sound at Castle Strange all this time! Paul bound me to strict secrecy before he set off by the first train this morning from Ballydoonan."

"You are the first woman I've ever met, Alice," Earnscliffe laughed, "who could keep a secret. And is it possible you did not even hint at it all through the journey?"

"It is not alone possible, but an accomplished fact," replied his sister; "Bonnie hadn't the faintest notion of your actual movements until she saw you now."

"Not the faintest notion, indeed, Paul," the girl said, with glowing eyes and cheeks. "I was mentally picturing you strolling about the park at Castle Strange, whistling to the dogs by way of relaxation, and making up cigarettes just for the variety of it. I am *so* glad you came. And oh, Paul," she added, enthusiastically, "I am delighted with everything here. Even in my dreams Lismore Castle was not so beautiful as it really is."

"Don't be thinking of Lismore Castle now, Bonnie, for goodness sake," Mrs. Forrester said, briskly as they entered the house "think of your tea now. That is the more important consideration. I am dying for a cup! I always love a cup of tea after a railway journey. Don't you, Bonnie? Come upstairs now, and take off your hat and things. Paul, hurry up the tea, like a good fellow! And get the bell rung for us when it is ready."

Bonnie was charmed with the room which Mrs. Forrester had selected for her. It was so bright and pretty and fresh-looking, with its pink-and-white papering, its rose-colored chintz hangings, the *terra cotta* vases of sweet-pea, gilly-flowers, mignonette and tea-roses, which stood on the mantle-piece, and the beautiful view of the Blackwater to be had from the windows. It was a bijou room, and spoke well for the taste of the mistress of the house.

By-and-by, they descended to the tea-room. Mrs. Forrester wore a white Marie Stuart cap upon her dark hair, and exceedingly becoming to her it was. Bonnie was struck afresh with this woman's resemblance to her brother Paul. It was a resemblance which went beyond even features and figure, and showed itself in the expression of her dark, handsome face.

They were a very happy party of three as they sat at the round table in the cosy tea-room — a pretty old room, looking out on certain flower-beds cut in velvet-like grass, Mrs. Forrester's peculiar charges. She was passionately fond of flowers — an almost sympathetic ardor. Earnscliffe was wont to assert that his sister was a surpassingly amiable and satisfactory woman, but she was cursed with two hobbies, namely — floriculture and classical music. Now he himself had a great love for both, but he was of opinion that his sister carried her tastes in those ways to extremes, he thought that extremes were his peculiar property, to be trespassed upon by no other foot.

"And now, Bonnie," said Mrs. Forrester, when tea was over, "are you too tired to take a stroll on the lawn, or shall we have a little music? Whatever you please. You have only to say the word, and —"

"I was the first here to-day," Earnscliffe interrupted, laughing, "and I claim the first suggestion, at least, as my own peculiar privilege. What I suggest is this: Miss Dunraven and I will take a stroll to the river side, and then we shall return, and you will give us some of your favorite passages from Beethoven and Schubert, and the *Lieder Ohne Worte* in the dusk. I think Mendelssohn's music is specially suited to those dreamy hours 'twixt the gloamin' and the mirk.' What do you say to that scheme, Miss Dunraven?"

"I fully agree to it, Mr. Earnscliffe! I am longing for a good look at the river — to approach it, you know, on an intimate footing. That, of course was impossible from the carriage window; and, O, Mrs. Forrester," added the girl, "won't you give us some music afterwards? I love Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte*. I love the dreamy, wailing harmonies which sob through them. I could listen to them for ever."

Bonnie and her companion were soon walking down the sloping grass towards the trees which, at this side, border the lawn. There is a stile down here, leading one out on the country road; and, beyond the road, a second stile, then old trees again, and then, at last you come to the river side.

A pathway winds along the water, and soon Earnscliffe and Bonnie were strolling on here in the hush of the falling night.

"I wonder you never told me, Paul, about this beautiful place," Bonnie said; "why it seems to me like dreamland. I can hardly grasp

it as a reality yet. Look at the tints on the river there. What a deep, deep olive green there under the trees, and farther on it is purple — brown-purple in the dusk. And *such* trees! — trees everywhere. Why it is a land of trees. They seem centuries old. The Dryads, I think, cannot have altogether deserted them yet!"

"Wait until you are more intimate with the scenery about here, Bonnie, and then arrange your impressions. I fancy you will have changed your opinions somewhat. Now, *I* find this place dreadfully gloomy, and solemn, and monotonous. I can hardly explain the feeling. The air of antiquity which seems to surround every inch of this locality, is oppressive. You long for fresher, clearer, more open prospects. You want breeze and color, and a glimpse of the sea. Something free, and windy and bracing — like Liskeelan Head, for example."

"Ah! poor Liskeelan," said the girl, a momentary sadness in her voice; and lo! there came to her a vision of the blue summer sea with white sails dotting its sunny surface, and the old house of Kilcarrick with its dormer windows and its green orchards, just as she had seen that dear picture last — only a few short hours ago.

And Bonnie sighed.

"Paul," she said, looking away over the quiet river, with very earnest eyes, "I told you, that night on Liskeelan Strand, that a great many unhappy things had occurred at Kilcarrick. And *I* was the cause of all. I hesitated before I came away this evening, Paul. I thought, once, I could not come at all. I felt my heart torn asunder between two alternatives. But, you see, the stronger one gained the day, and I am here. O Paul," she suddenly whispered, pausing in her walk and looking up into his face, "if I thought that I could never go to Kilcarrick again — never find a welcome there — never again experience that peace and comfort, and thoroughly home-like happiness, in the dear old place — I think I — I think — why, I should go mad!"

The emotion of the girl's words and voice struck Earnscliffe with a momentary pang of remorse. He put his arms about Bonnie and drew her to him, and kissed her passionately again and again.

"My darling, don't talk like that," he urged, in a soft caressing voice. "It makes me shiver to hear you say such things. Oh, Bonnie — Bonnie, it cannot be that *I* have been the cause of any unhappiness to you. The thought would be a shock to me, indeed. Make your mind easy, darling, with regard to your dear old home and your friends. They have always loved you far too well to quarrel with you now. To be sure, they may have been disappointed and angry, during the last week or so; but, believe me, they will be the same as ever, again. They will receive you with open arms, Bonnie, when you go to see them as a happy bride."

"A happy bride, indeed Paul," the girl said in a low, passionate voice. "Forgive me for having said anything that may have sounded like a reproach. Oh, Paul, I do not mean to reproach you. You are my king — my hero — my everything! The world is nothing to me, if only *you* are with me. I am satisfied — I am rejoiced to give up all else, so long as I have *you!*

It was the first time she had ever spoken so to him. The remorseful ring in his voice had been too much for her, and the girl's words had rushed out impetuously from her passionate heart.

After that, of course —

Love was aye between them twa,

and the time flew by on wings of gold.

When, at last they bethought themselves of returning to the house, the moon had risen over the dark

trees beyond the river, and Bonnie paused, with one foot on the stile, to look back at the scene, glorified, as it now was, under the tremulous light.

The dark blue sky was studded with stars, the river was of a sombre gray color, with black and deep olive-green shadows at the opposite banks, and under the moon — which, as yet, had not risen far over the dark trees — a vivid track of quivering golden fire lay along the water from shore to shore. The nearer trees were well-defined against the sky, but where the sheeny track of light on the river formed the background, every leaf and tendril stood out in blackened and vivid relief.

By degrees, the line of fire on the water lessened, and was no longer seen at the far side, and now the golden hue was paling to silver as the moon sailed up higher in the calm skies —

> with silver lip,
> Kissing dead things to life.

There was a low murmur of the river in the hushed air, and the water was rippling, and sobbing, and purling, and washing — washing on the glistening shore where the tall reeds stood out, clear-cut and blackened, against the silver reflections on the tide.

Presently, the sound of a musical instrument and a woman's singing came along the river, clear and mellow, in the quiet air. It was a boating party returning to Lismore; and, ere long, the boat glided across the track of moonlight, every figure sharply outlined, as if silhouetted in black, against the sheen.

The woman was singing "Auld Robin Gray," with an accompaniment on the violin. The effect of the beautiful old air trembling along the quiet river in the moonlight, was indescribably thrilling. Bonnie began to croon the sweet old ballad over in a low voice, as Paul and she strolled back across the lawn to the house. When they came near the drawing-room windows, the sound of a piano travelled out to greet them, and the girl stood still to listen.

"Let us go in quietly," she said then, with a tone of reverence in her voice. "We must not disturb her. She is playing something heavenly. It is not one of the *Lieder*. It is, — *yes!* — it is, surely, Beethoven."

They stole in noiselessly, and sat down in the window-seat in the moonlight. Mrs. Forrester was seated, partly in shadow, before her mellow-toned Erard, and she continued to play without raising her eyes from the keys. She was playing Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat, Major, op. 26, and she had come to the second variation. She seemed rapt as she played. The room was filled with music — and *such* music! Bonnie was carried away as she listened. Yes: this was Beethoven, and no other. She had not heard this Sonata before, and the passion of it thrilled her. When Mrs. Forrester came to the "Marcia Funebre," the girl crept closer to the piano, and sat as if spell-bound, her face growing paler and paler as wave after wave of emotion surged through her being. She had never heard music played in this manner until now. This woman, you would say, had studied the rugged, passionate soul of Beethoven, and had studied it with success. She played as only those who possess intense sympathies can play. Under her interpretative fingers, the music went straight home to your heart, and swayed you resistlessly with the stormy passion of its harmonies.

There was a silence in the room when the last low notes had died away on the air. The moonlight quivered white on the floor. Almost unconsciously Mrs. Forrester's fingers again fell on the key-board, and then a dreamy minor Adagio was heard, and Bonnie — with a rush of tears to her eyes — recognized the "Moonlight Sonata."

The girl was passionately affected

now. The tears blinded her eyes. The beautiful dreamy music penetrated to her very soul. As she listened, her thoughts went back to the story of this Sonata, and the figure of Beethoven playing for the blind girl on that moonlit night, long ago, in Bonn, came before Bonnie's eyes.

"Oh, *don't* stop — please don't! Play something else," Bonnie urged, in a whisper, when Mrs. Forrester had come to the end of the thrilling closing passage. "Go on. Please go on, if you are not too tired."

Mrs. Forrester, nothing loth, next selected Schubert, and she played the first and second of the *Momens Musicaux*. Bonnie felt herself become soothed as she listened. She was lapsing into a dreamy state now, and this was intensified when, by-and-by, Mrs. Forrester turned to the *Lieder Ohne Worte*.

At Earnscliffe's special request, his sister played the "Duetto, No. 6, Book 3," and then, as a variety after this sweet, dreamy *Lied*, she went back to the third of the first book; and now, indeed, Bonnie's heart bounded again, her cheeks glowed, her eyes brightened. This was one of her favorites of all the *Lieder*.

"Bravo! Alice; you got through that brilliantly," exclaimed Earnscliffe, in a voice of hearty approval; "but I must say I prefer Mendelssohn in his calmer, tenderer moods. Do you recollect what old Miss Goff, of Gorsetown, used to say about Mendelssohn? She said that she thought he composed his 'Songs Without Words' while listening to the wailing and moaning of an Æolian harp. Will you play the first of the fifth book? I always fancy I hear the wash-wash and measured lapping of wavelets making a kind of undertone all through it."

And so the night wore away, and, to Bonnie, it was a night to be remembered forever — one of those perfect recollections which stand out vividly, through all the years, against the background of other memories which have become shadowy and shapeless with the lapse of time.

It was late when they three separated; but, for all that, Bonnie sat at the window of her room for hours after, and when, at last, she lay down to rest, there was a faint, gray light stealing into the room, and a rosy hue was warming to crimson along the eastern skies.

CHAPTER XX.

TWO HAPPY DAYS.

When, in the after years, Bonnie Dunraven looked back, as she frequently did, upon her visit to Glentobar, two days, in particular, were wont to stand out conspicuously from all the others.

On the first of these days, Mrs. Forrester, Paul, and Bonnie drove into Lismore, and went through the Castle. On the second day, they three paid a visit to the remote Cistercian Monastery of Mount Melleray, on the lonely mountain-side of Knockmeiledown.

The first of these days was one of those charmingly fresh, sunshiny days towards the end of August, when the breath of autumn is in the air, and there are tints of russet on some of the leaves, and the apples are reddening in the orchards, and the yellow corn in the fields, now nearly ripe for harvest, murmurs huskily as the breeze passes along over its waving ears.

The sunshine was stealing down through the big trees, and falling on the broad white road in tremulous patches of light and shadow, as Mrs. Forrester's cosy basket-carriage bowled smoothly along. How beautiful were those tall trees, just now, in their waning summer dress; great towering elms, oaks, chestnuts, lindens, with red-brown mosses creeping along their trunks and boughs, and imparting a warmth of coloring to the umber and dun hues of their gnarled stems.

To the right, the ground rises up

precipitously and is a forest of trees. You see nothing but the dense leafage, the giant trunks, and the thick undergrowth of shrubs, ferns, and brambles. To the left, the ground dips down below the line of roadway, and still it is a forest of trees; but the blue river glimmers out, here and there, and you know that the Blackwater is beside you, although its beauties are hidden for a while longer.

But, ere long, you see a break in the trees, then the open river — the old bridge spanning it — and, below the bridge, the

Four gray walls, and four gray towers

of Lismore Castle.

"It reminds me of one of those 'Enchanted Castles' which old Kitty Maguire was so fond of bringing into her nursery stories long ago," Bonnie said, her eyes fixed reverently on the gray walls of the Castle. "How high over the river it is, to be sure! It is like a fairy palace built, thousands of years ago, on the tree-tops!"

"As a matter of fact," explained Paul, "the Castle was erected by King John. The foundations are laid on the verge of a rock. Just think of that! Do you recollect, Bonnie, an old nursery story about a certain giant's castle which was chained to a rock, somewhere in the Tyrol, I believe? Upon my word, Lismore Castle seems to be held fast on its perpendicular basement in some such manner!"

By this time they had arrived at the entrance gates of the Castle, and were walking under the high, ivied arch towards the portico flanking the quadrangle beyond.

"That portico is modern," Mrs. Forrester said, as they walked on — they had left the carriage on the road — "I believe it is a specimen of Inigo Jones' art. An official will take our names here, and get us tickets for the Castle."

When they entered the quadrangle, it seemed to Bonnie as though she were stepping back into a chapter of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. A huge beech tree, with a rustic seat around it, stands in the centre of the quadrangle. The offices at two sides of the square are still in preservation. The official conducted them across the quadrangle to a door at the left side, rang the bell, then, when the housekeeper made her appearance, handed her the tickets and withdrew.

The next moment Bonnie, with a strangely reverential thrill, found herself within the walls of Lismore Castle.

On the whole, however, this tour of inspection was somewhat disappointing, after all. The housekeeper was evidently bent on hurrying breathlessly from room to room, so that Bonnie had but a confused recollection, afterwards, of what she saw that day. She recollected that the ball-room was magnificent, the billiard-room very fine, too, and that the drawing-room would be like a room in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments if the furniture could only be seen. Everything, however, had a covering of linen, and this fact was a disappointing one enough.

"I wish to goodness," said Bonnie, in a whisper, to Earnscliffe, "that woman would allow us to draw our breaths and look around us. Oh, Paul! Paul! come to this window!" The girl broke off, with a low, glad cry; and, ere long, they were standing in the great bay window of the drawing-room; and now, indeed, Bonnie's sense of the housekeeper's delinquencies was lost in a delight altogether unbounded.

Reader, have you ever, on an August day, stood in the great window of Lismore Castle? If not, you have lost a view — always supposing you are a lover of the picturesque — which is, very literally, a glimpse of fairy land itself.

Far below you is the murmuring river, reflecting in its glassy surface

the old trees, which dip their leafy branches into the water, and color the placid tide with beautiful, varying hues of purple and olive-green. You seem, indeed — to quote Bonnie Dunraven herself — to be in a fairy palace built on the tree-tops. To your right is the bridge, its gray stone-work variegated with dark green ivy, and brown moss, and yellowish lichens; beyond it, you see the river winding along — now of a deep blue, now of a greenish color, now with a yellow sheen, where the current bends directly sunward — amid the trees and corn fields, until it disappears far away, and the prospect, on that side, is bounded by the low-lying, purple hills. To your left the river scenery is far wilder. Here the ground at each side rises precipitously, and is thickly grown with gigantic old trees. You see the river disappearing, and appearing again farther away, sometimes flashing out like a patch of silver between the woods, sometimes glimmering with a deep green color where the shadows of the mighty trees are reflected in its tide. Right opposite to you, as you stand in the great window, lofty mountains, towering up against the heavens, close the view. There rises Knock-na-folla, purple and sombre, its summit swathed around with white cloud, and the other peaks and spurs of the Knockmeiledown range stand out in wild and vivid relief against the sky.

Bonnie would, I think have lingered here, in the great windows until nightfall; but the housekeeper's sympathies were clearly in abeyance on this particular day, and so, at last, Bonnie had to tear herself away from the window, and, by-and-by, from the Castle.

"The housekeeper, I fancy," said the girl in a wrathful whisper, to Paul, "does not care to put herself about much for *three* visitors! I'm sure she hasn't shown us one-third of the Castle, and now she smilingly informs us that we 'have seen all that is shown to visitors!' It's horribly provoking! It really is."

"'*Horribly* provoking,'" echoed Paul, with a laughable imitation of Bonnie's disgusted tone. "Do you know what I should recommend you to do, Bonnie? I really think you ought to send a despatch to the Duke of Devonshire, and state your grievances in full."

"Do you, indeed? That is very thoughtful of you! Probably, though," added the girl, laughing, "I shall be calmed down to 'the even tenor' of my ways by the time we get back to Glentobar."

When they had got away from the Castle, they paid a visit to the old church over the river, once the Cathedral of Saint Carthagh. Bonnie had fixed her eyes on the tall pure white spire rising above the towering trees, as she drove along the bridge. Now, as she entered the church, with its vaulted and groined ceiling, elaborately carved pillars, and stained-glass, mullioned windows, her feelings towards the Castle housekeeper became more and more amicable, by degrees.

"Do you see those memorial slabs in the wall?" Paul said, as they walked on through the hushed aisles. "There are letters, or figures, engraved upon the stones which — to you and me — would be simply hieroglyphics. But a great antiquarian, down here, has established, for certain, that those slabs are actually a thousand years old."

"A thousand years old, Paul!" repeated the girl, an awe-stricken look in her widely-opened eyes; and she was silent for some minutes then. "Just think of it! Here you and I stand, in this nineteenth century, looking at the work of a thousand years ago. How startingly *real* the past seems when we see an actual substantial product of it — like this. I wonder what hands engraved these characters on the stones?"

"Perhaps there was a big human heart there, heavy with the woes of

life," Earnscliffe said; "a human creature, like ourselves, with his *own* trials the central trials of the world — for him! And think of all the millions and millions who have been born, and have groaned through life, and have died — since then! 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,' when all is said."

Well, this happy day was over, at last, and in the stilly August evening the little party drove back along the beautiful old road to Glentobar.

Bonnie, that night, filled half-a-dozen pages, or so, of her diary, with a rapturous account of her day's adventures. In this description, every second word, or so, was energetically underlined, and when the rapid thoughts chasing one another through the girl's small head became too glowing and too big to be put into words, a great stroke of the pen across the page supplied what was wanting of the paragraph or sentence.

"Oh dear!" thought the girl, as she sat, pen in hand, having come to the end of her entry, "I wish poor Norah were here. I know *she* would enjoy the beautiful scenery, and the river, and Mrs. Forrester's music every evening. Poor little Norah!"

Many a time, since Bonnie's arrival at Glentobar, she had sat down to her desk with the firm intention of writing to Norah; but so soon as the sheet of paper and pen and ink were on the spot, then it was that she had hesitated, and finally abandoned the project until "some other day." That "other day" had not as yet come.

Bonnie knew, in her heart, that the very fact of her staying at Glentobar was, in itself, as gall and wormwood to her uncle and aunt. How could she send a letter to Kilcarrick under circumstances so painful? How could she enter into descriptions of her happy days at Glentobar, without feeling that her words would sound, to her uncle's and aunt's ears, with a ring of hardened and cruel triumph?

And so, as I tell you, she had postponed the letter-writing, day after day; and now September had come, and again the resolution to write seized upon Bonnie, only to suffer, in its turn, the fate of the many other resolutions which had preceded it.

"I *cannot* write," the girl said to herself, pushing away the paper, and resting her chin on her hand; "I don't know *what* to say. I must only wait, as Paul says, until — until —" A wave of brilliant color surged into her cheeks; her lips slightly parted — "until I am married — and then surely, surely, all will be well. They will forgive and forget."

It was one breezy morning, before breakfast, that Bonnie made this fresh attempt to write to Norah, and it was on this same day that the small party of three set out on another little excursion — the visit to Mount Melleray Abbey, away on the heathery slopes of Knockmeiledown.

No sooner had they left Cappoquin behind them and were absolutely on the road to the Monastery, than Bonnie felt within her the bracing influences of the mountain scenery, and showed what she felt, in the kindling of her eyes, and the vivacity of her conversation.

This was an altogether new experience for the girl. She had never before found herself on the mountains. The higher they ascended along the rugged, straggling road, the keener became the zest with which the girl enjoyed the wild scenery surrounding her. And wild it assuredly was, although, just now, as brightened as sunshine and the blue sky could make it. What rolling purple heights they were — what darkly-shadowed ravines — what patches of black wood along the melancholy hills; and farm houses glimmered white and brown, here and there, upon the dun sides of the mountains.

"Bonnie," exclaimed Paul, at last, pointing somewhat to the westward, "look away there on the mountain-side. Do you see a tract of dark fir-groves, some white buildings peeping out amid the trees, a tall spire rising up against the mountains behind? That is Mount Melleray Abbey."

"How lonely it looks there!" Bonnie said, in awe-stricken tones. "I don't know how in the world the Brothers can live there, year after year, without speaking to one another. That is the hardest thing of all, I think — that stern, unbroken silence, among living human beings, with human passions, and instincts, and souls."

"I suppose custom can do anything," Earnscliffe said, emphasizing this platitude with an energetic touch of the whip upon the sleek flanks of Mrs. Forrester's fat gray cob.

"I should say something beyond custom — deeper than custom — enables them to keep up to their rigid discipline," replied the girl, looking dreamily away toward the Monastery. "I am sure they are happy up there on the lonely mountain-side, away from the world — with its jar, and crash, and sin — with their eyes upon God, and eternity staring them in the face. What business have we, worldlings," added the girl, in a low voice, looking away from the Abbey as she spoke, and fixing her eyes on Dromana Wood, "what business have we to go there, at all? It seems like an unwarranted intrusion — almost a profanity."

"Well, Bonnie," Mrs. Forrester said, "when I visited the Monastery, years ago, for the first time, my sensations were almost precisely such as yours seem to be now. But this feeling of awe wears away. You will be surprised to find the lonely Brothers such cheerful-looking, approachable, light-hearted men. They do not impress one with the idea of the bare cell, and the skull and cross-bones on the table, and that kind of thing, you know."

"And I had fancied them to be more like spirits than men — the souls kept down to earth with just a shred of body," Bonnie replied. "How long have they been here, in Ireland, Mrs. Forrester?"

"I think they came in 1833. They were expelled, you know, from their old Monastery of La Trappe, in Brittany, by Louis Philippe. It is astonishing how they have cultivated the mountain-side here. I believe they have planted over twenty thousand trees! And, then, look at their buildings, and their gardens!"

Bonnie lapsed into silence after this. The solitude of the mountains grew more and more impressive as they drew nearer to the Abbey. As the road became more rugged, and the ascent more sheer, Bonnie oftentimes looked back at the wild landscape behind her with eyes full of a wordless awe.

How magnificent was the scenery of the mountains; the sombre brown of their hue fading into a deep purple in remoter distance. Where the darkly-wooded hill-sides sloped down in one little valley, far away, Bonnie caught a gleam of silvery blue — the Blackwater. And farther away still, as they ascended higher and higher, there was visible a dreamy line of silver trembling against the pearly horizon, with a shadowy grayish headland jutting into it. What was it? Not a fleece of cloud, surely? Was it the sea beyond Dungarvan Head?

At last they had arrived at the Monastery, and were driving along the avenue. Just before you come to the outer gates, you pass a fine-looking, roomy house where lady-visitors who come to remain for some time in Melleray, are comfortably lodged. The avenue, or road, leading directly to the Monastery is flanked, on the right side, with the boarding-houses of the pensioned pupils, the classical school for the boarders, and the poor school for the mountain children who come from

remote cabins on the bleak mountains, and are educated, and, in many cases, clothed and fed, without any personal recompense other than the gratitude of their young hearts.

Beyond this, is the Monastery itself, a portion of which — the Guest House — is set apart for men who visit Melleray for the purposes of spiritual Retreat.

"I wonder will they bring us through the Monastery?" Bonnie said wistfully, as the carriage drew up before the front door.

"Oh, yes, to be sure — at least through parts of it," replied Paul, and now they had alighted from the carriage, and Paul had rung the bell at the door.

A brother received and welcomed them cordially in the hall. He wore a brown coarse-looking habit furnished with a hood, and a belt, or girdle, at the waist. Great beads, with a black crucifix, hung from this belt. His hair was shorn close. He wore a beard, as is the custom of his Order. Emaciated he certainly was not, but that peculiar pallor of the skin which total abstinence from flesh meat usually imparts, was in this man's face rather striking. For all that, however, he was a man of, you would say, sufficient physical strength.

In nearly every one of the brothers who came under Bonnie's notice during this day, similar characteristics were observable. They were a stalwart community of men, numbering, in all, at this time, about seventy brothers, twenty-five of whom were priests.

Once again I am tempted to quote some passages from Bonnie's Diary. I wish to show you how this novel experience impressed her, how it touched with light hidden parts of her character; and, I think, in no other way can this be accomplished so satisfactorily as by allowing the girl to speak for herself, in her own words.

". . . . When we had some luncheon — by-the-way, I never before saw such enormous loaves of bread, they were as big as bee-hives, and something of the same shape — we were introduced to the Guest-master, an exceedingly refined, affable clergyman. He wore a white habit, which I believe, distinguishes the choir-brothers and priests from the other members of the community. He brought us, first of all, to the chapel of the Monastery.

"The sensations one experiences as one goes along the passages, with their red-tiled floors and their intense stillness, are varied and strange. Some white-habited, hooded figures glided slowly by, all in deep silence. It all seemed like another world — or, the world of a dream. This every-day world of ours seemed to be shut out rigorously from here.

"The chapel is very high and spacious, and the great altar impresses one. It is of dark oak, richly gilded, and ornamented with spiral decorations and pillars. Mrs. Forrester tells me that the effect of this place in the twilight, during the chanting of the community, is weird and unearthly. The High Altar then looms out mysteriously in the gloom. Far up towards the ceiling, statues glimmer out ghost-like in the fading twilight. Dead silence everywhere.

"Suddenly a bell tolls, a door is opened, and in come, almost noiselessly, a throng of white and dark-robed figures, who bow low, in turn, before the High Altar, and disappear into their stalls. Then the chanting begins, and now a beautiful, sweet-toned harmonium vibrates through the chapel in accompaniment to the voices. I do not wonder, indeed, when I think over this, that in this lonely Monastery, away on the bleak mountain-side, with this unearthly and beautiful music in one's ears and in one's soul, one should feel that the world has vanished — that Life, here below, has run its puny, brief course — and that Eternity stares one in the face. . . .

"When we left the chapel, the Guest-master brought us through the dormitory, the refectory, and the burial-ground. Such a dormitory! I shall never forget it. Bare cells, with the name of the occupant painted in white on a piece of tin nailed on the wooden frame of the cell. The beds are as hard as boards. The pillows seemed, to me, to be like canvas-bags stuffed with hard straw or twigs. No sheets — no pillow-cases. Nothing but a coarse blanket and a coarser coverlet! Paul said to the Guest-master that he could not conceive *how* the community got any rest in such 'beds.' The clergyman laughingly replied —

"'Oh, I didn't mind the beds, but I thought the pillows a little hard at first!'

"The refectory, too, impresses one deeply. The narrow tables are furnished with jugs of cold water, tins, mugs, knives and forks, spoons, and dry bread. Bread, water, and vegetables constitute the food of the community.

"The burial-ground is a quiet spot. No tombstones — no memorial slabs. A narrow green mound, with a cross at the head, upon which is painted the name of the departed, and date of death — and that is all!

"By and-by, we went out into the old garden in front of the Guest House, and here we passed a never-to-be-forgotten hour, strolling along the quiet walks and talking away quite cheerfully and light-heartedly with the Guest-master. It was a beautiful evening. Everything looked bright, sunshiny, encouraging. The view of the mountains was splendid. The deep purple hues of distant heights, the bright sun-lit greens of the nearer parts, the stretches of dark wood, and the blue evening sky over all — formed a delightful picture.

"It is truly a charming place, this Melleray. The old garden is so homelike. It is not a 'show-garden,' by any means, thanks be to goodness! But it is a rambling, secluded, dear old garden, and in the mellow light of a fine September evening, such as this, with the view of the mountains all around, and the monastic hush pervading it, it is a garden to live in memory for ever and aye. . . .

"And so at last we drove away, and I strained my eyes to get a parting glimpse of the Monastery, with its dark groves, and tall gray spire, and its back-ground of savage mountains, now of a brown-purple hue in the late evening light. Adieu, Melleray! Shall I say *Au revoir?* I hope so. I feel lonesome after you already!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE THUNDERSTORM BURSTS.

And now Bonnie's wedding-day was drawing near, and preparations were busily a-foot at Glentobar, and Earnscliffe, one morning at breakfast, announced his intention of setting out for Dublin immediately after luncheon. He had sundry purchases to make, he added, with a significant glance at Bonnie's bright, happy face; his stay in town would extend over a couple of days or so, only; and how, pray, would the two women amuse themselves until his return?

"Why don't you ask us to go with you, Paul?" his sister said, laughing. "Then we should have no necessity to devise amusement for ourselves during your absence."

"'Ask' you to come? Why I should be only too delighted; but I thought neither you nor Bonnie cared about Dublin. I know I have heard both of you say so."

"To be sure you have, Paul," said Bonnie, coming valiantly to the rescue; "Mrs. Forrester has no more notion of accompanying you on 'the rocky road' than I have! For my part, I never could endure even a day in Dublin."

"Well, then," Mrs. Forrester sighed, resignedly, "I suppose we must only do as best we can until

you return. Pity it is that the days of the spinning-wheels have gone by. I think spinning must have been a delightful way of killing time, for forlorn women waiting for their lords."

"Very delightful in theory, maybe," Earnscliffe said; "just as the old stage-coaches are delightful to *us* who never travelled a mile in one of them."

"If you say a word against stage-coaches, you and I shall have to fall out on the spot!" Bonnie said, in terrible tones; "*I* think the stage-coaching must have been charming."

"In theory, I repeat, Bonnie — in theory, only in theory. Would you seriously, now, consider it 'charming' in actual practice, to go jolting and bumping along vile roads, crammed inside of a stuffy coach, with goodness knows what kind of men and women for travelling companions?"

"But you need not be 'crammed in' anywhere, Paul," Bonnie objected, "you might sit outside on the box."

"Yes, in fine weather, to be sure; when the sun happened to be shining. But how about the rain, and the cutting east winds, and so forth?"

"The notion of *your* constituting yourself a disparager of stage-coaches!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrester. "Paul, for goodness sake make an effort to be a little — just a little bit — consistent now and then, by way of variety. I have heard you indulging in quite a poetical rhapsody on the charms of old coaching days, etc., etc. But, indeed," added his sister, with a shake of her head, "men are nothing if not fickle-minded."

"I am *not* fickle-minded, Alice," Paul said, with a sudden earnestness which the subject did not require. "What some people call inconsistency, *I* call the effect of a larger view, keener judgment, advanced mental growth. Why should a man keep firmly to his early opinions all through his life? I am afraid, Alice, if we were all true to *your* notions of consistency, we should all be poor fossilized specimens of humanity — or Rip Van Winkles, indeed. What do you say, Bonnie? When time opens a man's eyes wider, and shows him the flaws in what he had fancied flawless — and I am not talking of stage-coaches now, I can assure you! — is he then, I ask, to change his opinions or not?"

"Most decidedly he is, Paul. Why, you might as well ask if, when a school-boy has grown out of his clothes, he is to be expected to wear them still!"

"Hide your diminished head, Alice Forrester!" said her brother, recovering his lighter mood, and rising from the table. "When I return from Dublin town I shall treat you to sundry cases in point, illustrating the truth of my argument."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, Paul. Your eloquence — which, I have no doubt in the world, would be sparklingly incisive, and miraculously persuasive — would be altogether thrown away on me. Oh, by-the-way, Paul," she added, as he was leaving the room, "if you come across any readable books in town, lay hands on them, like a good fellow, and bring them back with you."

"You may as well give me a list, Alice. Do you remember the books I brought you from London, last year? You turned up your nose when you looked over the title-pages. I don't particularly relish the thought of a repetition of that pleasant little episode, I assure you!"

"Well, let me see. Bonnie, have your wits about you now, and let us think out a good selection."

And forthwith Mrs. Forrester — by her own unaided efforts — thought out such a list of books as caused her brother to open his eyes wide, and cut in peremptorily on his sister's presumably inexhaustible catalouge.

"Stay! Stay! If you go on at *that* rate, I shall have to order a

special railway carriage. Well, Bonnie, have *you* any books to suggest?"

Bonnie did suggest a couple of works — one of Miss Thackeray's novels (I think it was "The Village on the Cliff") and Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh;" and so at last Earnscliffe got away from the room, and went up stairs to see about the packing of his portmanteau.

He was in high spirits. He was picturing to himself the exquisite wedding presents he would purchase for Bonnie. He had heard her say casually, some time ago, that she was fond of sapphires. He was glad that he knew her taste in this way. He would bring her sapphires and diamonds, then, and such turquoise and pearls as might adorn the ideal Houri of an impassioned Turk.

He was not long occupied in packing up for the journey, and then he went down stairs again, and sat chatting with the two women until luncheon was ready. And so at last the time of departure came, and Bonnie was standing in the porch alone with her lover, feeling strangely down-hearted now at the immediate prospect of this parting.

"You will not stay long away, Paul?" she said, looking into his face with wistful eyes; "I shall be dreadfully lonely until you come back."

"I expect to be home again by the day after to-morrow, darling," Paul answered. "Indeed, I may be back by to-morrow, for that matter; and I will write to you this evening, the instant I arrive in town. So now my Bonnie must try and not be unhappy, nor lonely, nor low-spirited. Won't she?" and he drew up the girl's pale face to his, and kissed her. "You are looking pale, darling. Why is this? Bonnie, you must not look pale. I hear the car coming round now. Why are you so pale, Bonnie, child?"

"Because I *hate* to see you going away at all!" the girl said, in a very low voice. "Why must you go, Paul? Surely it is not necessary. Is it necessary, Paul? If not, don't go."

"Why, Bonnie, darling, I did not know, until this instant, that you wished me not to go. You did not say a word against the thing when I spoke of it at breakfast this morning. Upon my word, now that I remember it, you joked about it," Paul said, feeling somewhat puzzled at the impassioned earnestness of the girl's voice, face, and manner.

"I cannot explain, Paul, *why* I now feel so much opposed to your going away," Bonnie said, in the same low voice. "But there is something *over* me — a dread — a chill conviction — that it is better for you to remain where you are. I don't think I am very superstitious, but I *cannot* make my mind easy now. Paul, you are smiling, I see. No wonder you would smile, indeed. I know I am talking like a fool."

"Here is the car, I see. Now, Bonnie, I promise you to be back again, safe and sound, on — let me see! — well, if I possibly *can*, on to-morrow evening. If you wish to drive into Lismore to meet me, so much the better. And, as I say, I will write to you to-night, and you must not be filling your mind with these really absurd superstitions, or whatever you please to call them. Don't, darling. Make yourself happy now, and don't forget your knight while he is away. And now good-by, darling."

He stooped and kissed her, and for a moment the girl clung to him, her slender figure trembling in his arms, her face hidden on his breast. Then, without saying a word, she looked up into his face. It was a mute farewell. It thrilled him. He kissed her again passionately, and was gone.

To be Continued.

[Back numbers containing the beginning of this story, furnished to new subscribers.]

IRISH MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES.

Blacking.

Now, as to blacking, not a manufacture of the kind worth naming in Ireland, and the quantities that are imported from England every year are immense. Why W. Berry, of Manchester, sells more of his oil blacking in Ireland every year than would freight the Great Eastern steamship.

One wholesale grocer would not think three hundred gross a large order at a time, and all this trade can now be done in Ireland if the people only set about it.

And now as to matches. The consumption of this article can be better imagined than described. They are in use by everybody, every house, every office — for who is it, or what is it, without its match.

See all the advertisements that appear about this article; look at the great works and the thousands of hands that get employment by the manufacture of this article in England and Scotland, and on the Continent.

Yet, strange to say, a thing in universal use, there is only one small work of this kind in Ireland; and it so clouded, if I may so express myself, that matches manufactured on the Continent find their way into the heart of Ireland, and yet this one Irish manufacture is seldom or never heard of.

I then propose a company be formed for the manufacture of these three articles, and named the "Blue, Blacking, and Matches Manufacturing Co., with a capital of fifty thousand pounds, in as many shares of one pound each, and erect a factory in Dublin, and push the business well; for it is a capital one for making money, and will give employment to a lot of youths of this city, which should be studied and carried out everywhere practicable. Space will not allow me to dwell longer on this subject.

Window Glass.

Now, here is another field for enterprise; for so long as glass is made brittle, so long will it be broken, and so long will it be required.

I am not aware there is any manufactory of this kind in Ireland. I know there are plenty in England, and I also know that during some of the great strikes some years ago in England the Belgians undersold the English houses, and, consequently, took the trade; and I have yet to be informed that it has returned; and if not returned, so much the better for Ireland just now.

We can oust the Belgians even more speedily than the English.

Well, it is my firm opinion that a new era is opening up for this manufacture, for, as I stated before in one of my articles, the new Land Bill is likely to do much good for the farmers in the way of improving their dwellings and building laborers' cottages; and I am sure we have seen the last of the movable panes, viz., a wisp of hay rolled hard, and stopped in where the glass ought to be.

Then a few of those works should be started here and there over the country, for as many as six will find trade, and it will be better to localize them than have one of large dimensions.

If not done shortly, then a company should be formed, and have done with Belgian and English glass in the future.

Dublin Cutlery.

There is probably no article of trade, says the *Dublin Freeman*, of which, relatively speaking, a greater

amount of English-made ware is sold in Ireland than cutlery. It is not necessary to speak fully of the causes which have led to this, or to speculate upon the reasons for a decay — one might almost say the annihilation — of Irish manufacture in this department. The superiority of an Irish-made knife is universally admitted, and it is hard to believe that the public, even upon economic grounds, would prefer the "cheap and nasty" commodity imported from England to the substantial and lasting article which an Irish workman can turn out. A visit to the factory of Messrs. O'Neill and Thompson of Henry street will show that, with all the discouragements of the time, Irish manufactured cutlery can be obtained in Dublin, and the process of its production must afford an interesting sight to every one who witnessed it. In large, well lighted, and admirably ventilated workshops, men are at work engaged in the various sections of the manufacture. One man is making a razor — from the rough bar of steel, which is forged, ground soft, stamped, hardened and tempered, comes forth in all the perfection of polish and durability the keen-edged blade. Special and ingenious machinery, worked by steam, is at work, and its busy hum suggests that here at least encouragement is given to the employment of Irish labor and to the production of genuine Irish goods. Knives of all sorts — dinner, dessert, picnic knives, sporting knives, etc., are here forged, ground, hardened and tempered. In this necessarily brief notice it is impossible to say all that such a scene of industry suggests; suffice it to recommend the example of home manufacture to the consideration of all branches of trade, and in an especial manner to the encouraging patronage of the public.

The Other Side of the Question.

All questions, it is said, have two sides. We have been looking at the bright side of the question a good while, let us now look at the dark one.

I have heard it stated that if we refuse to buy English and Scotch made goods, they will in turn "boycott" Irish. If this be true, there would be no use in reviving Irish manufactures, if we lost as much on one hand as we gained on the other. Let us see how far we depend on them.

We are exporters of bacon, hams, beef, and butter (other goods are bought simply for superiority).

Irish bacon and hams must be bought. Whether from breed, feeding, or climate, they are the best to be found — not for love of us — but because of their good quality. So we are safe, so far. Beef: this article is in the hands chiefly of the landlords and upper classes, and it won't affect the general public whether sold at a high or a low price; besides, the owners can stand a little loss. It, then, remains with butter.

Well, if what works I have stated were in operation, and every man, woman, and boy working at fair wages, how much more butter would be consumed in the future besides the past? Fully as much more; and when you take this quantity from the exports it should not be too hard to get a market for the remainder. So, all considered, we are the gainers by long odds.

GENERAL REMARKS.

I have now put before the public a good many useful and practical works; for I studiously avoided the writings of a theorist, but kept to sound, practical, and self-supporting works when once started; and, if our country is to be lifted up from the trough that she has gradually slidden into, every man must do a share.

I have it on good authority that there is up to thirty-five million pounds sterling on deposit in the Irish banks, a very large amount of

money for a poor nation to own. But this is just the cause of her poverty; those who have money prefer to have it lying idle in banks, and prefer to have the people of our cities and towns going idle, and so long as this is the prevailing notion so long must our country remain poor and down-trodden. No man can deny, that has ever travelled through our cities and large towns, that more squalor and poverty exist there than in any other nation of the civilized world.

It must be admitted we are poor, and yet it cannot be denied we are the richest nation of the same population in the world; for where is there another nation of five million inhabitants could lay their hands on thirty-five million pounds sterling on a moment's notice? I say none but ours.

Then I presume I do not ask too much of those capitalists, when four million of money, or less than one-eighth of the deposits, will start and put in motion those works I have enumerated, and by so doing give employment to every man, woman, and youth in Ireland who needs it, and bring to many homes the comfort and security to which for many years they have been entire strangers.

In times of distress and famine the merchants and monied men, to their credit be it told, opened wide their purses, and gave freely and bountifully to the needy, to bridge them over from the want until the harvest or season of plenty would come. To the same class I now appeal, not to bridge over for a temporary time, but to lay down a firm basis that the prosperity and happiness of Ireland in the future will be built upon, and prevent a recurrence of the famine years of 1847 and 1879. Unfortunately for our country, for generations past, all her movements were of a kind that when the tidal wave of agitation passed away from our land nothing was left behind but wreck, ruin, and bitter memories, and the intervals were occupied in bracing up again for another struggle.

Let us then take warning from the past, and in this movement, which is neither political nor sectarian, build up edifices which will be pleasing to look on, and permanent and lasting as well: something which will show the generations following how we grappled with the situation, and lifted our country from poverty and wretchedness to wealth and honor. Shakespeare says, in one of his works, that more depends on the man than the circumstances he is placed in. The same may be said of nations; and I say that more depends on the Irish nation than the circumstances she is placed in.

The lower she is sunk the more massive her bonds, and the more credit and honor will this generation earn by lifting her out of the trough, and placing her on an equal footing with other nations.

I have not touched on the liquor question, for I am of opinion that it is a business which needs no prompting; and if there was less of that manufacture and more of others, so much the better for the prosperity of the country.

In this little sketch some people may think I have suggested too much for one place and too little for another; but I assure my readers that I have striven, to the best of my humble abilities, to do as fairly for every place as situation and circumstances would permit.

In drawing to a conclusion, I would again earnestly appeal to the capitalists and monied men of Ireland to come forth and rescue our country from its present condition, and not depend on England or any other nationality to do so; in fact I am disinclined to allow any English or foreign capital to enter into our new manufactures, for so sure as it does, so sure will there be a decaying element, which in time will eat into the vital parts, and disease them beyond power of cure.

There is more capital in Ireland than is required; it only wants that drag to be taken off, and let it play freely, and I, for one, have no doubt of a good and lasting result.

The capitalist must put down his money to start the coach, the public must encourage Home Manufacture. The women of Ireland, who are generally the buyers, must see and get the *home-made goods*, and take no other so long as it can be got; and every one doing a share, there is no fear but Home Manufacture will prosper, and our country be once more happy, prosperous, and contented; and if any efforts of mine have contributed to that end, I shall feel truly gratified.

DUBLIN, Nov., 1881. HUGH BONNAR.

Motto.

"Make the country strong, and the cities and towns are sure of support."

CRIME.

Sir John Pope Hennessy.

ON the Social Science Congress at Nottingham, England, the following address was delivered by Sir John Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G.

In opening the subject he said that crime might be divided into three classes — (1) Crime with which the State was concerned simply in repressing; (2) Crime which the State should be able to prevent; and (3) State-created crime. The first of these divisions would include what was sometimes said to arise from a hereditary predisposition to crime. It might be regarded as a species of insanity that it was the duty of the State rigidly to repress. It was now generally admitted that the greater part of the crime which the judges, gaolers, magistrates, and police of the United Kingdom were employed in repressing, arose from drunkenness. A certain proportion of crime could also be traced to want of proper education. It had been shown by Cardinal Manning, by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and by others who had studied the effect in foreign countries of allowing localities to control the sale of intoxicating drinks, that with the decline of drunkenness there was a remarkable decline of crime and a consequent reduction in the cost of the machinery for the repression of crime. His official experience in endeavoring to conduct the government of some of Her Majesty's colonies led to the same conclusion. The operation of the criminal law 100 years ago, and the State machinery for the repression of crime, sometimes tendered to foster it by excessive severity. So it had been in our day in British India, in British China, in the West Indies, and in West Africa. Sir George Campbell, when Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, had by humane reforms reduced crime, but the old system was reverted to and an increase of crime was the result. Happily, however, by the efforts of the Marquis of Ripon and of Lord Hartington, improvements had been recently effected. In British China a somewhat similar experiment in the repression of crime had been tried. In 1845, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, the late Lord Derby, had been urged to sanction exceptional legislation against the Chinese residents in Hong Kong. Those who began to fear the commercial rivalry of the industrious native population proposed to the Government that, instead of feeding Chinese criminals in prison, it would be cheaper to brand them and deport them, and, in the event of their return to their homes in the colony, to flog them and again deport them, and so on *ad infinitum*, repeating the floggings,

and if necessary renewing the branding. Lord Derby objected to this proposal, saying that to fasten on a criminal a stigma from which he could never be rescued by any future course of good conduct would consign him to permanent infamy, and accordingly for some time the idea was abandoned. But at length the local government, in which there was no Chinaman, set aside the definite instructions of the Secretary of State, and proceeded to brand, deport and flog the Chinese without legislative authority, or the sanction of Her Majesty's Government.

Under this new system 529 prisoners were branded and 110 flogged. The Governor's law adviser, however, had declared that the executive proceedings in question were illegal, and the unauthorized practice was at once stopped. But an agitation was raised and pressure put upon Downing street, which led to the passing ten years ago of the ordinance which was described in the statute-book of Hong Kong as "the Branding and Flogging Ordinance." Under that ordinance Chinamen, who had committed no offence, except that of being "suspicious characters," or of being reported as "rogues and vagabonds," were sometimes branded, flogged, and deported. Under this system crime increased. Sir Brooke Robertson, Her Majesty's Consul at Canton, had expressed his opinion that the system was not quite fair to the Chinese authorities nor to the Chinese villagers near Hong Kong. The Chief Justice of Hong Kong had also publicly expressed the opinion that the system was hardly consistent with our treaty with China. The late Chief Justice of Hong Kong, Sir John Smale, in an official report in 1879, attributed the formation of a large criminal community to the system. Happily that system of State-created crime was permanently rooted out by the Earl of Kimberley, when he recommended the Queen to confirm the ordinance repealing the coercive legislation of 1872, and in other ways reforming the penal system of British China. The result had been an immense diminution in crime and outrage. The Earl of Kimberley had set an admirable example of repressing crime by relying on the native community, and in fact placing the police force at the disposal of those who really represented the public opinion of the colony. In the West Indies the malicious burning of cane fields and similar offences of the negro population increased under criminal laws framed by planter assemblies and repressive measures conducted by planter magistrates. Lord John Russell, when Secretary of State for the Colonies, recognized this fact, and by appointing to judicial offices those who had some sympathy with the people, he was able in a short time to secure a considerable body of popular opinion on the side of law and order. It seemed, therefore, fair to conclude that State-created crime was likely to spring up where one race legislated for another, or where the official and judicial authorities did not represent the leading classes and characters of the country. British China was the focus of the opium trade. In the little colony under his Government one million sterling changed hands every month in the article of opium. But with commercial activity and trade profits, there came an increase of crime from opium, from its consumption, and from its smuggling. But the crime created within the colony by opium was as nothing compared to that which it was creating in China. The British officials in China and in India and the opium merchants were constantly asserting that the smoking of opium did not injure the health of the Chinese; it injured the intellect and impaired the moral character. His own experience entirely confirmed the view of the Chinese authorities that it injured the intellect and impaired the moral character, and he hoped that England

might soon be able to shake off the responsibility of such a traffic as that of opium. He had just come from Ireland, where he had seen the clearest evidence that, in endeavoring to repress crime, crime had been increased. Here, again, it was the old story; the history of penal laws was the history of centuries of State-created crime. Last year hundreds of men "suspected" by the Executive were arrested, most of them were politicians, some of them were actually the persons of greatest influence in certain districts in repressing outrages. As the arrests increased in number, the number of outrages increased also. But, with a wiser policy, the number of outrages was now diminishing. Whether it be ten thousand miles away or nearer to the heart of the empire, one general principle seemed to hold good — that the machinery for the repression of crime was cheaper and more effective where prudent government had secured on the side of the law the sympathy and support of the people.

After the conclusion of the address, Mr. Hastings, President of the Congress, testified to the boldness and firmness with which Sir John Hennessy, as Colonial Governor of Hong Kong, had carried out the principles which he had just advocated. When the time came, as it would come, for the opium trade to be done away with, then throughout the whole of the Empire men would wonder that such a system had ever been tolerated in the British dominions.

STATURE OF THE IRISH RACE.

From a paper read recently by Sir R. Rawson, at the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association, it appears that the average stature of Irishmen has diminished considerably during the last few decades. Forty years ago, after careful investigation, it was found that the average stature of Irishmen was one-half inch greater than that of Scotchmen, and fully one inch higher than that of Englishmen. To-day the figures are as follows: —

Average Stature of	Scotchman. .	68.71 in.
" "	Irishman. . .	67.90 "
" "	Englishman .	67.36 "
" "	Welshman . .	66.66 "

Thus, as far as Scotch and Irish are concerned, the figures are reversed, the Irishman of the present standing ¾ of an inch below his Scotch neighbor, while between English and Irish there is only ½ inch difference. Again, we find that the stature is greatest in the *north* of England and in Scotland, while in Wales and the south of England it is lowest. To any thinking person these changes are easily accounted for, and are wholly owing to the wholesale emigration which has been taking place in Ireland for the past number of years. It is a well-known fact, that the class of people who emigrate from any country is not composed of the weak or infirm, but of the healthy and strong — the bone and sinew of the population.

Now, it is but natural to expect that whatever country these people emigrate to, must benefit in a marked degree from the infusion of so much fresh, vigorous blood; and as a great number of the youth of Ireland go to Scotland and the great manufacturing centres in the North of England, it is clear that this must have a direct effect in improving the general physique of the people in these parts.

Another important fact is, that the tallest people are found in the elevated districts, and not in the low, alluvial parts of the country; and as the first-mentioned localities in Ireland are, as a rule, the most thickly populated, the poorest, and the most

devoid of manufacturing industry or employment to induce the people to remain, the consequence is, that the emigration from these parts is far in excess of that from the richer low-lying grounds, the inhabitants of which have, for the most part, been driven out long ago to make room for the brute creation, in the shape of bullocks and sheep.

Anyone visiting Castle Garden cannot fail to be struck by the robust, healthy appearance presented by the class of Irish immigrants — nearly all young men and women — who land there in hundreds, aye thousands, weekly. These people are the cream of their race,— the intelligent, high-spirited youths, who cannot bear to live in poverty and oppression all their lives, and whose departure from their native shores is sapping the life-blood of the people at home.

But this is just what England wants. The more able-bodied men and women who leave Ireland, the more the Saxon exults; for with them go the fire and the patriotism of the Irish race. The more intelligence and talent takes its departure, the more easily can the English Government oppress and grind the feeble and ignorant who remain. True, these people "go with a vengeance." They carry with them that love of country, and that hatred of tyranny so inherent in the Irish mind; but how much better would it be if that patriotism and that hatred were carefully nurtured on Irish soil, where, when the opportunity offered, it could be available at any moment. While many of the Irish who migrate to this and other countries, always retain an undying love for home, it cannot be denied that there are a great many others who become lukewarm, and to a certain extent become attached to the land of their adoption, forgetting, to a great degree, the land of their birth,— their children grow up citizens of England, Scotland or America, as the case may be, and in after years are many of them ashamed to own that their fathers were Irish, while, could their parents have remained at home, these very people would have grown up to be good and true Irishmen and Irishwomen, loving Ireland as their country, and ready to fight and die for her if necessary.

This question of stature should, indeed, open the eyes of Irishmen both at home and abroad, as it shows that, if the present rate of emigration continues for any length of time, it will reduce what was once called "the finest peasantry in the world" to a nation of dwarfs. Ireland should at last set about doing something practical, by endeavoring to revive Irish manufactures, etc., by which their countrymen can earn a sufficiency to enable them to stop in that country, which is theirs by right, and which God intended that they should live in and enjoy. If Irish merchants and Irish traders on this side the water took this matter to heart, and had the manliness to boycott articles of British manufacture, and instead patronize Irish goods of equal, and perhaps better, quality and value, a great deal could be done towards remedying this evil; but, notwithstanding all the talk we hear on this subject, to their eternal shame be it told, there is nothing really done in this regard. Let us trust, however, that the movement so ably set on foot in Dublin recently, is but the beginning of a new era,— that it is but the commencement of a revival in Irish trade that will at least give our people an opportunity of obtaining that employment at home, which at present they have to seek for the world over, and that the result will be that the next decade will show, not a diminution, but rather an increase in the stature of our noble race at home.

The bachelor has to look out for number one — the married man for number two.

THE CHRISTMAS PHANTOM: OR THE GHOST OF SOUTH TERRACE.

My name is Murley, and my occupation in the past has been that of butler in private families,—though that is many years ago; and I am getting too old and worn out now to support the dignity of the position. But I have seen many queer things in the course of my experience, and some of them out of the common run, too; for I always lived among the quality in them times. Wasn't I footman to Lord Blazes the time he threw his mother out of the window, and so came in for her jointure of eighteen hundred a year? Wasn't I under butler to Sir Anthony Dexter, when he used to have the great card-playing at the big house; and didn't I see where young George Spooney shot himself the night he lost the seventeen thousand pounds? That was the elegantest house I was ever in, and a nicer man I never met than Sir Anthony; and it was an awful pity he was transported. Yes, I was butler in a family so grand that they were buried by night by torchlight, and more by token very near breaking my neck I was when the last of them was putting into the vault in the frost.

Did I ever see a ghost, is it? Why, I lived in a family that kept their own banshee. If there was only a dog sick you'd hear it going round the house like that screech the Bandon railway makes bringing in the pigs. See a ghost! 'Tis I that did. Why I'll tell you of one ghost I seen, and it was the sore and sorrowful ghost for me. I was butler to Mrs. Screwdriver, on the South Terrace, and, oh, lord! what a house it was. I was never done cleaning up the family silver, though the dickens a thing was ever eaten off the greater part of it. There was a cat in the house, but it lived on the neighbors, for the rats and mice were all starved out long before. Myself and Biddy, the housemaid, and Kathleen Doherty the cook, were all on "board wages;" and it was well for us, for if we were depending on the leavings of the parlor, faith we would soon be as thin as scarecrows. Poor Screwdriver himself wasn't so bad, and he'd often give a hint to the Missis to send something down to the kitchen; but she'd never take it. One Christmas, however, there was a distant relation of the family expected, that was supposed to have money he'd leave to his miserly niece; and there was a grand show entirely. For this once there was something real under the big silver cover-dishes. As lovely a pig's cheek as ever made a man's mouth water reposed on a pillow of greens; and at the other end of the table, where the master sat, was a thumping goose, swelled out with stuffing. But when Mr. and Mrs. Screwdriver sat down to this feast it was with anything but pleasure on her ladyship's countenance.

"Mr. S.," she says to her husband, "was there ever anything so provoking? Here, after going to all this expense, Uncle Samuel is not going to come until to-morrow."

"Well, Elizabeth," says poor Mr. S., "it can't be helped, you know. We've only to make the best of it, and see what impression you and I can make on these joints. I'll do my best I know; I'm quite ready."

"What!" says she, with a yell that nearly made me drop the cover-dish out of my hand; "do you mean that you and I are going to consume all that meat?"

"Oh, no," says the poor man, with a foolish kind of laugh, "I don't say we could manage the whole of it; but this is Christmas, you know, and we could send the rest down stairs."

Mrs. S. rose up, and for five blessed minutes she couldn't speak. At last she screamed,

"Murley! Take that goose down to the pantry. Take it away at once. Here's the key and bring it back to me. Take the — the bird away at once. Mr. S., your ideas are positively sinful. At this blessed and holy time to be thinking of such scandalous waste. And Uncle Samuel coming to-morrow; and we can have that bird re-heated and re-basted, so that the very steam of it under his nose may bring in a thousand pounds additional in his will."

And as I went down the stars I heard her going on jawing in the same way, and when I came back she was at it again. So that poor Mr. S. couldn't swallow a morsel in comfort, and was nearly choked over a bit of the snout he was trying to get down.

"And this is," she went on, "just the right way to pay me off for my foolish extravagance. Why, I'm after providing, at my own expense, a pudding for the kitchen."

"Oh, well I'm glad to hear that. One would like to see them get something at this season, and, if, Elizabeth," he went on in a stammering kind of way, "there was a drop of — "

"Mr. S.," says she, and her voice was most awful; 'twould make your hair stand on end: "Mr. S., do you think I do not understand you? do you think my house is to be made a scene of bestiality and liquor?"

And she kept pegging away, thrusting out her sharp nose at her poor husband, that you'd imagine she'd stab him to the heart with it. She went on in such a way that the poor master was near getting sick, and I didn't know whether I was on my head or my heels until I got out the things.

But sure she was a lamb then compared to what she was when, after wiping off the last of the potato skins, I came up and told her that Barney Brady, the watchman, was below for his Christmas-box. Oh, tare an' ages, how she went on! Barney down at the door heard her plain enough, as she screeched after me as I was bringing down the message: "Isn't three-halfpence a week sufficient to prevent him from robbing the house? Do you think I am going to give him more money to lavish in public houses, and to indulge his filthy habits? Am I to pay to see him wallowing in the gutter outside the door steps?"

"Wisha, then," says Barney, "what a purty Christmas hymn the Missis is singing, and what a sweet voice she has for telling her notions! Faith, I wish I could make myself heard so far. By gonnies, if I had such a tongue they'd fancy whin I was calling eleven o'clock it was two in the morning."

I put my finger to my lips to hint that the old woman was hearkening, but he didn't mind.

"Do you think," he says, "that I'm going to be respectful for three-halfpence a week? I couldn't afford it. An', what's more, Madame-in-order will have to take care of her own house for the future."

And he gave me a wink, as I banged the door after him in a terrible fright for fear she'd hear him.

Well, I went into the kitchen. 'Twas made as bright as the two poor women could make it with a pennyworth of holly and ivy, and a halfpenny dip candle; but that wasn't much. However, I thought to myself about the pudding, and wondered what it was going to be like. When I asked Kathleen Doherty about it she gave a big laugh. "Look here," she cries, taking down from the clevy a bit of a thing about the size of a racket-ball. Well, sure enough, there was but the one way to call it; it was the ghost of a plum-pudding! Ugh, when I think of it! My heart was almost broken looking at it. The shadow of nothing at all would

be decenter. At last, I got over it, and I said to the females:

"Its awful, that's what it is; but I've got a drop of comfort here that'll help to take the taste of that miserable morsel out of our mouths."

And I placed down on the table a bottle of real good stuff that I got the evening before at poor Anthony Motherway's, the Lord be merciful to him. "There," says I, "there's something fit for Christmas."

Just as I done so came the ring of the Missis's bell, to tell me that, as she and the Master had dined later than usual, they wouldn't mind having any tea. I wasn't sorry, though I did pity poor Mr. S., who looked as if he'd like to have his tea, and something else too. If I dared I'd have asked him down to the kitchen to have a sup out of the black bottle, and I think he'd have been glad to come. But I durstn't. So I went away down, glad enough to be off. "And," says I, slapping my thigh, "now, girls, we'll make something like a Christmas of it, bad as it is."

As I was saying the words my hand knocked against something hard in my breeches pocket. "What is it?" says I to myself. I drew it out. It was the key of the pantry. When I went up stairs, after doing the Missis's message, I was so flustered with her speech, and she was so full of her scolding, that I forgot all about it, and, what was more wonderful, she forgot all about it, too. I told the girls what it was, and how I came to have it, saying, "When I take it up to the Missis, she'll kill me."

"Why, I suppose she's almost in bed now," says Kathleen Doherty.

"And 'twould be a quare thing to disturb her," says Mary, the housemaid.

"And there's that goose without a cut in it, in the panthry," says Kathleen Doherty, considering like.

"And there isn't a bit of mate here to give kitchin' to that anatomy of a puddin'," says Mary the housemaid, with a gloomy face.

"And I don't think I ever put a nicer stuffing into a goose," says Kathleen Doherty, looking at Mary, the housemaid.

"And she'll be in her tantrums whether 'tis taken or left," says Mary, the housemaid, looking at Kathleen Doherty.

"Ye pair of divils," says I, "say no more; I'm off for it." And off for it I was, and I brought it down with my own hands, leaving the dish and the silver dish-cover behind me.

Be sure Kathleen Doherty wasn't long in making the bird smoking hot; and I promise you there wasn't much delay in taking it asunder. There was one good meal eaten on Christmas Day in that blessed house. Back, belly and sides, legs, wings, stuffing and leap-jack, all went. To do the females justice, they ate their share, and ate it well, too. When we were at the end of it we could look with some good humor at the pudding. The body of it was like plaster-of-Paris, and the currants, I'm sure, were sparables. But we managed it. Fortunately, as it turned out, there wasn't much. We wound up with a drop of the creathur, and — ah, I wouldn't object to such another taste this blessed minit. I thought the bottle would have lasted us till the Women's Christmas; but somehow it went; and, at last, though by dint of looking at it I could see two bottles, the deuce a tint of whiskey I could find in either of them. So there was no use remaining up; the females retired to rest, and I went to bed. And then a curious thing happened. There were two candles on the table. "Two candles," says I to myself, "as well as two bottles! This house won't know itself if things go on this way." I wouldn't out them. "No," said I to myself, "in for a penny in for a pound. Let them burn." And they did — very curious.

I must have been looking at them

a long time, I'm sure, when all of a suddint they got quite blue, and flashes of light came out of them. Lucifer matches was nothing to the blueness of the blazes and the crackiness of the cracks them candles made. But while I was staring, staring at them, what should I see but a large white bird, like a goose, that stuck out its wings, and flung forward its head, and opened its beak, and made a horrid noise at me. While I was shivering and shaking at this apparition — for so I hear they call ghosts — there shot out of the mouth of the goose something like a cannon ball. As luck would have it, I was staring like a stuck pig, with my eyes wide open, and my mouth still wider, when the cannon ball went bang into me and down my throat. All at once I knew the feel of it. It was the very pudding we had in the kitchen that evening. I could feel the hard plaster dislocating my jaws, and the fruit, like tenpenny nails, tearing away the inside of my throttle. I would have given my month's board wages to be able to screech, but it wasn't the least use. I could only groan and goggle, with the tears in my eyes, and my body twisting about like a salmon with a gaff in him. While I was turning and tumbling, and the rasping going on still in my throat, I began to see something tall and thin and white, for all the world like a corpse in a shroud. And then I heard a voice that first appeared to me like the cry of something bad from the place below, but soon it seemed to me as if I had been hearkening to it somewhere before. And at last, I knew it well, when it screeched in my ear:

"Where's the goose?"

Ah, then, I knew it was the Missis. Oh, Lord, how I shivered. There she was, long and thin, all in white dimity, and a great white cap with borders as long as a donkey's ears flapping down from it. There she was, and there was I on the flat of my back, lying down on my bed, and she having her lean knuckles twisted into my gullet. Then I knew I must have been asleep and dreaming, but I declare I felt waking up in this way the worst of the two.

"She'll murder me," thinks I to myself.

"Where's the goose, you burglar?" she yells at me. "Where's the goose that was to entertain my uncle Samuel to-morrow? Ah, you traitor, you never gave me back the pantry-key; and it was up out of my bed I started this Christmas night to recollect that you stole it from me — or kept it from me, like a thief as you are."

Here she gave another twist of her knuckles, and I thought my last hour was come.

"Where's the goose? Ah, you villain, I found the pantry locked, and I went down to the kitchen, and there I saw — I saw — the bones of my beautiful, my tender bird, that was to regale my dear uncle Samuel"—

"Ugh, ugh," was all I could say, such was the grip of her knuckles.

Here the Master dashed the door wildly in. He also was in dimity! He had a blunderbuss in one hand, and a fire-iron in the other.

"Here he is. Fire the contents of the blunderbuss into him. Where's the goose? You devoured it, you abandoned wretch!" And she gave a tug at my throat, which nearly tore the windpipe from me.

I had just breath enough left to call out "Murder, murder!" when there was a strange sound at the window. First it rattled, then it shook, and then in it smashed, all the frame being burst, and the glass flying in all directions about the floor. After that there came in a shower, a stream, a deluge of water, which in a couple of seconds filled up the whole of the little room. The first bit of window that flew hit the Missis on the nose, and made her let go my throat to put her hand up to it. Then she got

blinded with the sousing water, and then she got drenched through her dimity. She was still shrieking "where's the ——" when a gush of the water filled her mouth, and for the first time in her life her jaw was stopped. Poor Mr. S. was also dripping from head to foot, when at last she was able to muster up wind enough to pant out, "Take me out of this, Mr. S. It's some conspiracy of yours with these base menials to plunder the establishment."

They went away out of my little room, and if I had the heart left to do it, it would have been easy to follow them by the moist track they made up the stairs. But I hadn't the heart. I threw on what duds I could and made my way to the hall door. There was a mighty crowd outside, and a fire-engine, and they shouting, "Hurrah, boys! Give it to her, boys!" and the water swashing and splashing up at the window of my little room. I was dumbfoundered when I saw that arch-ruffian, Barney Brady. He dashes over to me and says —

"Well, I've given her ladyship value for her three-halfpence a week and no Christmas-box. I see these hearty fellows — and hearty they are, every man-jack of 'em,— just as drunk as I'd wish to be on a Christmas night, and that's saying a deal — going off for a fire down in Blackrock. "Here's the fire," says I, pointing to the light in the little windy, "and blaze away." "And they did blaze away."

And so saying, the scoundrel moved off calling, "Pawst two — clock; wet mornin'; all's well!"

Ah, that was the sorrowful night for me! Of course, I lost my place, but that wasn't much. But I never could get another. Everywhere I applied, Mrs. Screwdriver went and told how I robbed her, and was in a conspiracy to burn the house, with the fire engine. But it didn't do herself much good either. She had to leave Cork on account of it, and I don't know whether she's alive to give Christmas puddings to any misfortunate people on board wages. But she couldn't live in Cork, anyway, for the story got publicity, partly through her own shanahussing about servants and their places; and whenever she made her appearance in the streets the boys took up the word and used to call out after her, "Where's the goose?"

A CHRISTMAS WELCOME.

Cead mille failthe, gay Christmas!
Thou comest to glad the Old Year,
Who sighs that his reign is nigh ended,
And weeps that his death is drawing near;
But thou shalt his latest days comfort,
When his fast-fading strength waxeth weak;
And dark, sullen, gloomy December
Has frozen the tear on his cheek,

Cead mille failthe, gay Christmas!
Of thy coming all Nature seems glad,
And, thy festival duly to honor,
With a robe of pure whiteness is clad;
The Frost King, thy advent to welcome,
Thy path o'er the waters did pave
With bright sparkling diamond, collected
From mines in the clear crystal wave.

THE RACE OF HAM.

The Apostolical Institution in Malta is in every way a most remarkable one. It must not be forgotten that the African Missionaries aim at converting Africans by means of Africans, and to attain this end they desire to give a religious education to as many as possible of the native children, so that on their return to their own country they may aid their former masters in the preaching of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The intention is not by any means that all the children should enter the priesthood, but that some of them, by becoming proficient in medical science, should thereby exercise great influence over the minds of their fellow-countrymen. Certain young Arabs from St. Laurent d'Olt have, with this view, been sent to the

Catholic University of Lille, but this course could not be taken with negroes from Equatorial Africa or Soudan, since, being accustomed to the excessive heat of the tropics, they would droop and die speedily in the temperate zone. Malta offering the advantages of a favorable climate and of an extensive Catholic faculty of medicine, the Archbishop of Algiers decided on transferring the college for young negroes from St. Louis of Carthage to that island. At the present moment there are twenty pupils, who have been gathered together by the Saharan Missionaries from the oases of Ouargla and Metlili, or redeemed from slavery by the Abbe Guyot in Equatorial Africa. Amidst these Catholic surroundings the children will acquire not only useful knowledge, but also learn to be honest and virtuous. Monsignor Lavigerie has joined to this Apostolic Institution in Malta an Apostolical School for such poor children as shall have a vocation to consecrate themselves to the African Apostolate. This school was opened last year, and there are already twenty-five children, who have been selected from the numerous postulants who at once presented themselves. May those generous souls who have at heart the great work of the regeneration and salvation of the despised race of Ham offer up fervent prayers that on this nursery of apostles may be poured down every grace by Him who is the resurrection and the life.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, DECEMBER 8.

Between the years 120 and 240, we have the testimony of three most distinguished writers regarding the teaching of the Christian world in the earliest times respecting the position of the Blessed Virgin. St. Justin Martyr, St. Irenæus, and Tertullian may be taken as representing the mind of Christendom at that date. St. Justin Martyr represents the teachings of Palestine and the East, and Tertullian of Rome, Africa, and the West; whilst St. Irenæus, being a disciple of St. Polycarp, who, in turn, was disciple of St. John the Evangelist, possessed, it may well be imagined, the clear and full teaching of Asia Minor and Gaul. Now what was the teaching of these three remarkable fathers to the ancient Church? They simply taught that which was on the lips of every child of Ephesus in the fifth century, that Mary was the Mother of God, and the bringer of redemption; the second Eve, who brought to life, and the mother of him who rescued us from death. These fathers, in every ingenious method of parallel imaginable, ever love to compare Mary, the Virgin Mother, with the first Eve who fell and brought ruin on the human race. As Eve, by her disobedience and the want of faith, fell and lost the prize of everlasting beatitude for her children, so, on the other hand, Mary, by her obedience and her faith, became an active cause in the restoration of the human family. As Eve, by her eating the forbidden fruit, purchased death for her children, so Mary, through the efficacy of the fruit of her womb — Jesus — gained for her children everlasting life. As all men fell in Eve, so all men rose again in Mary. As all men were darkened and weakened through the fall of the first woman, so, by the purity and faith and virtue of the second, light and strength were given to the children of men. Such is the teaching of these great lights of the early Church, placing the Blessed Virgin before the Christian world as the advocate and assistant and helper in undoing that which the first woman's prevarication had effected, and as a being worthy of

special reverence and affection, and as one who had been allowed to exert an active influence in the great work of reparation and redemption. It is evident that a parallel that has been thus worked out by great teachers almost at the same period, and at such distant parts of the world, could not have been invented by each independently; their harmonious and, indeed, identical teaching must have flowed from a common source. They simply repeated in their own way that which they had received, and in their turn handed down the traditions of their fathers. And when we come to reflect how nearly they lived upon the apostolic times, we can scarcely escape the conclusion that theirs could not be other than the teaching of St. John the Evangelist and those other chosen men who had drawn the doctrines of truth from their very fountain-head, the Saviour. It is not necessary to refer to other great Christian doctors, who hand down the identical tradition in every part of the Christian world. They do not vary in their teachings. Read the writings of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, or St. Ephrem of Syria, and it is the same. St. Jerome, who represents Rome and Palestine, the disciple of that most accurate of theologians, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and of Didymus of Alexandria, tell the same tale. St. Augustine in Africa, St. Epiphanius in Cyprus and Egypt, St. Peter Chrysologus of Ravenna, and St. Fulgentius of Africa are in completest harmony with each other, and with those who went before them—all demonstrating, beyond all power of denial, that there was one constant, persistent doctrine taught by the Church from the very first regarding the sanctity and dignity and power of the Holy Mother of God. And, indeed, does it not stand to common sense and propriety that the Mother who saved us should not be placed in an inferior position to the mother who was the cause of the universal fall? If Eve came pure and clean and robed in grace from Adam's side, a spectacle of pleasure to God and joy to angels, is it fitting that Mary should be less favored than she? Is it not natural and fitting that she, too, should begin her personal existence in the grace and favor of the Almighty? and would it not jar upon our feelings of propriety if she had been allowed to come under the serpent's fang? We feel it, we are sensible of the propriety of Mary's immunity from all stain of sin and all contact with the serpent; and we hold it to be a matter of simple fitness, apart from all other theological reasons, that the Mother of him who came to conquer sin should never be subject to sin's thraldom. And what is this else but the doctrine of what is called the "Immaculate Conception"? As John the Baptist was sanctified after he had lived in his mother's womb for three months, why should not Mary be sanctified from the first moment of her personal existence? If Eve, the mother of our sorrows, came sinless from Adam's side, why should not Mary be blessed with a like privilege? Why should not she be saved from the taint which her own Son was to wash out by the shedding of his precious blood? She whose seed was to crush the serpent's head should not be crushed herself, or subject to its poison, even for a moment. Thus does her sanctity proceed from her divine maternity, and receives its explanation from the very position which she occupies as Mother of the Redeemer of mankind from sin.

A GREAT poet who composed an old poem beginning, "When twilight dews are falling fast upon the rosy lea," has since married Rosie Lee, and now the weekly dues are falling faster upon him.

THREE things to love — Courage, gentleness and affection.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL,

THE moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on Shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged Angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
For mortals to adore;
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens
Appeared an Angel band,
(The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian Shepherds stand.)
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease—
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace!

The vision in the heavens
Faded, and all was still,
And the wondering shepherds left their flocks
To feed upon the hill;
Towards the blessed city
Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable
Virgin and Child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
Was the Maiden Mother mild,
And in her arms her Son divine,
A new-born Infant smiled.
No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern kings before Him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshipped and adored
The wonders God had wrought;
They saw the crown for Israel's King,
The future's glorious part:—
But all these things the Mother kept
And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother
The Queen of Heaven call;
And the Child we call our Jesus,
Saviour and Judge of all.
But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings,
Of Glory and of Peace.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—Sir Garnet Wolseley is a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages. So is Sir Frederick Roberts. T. P. O'Connor, in the New York *Sun*, says that Sir Charles Dilke has been a teetotaller for several years. His dinner usually consists of a small chop and a cup of tea. The one luxury he allows himself is the smoking of long, ponderous cigars. Curiously enough, his chief, Lord Granville, has to practise similar austerities. Mundella, the Vice President of the Council, is also a water drinker. Harcourt, threatened with inconvenient obesity and afraid of a too vehement tongue, has also lately abjured the wine cup. Chamberlain is a violent smoker, and drinks little, if at all; in fact, with the exception of Gladstone, who can still take his "whack" of everything that's going, and one or two others, this is one of the soberest Administrations on record. We observe that among Englishmen of education and ability, and who carry the load of extensive affairs, the tendency is towards increasing abstemiousness, and that even total abstainers are growing pretty numerous. It is a tendency which we commend to the thoughtful attention of our men in public life, our professional and business men.

A MEETING of the London clerks called to consider the wages question has passed a resolution impressing upon parents "the advisability of bringing up their sons to other occupations of a more lucrative character." One of the speakers stated that the question "Is life worth living"? would almost be answered in the negative by thousands of clerks.

"WHAT your daughter wants," said a candid music teacher to an ignorant millionnaire, "is capacity." "Is that so?" was the reply, "Well then, I'll order one right off, no matter what it costs!"

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

Rosa Mulholland, in *Irish Monthly.*

Poor old Sally was wending her way slowly into Dublin from the neighboring country, and her destination was the poor-house. The climax of all her many troubles in this troublesome world had come, the sorrowful ending of her life's simple story was at hand: she was on her way to that last cold dwelling from which the poor turn away with such loathing. Sally had had her good days and her bad days on earth, but the worst day of all had dawned for her now when she was about to pass, without hope of return, through the "Union" gate. Dragging one half-shod foot after the other, and leaning on a stick, she looked a picture of helplessness, dejection, utter failure and bankruptcy in life; yet there was no bitter despair in her face. Her thoughts, if turned into language, might have run thus: "The worst has come, and the Lord's will be done. I have accepted this heavy humiliation for my sins. The neck of my pride is broken, and the decency I cherished is in the dust. I am the child of honest parents, and the mother of industrious children. All have gone from me: the husband that loved me and worked for me, the big strong boys, the smiling little girls, even the poor cabin is taken into other hands, and there is no room for Sally in the world any more. I am too sick and weak even to be straying about the streets. I am going to knock at the gate that I always hated, and to rest my weary bones in a pauper's bed. Then I will turn my face to the wall, and wait for the Lord to take me home."

Sally was hungry: it was many hours since she had tasted food. She saw bread in the shop-windows as she crept along, but it was as far from her reach as if walls of brass had defended it from her withered hands. She did not wish for it strongly, but she longed for a cup of tea." "Alas!" thought Sally, "I am going to a place where there are no more cups of tea."

At this moment the old woman became suddenly faint, and sat down upon a door-step. The streets (it was in the Liberties) were growing dark; for a few minutes everything was dark to Sally. Slowly returning to consciousness, she was wiping the damp from her face, when a small boy stopped before her. His feet and legs were bare, his knees, red with cold, shone through holes in what had once been somebody else's knickerbockers, his face was pale and pinched, but the end of his little nose and tips of his ears were scarlet from the nipping air.

"Is anything the matter with you, Missus?" asked the boy.

"Matter enough," murmured Sally, "and no matter to anybody. I'm on my way to the poor-house, boy, and I can't manage to get there. It's the heart of me that is wake; killing me it is, and sending me to heaven, plaze the Lord!"

"Our house is just round the corner," said the boy, "and if you can get there, it's my mother will be glad to see you."

"God bless you, child, but the mother of the like of you has plenty to fill her house, I'll swear."

"It's not a house, exactly; it's a room. And there's eight of us in when father's at home; but, it's better than doorsteps. Up with you, ma'am, and lean upon me!"

It was no easy task for the child to guide the tottering creature to his mother's door; but, arrived there at last, he knocked, and a woman with an infant in her arms opened it to him; so pale and thin that she

looked as if the wind, that rushed into the dwelling, would blow her away, her and the white-faced baby that hung on her shoulder.

"She's bound for the poor-house, mother, and the heart of her is that wake she can't get there," explained the boy; "an' so I tould her you'd make her welcome."

"Come in, ma'am, God bless you," said the pallid mother.

"I'm afeard I'll be in your way," murmured Sally, "but it won't be for long, dear. And, sure Himself had no place to lay his head."

"We're in bad need of the likes of you to bring us luck," said Mary Daly, the mother of six young children, and who had that moment nothing to give them to eat. "When one opens the door to a body poorer than one's self, it's always the Lord that comes in. Amen, amen, welcome be his footsteps this blessed night."

As she spoke, she was helping the visitor across the floor of the miserable room, and, with her disengaged hand, assisting little Joe to lay her down on the one bed that it contained; and all softly, for fear of waking the baby on her shoulder.

"What'll you all do, when I'm in your only bed?" whispered Sally, as well as her irregular breathing would permit her.

"Oh, never you mind, we have another bed; only I sold it the other day, to pay the back rent that was owing. That's because Dan, my husband, ma'am, and a slater, is out of work. He won't be home to disturb you to-night, so, you see, everything's for the best. Fell off a roof, he did, last week, and is lying in the hospital, praise be to Providence! But the black grief is gone off my heart, ma'am, since the doctors have told me he'll over it. That's why the bed is sold and the fire is out; or we'd be strivin' to make you a bit more comfortable."

One by one a little crowd of small children had crept up to the mother's side, and were staring with great round eyes at the strange poor woman on the bed. Neither candle nor fire burned in the room, and the only light came through the window from the gas-lamp shining coldly in the street outside. The children had to strain their eyes a good deal, trying to behold poor Sally's drawn countenance.

"Well she hasn't light to see you," said the mother, stroking the tangled locks of the one nearest her hand, "for you are not made up for company. Ready for washing your faces will be when God sends us a piece of soap! Bread? Why, Patsy, what would a big boy like you be doin' askin' for bread, at this time of night? Wait till you see the breakfast I'll have for you in the morning!" And then the mother groaned for the first time, as she hid her poor emaciated face in the sleeping baby's neck.

"Here's Jack," said little Joe, touching his mother; "maybe he has some money with him."

A boy came past the window in the lamplight, and Joe went to let him in. He was a year or two older than Joe, and looked almost as careworn as his mother. His clothes were more respectable than his brother's.

"Have you any news, Jack, dear?" asked Mrs. Daly, holding out her hand to her eldest born. "Holy Mother! but your hands are cold! Slap them together, dear; the fire has gone out on us."

"I'm too small," said Jack; that's what they said to me. They couldn't give the work to any one so young. They told me to go home and grow. Mother, Mother! what'll you do while I'm growing?"

"I'm thinking I must wait, dear. It's true for them, my little boy is young. Ten years ago you had never seen the light, my lad. God will send us something to-morrow, Jack."

"Did Joe get nothing?"

"Nothin'," said Joe; I was try-

ing to beg a few halfpence to buy newspapers to sell, but the police hunted me."

Here Sally opened her dim eyes and said in a weak voice, "For the love of God will you give me a cup of tea?"

"Mother in heaven! Tea!" murmured Mary Daly; "God forgive me, you poor sowl, but I haven't seen the color of tea for a week. There's not a grain in the house."

"I have that craving for tea," whispered Sally, "I feel as if it would pull up my heart a bit and give me my breath."

"I haven't got it, I haven't got it," moaned Mrs. Daly, looking at the pinched faces of her hungry children, and thinking, with a pang, that badly as bread was needed, she would get that cup of tea for the dying woman, if only she had the means of getting anything.

"If it wasn't so late in the night," she said, "I'd try and beg it from the neighbors. Try and sleep, honey, till the morning, and then we'll see what can be done."

"Will you give me a drink of water, then?" said Sally, "and the holy will of God be done!"

Mrs. Daly put the sleeping baby in the arms of its biggest brother and went and fetched the "cup of cold water" for the sick woman: that humblest offering of charity, for the tendering of which so mighty a reward has been promised. Sally moistened her parched lips, with Mary's arm supporting her dying head, and then was laid gently back again upon her poor pallet.

Silence reigned in the little room; the children were awed by the sight of the white face of the sick woman as it was raised up in the gleam of the street lamps. Mrs. Daly now set herself to trying to arrange them as comfortably as she could for the rest of the night. She seated herself with her back against the wall and spread her miserable skirts out upon the floor for the children to nestle upon. They gathered themselves round her, with their heads on her knees and feet — five of them — and the baby was in her arms. Thus they tried to keep each other warm; and the younger ones fell fast asleep.

To the mother and her eldest boys sleep did not come so readily. The presence of the dying old woman in the bed weighed upon them too heavily, along with all their other troubles.

"Mother," said little Joe, presently, "are you sleeping?"

"No, Joe, I'm wide awake, child."

"Mother, I'm wondering will there be plenty of tea in heaven."

"I don't rightly know, Joe, dear, whether it'll be that we'll have plenty of tea, or that we won't want tea no more. It'll all be comfortable with us, anyhow."

"I'd rather have the tea," said Joe, reflectively. "It isn't as good not to want things as it is to get them. I'm always trying not to want things, and it does not feel a bit like heaven."

"I'd rather have rashers and eggs than tea, Joe," said Jack.

"It's all the same," said Joe. "I suppose if the angels can get you tea they can get you rashers."

"You mustn't talk that way," said Mrs. Daly. "The Mother of God herself didn't get much supper, I'm thinking, after her journey that night when she came to Bethlehem.

Jack and Joe sighed. They were far too hungry to realize that there could be any blessedness in having nothing to eat. Don't be too hard upon them. If they grow up and get on well in the world, as they may, for they are bright, industrious little fellows, they will, perhaps, be able one day to point out the advantages of starvation to other urchins as benighted as they now are themselves.

The night wore on; Joe and Jack fell asleep, and even poor Mrs. Daly herself at last slumbered from sheer exhaustion. The white-faced baby

lay as if in a trance, with its little cold fist doubled up under its mother's chin, with a last effort to seek the warmth. The mother dreamed that her husband was well again, that a fire was burning in the grate, and that they were all gathered round the table, old Sally included, enjoying the longed-for cup of tea; while across the background of the comfortable scene flitted a vision of the heavenly Mother, hungry and thirsty, with her Infant in her arms.

The moments sped on, the darkness of night lifted a little, the yellow gleam of the street lights paled and vanished, and the gray dawn discovered the unconscious occupants of the Dalys' cheerless room. The sun was shining faintly on the wall before the mother opened her eyes and looked around her. With a faint sigh she took up the burden of her life again and tried to straighten herself against the chill wall without disturbing her boys. She remembered Sally, and cast an anxious glance at the bed in the corner. Something in the rigid, motionless attitude of the figure under the poor blanket struck her, and she made an effort to withdraw her skirts from under the children without awaking them. Then she laid the baby on the floor, with its head upon one of its brother's knees, and went softly across the floor to look more closely at the occupant of the bed.

"God help her," she whispered to herself, "that has got to go into the poor-house this bitter day!" And then she uttered a little cry. For Sally was no longer there at all. Sally was in heaven.

BURKE.

LECTURE IN GLASGOW, BY THE GREAT DOMINICAN.

Subject:—"Catholic Faith, the True Perfection of Man."

In this grand nineteenth century, of which they were all so proud — and no man, he said, admired it more than he did — they saw more development than in any preceding epoch of the world's history. They saw the triumph of human intellect — the triumph of human genius — the magnificent achievements of human science. Why, the men of the nineteenth century had done things that their grandfathers believed to be utterly impossible. They had annihilated space; they had taken the two elements that were supposed to be most hostile to each other — fire and water — joined them together, and from their union there was the offspring of steam, the greatest power in the physical world to-day. Men had taken the most terrible and the most unruly of all the elements — lightning — and had made it the humble messenger of their thoughts, carrying them from end to end of the earth in a moment of time. No doubt, naturally enough, men were very proud of those achievements, and of the wonderful advance and progress in all the sciences, of which this nineteenth century had been the witness; and, consequently, they thought it a strange thing when an old friar like him comes out with a habit worn for 700 years, belonging to an Order of men living in cloisters, separated from the world, and engaged in studies of which the world cared little or nothing — when such a man as he comes out, and says to those wonderful scientists — to those successful engineers and electricians — to those philosophers who had sounded the very depths of the ocean, and who had explained every law of nature, even the most hidden,— "My friends, with all your knowledge, with all your science, with all your

progress and manufactures and wealth, I tell you that you never will attain to the true perfection of your being, a man, in this world or the next, unless you embrace the holy Catholic faith, the Church of Jesus Christ. That faith alone is the perfection of man." Here was a daring assertion that he had the courage to fling out before the men of the nineteenth century. He would, then, make these two propositions: that man was capable of attaining to the perfection of his being, but he could not attain that perfection without the holy Catholic faith. Let them first consider what was the Catholic faith. That faith meant three things — first, knowledge, not opinion, no matter how deep the opinion might be; not human conviction, but absolute knowledge; second, the Catholic faith was a law, prescribing to us not only what we were to believe, but what we were to do, and what to avoid; third, the Catholic faith was a power that enabled us to accept what it proposed to our belief, and to fulfil the Commandments God had given us to observe. The Catholic faith was knowledge. God, who was light and infinite knowledge Himself, had vouchsafed to reveal certain truths to man, certain great truths that man could never attain to by his own mere study, or by the mere human intellect. God demanded of all those who were His, and whom He had created, that they should have knowledge of Him; and the absence of that knowledge was one of the greatest curses that God could let fall upon the people. That knowledge must be certain, it must be unshaken; it must be an acceptation by the intellect of what God has revealed; and that knowledge must come from an authority, from the authority of a teacher, because it could never be attained by the mere human intellect. Where was this knowledge to be found except in the Catholic Church? Every other system calling itself religion, simply asked a man to read his Bible, and to draw his own conclusions, to form his own opinions; but although that man might believe what appeared to him to be the meaning of a certain text, although he might feel thoroughly convinced of it, still he had no knowledge. The Catholic Church said, "I do not ask you to believe me unless I am able to prove that I am the messenger of God, and that God is with me; but, if I can produce to you my credentials, if I can show you my diploma, if I can hold up my title-deeds to show that God has sent me, and if He declares that He is with me always, then I ask you to bow down your intellects, and accept my teaching as it comes from God." The whole question, then, comes to this: Has the Catholic Church those credentials or title-deeds? Our Divine Lord said: "As the Father hath sent me, so do I send you; go ye, therefore, in my name, and teach all nations, teach them all the things that I have taught you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the ending of the world. I will send my Spirit upon you, and He shall dwell with you and lead you into all truth, and remain with you for ever. And, therefore, I say I have built my Church upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And he that will not hear the Church, let him be as the heathen and the publican." Could human language be clearer, could human words be more emphatic than these, in which the Son of God set upon the Church the seal of His own authority and of His own Divine, infallible teaching? Let them suppose, for a moment, as so many believed, that for the first 200 years or so the Church taught the truth, and, after that, lies; he would simply ask any man, who believed that Christ our Lord was the Son of God, if the Church taught the truth for 200 years, and then in the third hundred began to teach lies, what became of those promises the Son of God had

made? What became of those promises if ever she admitted one iota of falsehood into her teaching? They must either conclude that the Catholic Church to-day teaches with the authority of God, or that God had misled them and told a lie Himself, when He said that He would be with His Church until the end of time. It was easier for any man to accept the Catholic Church, with the historical evidence to bear her out, than to say that He who died on Calvary to redeem man had made a false promise. Consequently, the Catholic believed with a certain knowledge. But the Catholic faith was more than knowledge; it was a law, and that simply because the teaching of the Catholic Church rested upon authority. The Catholic Church did not ask them to believe her unless they believed that she was a messenger of God; but if they believed that, then she asked them not only to accept her teaching, but to conform to the moral law which she laid down for them. She would prescribe for the inward thoughts of their minds, she would tell them what was sinful even in thought, she would tell them what to do and what to avoid. She prescribed for every detail of their daily actions. She actually told them, upon occasions, what they were to eat and what not to eat. All that seemed strange to one outside the Church, but it was the most natural thing in the world to those who knew and believed that the Church was the messenger of God — that she had His authority — and who were, therefore, bound to do what she commanded them. There was no faith outside the Catholic Church that rose to the dignity of law. Outside the Catholic Church, faith, because it was only human, took a lower place than human science. Scientists knew to a moment when a certain change would come over the heavenly bodies. They had knowledge, and the faith that was only an opinion was always secondary and below knowledge, even of the human mind. And so it was that, outside the Church, no faith assumed the dignity of law. But what use would it be to make law unless there were some way of enforcing its observance? Outside the Catholic Church men professed to accept the Ten Commandments; but, supposing they did not observe those Commandments, who was to take them to task? What power was there, then, that pretends to enforce this law? That power was the confessional. What greater power could there be for the enforcement of the law? And what heavier punishment for its transgression than such a humiliation? It was easy enough to lay down this law; it was a hard thing to observe it. But the Catholic faith brought with it those sacraments that gave them the graces to observe those commands. Nowhere beyond the Catholic Church were there any such restraints as the confessional to quench every passion and to subdue every evil inclination. He would repeat what the Catholic faith meant. It meant knowledge, and knowledge of the grandest kind — the knowledge of God. It meant law, the highest, the strictest, the most minute; and it meant, finally, grace and strength to observe that law, and to live up to its highest and holiest requirements. That was absolutely necessary to the full perfection of man. Now, let them consider what man was, and in what his perfections consisted. Man was made up of a soul and a body; he was a being of a twofold nature. What was the perfection of the human body? He held that the perfection of the human body consisted in the command that a man had over his passions, over his appetite, and over his sinful inclinations, so as to enable him to avoid those vices that corrupt, break up, and destroy before its time the body of man. Let a man lose command over his body, and he falls at once into the sin of impurity — a sin that brings disease and corrup-

tion into him, a sin that cripples him before his time — that brings furrows of age upon the young brow — that makes the young hair to whiten before the winter of age comes upon it — a sin that destroys the vital functions of man. Passing from the body to the soul, we found in man an intellect created to know, a heart created to love, a free will which Almighty God preserves in man. The perfection of man's intellect was knowledge. Human knowledge could bring that intelligence to very great perfection. There were men living stored with knowledge, to whom the history of the human race from its earliest days was as an open book, who could explain the laws of nature, who could describe orbs in the heavens that we cannot see, who could measure the sunbeam or the power of the ocean wave. To the world, what a loss when such a man died! But no question would be asked him at the throne of judgment as to whether he was versed in human philosophy and learning. That knowledge of human things would never gain him the kingdom of heaven. The heart of man was created to love, and no amount of human love, no matter how tender and true it might be — no amount of human enjoyment, no matter how intense it might be, had ever yet satisfied the cravings of the heart of man. The Catholic Church alone can satisfy him on this earth whilst proposing to him the highest object of his love — God upon the altar. Finally, the human soul had free will. Freedom of will was the distinctive feature of man, but that freedom could be very easily lost. Any one passion indulged in enslaves a man, and robs him of his freedom. The Catholic Church and the Catholic faith alone could preserve it by the holy sacramental graces which she dealt out to her children.

THE "THUNDERER" ON THE UNCHANGING CHURCH.

The London *Times*.

"Vast and elaborate machinery confers stability on its possessors. While it is costly and difficult to change, its complexity obliges its guardians to efforts which keep it and them well before the eyes of men. The necessity of providing fuel and the care of oiling the engines secure the owners against rusting themselves. No more subtle and comprehensive apparatus was ever constructed than that of which the Court of the Vatican has charge. Infuriated as may be the adversaries of the Church, apathetic as may be its children, the Papacy has to perform its stately functions and bless the world, though in its own despite. Although despair were at its heart, and it felt the approaches of death, it is subject by the laws of its being to the discharge of duties which hold it ready for empire when powers less artistically constituted would have abandoned the struggle altogether. A pageant like that of Monday is more significant and marvellous than the coronation of a Czar. Yet it is only part of the periodical routine of the Vatican. Two ecclesiastical princes were added in the Consistory to the magnificent hierarchy. Twenty-one archbishops and bishops were at a stroke invested with spiritual sovereignty. Ten sees were created to spread, with a perpetuity of Apostolical succession, the awe and influence of Rome. By the ordinary acts of its existence the Church of Rome proclaims its universality. The world is cold to its appeals. It knows that it dare not provoke a contest. But it issues its edicts, and it appoints its officers to accomplish them, with as haughty an assumption of supremacy as if the days of Pope

Leo XIII., were those of Pope Gregory VII. The reigning Pope must be awarded the praise of having devised an attitude of defence which has left scarcely a vulnerable point exposed. He has surrendered not a foot of ground. He has given not a single opportunity of offence. French ecclesiastical legislation appeared certain to end in an abrupt breach of relations between the Republic and the Vatican. Recrimination and wrath could not have saved one monastery or changed one clause in the Education Act. French opinion would only have resented foreign interference with internal policy. A large body of French opinion now is disposed to compassionate the Church as the victim of oppression. In Italy the Vatican has been elevated by the rage of the bigots of infidelity to the sanctity of a martyr. Mob violence borne with dignity has pledged the Italian monarchy before Europe to a demeanor of ashamed respect for the Papacy which all the threats and reproaches of Pio Nono could never obtain. Germany regrets the strife precipitated by the violence of Pope Pius and the fears, real or pretended, of Prince Bismarck. Pope Leo has succeeded in taking up a post in which his part appears confined to the reception of overtures for peace. England is the historical antagonist of the Papacy. The antipathy is slumbering now. Not only is there no country in which Catholics are more obedient to their chiefs; the flame of Protestant hatred of the Church of Rome has itself ceased to be aggressive. Nonconformist ministers and Roman Cardinals meet on the same platform to advocate the same causes, and overwhelm one another with expressions of mutual admiration."

RICH RELATIONS.

Most people occupy — or at least believe that they occupy — a middle place in the social scale. Above them lies wealth of all gradations, and below them lies comparative, and even absolute poverty. They have their rich relations and their poor relations, and if there were an equality in the constitution of the human mind, they might find one set counterbalance the other. But there is no such equality. It happens that we are all much more addicted to grumble than to be gratified, and so it comes to pass that we do not take out of our rich relations at all the same proportion of benefits that we should, considering how our poor ones afflict us. The latter are a care and an anxiety. They are even — as Charles Lamb puts it — an impertinence. Kinship requires of us that we should recognize them, but it is scarcely our will that consents to recognize their poverty. Conscience assists, or compels, us to discharge what — if the relations are not themselves attractive — is at best a disagreeable duty. And in the discharge of that duty it is not the relieving of their wants, but the admission of their kinship that is so onerous. We can forgive them for being poor, but we cannot forgive them for being cousins.

We suffer from our poor relations but we scarcely get proportionate comfort from our rich ones. It is true if there is a title in the family, it casts a lustre over all, but then the family is ennobled quite as much as the individual. The person who happens to be the head of it has the title, but the whole family enjoy a kind of reflected nobility. Riches, however, are personal and distinct, and relationship to wealth is cold comfort, except for the purposes of boasting. Indeed, one of the good

things that are lost in the nineteenth century is that proverbial "rich uncle," so constantly met with in the drama and in three-volumed novels at country libraries. The type seems to have quite disappeared.

Even in the world of the dramatist there is a distinction always made between a rich uncle and a rich aunt. The dramatist seeks to hold the mirror up to nature, and the feminine nature seems not to be seen at all to so much advantage in the looking-glass. The rich uncle has a kind of feudal feeling for his relatives. He may indulge it in secret, like the testator in the Probate Court, or he may return from India weighted down with rupees and benevolence. But in either case he will consider those who bear his own name, and even in his celibacy be a family man. With the dramatic aunt it is otherwise. And as she is in the drama so she is also in real life. She has an admiration for a popular preacher or a public institution. She would found a home for lost dogs or decayed monkeys, and, in fact, she has much more tendency to originality than her Indian brother. If she recognises relations in her testamentary disposition she is prone to do most for the relatives of whom she knows least; partly, perhaps, because she has a poor opinion of human nature, and partly from a perversity that is said, by those who study her sex, to belong to it. But her ways are, if not inscrutable, at least incalculable. Old Miss Crawley admired Rawdon and despised Sir Pitt. Moreover, Rawdon was just the man that such a woman would admire — stupid, frank, heavy, soldierly, honest. Sir Pitt, on the other hand, was not the kind of character that Miss Crawley could have fancied. And yet it was to Sir Pitt that the money in the end went, and poor Rawdon was stranded, But if the reader remembers "Vanity Fair," he will remember the use Becky Sharp made of Miss Crawley, and he will see the one point in which rich relatives answer all expectations. The poor relations can trade on them. The relationship cannot be denied. The fact is too stubborn to be disputed. Becky explained to her wondering and puzzled husband that if the money was not left to him, his case was very nearly as good if people thought it was left to him. But here, again, our century is strangely upsetting the established order of things. It is a century in which men make money and spend it, rather than one in which they inherit it. It is a century in which there are few eldest sons, in which property is distributed evenly amongst all children, in which the distinctions between "the branch" and the other branches are not very clearly observed. In a word, it is a century in which we seem to have plenty of poor relations and very few rich ones.

THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN OF ST. LOUIS.

When the quarrel between Western civilization and Mohammedan fanaticism is once more being fought out upon the plains of the Delta, it may not be uninstructive to trace the history of another campaign, when in this same Egypt the forces of Islam were matched against the soldiers of St. Louis. In fulfilment of a vow to lead an expedition into the Holy Land, St. Louis, on the 25th of August, 1248, set sail from Aigues Mortes, at the head of 50,000 men. After three weeks' sail, the French fleet cast anchor at Cyprus, which had been chosen as convenient for "a place of arms," whether the blow was to be struck direct at Palestine or at the Sultan of Egypt. During their nine months' stay in the island,

the Crusaders suffered much from sickness, and it required the patience of a St. Louis to bear with the quarrels that were continually breaking out among the feudal chiefs who followed his banner, and of which idleness and military jealousy were the fruitful sources. The waning of the summer gave the signal for action, and after long deliberation the King determined to carry the war into Egypt as the heart of Islam. The reasons which, in spite of the opposition of the Knights of the Temple and St. John, led to this decision are now not very clear, but the King may probably have been influenced by the memory of the successes which at first followed Jean de Brienne's storming of Damietta and the profound sensation created by that event all over the Eastern world. Crusading traditions were in favor of a direct march upon Jerusalem, but many of the Crusaders, and foremost among them Henri de Lusignan, the King of Cyprus, urged that Egypt was the centre of the Mohammedan power, and that if a blow were struck home there, the taking of Jerusalem would follow. The Cyprian King backed his argument by a promise to accompany, with an army, any expedition against Egypt, and in the event his counsel was accepted. Before leaving the island the French King was joined by strong reinforcements, and among those who placed their swords at his service was William of Salisbury, known to the chivalry of that day as "Long Sword," who came attended by 200 English knights, and afterwards did good service against the infidel.

The first point of attack was Damietta, reputed the strongest and richest town in Egypt. On the 4th of June, 1249, the French fleet came to anchor, and the next day a landing was effected, St. Louis leaping, with his sword drawn, into the surf, as it came rolling breast high from the shore. The sight of their leader's eager daring so inflamed his followers that the resistance of the Egyptian army drawn up to oppose a landing was speedily overcome, and their flight soon turned into a rout. Under cover of the darkness, and under the influence of a panic, the garrison was the next night suddenly withdrawn, and Damietta left at the mercy of the invaders. After this first and signal success there was great difference of opinion as to the course next to be pursued. On the one side there was the great and flourishing city of Alexandria, to which, however strongly fortified, there would have been easy access by sea, and on the other, the capital, as it was then called, Grand Cairo, to which the Nile would afford water carriage, at any rate, for the conveyance of supplies. Had the other water way, which has enabled Sir Garnet Wolseley to advance from Ismailia, been then open, St. Louis's campaign might have ended differently. The King finally resolved to attack Cairo, but found himself prevented from attempting an immediate march by the rising of the Nile, which then, in the month of June, began to inundate the country.

In this respect, better fortune has attended the English General, for while in the present year the Nile has not yet begun to be troublesome, in 1249, when St. Louis was in Egypt, the inundation began in June, and only subsided in September. As a rule the rise begins a few days after the summer solstice, and the inundation about two months later. When at length the country was again passable, the King began his march at the head of 60,000 men, of whom 20,000 were cavalry. Accompanied by a flotilla of boats, the Crusaders followed the course of the Nile until they came before the city of Mansourah. Within a short distance of the town the river is joined by the Canal of Ishmoun, and upon its banks Fakhr-ed-Din, the Egyptian general, offered battle. Again the Crusaders were victorious, and St.

Louis encamped upon the field he had won. Flushed with this success, the Count d'Artois, the King's brother, started in pursuit of the flying enemy, and, in spite of the repeated remonstrances of the Grand Master of the Templars, penetrated with some 2,000 men, among whom were the English knights under "Long Sword," into the town of Mansourah. Here the Egyptians, seeing the smallness of the Christian force, set upon them, and, in spite of a desperate resistance, massacred them almost to a man in the streets. The courage and conduct of the King alone prevented this disaster from being followed by an attack upon the camp, and, though the enemy were beaten off, the Crusaders had abundant reason to lament the fighting of that day.

A few days later, the French, placed upon the defensive, were forced to fight another engagement; and, though victory remained with them, the advantage was with the enemy, whose numbers feared no loss, while battle and disease had played havoc with the invaders. Harassed by almost daily attacks, and finding more and more difficulty in obtaining supplies, St. Louis, himself suffering from disease, determined to retreat upon Damietta. But the resolution came too late, and before many leagues had been passed the whole army was obliged to surrender. The terms imposed by the conquerors were the restoration of Damietta in exchange for the person of the King, and the payment of 400,000 livres as ransom for his army. Of the 60,000 men whom St. Louis had led to the taking of Damietta, but 6,000 returned, ransomed captives, from the march of Mansourah. Want, battle, and disease had accounted for the rest. So ended the last effort of the Crusaders to break the Mohammedan power in Egypt — a power which, though at last crumbling before the disintegrating influences of Western civilization, has, from the days of St. Louis to our own, lain like a blight upon one of the most fertile regions of the earth. The ill-success of his first great campaign against the Mussulmans was not enough to daunt the courage of St. Louis, and nearly twenty years later a French army was landed upon the coast of Tunis, and a bare mound, seen from the sea, is all that remains to mark the spot where, worn out by disease, St. Louis died, as he had wished, in arms against the infidel.

A BEAR STORY.

Alexander Embree and his son Walter are living together on the old gentleman's farm in British Columbia. While father and son were standing in the field, Mr. Embree noticed the sheep running, and on looking towards the foot of the mountain, he saw an enormous bear crouching and slowly creeping toward his horses, which were feeding on the hillside. He immediately sent his son for a gun and an axe. By the time the latter returned the bear was within twenty feet of one of the horses, and evidently about to spring upon the unsuspecting animal. Mr. Embree was about sixty yards from the bear, which, on perceiving that he was observed, sat up, and, as soon as Mr. Embree fired, sprang forward, rolled over, and then ran away. The dog followed him, the father and son keeping on the trail by the bloody tract left and the sound of the dog up the steep and difficult mountain side, it being almost impossible to get through the wind-falls and growth in some places. They had, however, only gone about a mile or more when they heard the

dog returning with the bear on his own track. On standing still for a few moments the bear came within forty feet, apparently raging mad. For a moment the dog checked, and Mr. Embree fired at what he supposed to be the back of his shoulder, but it proved to be the brute's enormous head, and he only struck him on the lower jaw, breaking off a part of the jaw and one lower tusk and a part of the tusk on the other side, and that, no doubt, saved their lives. Mr. Embree instantly loaded again, but when the monster sprang upon him the cap failed to explode. He used the gun over the brute's head, the second blow leaving only the barrel in his hand, and that appeared to produce no more effect than a riding-whip in the hands of a child. At this point in the conflict the bear pushed hard ubon his foe, when a log behind Mr. Embree tripped him, and he fell backward with the monster upon him. The bear was about taking Mr. Embree's head or face in his mouth, when the latter thrust his right hand into the bear's mouth and caught his tongue, but unfortunately his arm coming out across the animal's month, the monster shut it upon his arm, and crushed both bones — in the man's own words, "as easily as you would break a pipe-stem."

The son now came to his rescue by dealing the brute a tremendous blow on the back of the head with the edge of the ax, but so thick was the monster's skin and fur that it only made a small cut. Leaving the father with his mangled and helpless arm, the beast turned upon the son. He first struck the ax, knocking it about thirty feet out of the young man's hand, and then seizing him by one knee, "shook him," says the father, "as a bull-terrier would a rat, throwing him, with one shake, nearly ten feet." Without even a knife, the father sprang upon the back of the bear, and thus diverted the bear from his son. Twice this dreadful game was played, turn about by the father and son, each in his turn attacking the brute to save the other's life. While they were under the bear he held them down with his front feet, and tried to tear them with his hind heel, but it was too long, and only tore the earth under them. The final struggle was fearful. The bear had the young man underneath him, and in an attempt to crush his head between his enormous jaws, for the want of the lower tusks, he was only able to tear the flesh from his forehead down over his eyes, and holding the skin of his forehead and eyebrows in his front teeth, shook the young man violently. At this moment the old man caught sight of the ax, and taking it in his left hand, began to strike at the bear's head, the ax often coming close to his son's face in the deadly struggle, and after having given the brute ten blows with the ax from his one hand, the beast released his hold from the son's face, and fell from a blow between his eye and ear, dead, upon the bleeding body of the young man, who during the last struggle held a firm grip of the bear's tongue.

The father, with one finger bitten off and his right arm crushed, had to help his wounded son home, the latter having both knees fearfully mangled and his face bitten and torn. The father is an old bear-hunter, but he never saw so large a bear before. From his hind feet to the top of his head was eight feet, so that when he stood up he was quite out of their reach. His skin weighed fifty pounds, and his foot was five inches across the heel and eight inches long. Never did father and son show more pluck in defending each other from a fearful death. At the first shot the ball passed through the bear's liver, lungs, and within two inches of his heart, carrying away part of the shoulder-blade on its way. The Indians say the bear must have been about twelve years old.

SAVE THE BOYS.

A GRAND INSTITUTION IN CHICAGO.

THE corner-stone of St. Mary's Training School for Boys, Chicago, Ill., was laid on Sunday, October 8th, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan. The occasion was an impressive one. All the Catholic societies of the city participated in the ceremonies. After the chanting of a few psalms by the priests, Archbishop Feehan laid the corner-stone after the usual manner. After the corner-stone was laid several addresses were made. W. J. Onahan, Esq., chairman of the arrangements committee, then called the meeting to order, and addressed the archbishop and assembled people as follows:—

MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The great throng by which we are surrounded, the imposing concourse of religious and benevolent societies, the number, position, and character of the distinguished gentlemen assembled on this platform, is a gratifying and encouraging earnest of the intelligent interest felt in the work in which we are engaged to-day; and of the active sympathy and generous co-operation of which it is at once an augury and a guarantee. I am here only to give the key-notes, if I may employ the expression, to the able and eloquent addresses by the many eminent gentlemen whom I shall have the honor to introduce to you. The community in which we live,—indeed every community under our modern civilization, suffers in a greater or less degree from the evil which this school is designed to remove, or at least to mitigate. You all know the multiplied occasions of danger and temptation which effect to lead the youth of our great cities astray? The lack of restraining influences at home, and the evil atmosphere and the dangerous surroundings into which they are too often drawn abroad. I need not draw upon the pictures of youthful depravity daily put before us in the columns of the public journals; that are painfully illustrated in our courts of justice; and that flaunt before our eyes in the public highways; the snares of vice, the pitfalls of iniquity that beset unguarded youth; that lure them too often into the downward path that ends in physical wreck and moral degradation and ruin. Our streets swarm with young vagabonds who are growing to manhood heeding no God, respecting no law. The resources and operations of justice, under our existing system of jails and penitentiaries, it is admitted, are inadequate and insufficient to remove the sources of crime, or to effect a permanent reform in the criminal. The strong arm and the awful power of the law can only deter and punish. The fruitful source of mischief and crime remains beyond its far reaching authority.

The evil instinct, the unruly and wicked passions continue unreformed. It is not, then, in jails and penitentiaries, as now conducted, that the remedy is to be sought, especially in the case of youthful culprits. The power of religion, moral influences, and enlightened educational training, must be invoked; these alone will effect to transform the moral nature and correct the evil instincts which lead our youth into vice and sin. This is the mission of the St. Mary's Training School; and this is the work for which the Christian Brothers, who will have the management of it, are peculiarly and distinctively qualified. Consecrated to it from the holiest motives, they possess the training and the experience, the knowledge and the aptitude, essential to this great work; and at their head is the skilled and experienced Brother Tellow, who has demonstrated in another city his rare qualifications as an organizer and disciplinarian.

The St. Mary's Training School is designed and intended as an industrial home for boys who may be committed to it from the police and other courts; as well as for those who may be voluntarily placed in the institution by their parents and guardians. They will remain for a specified term, which, generally speaking, will suffice to enable them to acquire habits of self control; will afford them opportunity to learn a trade, of which a variety will be taught here; they can become practical farmers — in a word, they will be made useful and intelligent citizens, capable of turning their talents and capacity into the line of honorable pursuits, and thus, instead of a pest, become a blessing to society. Above all, and before all, they will imbibe here a knowledge of their duty to God; they will be well grounded in the principles of virtue; they will be made to feel and to realize the elevating and sanctifying influence of religion. It is by this training, and through these agencies and influences that a permanent and enduring reform, it is hoped

and believed, will be effected in the character, and that will mould and influence the career, of the wayward and erring youth of our great city, who shall be brought under the benign influence of this institution. It is a noble and a generous undertaking, initiated many years ago through the zeal and influence of the long lamented Very Rev. Denis Dunne, aided and supported by the beneficent Society of Vincent de Paul. It has now, with a new organization, assumed wider proportions and a more ample sphere under the vigilant eye and the wise and thoughtful solicitude of our benignant archbishop, whose consecrated hand cemented this corner-stone to-day; and whose generous purse has been munificently drawn upon to encourage and help it. His inspiring initiative has already borne abundant fruit.

Liberal subscriptions have been given and pledged by many great-hearted citizens, always foremost in every generous work. Their example, I feel assured, will be widely and nobly imitated. Chicago, the city of our pride,— the marvel and the miracle of modern progress, which has so wonderfully and almost magically multiplied on every hand costly and majestic edifices devoted to the diversified necessities and caprices of our modern civilization; to commerce, to luxury, to art, to every form of human industry, surely will not permit this glorious work of charity to be retarded or to languish for the lack of support? No! Whilst we exult, with reasonable pride, in the material progress that has amazed the world; in our railroads, our elevators, our board of trade, our grand hotels and palatial stores, in our costly homes and majestic public buildings; and shall I not add our unrivalled newspapers? — while we take pride in the grit, the energy, and the far-sighted enterprise that have wrought these wonders, we may likewise claim that the citizens of Chicago have not been indifferent to the moral and intellectual advancement of our great metropolis. It has become more merely than the focus and centre of the trade and commerce of a continent.

The noble edifices consecrated to God's service; the hospitals, orphanages and homes open to the amelioration of every form of human infirmity; the schools and colleges and academies; the public libraries and collections in science and art; all these testify honorably to the piety, the charity, the enlightened zeal for education, and for every form of moral and intellectual refinement that prevails in Chicago. There is perhaps another and a less inviting side to this panorama, as in every great centre of population; but I am not called on to expose it here. This institution will be open and free to all, without distinction as to religion, nationality, or color — subject only to such necessary rules as are indispensable to carry out its spirit and purpose. It is an institution the necessity of which is widely acknowledged, and the paramount value and utility of which can not be overestimated. The benefits to follow from its successful operation will be felt not alone in our own city and state, but throughout the entire country, and will reach into the distant future. Every motive of self-interest, every instinct of duty, the elevated promptings of charity and religion appeal to us in aid of this good work, and I feel confident from what I know of the people of Chicago that the response will do honor to their generosity and to their pnblic spirit."

The Archbishop's Address.

The archbishop gave the customary taps with the trowel and square, and then proceeded to his address. The stone was laid, he said, that the people might realize the great character of a work which was begun but a few months ago, and which had its origin in the intelligence and character of a few earnest men of Chicago. These men were not dreamers, but earnest and practical in their ideas. They had a splendid chance before them. The object of the institution was to gather together the homeless and friendless youth of a great city, to provide them with a home, and to surround them with the best of influences. In this way all may aid the the children left homeless and friendless by that visitation which God permits to come on even the most worthy. When the strong man is dying, how great to his consolation when he feels he has left behind him influences which will see to it that his children will never want. The object of the institution whose corner-stone was being laid was to give a practical training. Land has been purchased, and the good work would go on under the care of a body of men known as the Christian Brothers, whose good works were known from Constantinople to the western bounds of America. The laying of the corner-stone was only the commencement. From 200 to 300 boys with a staff of teachers and trainers could be accommodated, and the boys

would not go out into the world as criminals, but as useful members of society. The stone had been laid under the name and sanction of religion, because it was a work worthy of God — a work which will bring down His good will. The most helpless arouse the most compassion in God. From the time Christ was brought forth helpless in a stable the children have been objects of especial interest. No one loved the children as He before whom all bow the knee, and He it was who set a child up before the multitude and admonished them. In the future, as in the present, those who have put their shoulders to the wheel will never appeal in vain for a work which takes a homeless boy from the streets and brings him into the pale of good society.

A box containing the following articles was then deposited in the corner-stone: A parchment scroll on which is inscribed the names of the reigning Pope, the Archbishop of Chicago, the president of the United States, the governor of Illinois; the mayor of Chicago, chairman of the board of county commissioners, etc., etc., Chicago daily papers, *The Citizen*, *Catholic Review*, *Boston Pilot*, *Freeman's Journal*, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, *Catholic World*, *Catholic Annual*, 1883; copy of charter and by-laws of St. Mary's Training School, report of Society St. Vincent de Paul, 1882; report of Catholic Colonization Society, 1882; lithograph of the new buildings, list of the board of managers, sketch of the history of the institution, by W. J. Onahan, Esq., parchment memorabilia, catalogue of St. Ignatius College, 1882, list of subscribers, first annual report of the society, etc.

The Mayor's Address.

Judge Moran, in behalf of the board of managers, then introduced Mayor Harrison. As the rain poured down on the crowd and trickled down the mayor's back he said that the day was dark and lowering, but yet one cannot deny that the world is beautiful, and there is evidence to show that the Divine Architect intended it to be the home of happy, industrious, peaceful men. If all men and women were good, there would be no better heaven than this world of ours. It would be perfect were it not for crime. Whence comes this crime? Ordinarily, from the reckless, vicious, or careless training of homeless children. The penitentiaries are filled because the children are neglected. The speaker commended the present institution as a business man, not as a Christian, although he believed he was a Christian. He knew that in this was a work which would appeal to every business man in the city. As mayor of Chicago he felt that there was one man to whom he could take off his hat in behalf of the city, and that man was Brother Tellow, who had founded this great work. The mayor cared not whether the institution was Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile; he wanted to see success for a charity which binds God to man and man to God. In conclusion, he thanked heaven that, as mayor of Chicago, his name was to be laid under the corner-stone of so great a charity. He would like to have talked longer, but was obliged to hasten away for the New York train, for charity is best evidenced when a man treats his wife well, and he was going to meet his wife.

Other Addresses.

Vicar-General Conway was the next speaker, and was followed by Judge Rogers. The latter was glad the school would make no sectarian distinctions in regard to those whom it admitted. It would afford the judges a place to send juvenile criminals whom the evil influence of a jail would only harden. He was inclined to give Catholics great credit for charitable work, and referred in particular to the self-sacrifice of two

religious orders, the Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers. Henry Greenebaum followed, and spoke in a similar vein. Judge Moran also made a short address. The large crowd then dispersed, the majority returning to Chicago about nightfall.

Description of the Buildings.

The grounds on which the new buildings are located consist of 440 acres of the best farming lands, advantageously located within a reasonable distance of Desplaines without being near enough to tempt the boys to play truant. The titles were made out April 29, but it was not until June that the place was formally turned over. Brother Tellow, who has earned the greatest reputation in connection with the new enterprise, took thirty boys from the old school at No. 2928 Archer Avenue, and with their help and that of his assistants, has succeeded in getting over 100 acres under cultivation this year. There are now two small frame buildings which are used as a home, and the farm is now in a condition to at once give the most excellent opportunities for agricultural training. Eighty acres of corn have been cultivated this year successfully, and there is an abundance of potatoes and other crops. The farm now has eight horses, eighty head of cattle, and ten sheep.

The new buildings are to face the road, and are to be constructed on new and excellent plans. The school rooms and dormitories are in fine buildings, arranged as the spokes of a half wheel, with intermediate spaces for recreation grounds. These buildings will be 38 x 80 feet, built of brick, two full stories, attic, and basement. Covered corridors lead to the central portion, corresponding in shape to the hub of the wheel, this divided into segments containing separate dining rooms for each dormitory. This central building, circular in form, is a single story in height, lighted from the top and sides. The dining rooms are each 28 x 42 feet, and are surrounded by a circular corridor. In the centre of the whole is a circular kitchen 48 x 48 feet. A separate building, built in an ornamental design, will face the whole standout, and concealing the hub of the wheel, leaving exposed only the spokes as ornamental wings of the whole. The architect is Mr. Greg Vigeant, who has been ably assisted by Brother Tellow. The two dormitories now in process of erection will probably be finished within sixty days.

Worth Remembering.—When the Irish Americans are taunted, as they very often are, with being a foreign-born population, it would be well for them to remind the silly taunters that there were two Irishmen for every native engaged in the Revolutionary war. Mr. Galloway, the speaker in the House of Assembly in Pennsylvania, in his examination before a committee of the English House of Commons, June 16, 1779, was asked this question: "That in the service of the Congress — were they chiefly composed of the natives of America, or were the greatest part of them English?" Here is the answer: "The names and place of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America; about one-half Irish; the other fourth were English and Scotch." This is worth remembering.

"I'm saddest when I sing," said a Sunday evening warbler. "And so's the whole neighborhood!" roared an unmusical voice in the street.

Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition is still well attended by all but the upper classes, and is now opened on Sundays, when sacred music is performed in the course of the afternoon, numbers crowding to hear it, and to enjoy at leisure all those interesting sights which on week days they have no opportunity of beholding. It is hard to imagine the state of mind of individuals who can feel shocked that people who are kept closely at work all the week should be permitted so innocent a recreation as this on Sunday afternoons. Such individuals, however, do exist here, though, fortunately, they have been unable to prevent the excellent new arrangement made by the promoters of the Exhibition. For a long time past the National Gallery has also been open on Sundays, and has been a delightful resort for the artizans and tradespeople of Dublin with their families. It is a real pleasure to walk through the National Gallery on a Sunday, and see the family groups that pose before the pictures; little children in neat dresses, and with intelligent faces, led by father and mother, one of whom generally carries the baby. Of the upper classes only a few enthusiasts are to be seen, who not only love good pictures, but also love to see them studied, and ever so little appreciated by those less fortunate than themselves in the matter of education. That this sort of Sunday recreation is good for the people there can be no doubt to a liberal and unprejudiced mind. No one is tempted by it to remain away from church, as it does not open till the afternoon; and surely the *pater-familias* of the humbler ranks is better engaged in leading his little flock through these lofty rooms, and pointing out to them whatever he thinks beautiful and striking on their walls, than in drinking in the public house and getting into quarrels over politics. The value of the lesson taught by a good picture, especially if the subject be a noble or sacred one, can scarcely be over-rated. The influence is mysterious and indescribable, even when the mind affected by it is only half-conscious of its power. Nothing is more refining and humanizing than the love of pure art. The man who acquires a taste for it will be the last to get into a foolish row, and the little children, who grow up acquainted with it, will be better members of society than if such acquaintance had been denied them by narrow and ungenerous rules, made by the rich to cramp their minds and souls.

A very excellent suggestion has been made for utilizing the Exhibition building after the show is over and the exhibitors have all departed. There is no necessity for selling the pretty glass-house or pulling it to pieces. It belongs to the shareholders, who subscribed with great spirit to erect it, and they do not want their money returned. *United Ireland*, in a very intelligent article, proposes that a People's Technical School should be established within the Rotunda Gardens. When the Exhibition shall be a thing of the past, there will yet remain a building, and a capital of £30,000, and how could these possessions be better turned to account than by devoting them to the better education of the tradesmen and artizans? There can be no doubt that they are far behind the age at present in the matter of manufactures of every kind, and no amount of industry and goodwill can put them on a level with the rest of the world unless they are provided with better instruction in the various branches of trade in which they hope to excel.

If the people of Ireland be really

in earnest in their desire to revive their manufactures, let them now imitate the example set by the people of Bradford, and go to work to study the method of those who have of late years carried off all the prizes in the market. They might easily send some of their artizans to Bradford and the Continent to acquire all necessary information, and to return capable of starting the new enterprise. They could set up looms to teach weaving and other machines for other crafts; classes with fixed fees might be formed, scholarships of merit established, and thoroughly qualified instructors appointed. It would be only a step further to organize branch schools in the provincial towns, and to teach the country people hand-loom weaving and other industries which they could work at in their own homes. If this suggestion be taken up and acted upon with the same spirit and determination which in three months' time erected and furnished the Exhibition, there may be reason to hope that brighter days are indeed in store for Ireland.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The National Conference, called by the leaders of the Land League movement, met in Dublin, on the 17th of October. The success and spirit attending its gathering, far exceeded the expectations of even the most sanguine of its promoters. Notwithstanding the inconvenience arising from the hours at which trains reached Dublin from remote parts of Ireland, the attendance of delegates was very large; and by noon there were over a thousand representatives of the popular movement in the hall. Among the gentlemen on the platform were Lord Mayor Dawson, and Messrs. Healy, McCarthy, Thomas Power O'Connor, Corbet, Gill, Sexton, Sullivan, and Brennan. Mr. Parnell, who presided, was received with enthusiastic cheers, as was also Michael Davitt on his entrance.

Mr. Parnell, in his opening address to the conference, corrected the impression that nothing had been done for evicted tenants. He said that since the dissolution of the Ladies' League, £2,774 had been spent in relieving them, and that hundreds of families had been placed in a position to avail themselves of the benefits of the Arrears Act.

Messrs. Brennan and Sexton were appointed Secretaries of the conference.

Messrs. Healy, Brennan, and Harrington have been appointed honorary Secretaries, and Messrs. Biggar and Webb Treasurers of the National League.

Numbers of letters and telegrams from America, approving the movement, were read. Letters were also received from several Catholic bishops, apologizing for their absence, and expressing confidence in the leaders of the movement.

The first business laid before the conference was a letter from Mr. Egan, dated at Paris, tendering his resignation as Treasurer of the Land League, and giving a statement of the receipts and disbursements of the funds of the League. Mr. Egan, in his letter, says: "In view of the fact that a new national organization will spring from the conference, and as it is impossible for me to longer absent myself from my own business in Dublin, I most earnestly ask my friends in the Land League to relieve me of the treasurership." In his statement of the finances of the League, he gives the gross totals, as the books of the League had been sent on to Dublin to be audited.

The report shows that a total of £244,820 sterling has passed through Mr. Egan's hands. Of this sum there was disbursed in relieving distress in 1879 and 1880, £50,000; in the defence at the State trials, over £15,000; and in the expenditures through the general Land League and the Ladies' League, £148,000, leaving a balance of nearly £32,000. Mr. Egan specifies the purposes to which the £149,000 expended through the general Land League and the Ladies' League were applied, as follows: — The support of evicted tenants, the erection of Land League huts, the payment of law costs, and the general expenses of the organization. For his own protection, as well as for the satisfaction of the members of the League, Mr. Egan asked that two members of the executive be deputed to examine his accounts.

Mr. Davitt proposed, and Mr. Justin McCarthy seconded, a warm vote of thanks to and of continued confidence in Mr. Egan, which was unanimously passed.

Mr. Parnell then submitted the programme of the conference, and reviewed its proposals, in a platform of principles embodying the following reforms, as essential to the future welfare of Ireland: —

The Platform.

First — Self-government for the Irish people in the full American sense.

Second — Protection to Irish industries, and Government aid in every way possible for their development as a means for encouraging Irish agriculture by giving it a home market, of giving the State a strong body of artisans, and of making the State, as far as possible, independent of other nations.

Third — The creation of Irish peasant proprietorship — the State to advance the entire sums of money necessary to enable the peasants to purchase in fee their own lands; the moneys so advanced to be repayable to the State after sixty-three years, in small payments, yearly thereafter, with low interest on the balances.

Fourth — The transfer of the uncultivated lands of Ireland, by compulsory purchase, to County Boards, for reclamation, improvement, and final sale to the peasantry.

Fifth — The abolition of the Viceroyalty in Ireland, and the substitution therefor of a system of local self-government by which the various County Boards of Ireland will perform for their respective counties all the local governmental functions necessary, and at present alleged to be under the Vice-Regal system, performed unjustly or inadequately by the royal underlings, either ignorant of the needs of the people or indifferent to them.

Sixth — Land law reform in such a general and thorough way as will abolish entail, primogeniture, and all the special features of the English system that go to foster aggregation of land-titles and the creation of landed aristocracies.

Mr. Parnell declared that he wished to reaffirm his first utterance on a public platform, namely, that, until the people of Ireland attained the right to make their own laws, they would never be in accordance with their wishes. No solution of the land question could be final that did not secure to the farmers the right of becoming owners of their holdings by purchase. He estimated that a fair amendment of the Healy clause would result in an average of 20 per cent. further reduction in the judicial decrees fixing rent. He said the Irish Party required eighty-five to ninety members in Parliament, but they could not hope for this until the franchise was placed on the basis of household suffrage. In relation to the assertions of the English papers in regard to alleged differences with their kindred in America, Mr. Parnell denied that there had been any dictation from America. He for one would have declined such dictation. On whatever points they might have differed, they had agreed to leave the issue to the Irish people. Despite the most tyrannical Coercion Act the world had ever seen, they would yet attain the measures on which they had set their hearts.

The programme for the establishment of the Irish National Land League was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Davitt then addressed the convention. He declared that until the

land, which was stolen from the people, was restored to the whole people as national property, there could be no final and satisfactory settlement of the land question. At the same time he wished it to be distinctly understood that his declaration did not separate him from Mr. Parnell on the land question. Mr. Davitt, further on, said he was unable to go with Mr. Parnell in his scheme of land reform, but would co-operate with him for the abolition of landlordism. He moved as an amendment to the proposed constitution of the Central Council of the new League that the Council consist of thirty-two members, one for each county, the Parliamentary party to have no nominations, but its members to be eligible.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor said this amendment amounted to a vote of want of confidence in the Parliamentary party. He accused Mr. Davitt of trying to injure Mr. Parnell's prestige, and reiterated the charge despite Mr. Davitt's repeated denials.

Mr. Davitt said the gentleman should not have made such an accusation. To prove it groundless, he withdrew his amendment.

It was finally decided that the Council should consist of forty-eight members — thirty-two for the counties and sixteen for the Parliamentary party.

Mr. Parnell accepted an amendment to the proposed land scheme, to the effect that increased taxes should be placed on grass lands, and that all covenants against tilling should be declared void.

The conference unanimously adopted an amendment to the programme in favor of the payment of the members of the Irish party in the House of Commons.

On motion of Mr. Davitt, it was resolved to include the establishment of workingmen's clubs and reading-rooms among the objects of the League.

A resolution thanking Mr. Parnell for presiding over the deliberations, and expressing unabated confidence in him was passed; and the conference terminated.

The Reptile Press.

The N.Y. *Irish-American* observes: One of the best symptoms of the new organization is that the landlord organs — the "reptile press" have already assailed it on the ground that the Land League funds have not been honestly administered. The accusation, naturally enough, comes simultaneously through the *Irish Times* and *Express*, and is to the effect that the "Parnell party," as the Nationalists are termed, have spent £98,000 collected in America, for "their own private purposes." The figures are so large that it is hardly worth while dealing with them. Not even Mr. Ford has had the hardihood to assert that he "collected" half a million dollars here. But, if the Land League at home managed to accomplish all they have done in the last two years, and still have in the hands of their treasurer, as the account at the Dublin conference shows, a hundred and sixty thousand dollars,— we say, if they have spent half a million in the good work, they have done well; and we go in for raising another half million at once, to back up the National League. That is the way to answer the "reptile press" of England;— not merely to spike their guns, but to reverse them, and turn their own artillery on themselves.

"Conductor," said a lady passenger on an American railway, pointing over her shoulder to a man who was resting his feet on the window-sill behind her, "I wish you would request that brute to take his feet down." "I daren't, ma'am," replied the polite but cautious ticket-man; "he's a member of the Legislature."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ELLIE, ART, AND LOL. — A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I. — ELLIE.

It was "Christmas weather," sufficiently cold, sufficiently frosty, sufficiently cheerless, in the streets at least, to justify the term. It wanted but two days of Christmas, and the shops were gayly decorated, Christmas gifts being temptingly displayed in every window.

Mr. Hardwin hurried through the streets, pausing just for a moment as he passed a jeweller's shop; then suddenly remembering the precious gift which for years he had destined for his little daughter Ellie, he resumed his walk, and was soon seated at his own pleasant hearth.

The hour between dinner and tea was the one which Ellie enjoyed the most, and after hurrying Mary with the repast, and entertaining her father with the history of her occupations during the day, Ellie waited with ill-concealed impatience for the approach of her favorite time.

When, at last, cosily settled with the lamp between them, Ellie darning her father's stockings, and he enjoying his newspaper, the little girl was rejoiced to find the hour still early, and looked forward to the enjoyment of one of the long pleasant evenings she liked so much. Suddenly Mr. Hardwin uttered an exclamation of pained surprise, and Ellie, looking up in alarm, saw that he appeared pale and frightened.

"Dear papa, what is the matter?" she inquired anxiously. "Nothing, my dear, nothing at all," he answered hurriedly, at the same time averting his face; "a little fatigued perhaps, but I am not ill, my dear." After a little he began reading aloud scraps of news which might interest Ellie, and she soon forgot completely that he had been disturbed, for her head was full of the coming Christmas-time, and Ellie Hardwin had begun to feel the loss of the companionship of those of her own age, the more so at the approach of this season, which is set specially apart for the entertainment of children.

"Papa," Ellie began, "the day after to-morrow will be Christmas Eve; Jennie Adams told me to-day that she and her father are going to her aunt's to spend Christmas. It will be very pleasant, she says, they do have all sorts of games, and recreations, and fun." Ellie paused. Mr. Hardwin was silent. Ellie was not sure whether or not he had heard what she was saying. — "*We* never get any invitations," Ellie resumed. "Papa, I have never had even a Christmas-tree."

"I cannot help it, child, you must be satisfied," Mr. Hardwin said hastily; and if Ellie had not been so deeply absorbed in her subject, she might have noticed how much her words pained him.

"I should so like," Ellie proceeded, "to spend even one Christmas like those we read of, with lots of company, and amusements, and presents, and to have a real, grand Christmas-tree." Ellie abandoned the half-finished stocking, and glanced round the room, but no gracefully festooned garlands met her gaze, no Christmas-tree presented even unadorned branches to her longing eyes, and, all at once, the homely apartment appeared to her dull and cheerless, all its brightness and charm had vanished, and sighing heavily Ellie sank into silence, unaware that her father was regarding her with much sorrow and earnestness. Mr. Hardwin was not very rich, yet he had quite enough money for his wants, and if Ellie had not the

same experiences of Christmas as other children of her age, the cause was not so much poverty of money as poverty of friends, for Mr. Hardwin lived excluded from the rest of the world, so far as friendly intercourse went, since the death of his wife, which occurred when Ellie was but a few months old. He had lost sight of his wife's relatives about that time, and his own sister had married and gone with her husband to India, so that there was none whose friendship he cared to cultivate for his motherless little girl, considering that, as she alone was sufficient for him, so ought she be content without other companionship than his.

The evening did not turn out as Ellie expected, and when bed-time approached, the child wished in her heart that she had struggled against those feelings of discontent which, her furtive glances told her, had brought disappointment and gloom to the face of her father.

For hours Ellie lay awake wishing now for this thing, then for that; and when she, at last, went asleep, it was only to dream of Christmas trees, Christmas parties, and Christmas presents, all shared by swarms of tiny creatures, flitting here, there and everywhere; truly enough to make one's head ache, Ellie had good sense enough to acknowledge even in her dreams. Ellie was surprised to find her father already gone out when she went down stairs next morning. "He left a message for you, Miss Ellie," Mary said, but she did not tell the wondering Ellie that Mr. Hardwin appeared very much troubled, and that she noticed he had put crape on his hat. The message was merely to say that important business would prevent his return to lunch, but that Ellie might expect him to an early dinner, and Ellie felt vexed and sorry that she had not made him happier on the previous evening, but resolved that in the future she would amply atone for her fault. Ellie felt lonely and depressed. She could not settle to her ordinary duties, so she determined to seek her father at the office, whither she often accompanied him, and, before doing so, she went as usual to dust his rooms. In doing so she noticed that a chest of drawers, of which her father always kept the key, lay open, and glad of the opportunity, Ellie settled herself to examine its contents. Ellie found many nice things which she supposed had belonged to her mother,— chains, rings, bracelets, and letters. These latter Ellie did not touch, but just as she was about to close the drawer, she saw a large envelope lying conspicuously alone on a box. It was not fastened, and when Ellie raised it, something dropped out and rolled along the carpet. It was a very handsome ring, and so small, that it fitted nicely on Ellie's largest finger. "Papa must have bought this ring for me," Ellie said aloud; "what pretty bright stones, and how nicely it fits me; I shall keep it on to surprise papa;" and dressing hastily, Ellie left the house, after informing Mary that she would soon return, as she intended only to look in at Mr. Hardwin.

II.— ART AND LOL.

The streets were unusually full. Carriages almost full of toys, shops crowded with laughing children, merry groups of thoughtless boys and girls jostling each other off the footway in their exuberance of spirits — were some of the sights to be seen in the busy city, at that festival time when "peace and good will" reign over all. In the very centre of one of the sidewalks, pushed about and rudely treated by the moving mass of people whose course they impeded, stood two shivering, ragged little children, with timid, refined faces, evidently unused to rough treatment, and bewildered by the novelty of their situation. Ellie Hardwin was attracted by their

infantile appearance; the taller of the two boys held the other tightly by the hand, unable, however, to afford him much protection. One or two pushed them impatiently aside and under the feet of a porter, who was hastening on, laden with large parcels, one of which struck the smaller of the two boys, and knocked him down just as Ellie picked her steps through the crowd, and stood beside them. "Bring your little brother close to the railings," Ellie said to the eldest, apparently, of the two, and lifting the little fellow up, she placed him in safety.

"Now hold the railing with one hand and the child with the other," Ellie advised him, "so that the crowd cannot separate you."

"Thank you very much," the little fellow replied, in a sweet, cultivated voice; "I am sure mamma will be very grateful to you for taking care of Art."

"Have you nobody to take care of you in the street?" Ellie inquired. "To take care of Art, you mean," the boy said; "I am big enough to mind myself; nurse had to leave when mamma had no more money, and I have taken care of Art ever since; Art is only a baby, you know," he finished with a wan, indulgent smile at little Art, who had ceased his crying in order to contemplate their new friend with greater attention. "Yes — but who minds you?" repeated Ellie, in surprise. "Minds me — why, nobody," retorted the child, drawing himself up, "I am big and old enough to mind myself, and to mind mamma and Art, too — I mind both of them."

"Both of whom?" Ellie again demanded, with wide open eyes. "Mamma — Mrs. Dale — and Art — this little fellow, his name is Arthur, but he is such a little mite he cannot get on by himself at all, can you, dear?" he stooped to inquire of his little charge, as he kissed him with a ridiculously paternal air.

"I touldn't do vidout Lol," was the loving response, and probably he read Ellie's thoughts in her expressive face, for he repeated emphatically, "*Ve* touldn't do vidout Lol. Lol is vely big and stong, a big cappen." The elder brother smiled again — what a pitiful smile it was! — at Ellie's intensely puzzled face, as she glanced from one to the other.

"Oh, that is the way the little fellow talks," he explained in an undertone; "he calls me Lol — my name is Robert — and he says I'm a captain, because I am going to be one when I grow big — that is a bigger man — a soldier, you know, like my papa."

"Why, you funny boy," laughed Ellie, "you require minding just as much as Art does." "I do not," Robert replied, indignantly; "if I leave him once, something wrong is sure to happen, and then when I am near to take his part, he is quite safe. Aren't you, Art?" "Twite safe, Lol is big enuff to let no bad tum," replied Art, admiringly.

"See that; the little chap knows, but you are only a girl, you know; *boys* can always take care of themselves," Robert replied patronizingly. "Well, well," Ellie replied, with that feeling of disgust or opposition, or whatever it is, that boys of Robert's age and pretensions generally arouse in little girls, whom they evidently consider young enough to be patronized, or *minded*, as Art and Lol would say. It provoked Ellie to hear him talk so much bigger than his *size*, and as if he made nothing of the service she had rendered them, when he so stupidly, Ellie thought, brought Art into the worst possible standing place. "Mind Art, indeed," Ellie said aloud, "when you were very near getting him killed a moment ago!" Ellie was sorry for her speech on the instant, for the child's white, earnest face became suffused with red, then grew white again, and he hung his head for a moment, before he stooped down and kissed his little brother again.

"I wouldn't let anything harm you — would I, Art?"

"No," was the vehement reply, with a fierce glance at Ellie, "Lol *can* mind me, an' I loves Lol better nor evysing." "Why do you come out alone?" Ellie asked Robert, in a very softened voice. "Mamma is very ill," he replied, in a low tone, "and had no drink. Art wanted some breakfast. I can do without some very well, I am so strong," and his proud spirit again asserted itself; "imagine I do not feel hungry, although I had no dinner nor supper yesterday; Art is such a little baby fellow, he eats all; he can eat lots," he concluded, admiringly.

"Es; Art *can* eats lots," chimed in Art, "but dere's no lots to eat, nor bread, nor nuffin; and dere's nuffin' dere at all," said the poor little fellow, stroking himself, but a bright thought struck him, and he looked hopefully at Ellie; "but maybe 'ou is doin' to div' us *lots*, or sumfin'." The tears came into Ellie's eyes; "I wish I could," she said sadly, "but I have no money;" then suddenly remembering with delight the ring she had put on her finger, she drew it off, and handed it to Robert.

"I have nothing else to give you," she said; "you will get money for that ring; your mother will know how to dispose of it, I daresay. Be careful of it, and hurry home to her."

Is dat *lots*, and tan't we eat it *here?*" inquired Art.

"No, no, dear," laughed Robert, "but it is to buy lots of bread and jam, and maybe plum-pudding, like a *real* Christmas long ago."

Ellie laughed aloud with delight at the changed faces of the children.

"Oh! there is my papa," she told the children, pointing to the other side of the street, where she saw him in earnest conversation with another gentleman. She waved her hand, but he did not see her, and while she waited to hear Robert say, as he gazed after Mr. Hardwin with much interest, "I like to see other people's papas, because we have no papa to see," her father had disappeared in the opposite direction, and understanding that he must have left the office on some business, Ellie bade the children adieu.

"Good-bye, young lady, thank you very much. Mamma will never forget your kindness, I am sure," Robert said, and Art kissed hands to her, his baby face beaming over with smiles.

Ellie could not help admiring the easy, dignified grace of little Robert, as he moved off in his tattered garments, holding, as she had bidden him, the railings with his right hand, which also held the ring, and carefully guiding his little brother with the left.

III.—MRS. DALE.

"Mamma darling, see what we have got; a young lady gave it to me to buy food with. Look up; we shall buy bread and fire, and — and nice things to make you well," said Robert, holding up Ellie's ring.

"It is to buy *lots*, mamma, said Art, "an' we'll div' 'ou some of it — she said 'ou would 'apose ob it."

But the poor woman was so seriously ill as to be almost insensible to the children's entreaties that she would look at them or speak to them, and, after a while, brave little Robert made up his mind to go out himself and sell the ring. People with shiny things in their windows will give money for it, he thought, so he said to Art, "Look here, dear, I am going out to buy good things, and you are to stay in bed with mamma, and mind her until I return; don't go outside of the door, nor anywhere; you are to be a strong little man now, and mind poor sick mamma."

"Es — I'll be Lol," said the little fellow bravely, "an' I kill any bad dat tum, but I tud be better Lol if dere was sumfin' here," he finished sadly.

"Well, I'll be back soon, dear,"

his brother told him cheerily, "and let me see what a big brave Lol you'll be."

It seemed a long, long time to Robert before he could find the window with the "shiny things" of which he was in search, but at length there they were, things, too, like what he had to sell, and the child entered the shop boldly.

"And what do *you* want, my little man?" inquired the jeweller, good-humoredly, for he was serving a good customer, and could afford to be facetious, at least with the ragged, shivering mite whose head could not be seen above the counter.

"I want you to buy this, please sir, that is, give me money for it," Robert told him very explicitly; "the money is to buy bread for mamma and Art."

"And what might *this* be, young man?" and the jeweller was obliged to stoop very low indeed, in order to take the ring from the child's outstretched hand. "Oh — h!" and where did *you* get it?" At the jeweller's exclamation, the gentleman looked up from the trinkets he was examining. "It is a most valuable ring, sir," the jeweller explained, "set with finest diamonds;" and he held it up for his customer's inspection.

The gentleman let the goods he was examining drop from his hands, and almost snatched the ring from the man. He turned it, and read on the inside, E. M. H. "The ring must be stolen," he exclaimed excitedly, "it belonged to my sister, who has been dead for some years."

Robert was examined, and coaxed, and threatened, but he knew no more than that a young lady gave it to him; he did not know her name, he had never seen her before. The brave little fellow struggled with his fears for a long time, but when he heard the words "police" and "prison" repeated over and over, he became terrified. His protracted fast, his uneasiness for his mother and Art overcame him, and he burst into bitter tears and sobs.

The gentleman, still retaining possession of the ring, proceeded to find out the truth of the child's story by accompanying him home. Finding Robert's statement true, he was shocked and saddened by the existence of so much misery. He generously relieved the stricken family, and procured for them the services of a kind neighbor, to whom he intrusted money for their wants, promising to come again next day, but cautioned her to buy warm clothes for Robert, as he would send a policeman for him during the evening, guaranteeing, at the same time, that every care should be taken of the child, as he was merely required to assist in the identification of the person who had given him the ring.

IV.—MR. HARDWIN.

"And so you don't know anything more," said the policeman to Robert, who trotted along by his side in a warm great-coat. The boy was not in the least afraid, he had done no wrong, and was only anxious to be back again with his mother, to hear Art talk about the *lots* he had been eating, and to enjoy the cheerful fire to which they had so long been strangers.

"That is all I know," said Robert, repeating his tale for the twentieth time. "But look! there is the young lady's father; I would know him anywhere."

"I do not see him, where — where is he?" cried the policeman, excitedly.

"Just crossing the street there, with crape on his hat. The young lady said, 'There is my papa,' and he was at the opposite side of the street then."

But the policeman had already left the boy's side, and Robert, thinking he had done his duty, retraced his steps home, with some difficulty.

Mr. Hardwin had received a great shock of which Ellie was totally un-

aware. While she was longing for Christmas parties and festivities, her father's imagination was conjuring up his only sister starving somewhere near, for he had suddenly come on an advertisement in the newspaper he was reading, which was intended for his eye, and which made known to him that his sister was a widow, and in want, and had vainly endeavored to find him in the city, to which she had returned some months ago with her two little children. The address given in the newspaper was some miles from London, and thither he had repaired that day, only to find that she had left there some weeks before, and the woman who gave him the information added, that she thought she must be dead by this time, as she had left that place in the most abject poverty, and hopelessly bad health. What, then, was his surprise and indignation to be arrested on his return home, by a policeman who could not, or would not, give him other information than that "it was something about a ring." In vain Mr. Hardwin protested against the proceeding, satisfied that he was mistaken for some one else. There was no use in talking to this important functionary, who would only shrug his shoulders, and philosophically advise him to "make the best of it, as nothing could be done till morning, when the gentleman himself should appear."

V.—ELLIE AGAIN.

Truly, Ellie was punished for her murmurings and unhappiness, when hour after hour passed by, and Mr. Hardwin had not come. Dinner was sent away cold and untasted; all Ellie's loving preparations were of no avail. She was not to have the opportunity of repairing the past. With beating heart, and white face, the child stood at the window, until even the busy streets grew quiet, and then Mary carried her to her room, and sat beside her through the long dreary hours. How earnestly Ellie prayed; how bitterly she condemned herself! "Never," she repeated over and over again, "never would I wish for anything else in this world if only my father were safe home. If I had all the pleasures and companionship on the earth, what would they be without him? Oh, papa, dear papa, if I had only told you I was sorry for being discontented and unhappy."

Christmas Eve dawned dark and gray, and Ellie was dressed, and on her knees. Suddenly, a knock at the door made her start and tremble. "It is not papa's knock," she said tearfully, "but it may be a message from him." Yes, a short note telling her simply that he was waiting at Elm Station for a gentleman whom he hoped to meet in a couple of hours.

"My God, sure that is a prison," screamed the frightened old servant unguardedly, when Ellie read the note aloud. "A prison — wait!" Ellie cried, as she ran into the street after the messenger; "just wait for one moment, please, I shall go with you to my father." There Ellie found her father, but so changed and haggard-looking, that one would think ten years had elapsed since he left her. "Oh, papa, darling, what is this?" sobbed Ellie, as she threw her arms around him, and wept aloud.

Mr. Hardwin had nothing to tell; he could procure no information from any one, only that he should await the arrival of the "gentleman and the little boy."

And there, waiting, clinging to her father, Ellie declared that this was the happiest Christmas Eve she had ever known, and never again would she desire anything more than his presence, to make her Christmases all she could wish.

At length Mr. Hardwin was summoned to another room, and Ellie clung closely to his arm, determined not to allow herself to be separated from him again. When they

entered the apartment, Ellie uttered an exclamation of surprise, as she recognized in a comfortably-clad boy, who stood near the door, her little acquaintance of the previous day.

"Oh! I am so glad to see you," he said, catching her hand, "you can tell them all about the ring; I fear your papa is not quite pleased, is he? I knew him at once," he said, proudly, "and told the policeman, too. But this gentleman is very kind," he continued, lowering his voice, "and mamma and Art are getting on first-rate. Art *has* lots to eat, I can tell you. We have got another nurse for him now, but I suppose it is only until this gentleman can spare me to go home and mind him."

Robert would not have told all this only that the strange gentleman had turned round, when Ellie and her father entered the room, and the sight of each other seemed to affect both gentlemen equally. Mr. Hardwin grasped the mantle-piece, as if he were about to fall, and the other, rushing forward, caught his hand, saying almost inaudibly, "Henry, can it be possible? what dreadful mistake is this?"

Ellie stared at both in blank surprise, until at length her father said, with some difficulty, "My child, this is your uncle. Frank, this is Edith's daughter," and Ellie was clasped in a warm embrace.

"We cannot explain matters here," said Ellie's uncle, Mr. Merthyr; "excuse me for a moment, while I arrange matters with the officials. What an unfortunate mistake, Henry; can you forgive me?" Mr. Hardwin smiled assent, and Mr. Merthyr continued, "And you, Robert Dale, run for a cab."

Mr. Hardwin caught the child as he turned away. "Dale! Can this be true? Why it all seems a dream. Child! where is your father?"

"Dead," was the solemn reply.

"And your mother?"

"In Arne Street; she has been ill, but is now better."

Mr. Hardwin embraced him tenderly. "He is your cousin, Ellie," he said; "his mother is my sister."

VI.—A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

We have not to space to linger over the explanations which were made and received. It was Ellie's mother's ring, which Mr. Hardwin intended to give as a Christmas present to his little girl, and Mr. Merthyr at once recognized it as his own Christmas gift to his only sister many years before.

Never was there a happier Christmas, so thought Ellie, Lol, and Art, as well as the numerous little ones of Mr. Merthyr's household, where all spent the Christmas together. Of course there were good things in plenty, and more fun even than Ellie had longed for. When the back drawing-room was thrown open, and, as a new surprise, the Christmas tree was revealed in all its wealth of presents, Ellie thought she could not be gladder, but when the door opened, and Father Christmas himself entered, bending under the weight of a large sack, from which Robert got first present, a book, and Art, the next, a very large parcel indeed, Ellie declared that, only for one thing, she would be too happy, and that was, that uncle Merthyr, who had gone out a little while before, was not back in time to greet Father Christmas.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A YOUTH recently ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to get something to eat, and to get refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner; their mother sat weeping and tearing her

hair; and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide them."

The convict listened to his tale with tears of sympathy, and said:

"I will give you the means. I have just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord round my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should die a thousand times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous man insisted, and declared at last that he would give himself up if the father did not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office.

Everybody was surprised to see that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them.

The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the ministers of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding it was a comparatively small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his term, ordered his release.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

During a season of scarcity, a rich man invited to his house a number of the poorest children in the town, and told them that every morning he would give them a loaf of bread, till such time as it should please heaven to send a plentiful harvest.

The children seized the loaves quite rudely, and quarrelled among themselves as to who should have the largest loaf; and at last they went away, without so much as thanking the kind giver.

One little girl alone, named Fanny, whose clothes were very ragged and wretched, stopped at a short distance while the others were taking the bread, and at last took the smallest loaf that had been left, humbly kissing, at the same time, the hand of the rich man, and going quietly away.

The next day the children did not behave any better, and Fanny got a loaf that was smaller than any of the others.

When she took it home to her father and mother, as soon as her mother began to cut it up in slices, a quantity of money fell out, to their great surprise; but the mother told Fanny to take it back instantly to the kind gentleman, for it had no doubt got into the loaf by some mistake.

Fanny did so, but the gentleman refused to take it, saying there was no mistake, for he had put the money into the smallest loaf, as a reward for Fanny's good behavior.

"Be always," he said, "as easily satisfied; for they who would rather be contented to take the smallest loaf than to fight and quarrel about it, will be sure to carry the blessing of God home with him."

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

I HAVE a little comforter,
That climbs upon my knee,
And makes the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
She never is the one to say:
"If you had only been
More careful and more sensible,
This thing had been foreseen."
She blesses me,
Caresses me,
And whispers: "Never mind;
To-morrow night
All will be right,
My papa, good and kind."

To give me wise and good advice
I have of friends a score;
But then the trouble ever is,
I knew it all before.
And when one's heart is full of care,
One's plans all in a mess,
The wisest reasoning, I think,
Can't make the trouble less.
My Mamie's way
Is just to say:
"Oh, papa, don't be sad:
To-morrow night
All will be right,
And then we shall be glad."

Some think I have been much to blame,
Some say: "I told you so;"
And others sigh: "What can't be helped
Must be endured, you know."
Of course, if trouble can be helped,
Then crying is in vain;
But a wrong will not come right,
Why should I not complain?
In Mamie's eyes
I'm always wise;
She never thinks me wrong;
It's understood
I'm always good —
Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face,
All day been on the strain;
Now I may rest, or I may sigh,
Or, if I like, complain.
My daughter thinks as papa thinks,
And in her loving sight
I am a clever, prudent man,
Who has done all things right.
Faith so complete,
Oh, it is sweet,
When neither wise nor strong;
But Love stands best
The better test
Of Sorrow and of Wrong.

Then come, my little Comforter,
And climb upon my knee;
You make the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
For you've the wisdom far beyond
The reach of any sage,
The loving, tender, hopeful trust
That best can strengthen age.
Say: "Papa, dear,
Now don't you fear;
Before to-morrow night
The cares you dread
Will all have fled,
And everything be right."

"CHRISTMAS, Christmas, Christmas!" spelled out Nellie, the little match-seller, as she peered through the bookshop window. "Good news for our little ones," she syllabled slowly; "now what on earth does that mane?" "Why, Nell," interposed a good-natured basket-woman on the doorstep, "is it possible you don't know about Christmas? Sit down here, and I'll tell it all t'ye."

. . . . . .

The grand church was crowded at the latest Mass. The fine organ pealed forth its soul-stirring "*Adeste Fideles*." Around the crib were gathered groups of old and young, kneeling before the pretty lifelike *Bambino*, when a poorly clad child approached with staring eyes, and, with bated breath whispered, "Oh, let me see the Infant Lord, oh-h-h! and down on her knees she fell, her hands uplifted, her eyes streaming, and, poor ignorant child, believing, from the imperfect way in which she had been told the story the previous day, that the Infant Jesus was really born that Christmas morn, exclaimed aloud, her heart in each word, "Oh Infant Lord, how beautiful, how very lovely you are! Others bring you presents, but please, dear, dear Infant Lord, I am very poor, and I have nothing to bring but this. I love it better than anything else," and from underneath her tattered cloak she drew a wretched looking, faded and ragged old wooden doll. . . . . Children, to many of you this may seem a ridiculous story, though to many it may seem sad, and I tell it to you that you may all, to the best of your power, offer a gift of love to the Infant of the Crib.

MOTHER'S TURN.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now." The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, and she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out for her in her unselfish words? Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and inside out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence. Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently borne, and when at length the green sod covers their graves, you will not be sick at heart with remorse for what might have been.

BOYS SHOULD LEARN TRADES.

In all countries, the workingmen boast that they form the backbone of the nation. Without entering upon the vexed question who form the working-classes, we think the most independent man in any country is he who learns a good and useful trade. Compared with him the poor clerk, salesman, and even many in the professions, have no calling or position that can bear a moment's comparison. If they thoroughly master their trade, good workmen need never fear starvation; they will always be able to make a living. If trade is dull at one place, they have only to change to another. Parents in most countries, who are a little well off, are too much disposed to turn up their noses at the trades, and instead of teaching their boys one of these, give them a first-class education, and then comparatively throw it away by putting them to what they falsely consider the more respectable employment of a clerk or salesman, that in general does not command half the remuneration. If parents would consult the future welfare of the children, they will teach them trades. And if their circumstances render it unnecessary for them to depend upon the labor of their hands, they can start the better in business in that trade on their own account; or if a reverse of fortune should happen, they will have the power of earning a livelihood at their finger ends.

VACATION GIANTS!

Yes, two great giants stand at the entrance of the beautiful land where all of you hope to spend the Merry Christmas time—the pleasant land of Vacation. Their names are *Idleness* and *Selfishness*, and they will try to make you their slaves. *Idleness* will compel you to lie in bed in the morning, to lose Mass, to fritter away time; he will not even allow you to play earnestly, for earnest play *is* employment. *Selfishness* will make you try to have your own way always; he will forbid you ever to consent to the wishes of others. These giants *do not tell the truth*. They will promise you pleasure if you serve them, and discontent and remorse will be the reward of your service. They are also cruel; as cruel as John, who put out the eyes of his young nephew, Arthur; they will *blind* you. You may read and write and play, yet you will be so *blind* that you cannot see how much happiness you could gain if you would refuse to serve these mas-

ters. Do not let them seize you, but make *your* vacation *vacation* for others. Of course you are to play a good deal,— *that* is vacation. Boys, if you are pretty good at figures, could you not help father now and then? If you cannot, well, be ready to go of messages to oblige. Girls, be tidy, save the servants trouble, help mamma, be thoughtful for others. Children, be brave, put on the armor of *fervent morning prayer*. Keep the sword of *good resolutions* harp. Have a great supply of *Arrows of Aspiration*. Strong giants will fly from the tiniest child who aims such arrows at them. When the giants attack *you* first do you attack *them* boldly. Give them such a reception that they will be almost afraid to attempt to make you slaves while yon dwell in *Vacation Land*.

DEAF AND DUMB.

"ARE you not sorry, my little girl, to be deaf and dumb?" She wrote on her slate: "I am glad. I can never say or hear anything bad."

There is an institution for the improved instruction of Catholic Deaf Mutes at Fordham, N. Y., and one in Brooklyn. The report of the former says: "The educational department has been successfully carried on. The marked improvement of the pupils is, no doubt, due in a great measure to the plan of monthly examinations which has been put in practice during the year, and which has had the effect of imparting a lively spirit of emulation. At the end of each of these examinations the sewing, knitting and fancy work of each pupil are brought forward for inspection, and the result is a renewed interest on the part of the pupils, not only in their studies, but also in those useful accomplishments a knowledge of which is so necessary to their future success. Out of school hours, each of the girls is given some household task to perform, the object of which is to fit her for the duties of after life. Drawing is taught in all the classes, and a few of our pupils show a decided talent for this beautiful and useful art. In the report, after a short list of donations, is related this touching episode: — "One name deserves special mention; it is that of our deaf and blind pupil, Jane McCormack, who for some months quietly laid by the little gifts of money which she received from visitors, until, having amassed the sum of two dollars, she presented it as her Christmas offering for the benefit of the new building. Little Jane is as fond of toys as other children of her age, but, although she had many opportunities of spending her savings, she resolutely resisted all temptations, keeping her secret to herself until the appointed time, when, with a face radiant with delight, she made the sacrifice of what, to her, must have appeared a small fortune."

Since the report of 1881 was transmitted to the Legislature, various improvements have been made, and the number of people has increased. Catholics having charge of deaf mute children have no excuse for sending them to non-Catholic institutions.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

LITTLE Alice Boynton had started out in the snow-storm with her bag on her arm, and her umbrella which she is holding fast in both her hands to keep the wind from blowing it away. How fast falls the snow! But she looks up from under her little hat with a happy smile, for she has in her bag many presents for the children of a poor widow who lives on the edge of the wood. Some of them are pretty little things she learned to make in the Kindergarten school. She will derive more real pleasure in giving them to these children, than she will when she opens her own stocking that loving hands will fill for her, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

To keep butter as hard as if on ice, take a new flower-pot, wash it clean, wrap it in a wet cloth, and set it over the butter.

A writer on table etiquette says: Eat slowly, as if it were a pleasure you desired to prolong, rather than a duty to be got rid of as quickly as possible. Don't bring your prejudices, your dislikes, your annoyances, your past misfortunes or future forebodings, to the table. That would spoil the best of dinners. Respect the hour of meals. You have no right to injure the temper of the cook, destroy the flavor of the viands, and the comfort of the family by your want of punctuality.

Potatoes Fried in Slices.—Peel large potatoes, slice them about a quarter of an inch thick, or cut them into shavings, as you would peel a lemon; dry them well in cloth, and fry them in lard or dripping. Take care that the fat and frying-pan are quite clean; put it on a quick fire, and as soon as the lard boils, and is still, put in the slices of potatoes, and keep them moving until they are crisp; take them up, and lay them to drain on a sieve. Send to table with a little salt sprinkled over them.

A "Ladder" for Loading Corn.—Take a plank two inches thick, ten wide, and eight feet long. Nail upon one side of it cleats, of one-inch by two-inch stuff, at easy stepping distances apart. At the upper end nail upon the underside of the plank, a cleat projecting four inches upon either side, to which attach small ropes or chains, and suspend the ladder from the hind end of the rack, so that one end of the plank will rest upon the ground. This makes a very convenient step-ladder, up which a man can carry a large armful of fodder, and thus load his wagon to its full capacity with greater ease than two men could load it from the ground. It is of great convenience when hauling corn fodder alone.

Soups.—To make nutritious and palatable soup, with flavors well mingled, requires study, practice, and good taste. The best basis for soup is lean uncooked meat, a pound of meat to a quart of water, to which may be added chicken, turkey, beef or mutton bones well broken up; a mixture of beef, mutton, and veal, with a bit of ham bone, all cut fine, makes a higher-flavored soup than any single meat; the legs of all meats are rich in gelatine, an important constituent of soup. The best herbs are sage, thyme, sweet marjoram, tarragan mint, sweet basil, parsely, bay-leaves, cloves, mace, celery seed and onions. The best seasoning is that which is made up of the smallest quantity from each of many spices. The good soup maker must be a skilful taster.

Food Adulterations.—A Chicago chemist has recently made the following statement:—At the request of a highly respectable citizen of Chicago, he examined fourteen brands of sugar, bought in that city,—some granulated, some white, some colored, some coarse, and some fine. In twelve of the samples he found tin in the form of chloride, an active poison. He examined several groups made essentially of glucose, and found in them chlorides of tin, calcium, iron, magnesia, and in quantities which made them very poisonous. In one case a whole neighborhood was poisoned, and the doctor was told of one death. He has, in several cases, found sugar of lead in vinegar. He uses fruit acids in place of vinegar, such as lemon juice, etc. Pickles he has found, in various cases, to be poisoned with copper and lead. The cheap tinware sold in our markets is dangerous to use for canning fruits, vegetables, meats, or fish. They are liable to contain lead and tin,—both active poisons. He has found alum instead of cream of tartar in many baking powders,—a thing dangerous and injurious in all cases. Almost all hair cosmetics are poisonous, and many of the face powders contain arsenic or lead. Another chemist, in the same city, says he never uses the vinegar of pickles sold in our market. Sulphuric acid is used in making much of the vinegar; lead is used in making yellow pickles, and verdigris in making the green. He has examined a large number of specimens of oleomargarine, and has found in them organic substances in the form of muscular and connective tissues, various fungi, and living organisms which have resisted the action of boiling acetic acid; also, eggs resembling those of the tape-worm. The French patent, under which oleomargarine is made, requires the use of the stomachs of sheep or pigs. This is probably the way the eggs get in. He regards it as a dangerous article, and would, on no account, permit its use in his family. He has made more than a thousand microscopical examinations of milk in this city, and not over ten per cent. of the milk sold here is wholesome and unadulterated.

THE HUMORIST.

At a dinner party in Paris, a dull and ugly German baron, finding himself seated between Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier (the belle of the day), whispered to the former, "Am I not fortunate to be thus placed between beauty and talent?" "Not so very fortunate," replied the offended authoress, "since you possess neither one nor the other."

"Do we love old music," Berta? Oh, indeed we do. That is the kind we love. There is a piano next door that is now in the ninety-seventh year of its age, and it has the asthma so bad you can't hear it ten feet away from the key-board. And compared with the loud-sounding three-year-old across the way, the antique is an angel's whisper.

Calino, having read the stories of crime with which the journals are crammed, was in constant fear of murder, for he lived in a lonely spot and his servants all slept very soundly. One day he said to a friend,—"Ah, I've got it. I can sleep soundly now. At night the knob of my chamber door communicates with an electric battery." "Well?" "Well, if the knob is touched the battery fires off a can of dynamite, and the house is blown up. Good trap for robbers, you see."

Recently a lady stepped into a bird shop to buy a parrot for a household pet. Having examined the collection, she turned to the proprietor and said, "I will take Honesty." "Beg your pardon, ma'am," said the dealer, "which one is Honesty?" "Why, that one, of course," said the self-possessed customer, pointing to by far the fairest bird of the flock. "And may I inquire, ma'am, why you call it Honesty?" "Because," answered the customer, "Honesty is the best Poll I see."

Dean Swift and the Tailor.— On one occasion a certain tailor who thought he had a call to preach the everlasting gospel, called upon the Dean for approbation and instructions how to proceed. The Dean received him politely, and having invited him to take a seat, began to examine him as to his qualifications for so important and sacred a calling. "You are a tailor, are you?" asked the Dean. "Yes, sir." "And you desire to preach the Gospel?" "Yes, sir; I think I am called to preach the Gospel." "And you are well acquainted with the Scriptures, of course?" "I think I am." "Well, then, let me test your qualifications a little. We read in the Revelations of St. John that an angel stood one foot on land and another on the sea; now can you tell me how many yards of cloth it would take to make that angel a pair of breeches?" "No," said the astonished tailor, "I do not think I can." "Well, then," said the imperturbable Dean, "go home and study out the problem, then come back to me and I will tell you whether you are fit to preach the Gospel or not."

"Why don't you send your children to school, Ike?" asked the Superintendent of Public Instruction, of an old colored man. "Wall, boss, I's tried dat school business, and it won't work." "How's that?" "Wall, you see, my son's been studyin' 'rithmetic furr some time; and tother day I axed him what was de county seat ob Africa, and he couldn't tell me. When a boy studys 'rithmetic free years and can't figger out such a simple question, I tinks dat it's time furr him ter quit. Now he's studyin' 'stronomy in a brick-yard."

One day a laboring bricklayer was called as a witness in an action before Chief Justice Ellenborough. When he came to be sworn, his lordship said to him, "Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," replied the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean?" said the judge angrily. "Why, faith," said the laborer, "you come here in your working clothes, and I've come in mine."

It doesn't do to fool with an editor, no matter how you fix it. The editor of a California paper boards at the same hotel with a young Mr. D., who is a practical joker. As the same journalist naturally comes home in the wee' sma' hours, the sawbones determined to frighten him by suspending a skeleton in a particularly dark passage in front of the editor's room. Then the Doctor and some friends hid near by to enjoy seeing the quill-driver's hair rise. Instead of this, however, that moulder of public opinion calmly examined the ghostly relic, made a memorandum on his short-cuff, and left the house again. The Doctor was very much mystified by this action, but he understood it all when he next morning looked in the paper and saw his name mentioned in an item headed: "Another case for the Commissioners!" "Singular Freak of a Maniac!"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Dublin Conference, by approving of the policy of Mr. Parnell, has substantially continued the Land League in existence, despite the pompous utterance of the *Irish World* to the contrary. Napoleon could decree that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign; but the spectacle of Mr. Ford in a Napoleonic rôle, is certainly refreshing. The action of the Dublin Conference leaves untouched the League as organized in this country. Ireland still needs moral and material help; and the association which has proved so beneficial to it, should not be suffered to lapse, simply because Mr. P. Ford has issued a mandate.

When will Ireland and Irishmen limit their absurd schemes for the benefit of the universe, and settle down to the practical betterment of their own state? Life is too short, and the universe too big, to allow us to accomplish any considerable good, in fact any good, outside our immediate surroundings. The twaddle of the *Irish World* about the advancement of all nationalities, the right of every man to hold some property on the earth which is his by natural right, etc., has led many off after Henry George, into schemes of universal benevolence, when, by concentrating their efforts upon the amelioration of Ireland alone, they could do some partial good.

With that quick revulsion of feeling characteristic of the Irish race, there is a despondent impression that the League has failed, and that another swindle has been perpetrated, in the name of Irish agitation. Nothing can be falser. So far as the money is concerned, the name of Patrick Egan is above all stain. The good achieved by the League has been most positive and tangible, and lifts it immeasurably above all former schemes.

The programme only has been altered, and we must await developments. The withdrawal of the *Irish World*, with its Skirmishing Fund, etc., is the best thing that could have happened to the true cause of Ireland. Meanwhile, let all Leaguers remain in their organization, and not be scared by false fire. Keep up the union, because, if this disband, and announce its failure to the world, no such great union can be brought together again, probably, in a century.

THE legitimate fruit of the infidel government with which France has been cursed for the past generation, is seen in the spread of the recent anarchical theories and demonstrations. Having banished the religious Orders, and forbidden the name of God and Jesus Christ to be used in the public schools, the Government wonders now why the youth of France should be so turbulent, unruly, and revolutionary. Infidelity, after all, is short-sighted. If its theory is correct, what is the use of government? What right has one descendant of an apet o govern another? If the Ten Commandments are only the invention of priestcraft, why should murder or stealing be regarded or punished as criminal? The French Government has been digging its own grave. The present race of Frenchmen, trained in the Government schools, exceed in blasphemy and ungovernableness the men who inaugurated the great French Revolution.

If Governments were wise, they would see that, simply as a measure of policy, religious instruction is necessary for youth. But the infidels that gained control of the French Republic, imagined that the retention of any religion in public education would benefit the Bonapartist or royal parties in the Republic; and they sacrificed the strongest safeguard of all government, which is religion, to a vain fear of the success of a rival party. France, at present, threatens to drift into anarchy, and nothing but what remains of the old faith will keep it from renewing the excesses of a former age.

Happily, the women of France, the mothers and wives, are good and devout, and their influence, no doubt, has counteracted the full effect of infidelity. It will go hard with a Christian mother if she do not find some way of teaching her children the elements of the faith, and her teaching is often an antidote to all subsequent atheistic education.

THIS is the season for holding Protestant conventions, and it may be reasonably asked what good they do, or what authority do they exercise? If the ministers met to have what is irreverently called a "good time," there would be some reason in their assembling. But the long programme they go through, and their endless sermons, forbid such an idea. If these conventions exercised any authority over the preachers, individually or collectively, their convening would be practical; but no minister deems himself bound by any of their suggestions or regulations. They seem to afford a certain number of preachers an opportunity to "gas"; no doubt, to the great disgust of those who cannot get the floor. Mr. Beecher has informed a convention and the country that he does not believe in hell; a declaration of as much value as if he announced that he does not believe in the existence of the Bunker Hill monument. It is to be feared that hell will not cease to exist, out of deference to the wishes of H. W. B. The cool impudence of such fellows in settling eternal facts and truths, and imagining that anybody cares a copper what they believe or disbelieve, is a subject for the ridicule of infidels and sensible men alike.

What does a fashionable preacher, with a devoted congregation and a wife related to the best society, care for the snuffy proceedings of a convention? Suppose he believes in Ritualism, what can a Low Church Convention do with him? He laughs at it, and strikes the bishop's name off his visiting-list. The people know that the whole thing is a farce, that they and their rector are independent of the bishop and the Convention, and that they can have as many candles burning as they wish, and be as "Popish" as they please. Or, what does the Rev. Sandy McBosh, of Belfast, an eminent Scotch-Irish Divine, care for the American Presbyterian Church? He has accepted a call to an American congregation, at a big salary, and he knows more metaphysics than the American ministers, who had not the advantage of being born in Belfast. The congregation is full of old Irish and Scotch merchants, that despise the Yankee preachers and go in for Calvin's hell, and "to the devil with the Pope." Rev. Sandy suits them exactly, and the convention and the American Elders, and the Moderator, may go to the devil along with the Pope, for all Sandy and his congregation care.

Therefore we ask why these conventions, which legislate for people who never keep their laws; which frame enactments which are gravely recorded and printed, but never observed; and that keep up a yearly assembling, without even the excuse of having "a good time."

NOVEMBER is the month of the Holy Souls. Were not the ancient heathens more thoughtful and affectionate than we? They kept memorials of their departed friends and relatives, amid familiar household things. But how quickly we forget the dead! and perhaps we may be the occasion or the cause of sins for which they now suffer. Let us not allow a day of November to pass, without an *Ave* for the faithful departed.

GREAT SUCCESS OF A WORCESTER FAIR.—The fair in aid of the Church of

the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., Rev. Father Conaty pastor, has resulted in the magnificent sum of over ten thousand dollars,—a sum far above what was anticipated. We congratulate the Rev. Father on the great success of the undertaking.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS have a good Christmas dish in this issue of our Magazine. Will they try to get subscribers for the New Year, thereby obtaining our premiums?

PRESENTATION.—On Sunday evening, October 15, the basement of St. Stephen's Church was filled to repletion with parishioners, who had assembled to witness the presentation of a testimonial in the form of $1,185 to Rev. J. E. Millerick, who has been recently transferred to East Weymouth. The pastor, Rev. M. Moran, in behalf of the people, gave the present. A grateful response was made by the recipient, who has worked for ten years among people who thus manifested their high appreciation of his zeal for their good while among them. Short addresses were also made by Rev. Fathers McMahon and Byrnes.

HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.—Sunday, October 22, thirty-nine boys received their First Holy Communion in the Chapel of the "House of the Angel Guardian." The piety and recollection depicted on their countenances, proved the diligent preparation they had made for this holy action, under the care of their worthy chaplain, Rev. G. Jeannotte. In the afternoon all solemnly renewed the vows of their Baptism, and consecrated themselves to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Over ninety boys made their First Communion in this institution this year.

A FAIR in aid of St. Mary's Infant Asylum will open at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on November 20.

"THE POET PRIEST OF THE SOUTH."—The Rev. A. J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South, will commence a lecturing tour in New England. He will lecture in the Music Hall in Boston, on the 3d of December, in aid of St. Mary's Infant Asylum. Father Ryan is a very eloquent and instructive lecturer, and we trust that he will receive a hearty welcome from the North. The following are the subjects he will lecture on: "Decline of Catholic Nations and the Ascendancy of Protestant Nations in our Days,—and the Reasons of the Fact." "The Position, by Right, of Mary His Mother, in the Kingdoms of Her Son." "The Mystery of Sanctity." "God with Us." "The Bible." "Christ, the King and Key of History." "Pilate's Question." "Poetry." "The Ethics of Art." "Some of the Aspects of Modern Civilization." "Ireland's Place in God's Designs and Human History."

For engagements to lecture, address Patrick Donahoe, Boston, Mass.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for November opens with a stirring appeal by Father Ryan, of Mississippi, entitled "Give God His Place." It is hardly possible to find more varied and meritorious reading matter within the same compass, than is offered by this number of what we may style "The popular Catholic American Magazine."—*The Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BRITISH LOSS AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.—The Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung* points out that the loss of the English at Tel-el-Kebir was much more serious than was at first supposed. Not two hundred, but four hundred men were lost, making more than three per cent. on the 13,000 present. All this loss was compressed into an hour. Some data of comparison are afforded by the following figures (of course in round numbers): The Germans lost at Gravelotte, in a battle lasting seven hours, without counting the preliminary cannonade, about 16,000 out of 225,000, or roughly about eight per cent. Spread over seven hours, this gives just one per cent. per hour. Except Le Bourge, probably no battle of the Franco-German war, even Vionville itself, was proportionately so bloody as Tel-el-Kebir.

THE hose and stockings we wear come from Balbriggan, Ireland. A fire recently destroyed the building. Fortunately, the owner's dwelling-house, adjoining the factory, was saved. Five hundred hands are thrown out of employment by this catastrophe, and fully twelve months must elapse before the premises are rebuilt and furnished with the requisite machinery. The loss to the town of Balbriggan will be very great, the industry carried on in this old-established manufactory having been the main support of the poorer classes for many years. The business was founded in 1796 by the late Mr. Joseph Smyth, and since 1820 Balbriggan has been the chief seat of stocking weaving in Ireland. Thirty years ago two hundred frames were at work, and three hundred and twenty persons found employment.

DR. DANIEL E. MILLERICK, who has just opened his office in the Bay State House, Hanover Street, is a physician who has conscientiously prepared himself for his work. He graduated with honor at the Harvard Medical College, and afterwards went to New York to spend a year in the St. Vincent Hospital, where his experience was large and instructive, and where he entered on courses of study in several special branches of his profession. Dr. Millerick is a brother of the Rev. J. E. Millerick, the respected young priest of St. Stephen's Church.

MDLLE. BERTHE DE ROTHSCHILD, a Jewess, who became at once a Christian and Princesse de Wagram the other day, greatly pleased her instructors, the Archbishop of Paris and the Abbé Gallet, by the devotion with which she received the three sacraments of her new faith. The young neophyte is mistress of a fortune which brings her £124,000 a year, and it has been noted that she is not the only heiress among the several branches of a family which is richer in female than in male children. Her marriage is, of course, open to the cheap suspicion of a bargain between gold and dynastic connections. But the union is generally believed to be one of inclination, and the easy insinuation that the new Princess "has no conception of the grace of humility," might assuredly have been spared.

LEGACY TO THE POPE.—The *Unità Cattolica*, the *Voce della Verità*, and other Catholic journals, announce that they have received intelligence from Montecchio Maggiore, Province of Vicenza, of the death, Sept. 5th, in his Villa of Gualda, Parish of St. Peter, in the town above named, of a wealthy citizen, Angelo Fogazzaro, a devoted Catholic, who, having no direct heirs of his body, by will, after due provision for his wife, his relatives, and the rights of the parish, bequeathed his entire property to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to his successors. In his holographic testament he declares it to have been always his intention to leave all he possessed to benevolent institutions, but, foreseeing the presumable incameration by government of all similar pious legacies, at no very distant future, he determined to constitute the reigning Pope his sole heir. The inheritance is said to amount to some two million lire, charged with the obligation of founding a perpetual *mansionaria*, or chaplaincy, with daily Mass, in the beautiful chapel built by himself in his Villa of Gualda. The other legacies consist in pensions, or given sums in money, the testator forbidding the real estate to be diverted.

SIR G. WOLSELEY and Sir B. Seymour were offered either a pension of £2,000 for life, or a sum of £50,000. Very naturally, and very wisely, they elected to take the latter.

SWALLOWING A SPOON!—A remarkable operation has been recently performed at the Lariboisière Hospital in Paris, by a French surgeon, M. Félizet, and it deserves notice on account of its rarity, and of the success which has attended it. A waiter at one of the cafés on the Boulevard Rochechouart, was performing some tricks with a spoon, which he pretended to swallow for the amusement of the customers, when to their alarm it was discovered that it had actually gone down his throat and lodged in his stomach. He was carried to the hospital in great agony, and at first was not expected to recover. An incision, however, was made in the epigastric region by M. Félizet, who, after cleansing the stomach with a Faucher tube, succeeded in extracting the spoon by means of an ingenious apparatus. Forty-five minutes in all were occupied by the operation, which was performed under the influence of chloroform, and reflects much credit upon the skill of the operator. The spoon is said to have measured nine inches and a half in length. The patient, according to the latest accounts, was confidently expected to recover.

FAIRS.—The Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, before blessing his splendid cathedral, held a grand fancy fair within its precincts, and netted towards the debt the nice little sum of £6,000. His Grace has come out with a defence of fancy fairs, when conducted as the one at Sydney was. The complaints levelled by many priests and laymen, both in England and the United States, against such modes of "raising the wind," are that, however æsthetic and refining these modes may be in the abstract, they are too often, in fact, coarse, and even dangerous to modesty. The arts of persuasion, it is said, are often carried beyond refinement and delicacy, and contain even a certain element of physical force which takes the shape of pulling, pushing, forcing, and general forwardness. The refreshment table often adds strength and zest to the zeal thus displayed. But such complaints, we are pleased to note, had no justification in Sydney. The Archbishop seems to have put a very strong police on to secure perfect order and refinement. The whole question of bazaars and fairs is one on which people have a good deal to say, and it is fairly open to discussion. One thing all agree in, and that is — they bring *money*. But even money may cost too much, observes the *London Tablet*.

HER MAJESTY has raised Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.B., and Admiral Sir F. Beauchamp Seymour, G.C.B., to the peerage, by conferring upon them the dignity of baronies, in acknowledgment of their recent distinguished public services.

EDUCATING ECCLESIASTICAL STUDENTS.—From some moneys left at the disposal of his executors by the late Count Eyre, of Manchester Square, London (father of the Archbishop of Glasgow), it is proposed to devote £1,000 to the founding of bursaries for the education of ecclesiastical students in each of the following dioceses of Great Britain: Westminster, Birmingham, Clifton, Hexham and Newcastle, Leeds, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Newport and Menevia, Northampton, Nottingham, Plymouth, Salford, Shrewsbury, Southwark, St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dunkeld, Galloway, Argyll and the Isles. The total sum to be expended will thus amount to £20,000.

EMPLOYING A SORCERESS.—The correspondent of the *Daily News* says the French Government had authorized a sorceress to search for hidden treasures in the vaults of St. Denis Cathedral. M. Devaux, the present Minister of Public Instruction, who, the *Intransigeant* says, should at once be sent to a lunatic asylum, is only so far blamable, if blame there be anywhere, that he has not revoked decisions of former ministers. So long ago as 1875, an elderly Spanish lady, named Cailhada, made an offer to M. Jules Ferry, the Minister of Fine Arts, to discover gold supposed to be hidden in St. Denis by means of a magic wand which she possessed. This wand contained in the handle—you will think I am parodying a story of the "Arabian Nights"—a fluid which was her secret, and would make the wand bend towards any spot where precious metals were hidden. After two years' negotiation, the Under-Secretary of State under M. Ferry, in 1880, agreed that she should be allowed to try, but she was to deposit a sum of money for the expenses of the experiment. Only lately she found funds to advance the necessary amount. Last week she commenced operations. She was attended by a young man, who, she said, was a magnetic subject, and without whom her magic wand would not work. After several days' digging nothing was found but an old rusty key, a thimble, and some bones. Madame Cailhada said her talisman told her there was some treasure deeper, but she has already gone as far as the credulity of her official backers allowed, and is now applying for an authorization to pursue her diggings further.

THE *Boston Sunday Herald* fears that the American people are being over-educated. We are educating them into five-story penitentiaries, and teaching them so high up in the ropes that some of them cannot touch the ground with their feet.—*The Western Watchman.*

IN the Austrian service the four officers of the army highest in command in Bosnia are Irishmen. The Governor of Livno is Major-General O'Reilly. The second in command of the cavalry is Colonel O'Herlihy, and there are two Captain O'Sullivans under him. One of the generals of brigade is Rudolph Oliver Swanston, who comes of a West Cork family. It seems that, still in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade, the Irish soldier is foremost in the path of honor, glory, and small pay.

THE WORLD'S HARVEST.—A French statistician of high authority says in effect: "Never before in the long time since these reports have been collected, has the harvest in the whole Northern hemisphere been so good all around. We have usually had to report a deficiency either in Europe or America. *This year there is absolutely none. The world has over an average harvest.*" To this another cablegram from London adds: "Spain is the only country from which the reports are unfavorable." These reports confirm what we had above indicated, that no material advance in the price of breadstuffs can be reasonably looked for, but it will be a year of abundant food at moderate prices, and of general prosperity among all classes in all countries.

NIGHT MEDICAL RELIEF.—An experiment was made some three years ago in Paris to provide medical relief during the night for persons taken ill very suddenly. So well has the experiment worked that it is now proposed to supply all the police stations of Paris with portable medicine chests, as well as the most needful medical and surgical apparatus, to be used only at night when the chemists' shops are closed. Doctors are also to be in waiting, ready to attend cases of emergency, the doctor's fee to be paid in the first instance by the municipality, and to be afterwards recovered from those patients who can afford to pay. Has this interesting experiment come to the ears of the police authorities of this country? Apparently not. Many a life has been lost in England, and other countries as well, at night, through the ignorance of the police, and through a want of proper medical treatment. Surely this should not be so,—this need not be so.

OLD women of both sexes, who spend two hours of devout prayer in the Church every day, should not destroy all the merit of their act, by spending the time coming from Church in talking about their neighbors.—*Catholic Columbian.*

SMOKERS are again reminded that there is death in the pipe. The latest warning comes from Paris. M. Jules Noriac, a writer of some mark, has just died there of a disease which the surgeons designate as smokers' cancer. It is stated that he suffered agonies for two years from a constantly increasing decay, which gradually invaded his whole face, and so altered his appearance that his most intimate friends could not recognize him.

OUT O' NIGHTS.—The *Catholic Union*, of Buffalo, N. Y., remarks: "We hail the passage of the municipal ordinance that empowers the police to arrest young night-walkers found on the streets after 9 o'clock. If parents will not, or cannot, guard their young sons and daughters from the incipient ruin of the licentious street, it is time our city authorities should do it for them." We solicit the attention of Mayor Green, of Boston, to the above wholesome regulation. Why not adopt a similar one in our city?

THREE hundred blue-jackets recently obtained permission to visit the Pyramids. For this purpose they hired donkeys, and formed a curious-looking but quite orderly species of cavalry, riding in sections of fours. They sat down well in their saddles, and managed their animals in excellent fashion. The orders for movement sounded rather odd, however, for they were "port," "starboard," "ease her," and such like expressions. Jack was occasionally dismounted, but there were no serious casualties. On arriving at the Pyramids the sailors climbed them as easily as they would have manned yards.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.—London has its anti-Chinese movement, too. A company of Chinamen, doing business in that city, have gone into a scheme for importing their countrymen in large numbers for employment as servants, farm-laborers, and in the trades. The project is being denounced in mass meetings. The Chinese of California are not displeased by the anti-Chinese law. The prohibition of further immigration protects those already here from competition, and they are accordingly rising the price of their labor. A dollar a day formerly satisfied a Chinaman on the Pacific coast, but now he demands $1.50, and usually gets it.

MR. GLADSTONE, having been petitioned "to do something to put a stop" to the proceedings of Mormon missionaries in England, has replied that it is a matter in which he cannot interfere, as "the young persons," he presumes, "go voluntarily" to Utah.

IN a published letter, Mr. Bright says that the Egyptian war "had no better justification than other wars which have gone before it. . . . Perhaps bondholders, and those who have made money by it, and those who have got promotion and titles and pensions, will defend it; but thoughtful and Christian men will condemn it."

IN a scrap-book now in the possession of Mr. Corcoran, 63 High Street, Bedford, England, there is the following autograph entry by the great Liberator:—

> Still shalt thou by my waking theme,
> Thy glories still my midnight dream;
> And every thought and wish of mine,
> Unconquered Erin! shall be thine.
>
> DANIEL O'CONNELL,
> M.P. for the County of Cork.
>
> Written for Miss Carey, 28th May, 1845.

THEY have instituted the Whipping Post in Maryland. The first instance of such punishment was the case of a wife-beater, named Garden. When condemned to receive thirty lashes, he turned pale, and cried out that he would sooner take seven years in the penitentiary. For cheap, easy, efficacious and speedy punishment for brutal crimes, the Whipping Post is without a peer.

THE act passed in the recent session on civil imprisonment, in Scotland, came into operation recently, and on the following day a number of persons imprisoned were discharged, For the future no person will be imprisoned on account of his failure to pay any sum for "alimentary debts," but there is power to imprison for wilful failure to obey a decree for such debts, or where means are shown to exist for such payment.

GEORGE CHILDS has done so much for Gen. Grant's body he would now like to do something for his soul, and he therefore wants to convert him to Episcopalianism. The General says he does not know what he would gain by the change. He says "with the Methodists the sermon is long and the service short; with the Episcopalians the service is long and the sermon short." We presume that is the short and the long of it, observes the *Western Watchman.*

In one year Germany expended for intoxicating liquors, the sum of $650,000,000; France, $580,000,000; Great Britain, $750,000,000, and the United States, $720,000,000; in all, $2,700,000,000.

D. R. Locke (Petroleum Nasby), in his newly-published book of travels, tells us that "in Germany there is nothing but soldiers and thin soup, and in Ireland, soldiers and starvation."

The refusal of the Archbishop of Paris to allow the body of a man killed in a duel to be taken into any Roman Catholic church, or to let a priest conduct the funeral rites anywhere, is regarded in Paris as an important religious blow at duelling.

The Land Act.—No better proof of its advantages can be offered than the numerous settlements which are being effected by mutual arrangement between landlord and tenant in districts where perennial discontent used to reign.—*Cork Examiner.*

At a great temperance gathering at Liverpool, Cardinal Manning spoke of wretched homes being the greatest temptation to drink, and declared that those owning house property are under a great responsibility, and are bound to make it fit for human habitation.

It is stated that the British Government have decided on arming fourteen fast and powerful ocean mail steamers, and sending them to the India, China, and Australian Seas. This is intended, it is added, as a precaution against any risks that may arise out of the Egyptian complications.

Archbishop Croke, writing to the *Freeman's Journal*, says:—"I am authorized to state that Mr. Dillon will not press his resignation just now, but will hold his place as repsesentative of Tipperary until his constituency will have had ample time to select a suitable successor in the event of his continued illness."

It is most gratifying to note that at the recent intermediate examinations in Ireland, the Catholic teachers sent up the most successful candidates. Every one of the three gold medals was won by a student of a Catholic school. There was similar success by the girls sent up by the nuns.

The Dublin Exhibition is completely boycotted by the upper classes.

The French Government has refused to sanction a resolution of the Paris Municipality, for converting the Rue Bonaparte into the Rue Garibaldi.

The result of the harvest in Canada will prove to be much larger than was expected a few months ago, and the general returns from the farming districts of the country are of the most satisfactory character. The crops are rich and abundant, and are far ahead of those of last year.

There are now about sixty Catholic parochial schools in the City of New York, educating from one hundred to one thousand five hundred pupils each. In the First, Fourth, and Seventh Wards there are more children educated in the Catholic parochial schools than in the public schools, and the number is increasing.

HON. P. A. COLLINS, M. C.

The *Boston Herald* has this paragraph, which is the sentiment that prevails among all sections of political opinion: While the election of Gen. P. A. Collins to Congress was a foregone conclusion, the fact that so able a man is to represent the district in Congress is deserving of recognition. As a rule, those districts where little doubt of the result exists are not particularly scrupulous in the nominations made. In this instance, by far the best man spoken of in connection with the office was nominated. Gen. Collins has a wide field of usefulness before him, and the chances are largely in favor of his rapid advance in it. He brings to the public service a well-trained and logical mind. He has all the quick wit and ready speech of his ancestry, but he has beside this — what in kindred instances is sometimes lacking — a coolness and dispassionateness of judgment, which have more than once enabled him to withstand influences which have led astray those with whom he has been associated. In the House of Representatives he will prove a keen and forcible debater, from the skill he will exhibit in detecting the weak points in the arguments of his opponents, and also from the fact that it will be almost impossible to disconcert him. On civil service reform, Gen. Collins has advanced and well-defined opinions, and Massachusetts will also have in him one Congressman who is a thorough disbeliever in the present system of industrial protection.

A. M. SULLIVAN IN BOSTON.

MR. SULLIVAN arrived in this city on the 4th of November, and delivered a telling address on Irish affairs, at the Boston Theatre, Sunday evening, to a large audience. Hon. P. A. Collins presided. We have room only for a few extracts.

Ireland of To-day.

Mr. Sullivan, in opening, expressed his surprise at so large an audience, during a political campaign, when political questions alone seemed to absorb the attention of all. He then passed naturally into a discussion of the free ballot of the people, and inquired how it was that the people of Massachusetts were not legislated for in Washington in one assembly; how it happened that these citizens would not be content that the result of the election of next Tuesday should be over-borne by the wishes of the people of New York or Virginia. He continued: How would the American people — I speak not now of my own people in this country — conduct themselves were it proposed to you that your own legislation were abolished, that your power to make laws for yourselves here in your own capital should be wiped away, and that your Massachusetts affairs should be managed by some parliament assembled in the capital at Washington? Now I put this questisn to the thoughtful Americans who write in the press and speak on the platform. Now and again there appears in some American journal a statement that the Irish are turbulent, that they are not law-abiding people, that they conduct their public political contests in a manner marked by violence and resistance to the laws. Now, I ask them how they would conduct their political contest? How would they conduct themselves if such wrongs as these were to be carried out? Why, sir, the people at home are occasionally violent, they are occasionally turbulent, very often, in my opinion, rightly so, and very seldom wrongly so. Why do I speak in Boston? When the people of Ireland look abroad for an example of the best means to impress the English Government with a sense of our determination, I know of a spot where we can see people throwing cargoes of tea into the harbor, when they had something to complain of. Turbulent and resisting the authority of the crown. I know a city near by, which is something called a hill, crowned now by an obelisk, where the authority of the crown was resisied by men with muskets in their hands. And it is hard by the waters of that bay into which this cargo of tea was thrown, and it is close by that Bunker Hill which saw these scenes of resistance, that I am to listen to any American complaining of the Irish people being turbulent in their resistance to oppression. I will not insult the patriotism of this free land by asking what answer the people would make if their legislative rights were thus taken from them. They would make the answer that their fathers made on Bunker Hill, and the answer that Ireland would make were she able to do so in the arena of conflict to-morrow. If you in America do not turn back, if you will stand firmly by the men at home, we are just going to finish this matter up by putting an end forever to the Irish landlords.

This, sir, is the Ireland of to-day. The battle is three-quarters won. I had been six years absent from my home, residing in London, and when I went back the other day, just before coming to America, I hardly knew the country, it was so changed. We have no longer to tell the story of Irish suffering. No more will you hear about the wailing complaints and petitions of Ireland. No more will she be known before the governments of the world as the tattered mendicant knocking at the door for the world's charity. No, she stands to-night not wailing nor whining at oppression. No, sir; she is erect upon her feet, with the glow of life and light in her countenance and the pride of determination in her heart. I tell you, sir, the country is upon her feet. Talk to us no more about poor Ireland. The Ireland of the present is erect, prosperous, and strong. For years to come there will be in one corner or another of the land some local suffering, some pangs of destitution which might be in any country; but I tell you there is an end of sending round the hat for Ireland. No, sir; the people have now found out the road to success. Combination and unity are the watchwords, and upon these they will now rely.

Do not believe the calumnies that have been uttered about the leaders of the Land League. When you have served with men through long campaigns; when you have slept with them in the same tent, under the same blanket, as it were, you know what they are. I do so know these men; and I know that these calumnies are untrue. Let the American people judge kindly and generously the efforts of a people struggling to be free. Where could I make that appeal better than on the historic soil of Boston? where began a struggle that has given to history a great nation that is destined to redress the wrongs of the old world. I appeal to the American people to give their support generously to a people who have suffered terrible discouragement, unparalleled in the history of the world. I feel that I shall not appeal in vain.

PERSONAL.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY has expressed a desire to erect, at his own expense, a tablet in Grattan Street, Youghal, to the memory of Henry Grattan.

THE many friends of Mr. Michael Doherty will be glad to learn that he is rapidly recovering from the effects of the severe hemorrhage with which he has been recently attacked. To the prayers of the orphans he has so generously helped, he may attribute his recovery.

THOMAS J. GARGAN, ESQ., of Boston, the well-known lawyer and ex-police commissioner, in attempting to step from a train on the Marblehead branch of the Eastern railroad, at Devereux, station, slipped and fell, receiving very serious injuries. We are pleased to learn that he is recovering.

THE Rev. Father Sheehy, of Kilmallock, county Limerick, who was for some months in prison under the late Coercion Act, and who since accompanied Messrs. Healy, M. P., and T. P. O'Connor, M. P., on a Land League mission to the United States, has just been presented by his parishioners with an address and a testimonial in the shape of £2,500. Father Sheehy was restored to his curacy on his return from America by his bishop, Dr. Butler.

WE regret (says the *Irish-American*) very much to learn that Mr. A. M. Sullivan has been prostrated by the fatigue consequent on the efforts attending his lecture course and long journeys in the West, and has been forced to abandon many of his engagements. His health, as our readers are aware, has been very precarious since the severe attack of heart disease he experienced last year, and the most eminent physicians have warned him that he carries his life in his hand when he again enters the turmoil of public life. His zeal for the cause of his native land, however, had nerved him to add to the many sacrifices he has already cheerfully made in her behalf, by appearing on the lecture platform during the short visit he is now making to the United States—originally designed only for the recuperation of his shattered health. The result has been, unfortunately a proof, that, although the old-time fire and spirit were still there, the body that so bravely bore the harness of many a well-fought contest is no longer equal to the task he would impose on it. Mr. Sullivan left for Ireland on the 8th of November.

FATHER PHELAN, in his *Western Watchman*, says: "The worst Catholic paper in the United States is worth its weight in gold to a Catholic family. Of course a little knowledge of arithmetic will tell you what the best is worth. It would pay missionary rectors to supply their people with a Catholic paper. But they need not do this. The people have but to be told the importance of Catholic reading, and such Catholic reading as a Catholic paper supplies, and they will subscribe. We lay this matter before priests and people, and ask them to consider it." We suppose our reverend friend includes Magazines with the papers.

WE are pleased to learn that Rev. P. F. Healy, for many years president of Georgetown College, is gradually recovering his health. The Faculty of the college have recently received the welcome news that Mrs. Marie Coleman, of San Francisco, Cal., had supplemented the donation of $10,000 made by her son, James T. Coleman, Esq., in February last, by the gift of a like sum. Twenty thousand dollars from one family in one year bestowed upon the institution, while constituting a genuine boon to the college, stands forth also as an example and an encouragement to other friends to do as much in proportion to their means to fit the university for the work that beckons it on.

REV. FATHER FULTON, S. J.—The congregation of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston, had the pleasure of listening to their old and honored pastor on Sunday morning, Oct. 22. The sermon was an occasional one—on "Charity" suggested by the approaching winter. Father Fulton made an eloquent appeal for aid to those societies and associations whose end and aim it is to dispense the necessities of life to the poor, the needy and the forsaken. He set forth the divine quality of charity as impersonated in the earthly presence of the great Master. Charity is divine always. Giving is open alike to the heathen and the Christian—liberally, but also wisely. The cognate subject, however, was "Forgiveness"; and to this end Father Fulton read impressively the 18th chapter of Matthew, in which Christ sets forth the beauty of forgiveness in the parable of the king who took account of his servants and punished him who showed no mercy to his fellow. Father Fulton's illustrations of the divine precept were not only happy and pertinent, but exceptionally eloquent. The close attention paid to every word of his spoken, fully attested the love and esteem in which Father Fulton is held by those of his former charge.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

SODALITY DIRECTOR'S MANUAL; OR A COLLECTION OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR SODALITIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Rev. Father F. X. Schouppe, S.J. Translated from the French, by Miss Ella McMahon.

A book much wanted by the sodalities attached to the various congregations throughout the country. V. A. Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Molines, says of the book: "We willingly permit the publication of this sodality director's manual. Filled with a solid and practical doctrine upon the duties of the Christian life, and the too numerous dangers which virtue encounters at the present day, this excellent work will be very useful, not only to directors of sodalities, but to all engaged in the instruction of youth."

The book is well gotten up, with good paper and binding. makes 442 pages, and is sold for the low price of $1. It should be in every family.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N.Y.

CONFERENCES ON THE BLESSED TRINITY. By the Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell, O.S.B. Price $1.25.

This learned book appears with the sanction of the Rt. Rev. Abbot Wimmer, O.S.B., which is sufficient to bespeak its merits. Dr. O'Connell fills with great ability the chair of Dogmatic and Moral Theology in St. Mary's College, North Carolina, and has enjoyed rare facilities for treating those subjects commendably. Any emanation from the pen of the distinguished author of CATHOLICITY IN THE CAROLINAS AND GEORGIA, will, no doubt, be eagerly sought by the reading public.

RACHEL'S FATE, AND OTHER TALES, by William Seton. Price $1.50.

The first is a tale of Cape Ann, in Massachusetts. The other tales are: Flyahead Bob; Weetamoo; Conrad and Walburga; A Christmas Tale of '76; Helen Lee; Pretty Marguerite; Pompey's Secret; The Devil's Christmas Gift; The Wraith of the Achensee; Mabel Willig's Lovers; The Old Stone Jug; The Pilot's Daughter.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED; OR, THE PROPHETIC HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. By Rev. M. J. Griffith, pastor of St. John's Church, Valatie, N. Y. Price $1.25.

The object of the work is to unfold the mysterious symbols contained under the seven seals of the Book of Apocalypse, and to exhibit a summary history of the Church of Christ from its birth to its glorious state in heaven.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL, for 1883. With calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. Price 25 cts.

This very useful family annual enters on the fifteenth year of its publication, and improves with each issue. There are some familiar portraits, such as the late Archbishop McHale, Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch, late Bishop of Charleston, S. C., Rev. Father Fitton, late pastor of East Boston, with many other portraits of distinguished personages, prominent buildings, and should be in every family.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM AND METROPOLITAN. By Rev. Ulick H. J. Canon Burke, P.P., M.R.I.A.

The author says:—

"But high amidst those glories bright
That shine on Innisfail,
'Tis ours to write in lines of light,
The name of John McHale."

No other priest in Ireland could write the life of the "The Lion of the Fold," as Father Burke has done. He has given us the life of the most eminent of the prelates that has adorned the Church of Ireland for upwards of a century. It should be in the family of every Irish Catholic, at home and abroad. The book makes a volume of 208 pages, is embellished with a portrait of the Archbishop, and other engravings, and is sold for $1. Cheap editions, 60 and 25 cts.

THE above books can be procured of Messrs. Noonan and Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE are informed that there will shortly be published a "Life of St Teresa," by a learned tertiary priest of the Carmelite Order. It is at present being translated from the French by a lady well known in literary circles.

WE received the seventy-fourth annual report of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg. Md. It contains a cheerful

exhibit of the College, and its great progress under the able management of Very Rev. Father Byrne, D.D., V.G.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Victory Crowns the Day," Male Quartette, by C. A. White. The same arranged for mixed voices. "Turkey, Cake and Wine;" Song and Dance, by Harry C. Talbot.

Instrumental: "Les Mauteaux Noir, Quadrille (Lancers), arranged by E. H. Bailey. "Sea Foam," Waltz de Concert, by Rebecca J. Streeter.

ROME AND ENGLAND.—According to the *Duetsche Zeitung*, the negotiations that have been going on between the British government and the Holy See have at length resulted in a definite arrangement. "Although there is to be no formal permanent Nunciature in London, special agents or envoys are at certain intervals—at least three times a year—to be despatched by the British government and the Papal Court to Rome and London respectively, in the interest of the Catholic Church throughout the British Empire."

PARNELL.—One of the most remarkable passages in Mr. Parnell's speech to the Irish National Conference was his reference to the alleged dictation from America, and to the nature of the support received from the Irish-American people. Denying that there has been dictation, Mr. Parnell said:—"Let me say, in the most distinct language I can employ, that dictation has not been attempted by any responsible section of Irish-American opinion, and if it had been attempted I should have felt it my duty, on behalf the Irish nation at home, to decline to obey it. But all the speeches that I have read of the most respectable and representative Irish-Americans, while divergent on many other points, were agreed upon this—that it was for the people and for them alone to decide what was the best policy to be pursued."

PATRICK EGAN'S MESSAGE.—President Mooney of the Irish National Land League has received the following cable from Paris:—"Replying to charges against the parliamentary party, of having misappropriated large portions of the funds, the total amount paid during three years of expenses of members of Parliament is under £2,000, including expenses of Parnell's and Dillon's mission to America, O'Connor's seven months' American tour, and Healey's four months; also the expenses of members on the service of the league in Ireland. The libellous statement in the *Dublin Irish Times* emanates from the notorious Richard Pigott. The National League is making most satisfactory progress." The cable is signed by Patrick Egan. Mr. Mooney has sent the following reply:—"The American league has undiminished confidence in the integrity and wisdom of the Irish leaders. Continue your work, and no British slanders shall destroy the trust of American sympathizers."

THE CARNEY HOSPITAL PICNIC.—The following is the treasurer's report of the expenditures and receipts of the Carney Hospital picnic:—

Total amount of cash receipts	$4,758 80
Total amount of cash expenditures . .	1,033 55
Net balance	$3,725 25

SENATOR CREMONA, one of the committee appointed some time ago by the Italian Parliament to report upon the State collections of books and manuscripts, deposed that when he visited the Victor Emanuel Library, not long ago, in his official capacity, he found the doors and windows open or broken, poultry roosting on the shelves among the books, and pigeons fluttering about the rooms.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION. — The *Gazette de St. Petersburg* says to allow England to settle the Egyptian question without consulting the Powers is not to be thought of, and the Paris *Evenement*, discussing the result of the British victory in Egypt, says "that England will not secure the advantages she anticipated in her settlement of the Egyptian question with the Powers. Arabi's defeat may yet be avenged in the general conflagration which may spring from the spark he kindled."

THE Catholic Union held its annual meeting, in the Union rooms at the corner of Washington Street and Union Park, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Dr. John B. Moran; first vice-president, J. Audley Maxwell; second vice-president, Thomas F. Ring; recording secretary, John Curtin; corresponding secretary, William F. Morris; treasurer, John J. McCluskey; executive committee, John C. Crowley, Thomas Dwight, Hugh O'Brien, Joseph D. Fallon, Bernard Corr; committee on nominations to membership, P. Ambrose Dowd, David A. Ring, Bernard McCann, William J. McCormick.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE Very Rev. Patrick Cleary, Dean of the diocese of St. John's, N. F., died at Witless Bay, Saturday, Oct. 21.

REV. THOMAS CLARK, assistant priest at St. Stephen's Church, New York, died on Sunday evening, October 23d, at the pastoral residence in Twenty-ninth Street, of consumption.

Rev. Robert Haly, S. J., recently deceased, spent fifty years of missionary life in Ireland, and there was hardly a parish in that country where he was not well known. He was at one time, for a few years, rector of Clongowes Wood College. Fr. Haly died on Sept. 1, at St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin.

THE death is announced of Father Guzzi, S.J., which took place at Toulouse at the advanced age of eighty. The deceased, although he had rendered great services to France, and had been decorated with the Legion of Honor, was expelled from the house of his Order in presence of Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN PHELAN MURROE.—The unexpected death of the above-named estimable clergyman, came with melancholy surprise upon his friends in the North of Ireland, where he served for some years, and to his numerous friends in the archdiocese of Cashel, where he served as curate for the past ten years of his life, in the parishes of Cahirconlish and Murroe. Father Phelan was remarkable for his amiability of character, and it might be truly said of him that he never made an enmey.

REV, FATHER VILLIGER, a well-known Catholic priest of Philadelphia, was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning, 20th Sept. He was a man of unblemished honor, sincere religion, purity of ltfe, and social and private virtues. His career of usefulness was crowned by old age, and he died the beloved pastor of Littlestown congregation. For many years he served as a missionary priest, preaching in four or five different languages. His sermons were very eloquent, and his lectures came from his heart, and made a very l appy and lasting impression.

ON Oct. 8th, Rev. Paul Mignard, S.J., died in New York, peacefully and devoutly, as he had lived. Father Mignard was a native of France. In 1836 he came to the United States, and served in several Western missions, with unremitting zeal. In 1846, Father Mignard, with that direct simplicity which characterized him whenever obedience or sacrifice was required, went to succor the victims of typhus fever in Montreal. There are many in that city who remember with gratitude his labors there. When all danger was past, he returned to New York, and spent the remaining years of his life filling various positions in St. Francis Xavier's Church and St. John's College, Fordham. He was the founder of the Apostleship of Prayer, and constant in his efforts to increase devotion to the Sacred Heart. He was a good priest —which is the highest eulogium that can be gained. May he rest in peace!

THE sad tidings of the death of the Rev. Claudian B. Northrop, of Charleston, S. C., on Sept, 21, 1882, will be a painful shock to thousands in the community, although his long and severe illness had prepared many to expect a fatal result. Father Northrop was the son of the late C. B. Northrop, a prominent member of the Charleston bar. He was born in Charleston in 1845, and received his primary education at private schools. At an early age he was sent to Georgetown College, D. C., and after remaining there one year he accompanied his elder brothers to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., where he remained three years. Having determined to enter the priesthood, he went from Mount St. Mary's to Rome, where he concluded his classical and theological studies at the college of the Propaganda, in 1866, his preceptors having been Bishop Chatard and Bishop McClosky. Among his associates at college were Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Bishop Northrop, his brother; the Very Rev. D. J. Quigley, and other eminent clergymen. At college, Father Northrop was remarkable for his piety and strict attention to rules, and he was universally beloved and respected by his companions. He came back from Rome in 1866, and spent a few months at his *Alma Mater* before returning home. He came to Charleston in 1867, and was ordained priest by Bishop Lynch in the same year. For a few months after his ordination he served at the cathedral, and was subsequently assigned to duty at St. Mary's Church, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Baker, the pastor of that church, whose health was failing at the time. Most of the duties of the pastorate devolved upon Father Northrop.

B. P. L. Bindery,
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